



Scripts.com

The Broken Shore

By Andrew Knight

Help me, please, help me!
Somebody, help!
Help! Get me out, please!
Three boys dead, Singo.
Jesus Christ.
Young Officer Kendall.
Joe, old Mrs Haig called,
out past Beckett.
She reckons there's someone in her shed.
- Yeah, doing what?
- Well, nothing. Her dog's barking.
Thought I'd go sort it out.
- I'll go.
- I can do it.
No, I'm nearby.
Tell her I'll be there in 15 minutes.
You the cop? No uniform.
Plain clothes. Detective Cashin.
- You high up, then?
- Giddy from it.
Them police dogs?
They work closely with the police, yes.
Shut up!
- Jack Russell?
- Yeah.
So where's this intruder?
Police! Get out of there now.
Come on, last chance. Get out!
That'll do.
You're trespassing on private property.
Was just having a sleep.
- Where you from?
- From New South.
- It's a long way to come for a kip.
- Yeah, it's a way.
- Got any ID? Been in trouble before?
- I could have been bloody molested.
Very possible, Mrs Haig.
Hey, hey, hey!
Get your hand out of there.
Take your jacket off.
You're a bit shaky, aren't ya?
- Dave Rebb. Is that you?
- Yep.

You worked Boorindi Downs
for three years?

Queensland.

'Hard worker, no trouble,
likes building, good with engines.'

- August 2006. That all you got?

- Are you charging him or chatting?

Mrs Haig, he'll be lucky to see
the light of day for years to come.

Get your stuff.

Don't lock me up.

I can't go in the cells.

That's the road to Cromarty.

You come back the Port Monro direction,

I'll have to take you in

for fingerprinting, OK?

Save ink this way.

- Need a buck or two?

- I'm right. But thanks.

You treated me like a human.

Not a lot do that.

I've got a fence needs putting up.

Sit tight, will ya?

Why would I walk around

with some frozen chook

shoved down me fucking trackie daks?

Settle, I'll take your statement.

She accused me in front

of everyone at IGA!

What you should do,

you should arrest her!

Hello, sweetheart.

You know, I reckon you should try the
good folk down at Maxwell's supermarket.

Oh, that's right, they know you there
as well, don't they?

Yeah, you're an arsehole. You and your
whole bloody family, you're arseholes!

There's no need to be like that, Jadeen.

- Yeah, fuck you!

- Hey, happy shopping.

Fuck you!

- We should have charged her this time.

- Yeah, not if you want to live here.

That Toyota HiAce van
was seen near the school again.
Ah, anyone think to get a number plate?
One of the teachers said it was white
or maybe cream or yellow.
- Oh, yeah? That's useful.
- Hmm'.
- I take it there were no dramas?
- No, it's just a swaggie.
Boss, I am applying for a transfer.
- Are ya?
- Mm. I'm sick of this.
- You protecting me.
- Oh, shut up. I'm not protecting you.
No, worse. You're smothering me.
Oh, you can take a bullet for me
anytime. Promise.
- Egg and bacon roll?
- Hey, tell 'em extra mustard.
There's someone in your car.
Yeah, he's my prisoner.
Get him a serve as well, will ya?

OPERA:

Who's there?
Show yourselves.
Who the devil are you?
No. Please.
- Yeah, that's him.
- Oh, shit, he's onto us.
- What's he bloody doing?
- Shit, watch out!
How come you walk
like you're scared you'll break?
You like a good yarn, do you?
- Whereabouts you grow up?
- All over.
Yeah? Where were you born?
Don't remember. I was a baby.
Up for a good chinwag yourself, then?
Belonged to my great-grandfather.
Put a stick of gelignite under it.
- The right idea.
- I thought I might rebuild it.

Plant some fruit trees. Put in a garden.
The fence follows a creek
on the other side.
I'll get you a tape measure.
Ah, don't worry about it. Use me feet.
- Bluestone. It's tricky stuff.
- You worked with it?
You need a block and tackle.
Punch hammer, splitter, chisels.
- Mason's trowel.
- So you interested in having a go?
I'll do the fence first.
Just see how that goes.
Yeah.
Shit.
Intubation indicated
and 100ml of Lidocaine.
Charles Bourgoyne?
Bashed. Bludgeoned and burned,
more accurately.
That's all I know. Significant open head
injury and probable brain herniation.
- That's no good.
- No, it's a three on a coma scale.
That's out of three, not ten.
Come on, let's move it.
G'day, Carol. I'm Joe Cashin.
- I know who you are. Sybil's boy.
- Yeah.
- Not the architect.
- No.
Architects generally steer clear
of assault and battery.
You haven't touched anything here,
have you?
- No.
- Good.
Aren't you some big detective
with the homicide squad?
No. I'm a regular cop these days.
- How long you worked here, Carol?
- 36...
- Be careful of the blood here.
- 36 years.

