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# Spin Out

By Edwina Exton

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This is where we live.  
We have a great backyard.  
This is me, sparrow McGee.  
I'm on the way to the best party ever.  
We only do it once a year  
'cause it takes a year to recover...  
Sometimes longer.  
And this car I'm on the back of  
is the world's best car.  
The Aussie Ute.  
We love our Utes and they love us.  
Donuts, fishtails, spin-outs, figure-8s.  
We call this sport circle work.  
Do not try this at home.  
You can win prizes, but who cares?  
It's all about the Utes.  
This is my best mate, Billy.  
Billy says we have the perfect life,  
and I reckon he's right.  
And to top it off,  
we've got another best mate,  
Lucy.  
Lucy could drive through a puddle of mud  
and not spill a drop.  
When we were kids,  
Lucy saved Billy from drowning.  
And they've been arguing ever since.  
The three of us are a team.  
Lucy!  
But a little bunch of mates  
needs a bigger bunch of mates.  
And we grew up with some beauties.  
These girls,  
they used to pick on me in high school.  
But they grew up just fine.  
Now they just pick on their boyfriends.  
Part-time cowboys, full-time unemployed.  
Podge and his old mate Boof,  
they love their beer.  
And Michelle, she loves Podge.  
And who wouldn't? He's a champion!  
And this is Mary.  
She's the love of my life.

Hey, Mary!  
Please don't tell her I said that.  
And this is everyone's best friend.  
We call her knob.  
Knob belongs to Billy.  
She also belongs to me.  
Billy really keeps Lucy on her toes.  
Billy!  
Then he tries to run over them.  
Billy!  
Now, Lucy's a bit uptight.  
And Billy's a bit too loose.  
Sometimes I worry  
that if those two got together,  
it'd be the end of the team.  
But luckily, just friends.  
People come from all over the country.  
- Everybody's welcome.  
- G'day, guys.  
Even these rough nuts...  
Spike and turps.  
Enough said.  
Look out.  
There he is.  
Muttonhead.  
What's the rush, Popeye?  
Afraid you'll miss out on a pretty boy?  
Not the way you pick 'em.  
Trust me, I'll set you up  
with a real cowboy this time.  
Told you last year, Princess,  
I don't want a cowboy.  
I'll get you one with teeth.  
Good girl.  
I'm just saying, Luce,  
if you don't get a root tonight,  
it's a year till the next one.  
I can wait.  
The delicate dance of circle work.  
The splendor of a gas-guzzling pirouette.  
Let's give it up for Mary Dankovitz,  
ladies and gentlemen.  
Go on, Mary! Kick that sucker.  
Totes, Mary!

This isn't drivin' 'round in circles,  
ladies and gentlemen.  
This is driving 'round in circles  
really, really fast.  
Seen it.  
Look at those scores.  
Oh, my god!  
Missed a spot.  
Tonight, we celebrate 100 years  
of the ram ticklers  
bachelors and spinsters ball.  
That's right...  
A whole century of this debauchery.  
Dress is strictly black tie.  
And as always, young folk from all around  
flock to dance, drink and fall in love.  
For many, that love may last a lifetime.  
And for some, just two minutes.  
But tonight, we party, party, party!  
Australian-style.  
All right, ladies and gentlemen,  
put your paws together for spike and turps  
from Manangatang!  
Give it up!  
Yeah! Yeah, mate! Yeah, mate!  
I'm gonna get me arse out.  
I'm gonna get me arse out, mate.  
Do it, do it.  
Spike and turps from Manangatang,  
sporting their usual...  
Very classy.  
And what an apt score, ladies and  
gentlemen. What an apt score.  
Merline was at me again last night  
about getting a full-time job.  
Hey, hey! Remain calm, brothers.  
The ladies, when they hear our news,  
will be rejoicing.  
So, it's crosses,  
figure-8s, Olympic circles,  
flares, fishtails,  
and we finish with drifting. Right?  
- Sure.  
- And the Olympic circles are clockwise.

Whatever.  
Not "whatever". Clockwise.  
Don't go making it up, Princess.  
The deal is I watch you and you watch me.  
Yeah, yeah, I'll watch ya.  
I'm serious. Watch me.  
We could do the lazy Susan.  
Yes!  
The lazy Susan.  
No, we never once got that right.  
You push it too hard, you'll kill us both.  
Listen. What I want...  
What I've always wanted,  
is for you to get your act together.  
Can't we just freewheel it?  
No.  
And now, for the final circle  
work routine of the day,  
wild boy Billy brandish  
and my little sister, Lucy McClintock.  
Buckle up, sparrow.  
And, of course...  
Here we go.  
Sparrow McGee on the back there,  
holdin' on.  
Come on, Popeye.  
Numbnut!  
Billy?  
Billy, what...  
Billy brandish is out of the car,  
and he's out of his bloody mind!  
What are you doing?  
Get back in the car, Billy!  
Billy, you've gone too far.  
Billy... what the hell are you doing?  
Relax. I've got it all under control.  
Get back in the bloody car, idiot.  
Just mixin' it up a little bit.  
Billy!  
Get him...  
Relax. I've got it all under control.  
Doesn't look like it!  
Watch out!  
Billy!

