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# My Year Without Sex

By Sarah Watt

What?  
It's Dad's birthday.  
Happy birthday, Dad!  
Argh!  
Oh, bugger!  
Happy birthday.  
I'm sorry  
I don't actually speak phone plan.  
Do you mind if I put you on hold?  
Where's my shirt?  
No, no, no. That's fine.  
I can't find anything.  
All the time in the world.  
Ta-dah!  
What are you wearing?  
It's Casual Clothes Day, Mum.  
Georgia gave it to me.  
I didn't know what to wear.  
- Sweetheart...  
- What?  
Don't speak with your mouth full.  
Good luck.  
You can't wear that.  
Why not?  
One of our operators  
will be with you as soon as they can...  
You'll freeze.  
Thanks for holding.  
You're very beautiful, Kylie.  
Natalie.  
uBHP - 39.95. Resource Pacific - 5.96/u  
uand Rio Tinto - 103.98./u  
uIn the retail sector: Coles  
advanced to 15.49. Woolworths to 18.62.../u  
Happy birthday.  
Oh... Ross gets chocolate.  
I can't believe you've got nits again.  
I'm sorry.  
Good one, Ruby.  
It's nobody's fault.  
It's your turn, Louis.  
What's that noise?  
- Hello?  
- Will you leave my ring tones alone?

Hi, Dad.  
She's just doing Louis's big tits.  
Big nits!  
I said big nits.  
No, you didn't.  
Swear jar! Ah! Oh!  
Come on boys, let's go.  
Firm wrist and a hard fist.  
I found this site on the internet  
of people having sex with animals.  
What?  
Snakes, dogs, a horse.  
Cool.  
Come on, faster.  
Pick it up.  
The footy's on!  
Paris Hilton's in it! She's hot!  
It's not scary or anything.  
I'm not scared. The footy's on!  
Blake, leave it alone.  
No, no, no.  
No don't! They'll lose!  
They're losers anyway, you gooby giant.  
Oh my God. I can't believe  
you guys only have one television.  
All right, all right,  
settle down.  
"Adult themes.  
Medium level violence.  
Nudity.  
Occasional coarse language.  
uMA-15 plus. "/u  
Chloe's four.  
I don't think her mum,  
or your mum, or your mum,  
would want you watching this.  
Winona gave it to Blake.  
Your daughter wants to go home.  
Georgia?  
Is she texting you from the lounge room?  
I can't believe she's 12 already.  
I can't believe she's only 12.  
Every time I look at her  
I feel like I need to get implants.

They're watching Jaws.  
Oh, great. We'll have Ruby  
in our bed for a week.  
We'll save on swimming lessons.  
Kids! Come on, hurry up.  
Louis, Ruby, quickly.  
Quick sticks, hop in.  
Found them.  
They say boys do better  
in co-ed schools,  
but girls do better in single-sex schools.  
Well, I've sent my boys  
to a private boys' school.  
God knows why.  
Values. Safety.  
I guess you'd lock them  
in a small room if you could.  
And it makes no difference.  
I see as many pregnancies and STDs  
from the private schools  
as the local techs.  
OK.  
One Pap test all done.  
Thanks.  
Anything else I can help you with today?  
Jesus. Sorry.  
Oh.  
Toilet breaks?  
Why do they need  
all this ridiculous information?  
What?  
- M.C.R. This is Rosie Singh.  
What's this...  
Ross, outside call.  
Hello?  
Natalie, do you know where you are?  
Hospital.  
That's right, you're in intensive care.  
Do you know how you got here?  
My mum only had to look at my dad.  
Oh yes, she was so lucky.  
The ambulance right there.  
The doctor right there.  
Then the surgeon, who's the best in the

country for aneurysms was right here.  
He was all scrubbed up for  
another operation that fell through.  
I better go. Bye.  
Every player on the ground is heading...  
to that bounce down.  
It's a dangerous spot!  
Ohhh!  
The margin is three points.  
Kayla's Mum took me to dancing class.  
Dad was late picking me up.  
Chloe pushed Kayla over  
when she said dancing was boring.  
I'm going to Eve's party.  
It's a fairy...  
I'd like to see it again.  
Did the Skipper initiate  
the contact or did White?  
Beyond the 30 minute mark of  
the last quarter...  
with both teams playing  
for their seasons.  
Jeff White.  
Can I have my birthday there  
when I'm eight?  
It's okay. Come here.  
Mum's just sleeping.  
Miss.  
Oh.  
Hey...  
Hey, she'll be fine.  
We'll be fine.  
There's always next season.  
Where was I?  
Oh, yeah. They're just as likely  
to decide to paint the whole place pink  
and the first thing we'll know about  
it's a bill for thousands of dollars.  
Last time I missed one,  
because her Ladyship wanted a holiday...  
now we live on the Gold Coast,  
for Christ sakes. Life is a holiday.  
Where was I?  
Last time you missed