- 17 when I started.

- Yeah, right.

His life shrunk down to just four rooms.

Who would have done this to him?

Mr B had no enemies.

- No-one.

- No-one else lives here?

The stepdaughter, Erica,
was here day before yesterday.

First time I seen her in years.

Who else works here?

Bruce Starkey is the gardener,
if you call sitting on your arse
all day gardening.

You've seen the place.

His son, Tay,
does what's left of the lawns.

Bit simple, the boy.

Oh, and there's Cecily Addison.

She keeps his accounts.

Anything out of place when you got here?

His watch is missing. He always took it
off at night and put it on the stool.

- This one?

- Yeah.

A gold Branlau. White face.

Very valuable. With a crocodile band.

Alright, nobody touches anything!

- Nobody leaves.

- Really?

I was just going to do a quick Hoover.

I'm Senior Detective Rick Hopgood,
head of criminal investigation
at Cromarty.

- And you are?

- Joe Cashin, Sheriff at Port Monro.

- Don't they give you a uniform?

- Yeah.

End of shift. Go back to looking after
dolphins in Port Monro.

Carol, Rick here'll look after you.

If you need anything,

give me a ring at Port Monro.

- Thank you.

- Take care.

Thanks.

- Vinegar.

- Sorry I was so harsh before, mate.

Call on your expertise if needed.

Oh, you're right.

We're all on the same team.

Oh, yeah? Who told you that?

- The old bloke OK?

- How'd you know about Bourgoyne?

Bruce Starkey, I'm the gardener here.

Detective Hopgood rang me.

Yeah, how do you know him?

- Why'd he do that?

- I don't know.

ESP? Open things up?

So, that it? Biggest crime we've had outside shoplifting and drunken brawls and you're leaving it all to Cromarty?

Yep.

Dad! Dad! Over here, come on!

Come on'. To me'. To me'.

- Catch, Joe.

- Over here!

Yeah!

I understand you looked after Charles Bourgoyne's accounts, Cecily?

Bob Menzies was still PM when I started working for him.

You know he paid his own bills, phones, electricity?

Didn't even own a house when he left Canberra.

- Sorry, Bourgoyne?

- No, Menzies.

Charles had people to do everything for him.

Yeah, his money came from generators or something, didn't it?

It came from his old man.

Any farm or shearing shed that wasn't on the grid, and that was just about the lot of them, bought Bourgoyne generators.

Charles gave most of it away.
Money never interested him much.
His Trust helped hundreds of kids.
Even bailed out the local football team
when your bloody cousin
put them in debt.
Any thoughts on
who would have bashed him?
It'll be some passing hoon
chasing money for drugs.
Whole coast is crawling with them.
But you watch them blame the Abos.
You'd think all the white trash
in Cromarty was at choir practice.
You know, 40 years in the courts,
I've seen more blacks fitted up
than I've had glasses of shiraz.
Bourgoyne's wife's dead?
His whole life has been plagued
by tragedy.
First his wife,
then his stepson Jamie.
I'm afraid Charles
is the end of the line.
Except for his stepdaughter.
I'd like to see his financial records
if I could.
Cromarty Police picked them up.
I thought they were handling this.
Yes, they are.
Jesus, you got the elves working, Dave?
In the rain and all.
Work's work. Can't let the rain stop ya.
- Stops me.
- Pulling your zip down.
That's work for a copper.
Hello? Excuse me?
What the hell is this?
- G'day, Helen Castleman.
- Yes?
Joe. Joe Cashin, from school. I thought
I recognised you in the street.
- Oh!
- How're you going?

Joe.

I don't remember you
being so tall and thin.

- I had a late growth spurt.

- No, no, I remember you.

Uh, what the hell is going on here?

I just bought this land off the Taylors.

Building a fence.

But don't worry,

I won't ask you to pay for it.

Well, that's very generous of you

but, um, it's on my land

so I want to take it down.

The creek is on my property.

Who was your source

for that information?

- Uh, the agent.

- The agent.

Lawyers listening to agents, eh?

No, the creek's been on Cashin land

for 70 years.

Fine. You want to make an argument

about it, I'm getting a survey...

- I'm just telling you it's on my land.

- ..we'll see about the boundary.

It's not an argument.

Work is to cease forthwith. OK?

Oh, sh... Ow!

- What are you looking at?

- You falling over.

- Hey, thanks for your support.

- I'm on her side.

Hey, Bern'. What happened to that wood

you're s'posed to deliver?

Priority list.

Top rung - paying customers.