Move, Lucy!  
Not now.  
Good job, Billy.  
That was a bit hairy.  
Yeah, I've got skidmarks.  
Give it up for wild boy Billy brandish!  
Give it up for my little sister,  
Lucy McClintock!  
Give it up for sparrow!  
And knob the dog!  
This is the true spirit of the country.  
Right here... the worm!  
The judges aren't happy.  
The red flags have come out,  
ladies and gentlemen.  
Come on, it wasn't my fault.  
I've seen people with more maturity  
than you on an ultrasound.  
I love it when you get like this.  
I'm going to tear your nuts off.  
I love it when you get like that, too.  
I'm serious.  
That's it. That is it.  
That's what?  
I've been thinking about leaving.  
And now you've decided for me.  
I'm moving to Sydney. Tomorrow.  
Sydney?  
Uncle Barry said he'd give me a job  
at the wool exchange in a heartbeat.  
Well...  
We've got it sweet here, Luce.  
It doesn't get any better than this.  
No, you're right. It  
doesn't get any better.  
And I want more.  
Sydney will chew you up.  
You can't leave. We're a team.  
No. Teammates look out for each other.  
Work together.  
They don't try to kill each other.  
What about sparrow?  
Time to grow up, Billy.  
This is great.

With a bit of practice,  
we'll really make that stuff-up work.  
Hello, cowboy.  
This year's champion...  
Mary Dankovitz, ladies and gentlemen.  
Love your work, Mary.  
Hey, hey, nice show.  
Yeah, wish you'd put as much thought  
into getting a real job.  
Ladies, good news.  
We have heard your demands  
for us to apply ourselves.  
And guess what,  
all your problems are solved.  
We're getting off the welfare.  
This should be good.  
We're gonna take life by the horns...  
Throw it on the ground...  
And shoot it.  
You're starting that Internet business?  
About time.  
It is so much bigger than that, Shaz.  
You're gonna love it.  
Us fellas are joining the army.  
- Taylah, get your gun.  
- Which one?  
- Hang on.  
- The army?  
OMG.  
Ofg.  
How long for?  
Three years.  
Babe, you said, "show some initiative."  
I meant show some initiative  
after you've told me what it is,  
and I give you permission.  
Now, how am I supposed  
to run a pharmacy from an army base?  
I dunno. A soldier could get a headache?  
So, I've been sitting on that  
bloody computer for three years,  
trying to get my degree,  
so that we can get married, and buy a farm.  
And now, you've got some flick-knob idea

to go flouncing off and play soldiers?

- Flouncing?

- Totes, rooter.

How am I supposed to run my classes  
if we leave town?

My boxercise, my jazzercise, my yogacise?

All my sizes.

And what about Taylah, JJ?

What about the great dreams  
that she had for her future,  
for her life?

Yeah, I was gonna...

She had plans, JJ, trust me.

Babe, we did it to make you happy.

It didn't work. We're done.

What's that mean?

It means, go find some chicks  
who don't mind being treated like shit.  
We're gonna find guys  
who don't mind being treated like shit.

- Merline?

- Forget it, rooter.

You should've asked me.

Baby, please, c'mon.

Get outta here, tubby.

- Hey, ladies...

- Go. Just go.

Go!

Well, that, gents, is how you dump a woman.

Eye of the tiger, Podge.

No guts, no glory. Live the dream.

I'll do it, Michelle.

Focus, Podge. You're lookin'  
excellence right in the face.

Jeez, you look sexy, 'Chelle.

Thanks, Podge.

Enough of that.

I'm just thinking of our baby.

Little Podge.

Hey, honeybear, we should have a talk.

Michelle, do you mind? Podge has to focus.

Focus?

On getting pissed?

This young man is looking down the barrel



of the national b&s ball  
beer-drinking record.  
Me and Podge, we really have to talk.  
Michelle, please...  
If Podge doesn't drink the record tonight,  
he's just another loser  
- with a drinking problem.  
- Loser?  
You seen tubby?  
Billy, can you talk to these boys?  
You going for the record, Podge?  
He's seizing the dream.  
- Good on ya, Podge.  
- Thanks, mate.  
What? What...  
- No guts, no glory.  
- You all right, 'Chelle?  
- Yeah, I'm fine.  
- She's fine.  
You sure, babe?  
Be careful, hon.  
Come on, fellows. Don't go soft on me now.  
Tubby!  
Bless my soul.  
Billy Brandish,  
you inordinate pile of dogshit.  
Listen, tubby...  
And you've brought your lovely fiance.  
Hello, prick-sniffers.  
- Little asshole.  
- No, thanks, tubby,  
- I've already eaten.  
- Shut up.  
Tubby,  
Lucy is moving to Sydney.  
- What?  
- Tomorrow.  
Big deal.  
The boys and I just got dumped  
because we joined the army.  
She's serious. She's breaking up the team.  
You what?  
We're joining the army.  
Well, the girls repeatedly told us to get