a body corp meeting.  
Jesus.  
So?  
Yeah... No... It's a train wreck really.  
I mean even if Nat's okay,  
her job's already gone.  
She can't drive.  
I can't take any more time off work.  
They're...  
restructuring, whatever that means.  
I don't really know...  
what we're going to do.  
Shit.  
It's okay to cry.  
Are they offering packages?  
If they are,  
you should take the money and leave.  
Set up a little consultancy.  
Hire yourself back to them  
at twice the rate.  
You can claim your mortgage  
as a tax deduction, your expenses.  
Practically everything.  
It was the best thing I ever did.  
Time's my own.  
Nah. Yeah.  
When you woke up,  
we were going to pretend  
that ten years had gone by,  
and Uncle Ross had married again  
and he was bald.  
uAnd I had a baby when I was 15./u  
And Louis was gay.  
What?  
- Blake, go and do something.  
- What?  
Can we have something?  
There's enough here.  
Can you take them?  
Whatever.  
So how does it happen?  
It's ah, an artery that balloons,  
and then bursts in your head.  
But how?

Maybe born with it. Maybe the pill.

Smoking. Stress.

- Shitty luck.

- Stress.

- I did smoke.

- Yeah, but who didn't?

And took the pill, but it'd be stress.

It's an epidemic.

I wasn't stressed. Was I?

I did yoga. Didn't I?

Oh, yoga's hopeless,

you might as well just lie on your bed.

You should do community singing.

You get your stress relief,

your oxygen in your blood,

endorphins, pleasure, happiness.

Singing with lots of people

stimulates a small organ in your ear.

It's like an orgasm.

- Ross? You okay?

- Yeah.

It's just...

sometimes people

forget about the person

who's been doing all of the caring

and all the worrying.

Hey, yes!

It's good to have you back, buddy.

It's been tough

being the most gorgeous guy here.

It's been tough because they didn't

replace you and banned overtime.

How does that work?

Dead air or work for love.

u50% of people with aneurysms die

before they get to the hospital./u

uMaybe 15% of the survivors

never walk or talk again./u

You should buy yourself

a lottery ticket.

But it won't happen again?

Consider it a yellow card.

Soccer.

A warning, but you keep playing.

Anecdotally, most aneurysms rupture during heavy lifting, suppressing sneezes, straining on the toilet and sex. Three out of four should be avoidable. They're just so beautiful. I love you, Ross. I love you, too. And I love you, Ruby, my gorgeous girl. I love you too, Mama. And I love you, Louis, my beautiful boy. Mum, what's 37 plus 16 plus 16? um... Sixty-nine. Hey Mum, can I take you to school for Show and Tell? Maybe not. It's only me who can't have an orgasm. We could still have sex. - Isn't it too soon? - I don't mean this minute. I mean when I'm better. You could be really boring and not get me excited. You could go through Analogue versus Digital again. Very funny. I can't believe I almost died. I'm glad you didn't. - Did the kids think I was going to die? - No. No, I told them you'd be fine. What if I wasn't? You should have been honest. But you are fine. I can't imagine not being here. What kind of a next wife would you get? No, I'm just thinking. Would she be like a new me? Or totally new. Tidy. Dear Ruby, Happy Birthday!



u15!/u

I hope you're having a wonderful life.

Yes, you are too young to have sex,

and don't drive with P-platers.

Don't do drugs.

Definitely...

NOT Chroming,

Petrol-sniffing, Crystal Meth...

Christ, this sounds like a shopping list.

You're probably

a lovely, happy, healthy girl.

Eat with your mouth closed.

Sit up straight,

and occasionally try and think

about how the other person feels.

I love you.

I really,

really, really, love you.

Okay, big deep breath.

And...

Good... Jaws.

Good.

Okay, chewing.

Really big.

Last, through your lips.

All right, count in on two.

One... two...

Don't worry about it.

Natalie, I thought it was you.

I love your hair.

I can't believe how different you look.

Who did it?

No one.

What do you mean?

Aren't you telling?

Is it a secret, special hairdresser?

It's a wig.

Oh, that's brilliant. I love it.

Why are you wearing a wig?

Is it alopecia from stress?

Cancer?

She had an operation on her brain.

Oh, I'm so sorry.

Margaret!

Isn't it great to see some new faces.  
It's just getting bigger and bigger.  
Nicotine anyone?  
Giving up smoking.  
Tried everything.  
Hypnotherapy, acupuncture, knitting,  
not drinking, drinking more.  
Thanks for the class.  
I feel fantastic.  
Such a great communal energy.  
It's really wonderful.  
I don't know.  
My God.  
I didn't think there'd be people  
that actually needed rehab,  
just a bit of stress relief.  
...functional systems.

**One:**

which is the information-handling  
aspect of behaviour...

**Two:**

which concerns feelings and motivation.