off welfare and get our act together.  
You joined the army?  
Yeah.  
First Podge's brother leaves.  
Then rooter's. Now Lucy. And you?  
Well, you'd be welcome to join us, bill.  
Can't be Peter Pan forever, mate.  
You've already got enough recruits.  
You lot get your own guns?  
Sparrow!  
Coming, Billy.  
Us girls got to stick together now.  
Help each other.  
Can't be relying on  
any of them nuff-nuffs anymore.  
What about men?  
We get new men.  
Better men. Sophisticated.  
Are you sure you're not over-reacting?  
Yeah, Shazza,  
where am I ever gonna find another JJ?  
Are you kidding me?  
Any girl who can get her picture  
on the cover of babes and bows  
is gonna have no problem  
pulling in the guys.  
You got in?  
I got fifty bucks.  
Yeah. See?  
And check this out...  
Sealed section.  
I can't do that.  
Come on.  
You've got the prince of Monaco.  
He's just a Facebook friend.  
The prince of Monaco?  
It's nothing special.  
I just say, "what are you doing?"  
And he says,  
"not much, what are you doing?"  
And I say, "not much,  
what are you doing..."  
The prince of Monaco. Panting like a dog.  
New men.

- Yeah.  
- Sophisticated.  
Sophisticated.  
Fuckin' oath.  
You've always hated the bush,  
but here you are,  
taking us to a ball in a shed.  
I told you, little brother,  
I'm here to find me a man.  
Dig the cars, though.  
They're mint.  
Are you sure you're not adopted?  
And the girls, too, hey, sis.  
Earthy. Easy.  
I've done easy. Too much easy.  
I'm done with easy. I want real.  
Hello.  
Just stay close.  
Nic!  
We could put gravel in her gas tank.  
She's got a lock on it.  
Or we could cut her fan belt.  
She'll have a spare.  
You could break her leg again.  
That wasn't me. It was the bull.  
Come on. Don't blame bignuts.  
You're the one that got him all riled up.  
What are we gonna do, Billy?  
Whatever it takes.  
I love Merline.  
What am I gonna do without Merline?  
Rooter, no!  
We got to stick to the plan.  
But what about the girls?  
Mate, you heard 'em.  
The girls are out there,  
hunting for new men.  
We gotta do the same.  
I don't like men.  
- Okay. Pick a frock.  
- Yeah.  
When we're done with you, even Billy  
brandish will notice you're a girl.  
You know he's gonna pull out

all the stops to keep you here.  
Let him try.  
He'll be fucked without you.  
He'll be fine.  
- 'Course, he'll be fine.  
- Fine.  
Yeah, fine, in a totally fucked way.  
Maybe I should stick  
with my old boots, old jeans...  
Hello, pretty piece of nonsense.  
Totes.  
I wanna play with his mouth.  
Frock me.  
All right now, knob.  
Let's get you looking good for the ball.  
Beautiful.  
Good girl.  
Hello, good to see you again.  
- Get your tickets ready when you can.  
- Pardon me.  
This is ball committee, coming through.  
We just got to sort something out  
up in the front.  
Ball committee, coming through.  
- Official business. Make way, please.  
- G'day, Andy.  
Hello. Good to see you again.  
Ball committee, coming through.  
Here we are.  
Easy-peasy.  
Don't peak too early.  
I've been thinking, Billy.  
I'm moving on.  
What? Where?  
Mary.  
She's a mountain of a woman  
and I can't climb that mountain.  
So, I'm moving on.  
Sparrow, you haven't been there yet.  
I love her like a barrel of biscuits.  
Always have. Ever since kindergarten.  
You know, that day she tied my bootlaces...  
She's my woman and I'm her man.  
Are you ever gonna mention it to her?

Look, she needs someone with a firm hand.

Someone who can stand up to her.

I'm too sensitive.

- So, you're moving on?

- Yeah!

- From where you haven't been?

- Yeah.

- Again?

- Abso-finger-lickin'-lutely.

Sparrow...

Look, I don't care if she begs me.

- Mate...

- You know, she can beg me.

She can grab me in a sugar hold

and say, "take me, big fella,

take me to sparrow town."

- G'day, Mary.

- Mary!

Who's talking?

Yeah. Good one, Mary.

Rubbers.

Rubber.

- Thanks, Mary.

- Shut up.

You look great tonight, Mary.

Well, bugger me, it's a shaved monkey.

Beautiful dress.

- Be nice.

- No, no, I mean it.

No, I'm serious. You... you look pretty.

And you do a great job

with security, you know.

Everybody's always saying,

you know, you know...

About you, "Mary, whoa!"

We all feel very secure, very secure.

- Sparrow...

- Yes?

You've got about three seconds

before I kick your nuts so high,

people are gonna think

you're blowing hairy little bubbles.

Right.

- Cheers!

- Yeah!  
Have a look at you.  
Drinking like a soldier.  
Soldier?  
Tubby, if you want to get corn-holed  
and killed,  
join the football team.  
Come, bill, it's about time  
we showed a little get up and go.  
- We're gonna learn a trade.  
- A trade?  
You've got a trade.  
Doing what?  
Mate, all I do is chase around cattle  
all day, rooter cuts their balls off,  
and JJ...  
Fuck, we don't even know what JJ does.  
And you know what?  
It doesn't pay shit.  
Mate, the army's got the lot.  
Hard yakka. Danger. Tax breaks.  
- What sort of danger?  
- Come on, rooter.  
A little thing called warfare.  
With who?  
We're Australian, mate. We don't care.  
Boys, boys, boys.  
You gotta think this through.  
The army's no picnic. The danger's real.  
It's real.  
What about e-cow?  
What's e-cow?  
It's a good concept, I'll give him that.  
All right, you sponsor  
a cow, it's \$2 a day.  
We send you pictures,  
you get updates and that.  
And eventually, you get to eat it.  
That is good.  
It's a great idea!  
It's too much hard work, lads, yeah?  
Look at me.  
The army is the answer. All right?  
Remember? Come on.

And you... hey!  
Are you gonna be  
stewing in your juice all night?  
Bloody conga line out of the door.  
This is all your fault.  
My fault?  
Lucy.  
She'd stay if you stayed.  
Come on, bill.  
Wake up and smell the proverbial.  
Well, I'm gonna show her  
where the party's at.  
Yeah, good boy.  
We're gonna need a bit more rocket fuel  
than that, though, compadre.  
Hey, lads.  
I've thought of a new drinking game.  
We all drink as much as we can...  
And that's it. Come on.  
That's good.  
Bill?  
William?  
Jeez, I'd close your mouth, mate.  
The flies might get in.  
What are you gawking at?  
Sis!  
You look positively pulchritudinous.  
- Luce, you look beautiful.  
- Thanks, sparrow.  
Come on, Princess, get it over with.  
I'm sure you've got  
some smartarse thing to say.  
No.  
No, I don't, honest.  
It's just that...  
Just what?  
It's like seeing my brother in a dress.  
Shickety split, Billy.  
You're a smooth-talking bastard.  
What?  
Never seen her dressed like a...  
- A girl.  
- Yeah.  
And she's probably

never gonna dress like one again, mate.

- What was I supposed to say?

- Not that.

Yeah. See, even sparrow gets it.

Like, when I'm wooing a woman...

I'm not "wooing" her.

I put on a little bit of classical music,

I compliment her appearance.

I play Keith urban and get her drunk.

I'm not wooing Lucy, okay?

She's a mate. A good mate.

It was a shock.

Keith urban, eh?

Yeah.

Why'd you have to say

Lucy looked like your brother?

Are you mental? He's got a beard.

It came out all wrong.

That is not how you talk to a lady.

Like you'd know.

No, I'm making

some serious headway with Mary.

Don't you worry about that.

You got to apologize to Luce, though,

'cause if she leaves,

that is the end of the team.

Don't panic.

I'll apologize, turn on the charm.

She'll be eating out of

the palm of my hand.

Good.

Skull! Skull! Skull!

Skull! Skull! Skull!

Skull! Skull! Skull! Skull! Skull! Skull!

The juggernaut!

Yay!

Michelle, I don't look

like a boy in this, do I?

Definitely not.

Look at him.

He said he's gonna

give up the grog after this.

For the baby.

- How did he take the news?



- I haven't told him yet.  
'Cause Boof's always getting between us.  
You have to tell him.  
It's not his baby.  
Skull! Skull! Skull!  
It's gonna be the end of us.  
You should've thought of that before.  
Yeah!  
Bush.  
Nah. No bush, mate.  
Yeah, nah, I reckon there's bush.  
Absolutely no bush.  
I like bush.  
I can get lost in it for days.  
Wrong bush.  
Hey, I wouldn't.  
She looks awfully sober, mate.  
You seen Lucy?  
Watch.  
The fearless JJ's making his move.  
Look at him. Swift, like a grasshopper.  
Piss off.  
Looks like the master's  
gonna have to show the way.  
Hello, madam.  
Yeah. I was...  
Just wondering if you would care  
to sashay onto the dance floor.  
My, my. A talking dog.  
She is a bit sober.  
Bugger her.  
Bugger 'em all.  
None of 'em have got Merline's brains.  
Or Taylah's drive.  
Yeah, or Shazza's vagina.  
Hey, you gotta stay here, okay.  
This is private.  
Hi, Mary.  
I...  
Just wanted to grab  
your advice on something.  
- My advice?  
- Yeah.  
Well, if you keep your hands off it,

the rash should clear up in no time.