**And three:**

which have to do  
with how behaviour is expressed.  
Damage to the brain...  
I just thought I heard Ruby.  
You're still beautiful to me.  
Jesus.  
What are the poor people  
doing tonight?  
Well, hey,  
not making the same choices we do.  
Isn't all that property  
and stock market stuff  
about to crash anyway?  
What people believe is the reality.  
You don't even have to believe it yourself.  
If they believe  
it's going to crash, it crashes.  
But then,

the really clever people start buying.  
Survival of the fittest.  
Now, are you allowed?  
Oh, I don't know.  
As long as it doesn't make me sneeze.  
Or constipated.  
Or give me an orgasm.  
It's very good champagne.  
Ruby has been on a bus before,  
hasn't she, Mum?  
I have not.  
Yes, you have.  
Remember when we had  
to get the car serviced  
and Dad couldn't find his keys?  
I wasn't born yet.  
Yes, you were.  
Mum had you in that little carry thing.  
Can we not argue about it now.  
Thank you.  
Grace said there was no Santa.  
Well, who brings  
all the presents then?  
Her mum.  
As if.  
No Mum, like this. In there.  
How does one man  
get around the whole world in one night?  
Well,  
it's pretty hard for the Easter bunny,  
you know, to deliver all those eggs.  
Or for the tooth fairy.  
Or for Jesus to walk on water.  
Is that what He's famous for?  
Yeah, and that  
He was born on Christmas day.  
Roboreptile?  
Wow! Mum!  
Mum, I want this for Christmas!  
You've already got one of those,  
haven't you?  
But this is version four.  
Mum, can I have this for Christmas?  
No, you'll just have to wait

and see what Santa brings.  
I haven't got anything for Dad.  
Dad likes fruit.  
Aren't they plastic?  
Plastic?  
Heather? We're ready for you now,  
if you'd like to come through.  
Yes, thank you.  
Now why would you bring a dog  
in for a radio interview?  
Well, we all know that dogs are a man's  
or indeed a woman's best friend.  
But did you know that a dog  
can actually make you live longer?  
Our next guest, Heather Jones,  
from the Lost Dogs' Home  
is here to tell us why...  
Maybe we could all leave and hire  
ourselves back for more money.  
Well, they haven't hired  
anyone back from OB.  
They just get  
a few casuals in on the cheap.  
Well, maybe we start our own business.  
What? Our own radio station?  
Oh Rosie, good score.  
Did you bring any alcohol?  
Ta-dah!  
Purple 37.  
Yep.  
Blue 64.  
Mum, look, it's us. Mama, look.  
- Go on, Ruby, go up... Ruby!  
- No, no.  
Blue 64?  
She deserves it.  
You can win  
up to \$100,000 off each ticket.  
Well, yeah.  
Can we buy a pony?  
How about a song  
to get you into the holiday season...  
We've never  
won anything before.

I won an Easter egg  
in the colouring competition.  
Yeah,  
but that was skill, not luck.  
You told me it was just bad luck  
when I didn't win.  
That time I tried my hardest.  
Well.  
Oh, no.  
What?  
Do we really  
have to wait for Dad?  
He won't be long.  
I'll never get another job.  
I can't do anything else.  
I always liked the idea of myself  
having a little mechanics business.  
Vintage cars. Wearing overalls.  
I can just see you in overalls.  
Maybe renting out boats  
to people in Narooma.  
I caught a flathead there once.  
There you go, you rent a boat off Ross  
and go fishing full-time.  
Maybe.  
Who suggested this?  
The sound quality is appalling.  
I want a swimming pool.  
I want a basketball hoop.  
And a bike!  
- Matt's dad bought him a Signature XRM.  
- A what?  
A motor bike.  
Why would anybody  
get something so risky?  
Two dollars!  
That makes it eight bucks.  
The tickets cost ten.  
I wish we'd won that hamper.  
That second prize. It was fantastic.  
Yeah. Dad, you should have seen it.  
There was like a million toys and lollies.  
I'm going to ask Santa for one.  
- I can't wait.

- I can't wait.  
I can't wait more  
than you can't wait.  
What?  
- You're such a knob.  
I'm not a knob.  
Maybe we should go to church tonight.  
So the kids understand  
what it's really about.  
Give it some meaning.  
Well, I for one would love to,  
but I have to do my Christmas  
shopping tonight.  
On Christmas Eve?  
The reading today is from  
the Gospel of St Luke, Chapter 2.  
" And it came to pass  
in those days...  
that there went out a decree  
from Caesar Augustus...  
that all the world should be taxed... "  
Thank you very much.  
See you next week.  
- Hi, Natalie! How are you?  
- Hi.  
Good. I didn't realise  
that you were a church person.  
I'm new.  
Katie goes to church every week!  
That's lovely... Ruby.  
So is the choir a church thing?  
Yeah, sort of.  
It's my outreach thing.  
Right.  
Jesus.  
I can't lift her.  
I'm not allowed.  
You really don't have to stay.  
We can get a taxi home.  
It's OK. It's good.  
I haven't got...  
Taxis might be hard to find.  
Or full of vomit. It is Christmas.  
Are you coming back