No.

Actually, I've just got this friend  
who's dead keen on this girl,  
but he can't read her face.

That ugly, huh?

No, no, she's got something special.

Adam's apple?

Well, she's very handy.

She's a bull dyke, then.

Yeah, the thought had crossed my...

No, no, no way.

And if she is, then god is a bastard.

I'd say this chick sounds like a loudmouth,  
bangle-rattling bushpig.

But if your mate really wants to root her,  
he should grab her and kiss her,  
and be a man about it.

Yeah. Sounds like a great plan, Mary.

I'm moving to Perth.

- What?

- Yeah.

I'm gonna try out

for the Olympic wrestling team.

Get a career, put it in a half-Nelson  
and slam it to the mat.

Then I win gold for Australia.

No, no, no, no! You can't move to Perth.

That's too far away.

Try and stop me.

Yeah, yeah. No. Yeah. No worries.

Thanks, Mary.

And get some cream for that rash.

Yeah. Yeah.

You don't look like my brother  
in a dress, okay?

Look, Luce, I didn't mean anything bad.

You're my mate.

So it's like seeing  
one of your mates in a dress?

Yeah.

I...

I mean, you look great not wearing a dress.

I don't mean you look great naked.

Just gets better and better with you,  
doesn't it?  
Okay, Princess, take a breath.  
You want a root?  
What?  
A root. Sex.  
Might as well get it out of the way.  
Really?  
I'm up for it if you are.  
Yeah?  
So you haven't picked one?  
Are we setting each other  
up for roots or what?  
I dunno, I haven't picked one yet.  
Chop-chop. Meanwhile...  
Set me up with him.  
- The one in the hat?  
- Blue suit.  
Okay.  
Have you finished yet?  
Get me the legs 'n' lips in the blue dress.  
She's out of your league.  
You're right. Look who's talking.  
This is the last favor I'm doing you.  
Then we're done.  
- Good.  
- Good.  
I'm all over the fairy lights.  
Lo-fi. Retro.  
It's Woodstock for rednecks.  
I'm getting a drink. You?  
What?  
G'day, mate.  
You're wearing sandals.  
Yeah, brah.  
Gotta minimize that carbon footprint.  
Huh, right?  
- What're you drinking?  
- Rum.  
Organic, yeah?  
Ethically sourced? Fair trade?  
Yeah, all right.  
So, where you from, mate?  
Sydney.

- What do you do?

- Aviation.

- Light planes?

- No, a380s.

The big ones.

I think you've got a problem.

See that chick?

She's taken a shine to you.

- Cool.

- Not cool.

Definitely not cool.

Nice rack. Tasty.

What? No, look, do yourself a favor.

- Steer clear.

- I like her energy.

She's got a good energy about her.

- Wait. She's done time...

- Huh?

For armed robbery.

Bullshit!

She doesn't look like

that kind of girl, does she?

Trust me, she only started

looking like a girl tonight.

Just in time.

But, darling,

there simply has to be some vodka.

We have rum and beer.

Fine. Get me a rum. A big one.

Make that two.

- You've got a stalker.

- Pardon?

See that bloke over there?

He's been watching you.

Whatevs, every time I turn around,

some creep's giving me

a pap smear with his eyes.

You can't be from around here.

Born and bred. You're not.

Wait a mo.

You and the cowboy...

You're not a couple?

No.

I'm over the guys in Sydney.

- I want someone genuine, real.  
- Wait a second...  
He looks real.  
He's too real.  
- Introduce me.  
- No. Not him.  
He seems very what-you-see-is-what-you-get.  
Yeah, that's all you get.  
That's all I want. No secrets.  
No skeletons.  
No brains?  
Perfect.  
He has sex with sheep.  
I've done worse.  
What do you want? I'm busy.  
Perth, eh?  
Perth is a long way away.  
Well, at least it's got real men.  
Not like the pussies around here.  
- I'm not a pussy, Mary.  
- Did you speak?  
No.  
I mean, won't you be lonely, Mary?  
All by yourself?  
You could get a manager.  
You know, someone who can protect you.  
- Sparrow, go get a Biro.  
- A Biro?  
A Biro.  
And then mark on your body  
where you'd like me  
to tear that new arsehole.  
She is startin' to crack.  
Thanks, beautiful.  
You sure you're up for this, Podgie?  
Don't panic, Michelle, all right?  
I've got bloody  
vitamin supplements, stethoscope.  
Skull! Skull! Skull!  
Skull! Skull! Skull! Skull! Skull! Skull!  
Right-o. Next can.  
I've never been overseas. Must be exciting.  
Yeah. Well, wouldn't be as cray-cray  
as what you're used to.

Your dress is mint.

- It's smokin'. It's hot.

- Really?

It's babelicious.

- Babelicious?

- Absolutes.

- Cheers.

- Cheers.

Sheep, huh?

Wouldn't have thought a man like you  
would ever get that desperate.

Sheep?

It's fine by me.

I'm very adventurous.

Listen, I know who you've been  
talking to and...

You're really cut.

But not like gym cut. It's refreshing.

Be a darling, grab me a drink. Rum.

Hold the olive.

Look, I'm sorry. You're not my type.

But I'm everyone's type.

So, basically,

things can get pretty extreme up there.

There's a lot of pressure. Lives at stake.

Kinda like robbing banks.

- What?

- Look, it's fine.

I heard all about it.

You're a bit of a firecracker.

Excuse me a minute,

I have to go and kill someone.

Busy girl. How you doing?

- Hey!

- Armed robbery?

I don't remember what I said exactly,

but the conversation

was frank and wide-ranging.

The deal was to set me up,

not shoot me in the foot.

And the sheep thing?

That's your idea of being my wingman?

Blimey! Heels! Ow!

Just a minute, jackeroo.

Why did you try to ruin my chances?  
Why'd you ruin mine?  
Jealous?  
When it comes to me and girls,  
you've always been a spanner in the works.  
Now I see why.  
You don't need my help.  
Don't you sheepdog me.  
I should've seen it. There it was.  
All the time.  
A flicker.  
Get out of my way.  
Now I'm thinking about that day at the dam.  
When we were little.  
You saved me from drowning,  
and as I lay there,  
you kissed me.  
I was giving you oxygen!  
- Whatever it was, it worked.  
- I was giving you oxygen!  
- Billy!  
- Admit it. You like me.  
I don't go for cowboys.  
Why do you spend so much time with them?  
I swear I'll kick you in the gonads.  
More dirty talk.  
You're not my type.  
So, you won't mind if I stand this close.  
Stand where you want, Princess.  
Or this close?  
You're out of your mind.  
Not even...  
This close?  
The closer you get, the less I like you.  
- This is weird.  
- Yeah, it is.  
But maybe we could get used to it.  
I dunno, maybe if you stay.  
Is this your plan b?  
Am I supposed to go weak at the brain  
'cause we kiss?  
- You're a snake.  
- I didn't plan this.  
You know I don't plan anything.

God.  
It was more than oxygen.  
I should've saved my breath.  
I'm thumpin' undies, boys.  
- I gotta go first.  
- It's me first.  
Don't...  
- It's me first.  
- Stop screwin' around.  
Knock it off!  
Sorry, fellas. That is how I rock and roll.  
Shit.  
Shit.  
Toilet's broken.  
- He kissed me.  
- He what?  
Wait. So he just grabbed you and  
kissed you, right out of the blue?  
No, not really.  
- You kissed him?  
- No, it just sort of...  
I mean, one second we were talking and...  
We were talking...  
God! Are you bastards  
putting each other off?  
Here, come with me.  
Could you just tell me who kissed who?  
He did, all right? He did.  
Get off my tits.  
He only did it to make me stay.  
Dirty dog. Hang on...  
Maybe he's always had the hots for you.  
- What?  
- Well...  
He's not a great communicator.  
He tried to kill me today.  
Maybe that's how he shows affection.  
I could've wrung his neck.  
And that is how you show yours.  
I'm just going to pretend  
he never kissed me.  
Luce, you gotta ask yourself.  
Was the kiss any good?  
You're not leaving?



Nah. We're going another round.  
That's the spirit.  
Lots of guys here tonight.  
Ya feelin' lucky?  
Hell no.  
Don't say that.  
Your prince will come.  
And when he does,  
don't let anyone else come between you.  
He's your man and you're his woman.  
Mary, you just need someone  
that sees the real you.  
You think my face is ugly.  
Cut that out!  
You are a diamond in the rough.  
Too rough.  
Look, there's gotta be  
at least one boy you like here.  
Did I miss something?  
Sorry?  
Are there, like, bush rules?  
Some strange "bush" way of communicating,  
because in civilization,  
it sounded like you snubbed me.  
What if I did?  
Well, forgive me if I'm a bit confused.  
Do you have a problem with your eyesight?  
Nope.  
- What, are you married?  
- Hell no.  
Gay?  
Are these trick questions?  
Look, I think we got off  
on the wrong foot here.  
You seem like a genuine guy.  
Up front. Down to earth.  
How could anyone resist?  
Shit.  
Hey, wait. Lucy.  
Look, I was just pissed off  
and she was there and,  
I dunno...  
- Why did you kiss me?  
- Hang on, you kissed me.

- No way!

- Nah.