to choir in the new year?  
I'm not really sure what nights  
the kids have their stuff on next year.  
I do violin and swimming,  
and dancing, and I'm starting netball.  
The violin.  
God knows why.  
I don't know anyone  
who even listens to classical music.  
God does know why.  
Oh, God, sorry. Oh.  
Hey, Dad.  
We're at the hospital.  
No, it's not Mum. It's Ruby.  
Yeah, she fell.  
There was blood everywhere.  
Come on.  
I got six stitches.  
Oh, dear!  
We came home with a priest!  
Priest?  
Come on, big day tomorrow.  
Christmas Day!  
Santa's coming, Santa's coming.  
I'm sorry. I forgot to charge my phone.  
That's okay.  
I know.  
I know it's too much,  
but how do you go back to giving them  
a skipping rope and an orange,  
when all their friends are getting  
the new iPod and the new X-box.  
I just want them to be happy.  
It's Christmas.  
I've had it.  
Can you please stay up  
until they've gone to sleep  
and put the sacks under the tree?  
And do the carrots?  
Louis put the carrots out.  
Someone has to eat them.  
Like a reindeer.  
Do you want your present now?  
No. I want to go to sleep.

And I don't want a present  
that means more work.  
If that's what I think it is,  
you can just take it back.  
Hello.  
Mum, can we get a boat?  
So who are we then?  
Are we more like the man in the gutter,  
or the people with the boat?  
We're in the middle.  
Would you say we were  
middle class, Ross?  
What?  
We're in the middle.  
But not in the middle of the middle.  
I wish we were a bit more  
in the middle of the middle.  
Chicken nuggets!  
Mrs Leary says no chicken  
should have to die to be a nugget.  
u\$5 max each./u  
uA happy meal is \$5./u  
It won't be a real happy meal.  
You get a toy. That's a happy meal.  
It's not.  
We're not at McDonalds you idiot.  
Mum!  
There. Go, go left.  
Here.  
Sorry. It's the other way.  
I used to be able to read maps.  
Well, maybe you're just tired today.  
I'm not tired.  
My whole brain's changed.  
Have I changed?  
Have I changed, kids?  
Don't ask them that.  
They're not listening.  
Nobody listens.  
What?  
Oh! Are you all right?  
Are you okay?  
What the fuck do you think  
you're doing?



Sorry, I thought I had right of way...  
Sorry?  
You could have fucking killed me.  
You fucking stupid tourists  
and your fucking theme parks.  
Why don't you stay  
in your frigid little fucking suburbs?  
Fuck!  
How can the suburbs  
be frigid and fucking?  
I think this lilo has a slow leak.  
What are we going to do  
if we can't get the car fixed by Friday?  
I hope they write it off.  
We can't even afford the excess.  
I've got to get a job.  
Oh, you're lucky you're working.  
If we crashed our car  
we'd be up the creek.  
They don't offer you jobs at 61.  
My dad lived until he was 88.  
Jump in!  
We worked, we paid taxes so  
we'd get the pension when we were older.  
And now it's just superannuation...  
and tax advice and you end up  
with the bloody same situation.  
Financial advisors.  
You know, there used to be  
no such thing as dog food.  
They just used to eat scraps.  
It's a whole industry built on air.  
I wish they wouldn't change  
the packaging,  
I forget which one I get.  
There's so many.  
Don't ask me.  
I get a headache, I call an ambulance.  
That won't happen again?  
Have you got nit stuff  
for the kids' baths?  
Already.  
I'd forget I'd bought it and get  
more next Christmas.

I'm forgetting a lot these days.  
You're preaching to the choir, dear.  
You might be thinking it's too hot.  
It's too hard.  
It's too early for a practice game.  
But where would we be  
if they'd thought like that at Gallipoli?  
"What are your legs?  
Steel springs.  
What are they going to do?  
Hurl me down that track. "  
But the ANZACS  
didn't let their mates down,  
didn't let themselves down.  
All mates.  
All volunteers.  
Ross,  
you've never been  
Assistant Coach before have you?  
Imagine yourselves...  
carrying your country's honour  
on your back.  
Didn't we lose at Gallipoli?  
Oy! Umpire!  
Run and tell Louis and Thommo...  
neutralise the big kid from Altona.  
Team up on him.  
Trip him, sledge him.  
They've got to learn.  
Right, ah...  
Just ah...  
Just do your best, all right?  
Try harder.  
Yep.  
Oh... It's not going to fit.  
Just get rid of a couple.  
I can't. There has to be 42.  
They're all the gods of the afterlife.  
You have to confess to them  
to get into heaven. It's heaps cool.  
Are there 42 sins?  
Yeah.  
u"Number 35.  
I have not fouled running water. "/u

"Number 32. I have not multiplied  
my speech beyond what should be said. "

The God of Babbling.

Hah! I'd never get into heaven.

I feel like

I haven't shut up for ten years.

You know,

I used to have this boyfriend...

who used to say I drove him nuts

because I never spoke.

"Number 8.