You can't deny there was a bit  
of licky-nibbly from your side.  
Bullshit.

So what, you thought  
you'd just mess with my head  
before you run away?  
And you thought you'd just mess with mine  
so I wouldn't?

Hey, it's the circle-work dude.

- You're out of control.

- Yeah.

What a team.

Hey, how do I smell?

Like I feel.

Shickety.

Me and Mary,  
we just started gettin' our mojo.

Yeah, right.

No, no, serious, you know, we talked.

We really connected.

And when it comes to Mary,  
I'm telling you, I've got the magic touch.  
So it's all working out for sparrow McGee.  
Yeah, but she's moving to Perth.

What do you reckon? Should I go with her?  
What?

To manage her wrestling career.

That'd be right. Another rat off the ship.

What's wrong with everyone?

Suddenly the country's  
not good enough for ya.

You're chuckin' all this  
away, and for what?

You're all bloody traitors.

You haven't even told Mary how you feel,  
'cause you're piss weak.

Hey, don't say that.

Piss weak.

Hey, you shouldn't say things like that.

You know, you're my best mate.

Mates don't say things like that. Mates...

Fly away, sparrow.

Fly away and don't come back.  
You know, I'm sick of being stuck  
in the back of a Ute.  
But you want to stay here forever  
and now I know why.  
'Cause you're scared, Billy.  
You're scared, not me.  
You're my best mate.  
I dunno what I'd do without ya.  
You're a deadset bloody legend.  
- You are.  
- No, mate, you are.  
You are.  
What?  
You're a deadset bloody legend.  
No, mate, you are, mate.  
- No, you are.  
- Nah.  
You... you are.  
I see the good in you, turps.  
Not many others can, but I do.  
I see it.  
- I love ya, mate.  
- I love you, mate.  
I love you, mate.  
I love you, mate!  
No...  
Mate, I mean...  
I really love ya.  
Shit, mate.  
Hey.  
Did I scare you off?  
What? No.  
Okay, look, I didn't mean to get all up  
in your business or anything like that.  
'Cause, you know, doing time  
can leave some pretty big scars.  
- Cheers.  
- Cheers.  
Hi, everybody.  
I'm gonna sing you a song...  
It's good.  
- About love.  
- Two.

One song, and that's it.  
That's the mother of my child.  
She's amazing!  
Anywhere in this place is...  
Man, I'm good. Good!  
Yeah!  
Let's dance.  
Hey, mate. How you going?  
You having a good time?  
- Yeah, I'm having a good...  
- Okay, time to say  
goodbye.  
But I'm not gonna... I'm good.  
Come on, Billy.  
- Good call.  
- Good night, Billy.  
All right!  
Bedtime. Say goodbye.  
So what you never went to uni.  
I dropped out in first year.  
It's too much reading.  
Hey. No, no, no. Good, I'm good.  
If you didn't finish university or  
anything, how did you become a pilot?  
Shut up!  
Actually, well... I'm not actually a pilot.  
- I'm cabin crew.  
- You're a steward?  
Well, we prefer the term  
"flight comfort engineer."  
Better than a jackeroo.  
I can't wait to see your guns.  
You don't waste time, do you?  
Okay. Yep.  
Dance, dance, dance,  
in my beautiful golden shower.  
It's the world's first beer windmill!  
This is what heaven must feel like.  
This is sparrow's  
most ingenious contraption yet!  
'Til the beer runs out.  
The final can. For the record.  
Here we go!  
- Focus, focus, focus.

- You okay?

I reckon I've had enough.

We didn't come this far for you to fail.

Boof, he's had enough.

All right!

- Podge... Darren.

- Huh?

You know I've loved you since my heart was big enough to beat, right?

- Jesus!

- Sit down, 'Chelle.

Well, there was this patient at the hospital, on my rounds.

He was dying. It was so awful.

And his last request before he died was to make love to a beautiful woman.

You're a beautiful woman.

Don't you see?

I couldn't say no, not to a dying man.

- So he died?

- No.

He got better and went back to Wangaratta.

But that's not the point.

What about the baby? Is...

- Is the baby all right?

- Yeah, the baby's fine.

But, Darren, it's not yours.

Okay.

Did... did you hear what I said?

- The baby's not yours.

- But it's yours.

What...

And that's enough for me.

Besides, I like it that you're up for it all the time.

I love you, Podge.

We're the best team ever.

I'm done with beer.

I got somethin' better.

Hey, it's stopped.

- Hey, where's the beer?

- What's going on?

What? No.

You better get that thing working again.