I have not eaten my heart. "

Now, as a group,

you've got 15 minutes to decide

which five of these 20 people/u

are going to get on board the only airship

to escape the end of the world.

Okay, now you don't know what

we're looking for, so just be yourselves.

Over to you.

Princess Di would have to go.

She was so spiritual.

Spiritual? You've got the Pope here.

But he's only spiritual for the Catholics.

Stephen Hawking for sure,

we need his brain.

But who would look after him?

Well, maybe Princess Di,

seeing as she's so spiritual.

I like Clive Owen.

I can't believe

they left Princess Di behind.

I can't believe

they had to go in an airship.

A lucky escape for this zebra...

The blonde one's the hottest.

I hate fat chicks.

So where are you going

for this adults-only weekend?

Just the Hyatt.

Revealing my new tattoo to Greg...

very slowly.

A tattoo?

You've got to be on to it.

You know that I'm the same age  
Mandy was when Greg left her for me.  
Oh,  
I don't think that he would...  
I don't know, he's so distracted lately.  
Just gets on top, pumps away...  
then...  
I like Daniel Cross best.  
Or him. He's gorgeous.  
Yeah. He's all right.  
He's just been  
injury-plagued this season.  
Why aren't you watching the DVD?  
Please. Like, we're not in kindergarten.  
Keep the door open.  
Yeah, right.  
Oh, my God. No offence. Just, you know.  
I just feel like I'm missing out.  
How many times a week  
do you guys have sex?  
The kids okay?  
They're watching  
High School something.  
That's horrible.  
Oh, that's gross.  
I didn't think it was scary.  
Oh, my God.  
Yuk. Is it dead?  
Did we kill it?  
- Let's have a funeral.  
- Yes!  
I want to be a nun when I grow up.  
I think it's really cool  
what they get to wear.  
You have to be a virgin.  
You're such a runt.  
Yeah, and you have to believe in God.  
Mum, do we believe in God?  
Um...  
I guess it's up to everyone to decide  
for themselves as they grow up, but...  
it is nice to believe in things.  
She's here!  
Oh, my God.

We thank the Lord for this happy family,  
and the gifts they have been given,  
and pray that  
they have strength and health.

We thank the Lord for the pleasure  
that Puffybrains has given the children.  
And pray that all God's creatures,  
great and small,  
are given the same love and care  
the world over.

Amen.

Can we sing a song?

I think that's a good idea.

Bulldogs through  
and through!

Bulldogs bite and Bulldogs roar,  
we give our very best,

But you can't beat

the boys of the Bulldog breed.

We're the team of the mighty west.

- Yeah.

- Woo!

Have you guys got any card...

- Hey Dad.

- Hi, Uncle Ross.

- Hey.

- Hi, Uncle Ross.

We had a funeral for Puffybrains.

The fish?

And Margaret kindly...

Margaret?

Margie Allen. Oh!

You're Margie Allen!

Local Talent.

The band?

I didn't even recognise you.

Oh God, I loved that song.

Sex... something?

- Sex?

- Sex Symbol.

One hit wonders.

You remember the eighties?

Ross is the only one.

He was the good boy

behind the mixing desk.  
No, but you were great live.  
I mean you were...  
I remember this one gig  
at the Prince and you...  
It's great.  
I can't believe Louis  
cared so much about that fish.  
He barely looked at it  
when it was alive.  
I can't believe  
your Margaret is Margie Allen.  
Still, I guess she did have  
a pretty serious drug problem.  
What's that supposed to mean?  
Well, you know, most converts  
come off a pretty low base, don't they?  
Then they can't wait to inflict  
their beliefs on everyone else.  
Worse than ex-smokers.  
She just believes what she believes.  
She tried to convert you?  
Has she?  
Hey? "Praise the Lord!".  
No.  
Well, I wouldn't let her baby-sit.  
Why don't you just get on top and start,  
so we don't have time to get...  
thingy...  
and we can worry about it being good  
once we've got  
the first time out of the way.  
Gee, you make it sound so attractive.  
Well, don't then.  
Where are the condoms?  
What?  
I don't know.  
Why can't I ever find anything  
in this bloody house?  
For paying accounts, press 2.  
I can't decide  
where to have my birthday party.  
We might not have one this year.  
What?

But Louis went to Laser Force.  
And I haven't been to La La Land,  
Tickety Boo, the Fairy Cave...  
I'm sure I remember you  
going to the Fairy Cave.  
Not for my birthday.  
That's when you get to sit  
on the fairy throne!  
Can I have a make-over party  
like Georgia had?  
- No way!  
- Just at home?  
You're turning eight, Ruby.  
Come on.  
Can you hurry up? Have you even  
cleaned your teeth, Louis?  
Come on. I'm going to be late for work.  
You're not even dressed yet, Mum.  
Press 2.  
Yes, I am.  
Has anyone seen my car keys?  
We need to get some order around here.  
I try and keep order,  
but you try living with people...  
who put stuff back  
in a new place every time.  
I can always find things in my shed.  
That's because  
nobody else will go near it.  
We all have to have the same order.  
You can't just have your own  
Selfish Bastard Order.  
Swear jar!  
Alright, don't get stressed.  
If you don't want me to be stressed,  
you could do a bit more around here.  
I help out a lot.  
It's not about "help".  
It's about taking stuff on.  
Me giving you the shopping list is  
not the same as you doing the shopping.  
Dad, can I have a make-over party  
for my birthday this year?  
Georgia had one.