Don't worry, folks.  
There's plenty more beer.  
There's no more beer.  
Folks, if you need a beer,  
just suck on your clothes  
and that'll help with the beer stains, too.  
You used all the beer.  
- Yeah. We need beer.  
- Beer!  
Look, fellas, I would not mess with me.  
It's been a very emotional night.  
And what are we gonna do about that?  
Mudfight?  
Fair enough.  
Mudfight!  
Mudfight!  
A tough guy, have we?  
Not exactly.  
My legs are a little bit trembly  
from rooting your mum all night.  
- Your mum, too.  
- We've got the same mum.  
But I'm guessing, not the same dad?  
What?  
Thanks, Billy.  
Seen it. Seen it.  
Seen it.  
And that's what you call kickass-ercise.  
Mary, there's something I gotta say.  
You are the most...  
Mary, I'm really glad  
we got to spend this time together.  
You are just...  
You're a goddess. A Princess.  
What did you call me?  
Why'd you have to say his name?  
You know a guy named Princess?  
I'm sorry. I can't do this.  
Wait, wait, wait. You're not leaving.  
- I'm sorry. It's not you.  
- Yeah!  
No, don't go. Please, come back. Don't go.  
I'm never coming back.  
Ladies.

I'm okay with that.  
I'm Nic.  
Mary.  
You're beautiful and I love you.  
You're my woman. I'm your man.  
Deal with it.  
I've done it, Billy.  
I've declared myself. It's on.  
I always knew you would, mate.  
When you know, you know!  
Easy.  
Hey, easy, Billy. Come on, eh!  
There's no reason for  
fighting to be violent.  
Hey, bill. Come on, mate.  
Cut it out! Cut it out!  
Bill!  
Jesus.  
You could've hurt me, you dickhead.  
Last night was...  
- I don't remember a thing.  
- Me neither.  
Tell you what, though.  
I'm comin' back next year.  
Hell, yeah.  
Has your guy flown the Coop?  
He's not my guy.  
What happens in the paddock  
stays in the paddock.  
Nothing happened in the paddock.  
No need to explain.  
- Listen...  
- Me first.  
I've had a bit of a think.  
So have I.  
I've made a fool of myself.  
And I'm holding you back.  
You always wanted to go.  
So, go.  
You're a fool.  
- I just said that.  
- A gumnut-sucking twit.  
That's new.  
But you're not an asshole.

You could come with me.  
Listen, I don't know  
what happened last night,  
but something happened.  
Billy, you've always been there.  
I don't know  
what life will be like without you.  
I don't think I'll like it.  
Then stay.  
I love it here, but I need more.  
So will you.  
Come with me.  
I can't.  
- Why not?  
- Because I'd drive you crazy.  
- I'd ruin everything for you.  
- Billy...  
Luce, no matter where  
you go, you'll be fine.  
But for me,  
it doesn't get any better than this.  
You want to freewheel it,  
so let's freewheel it.  
We had a good run.  
Let it go, Luce.  
So, I've decided.  
We're staying here.  
You've decided?  
I'm the man in the relationship.  
Mary.  
Barrel of biscuits.  
Hey, you know, there's a...  
There is a cooling off period.  
I've definitely cooled off.  
What about the soldier's life?  
- E-cow's the future.  
- Yeah.  
- Isn't that right, rooter?  
- Yeah.  
And, of course,  
I'm gonna need JJ for moral support.  
No. I'm going. So's Taylah.  
What?  
I'm gonna be a sniper.



Haven't seen that.  
Well, there you go, Shazz.  
- Looks like love won the day.  
- Yeah.  
That and you got the  
shit kicked out of you.  
Indeed.  
Never again, little brother.  
This is not what I meant by "real."  
I think...  
I might join a gun club.  
You really are adopted.  
Yeah, we stalled!  
We stalled!  
Hey, Billy.  
Guess what?  
Me and Mary are staying.  
It was my idea and she totally went for it.  
Where's Luce?  
Shickety.  
I know love isn't meant to be easy.  
I mean, look at me and Mary.  
I just always figured, you know.  
You're a jackeroo.  
Lucy's a jilleroo.  
I thought you guys were  
made for each other.  
I mean, that day by the river  
when she gave you the kiss of life?  
Magic!  
You know, for years you've been telling me  
to man up to Mary, but you?  
You won't even tell Lucy how you...  
Billy?  
Run, you muttonhead!  
Run! Go get her!  
Shickety-splickety-shit.  
It's on.  
It's happening!  
Billy and Lucy! It's happening!  
To the old quarry!  
Billy and Lucy!  
- Shit.  
- Come on!

Go! Go, go, go!

Come on, 'Chelle.

They're heading to the quarry!

You all right, hon?

Oi, hold up.

- Sparrow!

- Billy's going for it.

- To the quarry.

- Yes!

He's fighting for the love of his life!

I knew it! There they are!

Oh, my god. The lazy Susan.

- Yes!

- Yeah!

You can't sheepdog me.

I want to be with you.

I don't care how. I don't care where.

Town to town. Sydney.

As long as it's with you.

I love you, Lucy.

It doesn't get any better than you.

Don't get all sappy on me now, Princess.

Hold me.

It's love.