Ah...

- Yes, I don't see why not.

- Yes!

Your decision, your job.

I was just...

Urgh...

Just get yourself

a party company.

Consider yourself lucky  
she's just turning eight.

We had to get security  
when Georgia turned 13.

You can claim that though.

You know in some countries  
they don't have a Rich List?

They have a Highest Taxpayer List.

Like... why?

You know, for pride.

Ooo, ooo, ooo!

Popcorn.

Can I help with anything?

We're right, thanks.

Right, first up we have Paris.

Thank you, Paris.

Next we have Graydon.

Nice work, Graydon, thank you.

Now we have Nikki.

Great work.

And now, last but not least,  
the birthday girl herself, it's Ruby!

Do you want a go?

Here's Ruby!

Big round of applause for Ruby.

Fantastic stuff.

My tooth...

I have to find it for the tooth fairy!

It's alright Ruby, we'll find it.

There we go.

There you are. You go put that in a...

Who cut it last time?

Oh, no one.

No one didn't do

a very good job, did they?

Shit!



Satiety, the feeling  
that you've had enough to eat,  
is affected by a huge list of factors,  
from how we're feeling psychologically,  
to whether we've grown up  
in a household  
where not having  
two helpings is an insult  
to a family's cooking,  
to whether we eat in front of the telly,  
to whether our brains  
have quirks in their appetite centres.  
Maybe I should just jump  
before I'm pushed.  
Tim's keen to start a business.  
Con got a gig  
on the Sherbet reunion tour.  
Oh.  
Oh, I don't know what to do.  
I don't know what to do either.  
About us...  
about...  
I bought some condoms.  
Yes, I understand that, but...  
Easter Egg.  
I understand  
that you're upset.  
Customer Relations.  
Can I get your account details please?  
Egg?  
But Madam, I'm not in India.  
I'm in Australia.  
Yeah, yeah, I promise you.  
Take a bloody egg.  
I know I sound...  
Hello? Hello?  
She's the team leader. Be nice to her.  
Sick-leave is at her discretion.  
Oh...  
Ah!  
Umm... sorry. I had to sneeze.  
I... I can't suppress them.  
I had an aneurysm.  
I knew a guy who had one of those.

He died.

Death.

Loneliness.

Fear.

The anguish we can feel about a life  
that hasn't turned out  
the way we thought it would.

The daily worries about  
the safety of our children,  
the care of our aged, disabled and sick.  
- Our feelings of hopelessness.

Shh. Girls, stop it!

How can we live like this?

How can we have so little respect  
for our wonderfully complex world?

**Answer:**

We can't.

We need God.

God, who can take the burden  
from our shoulders.

Go in peace to love and serve the Lord.

Amen.

Ruby, come play with us.

How do you do it?

You know...

This.

You accept Jesus died for you.

Well I can do that.

It's not up to me to say why He died.

And that He's the son of God.

As a metaphor?

Like...

God creating the world  
in seven days? Or...

do you actually  
have to believe that He...?

I believe He did.

And Jesus died?

And rose up?

And heaven?

Like it's a...

place?

Where you and I

could have a glass of wine?  
Where's Friday night footy?  
It's Good Friday.  
So?  
It's like Christmas.  
Religious significance.  
But what if you're,  
like, Jewish or Muslim?  
Why can't they have their footy?  
Well...  
We'll be showing you a series of...  
lap dance moves that  
will help to tone...  
and strengthen your entire body,  
especially your thighs, abs and butt.  
We'll be showing you moves  
that at the end of the workout  
will form a fantastic, sexy routine.  
Great for fitness or for fun...  
Flunker, flunker, shtunker.  
Hey, Mum. Victory!  
We got Storage Solutions.  
Storage Solutions.  
Why's the power off?  
Dryer blew up.  
My punishment for using it  
when it wasn't raining.  
Should I do the eggs for the kids?  
They had eggs last night.  
There's left-over chicken in the fridge.  
Easter eggs.  
Didn't really get any.  
What about the Easter bunny?  
Surely they're old enough  
to cope without him.  
Children their age work in mines.  
Just those, thanks mate.  
Kids, come on, hurry up.  
Mum, my tooth's really wobbly.  
Well, just keep wobbling it.  
It's really loose.  
My head's itchy.  
Jesus!  
Get it off!

Are you all right?  
No, I'm not all right.  
Is that your dog?  
No, no.  
I was just trying to help.  
- Oh. I'm... sorry.  
- I'll call the council.  
I'll give you a lift to the vet.  
Is she going to be all right?  
She's going to be fine.  
Where did you get that?  
New contract caterers  
have taken over the canteen.  
Bite?  
Is it the church one?  
The one that has the burger chain  
and runs the prisons?  
I don't know. It's a hot dog.  
It comes with mustard and onions.  
Tim, you know you're not supposed  
to be eating near the equipment anyway.  
The dog was very big,  
with one of those  
massive heads and jaws.  
I rushed to protect my children.  
Ho ho.  
Customer Relations.  
I thought it was  
bigger than that.  
It looks cute.  
Is that the same dog?  
I can't do it. I can't be  
responsible for putting a dog down.  
What if it attacks another puppy?  
Yeah, but what if it...  
was on heat or something,  
and just got out that once?  
What if it's some family's pet?  
What if it attacked a baby?  
Well, you can't kill something  
just in case it does something.  
They're going to kill it?  
That's what "putting down" means, Lou.  
You don't have to reply.

Well, something happens  
if you do nothing.  
Tell the truth.  
But what truth?  
Mum.  
Well, that Bubblehead's at the vet  
on life support that we can't afford.  
Mum, you told me  
that Bubblehead would be all right.  
Maybe you should have been honest.  
My tooth came out.  
Okay. We're in front.  
We've only got a minute left.  
uRoss, tell them to maintain possession.  
Backwards passes, round the outside./u  
Stall.  
No kicks for goal.  
Boys, to me.  
Listen, maintain possession.  
Small passes.  
Don't let them get their hands on it.  
All right?  
And no shots for goal.  
Okay?  
Louis, no kicks for goal!  
uPass it back, Louis!  
Kick it backwards./u  
Louis,  
Louis, over here. To me!  
Good boy.  
Yes!  
They should just play the game.  
It doesn't matter who wins.  
Just because it doesn't matter to you.  
They've worked really hard all season.  
It's the Under 12s.  
- Louis wanted to win.  
- Louis wanted to play the game.  
Using tactics is the game.  
It's not chess, Ross!  
It's a bunch of kids running around  
a field with a ball, playing.  
God, you're turning into Greg.  
What?

Into a man who looks after his family?  
Spend his time with his kids?  
From three wives that I bet he cheated on.  
Like he cheats on his tax.  
How long has it been?  
Wow, it's like a record,  
even for the tooth fairy.  
I don't think she's going to come.  
She will.  
It's not like you  
were ever a blokey bloke.  
You still haven't fixed the dryer.  
You can't put this Ikea stuff together.  
You burn everything on the barbecue.  
You're a crap driver.  
And now it's all this blokey crap  
football crap instead of fair play.  
- Fair play?  
- Yeah.  
You know,  
ever since you started going to church...  
What the fuck  
has church got to do with it?  
Margaret sucked you in  
when you were vulnerable.  
Maybe I needed someone.  
Right, but not me.  
Not the bloke who sat by your bed  
for ten days while you nearly died.  
You did die.  
Did you even think for one second...  
what that was like for me?  
I was unconscious.  
Oh, right.  
So that means I wasn't really there.  
She listens.  
I spend my whole life listening, Nat.  
I do nothing but listen.  
And what do you listen to, Ross?  
Background noise and...  
decibels, and...  
whether or not people can...  
sing in tune!  
There's mess everywhere.

- Hi.

- Hi!

I hope you don't mind me...

You look great.

Um, what do you think? Too much?

Too much for...?

I've got a date.

He's a little bit

older than that.

- Does he know you're a priest?

- Not yet.

We've only met for coffee,

but I felt like

there was really something...

I like Paul.

The name. The apostle. The Beatle.

Come with me.

On your date?

Please.

Please come. We can say

we just bumped in to each other.

No.

I'll just say I wanted him

to meet one of my friends.

What kind of guy

would arrange to meet here?

Well, not an epileptic.

I suppose they give heaps back

to charity through taxes.

Robbing the poor to give to the poor.

I really should go.

Please stay. Just 'til he comes.

We didn't try and cheat,

did we, Dad?

No, Louis, we didn't.

There are your friends. Go. Have fun.

I'll meet you back here at nine.

Can we see that, Dad?

Look, I think

we might go visit Uncle Greg.

Hi.

Hi.

What are you buying?

Auntie Winona

thinks we need a new kitchen.  
I have no idea why,  
this one's practically brand new.  
Well, A, it's a carbon neutral nightmare.  
B, Adrienne can never clean it properly.  
And C, I obviously don't get enough sex.  
Don't you ever marry  
an older man, Ruby.  
You go for someone  
who's young and hot,  
and who's prepared to  
lick honey off your toes.  
Can't fight with Winona.  
All our unencumbered stuff - the house,  
the blue-chips... they're in her name.  
All the high-risk stuff -  
the margin-lending...  
that's in my name.  
Everything's geared  
against everything else.  
It's so complex. I don't know whether  
we're winning or losing most of the time.  
Capitalism, it's exhausting.  
I don't know what God wants for me.  
Why does He give me these feelings,  
then not answer my prayers?  
I still want to...  
share my life with someone.  
As well as God.  
I've been trying to pray.  
I'm sorry,  
I just can't believe  
in something having control.  
I've tried.  
Believe me,  
it would have been so much easier than,  
you know...  
Why am I here? What's it all for?  
Who's steering the boat?  
Me believing in God is...  
like you believing in Santa Claus.  
I do believe in Santa Claus.  
Seriously, do you think that  
I will go to hell if I don't believe in God?



It's not me.  
It's what it says in the bible.  
It's what God says.  
- One more drink?  
- Yeah.  
Have a go.  
Oh, aren't priests allowed?  
No, it's not...  
Well, it's trying  
to get something for nothing.  
And someone has to lose for you to win,  
so it's not loving your neighbour.  
Isn't faith a gamble?  
No. It's faith.  
Go on. I dare you.  
See if God punishes us.  
Go on. One little push.  
Here we go.  
Oooo...  
Hey.  
Hello.  
Having a good night?  
I'm just waiting for my friends.  
They're still in the movie.  
Didn't you like it?  
What's it about?  
Mostly boys kissing girls.  
You prefer boys?  
To what?  
- To girls.  
- Depends.  
- On what?  
- On what you're doing.  
Girls aren't as good at football.  
Except for Stacey. She's fantastic.  
I guess I meant... you know, sexy things.  
I don't know.  
I'm waiting til puberty 'til I decide.  
How old are you?  
- Twelve.  
- Oh. You're a big boy for 12.  
- So who do you barrack for?  
- 'P ies.  
And he's gone! Holding the ball.

What?

Come on.

Why didn't you like the movie?

It was supposed to be funny.

You should have rung me.

I don't have a phone.

Can I get one?

Maybe.

Look, I should have encouraged you  
to take that shot at goal.

But I might have missed.

They might have got the ball,  
and they might have won.

We won.

Yeah...

Yeah.

Yeah! Whoa!

I believe in miracles.

Where you from, you sexy thing?

I believe in miracles.

Where you from, you sexy thing?

Oh!

Mr Burton, you can come through now.

I'm scared I've used up all my luck  
winning that stupid money.

It can't change anything.

uIt is \$25,000./u

It'd barely dint the mortgage.

We've got 38 nit combs.

What's Margaret doing with her share?

She gave hers to missionaries  
in South America.

Well, maybe we should give ours away.

You know, to the poor kids in Africa.

I don't want to give it to Africa...

when there are people far richer having...  
facials and we've got a big fat mortgage.

And I'd still go to hell.

Because I don't believe in God.

Have no faith.

No belief.

Nothing.

- Neither do I.

- Well, maybe you don't need anything.

No, it's not that.  
It's just that...  
It's just that God  
isn't my explanation for stuff.  
Nerve-wracking, isn't it?  
I just hope I fit in the machine.  
Well, that's all you can do, isn't it?  
Yep.  
Hope.  
Guess what?  
I was just upstairs.  
Guess who they've made redundant?  
Me?  
Howard!  
And guess who they asked to take over  
his job as supervisor?  
Me.  
Dad!  
Hey, how are you?  
Have you had a good day?  
Yep.  
How are you, Chloe?  
Good.  
Bloody traffic. Can I use your phone?  
Oh, mate. Are you okay?  
We did it.  
We're in the Finals.  
I wasn't even wearing my lucky beanie.  
Or my socks.  
Hello?  
I'm sorry, I lost my phone.  
I'm just picking up the kids now.  
Are you still at the doctor's?  
Do you want to hear  
the good news or the good news?  
He said that apart from my  
emotional retardation, everything is fine.  
I wouldn't call it emotional retardation.  
No. What would you call it?  
Gifted?  
You are.  
Emotionally gifted.  
Shall I pick you up?  
Um... No, no, no. I'm on the bus.

I'll see you when I get home. Okay?  
- Bye.  
- Bye. Love you.  
I love you...  
For an event champagne  
you can pay thousands.  
The best one we have here  
is this Jacquesson, which is \$330.  
Wooo!  
Is it three times better than that one?  
No. They go up  
by smaller and smaller degrees.  
And sometimes not at all.  
But um...  
it's the emotion you're buying.  
The declaration.  
Um...  
I... take that one.  
\$30. Right.  
Oh...  
Bugger, there goes my surprise.  
Sorry.  
Happy early birthday.  
And,  
I got you a cow in Sri Lanka,  
so you'd have two.  
Where are the kids?  
They're at Greg's.  
He's bought them some new game.  
I'm happy.  
I know, it's good, isn't it?  
I mean I've still got my yellow card,  
but I'm still in the game.  
For my next wife,  
I'd choose you again.  
Do you know,  
more copies of the Ikea catalogue  
are distributed each year than the bible?  
That makes it  
the world's number one book.  
First control Ikea,  
the universe will follow.  
Go, Doggies.