Bottom rung - cheapskate relatives

that give me a hard time.

- Friday. Maybe.

- Where'd this bluestone come from?

Reputable wholesaler.

You go to the Macca's drive through and

ask 'em where they got their mince from?

What are you charging for this?

Special family price,
50 bucks a stone.
I'll give you a 50-buck delivery fee
to put it back where you found it.
Come on, cuz,
what are you gonna do with 'em?
They've been sitting in the paddock
for 30 years.
Taking food out
of your own family's mouth.
- You been talking to Mum?
- Your mum doesn't visit the Daunt.
Too good for us.
Doesn't want nothing to do
with the blackfella side of the family.
Say 250 bucks delivery.
You caught our beloved
Charlie Bourgoyne's attacker yet?
- What have you got against the old boy?
- Nothin'. He's our local saint.
Sold the family empire off to the Poms
and they put everyone here on the dole.
- Yeah, well, if you hear anything...
- So you already think it's one of us.
- 200 to deliver.
- 50, delivered tomorrow.
With the bloody wood I paid for.
- Piss off!
- Police!
Just taking a nap, mate.
I want you to come out
with your pants up.
- Hey.
- Got some ID?
Yeah, got me driver's and credit card.
All sorts of shit there says who I am.
Allan James Morris, Tilditch Road,
Cromarty.
- Yeah.
- Master builder.
Have your friend step out as well,
please.
Fuck'.
Over here, please.

Not you, Allan. You got some ID?

Wow.

Let's see your real one, unless
you want me to call Mum and Dad
and we'll do this down the station.

What do you reckon, Allan?

You're a big man to be jumping
a 16-year-old in the back of your van.

- Mate, we was just kissing.

- Take your pants off for that, do ya?

Kiss with your bum?

You married, Allan?

- Sort of.

- Sort of?

They got that now, do they?

You do a sort of ceremony
in a kind of church?

Did he threaten you, love?

Did he force you into anything?

- Want to make a complaint?

- No, nothing.

Please, I don't want any trouble.

Alright. Wait here.

Taking a risk, aren't ya?

Stacey Drouin?

Steve Drouin's niece, isn't it?

Please don't tell them. Please, alright?

They will fucking kill me.

Please.

She's... She's been
coming onto me day and night, mate.

- Well, she's only human, isn't she?

- That's right.

Allan, I'm going to put an alert out
on your van.

So you come to Port Monro again,
you do it to build.

Not to root barely legal kids. We clear?

- Crystal clear.

- Good. Piss off.

- How's your nana?

- Yeah, she's OK.

Yeah? You mind waiting for me
in the car?

- Yeah?

- I went down your way once.
I hear the surfies call Port Monro
Blue Balls Coast.

- It's cold enough.

- Listen, Joe, this Bourgoyne thing.
Commissioner tells me
she wants it handled by proper cops.
Apparently, the stepdaughter's
some Labor Party lawyer.
Who fucking microwaved the pies?
You don't microwave pies'. Jesus.

- I want you on this.

- Well, hang on, you're...
You're forgetting I'm the cripple
running Port Monro now.
Joe, we're in the middle of a gang war
and all my people are currently
committed to the pointless task
of trying to find which particular prick
killed some other prick
for whose death
we should be eternally grateful.
You're still a member of Homicide.
Mate, your partner's dead and buried.
Not your fault. It's time to move on.

- Forensics come up with anything?

- Very useful. He got bashed.
Alarm was off, no break-ins,
no strange DNA
and one wanker watch missing.
It's a homicide.
The old boy died three hours ago.

- What about Cromarty? Hopgood?

- They're not Homicide, mate. You are.
You're the best man to lead this.
Mental health sabbatical over.
Look, I want you to have a chat to
the stepdaughter, Ms Erica Bourgoyne.

- How's Singo?

- Go and visit him.
Go and sit and stare at
the hospital wall for a couple of hours.
John Jacobs, Orton Private Security.

I look after Ms Bourgoyne.
We're going to need to see some ID.
Doesn't really work that way, John.
I'll ask the questions, mate.
Right now I'll get you to wait out here.
This is a crime scene.
Ms Bourgoyne, I'm Joe Cashin.
I'm very sorry for your loss.
Um... let's make this
as quick as possible.
Of course.
Did your father keep money
on the property?
My stepfather? I... I don't know.
You don't notice anything
out of place here, do you?
Oh, look, I don't think
I can be much help to you.
- I'm pretty much a stranger here.
- You were here last week, though.
Oh, briefly. My stepfather,
we weren't very close.
More interested in art. We met in town.
We're selling some property.
How old were you when your mother died?
Young.
- And your brother?
- Jamie, he drowned in '93, Tasmania.
So you're the sole heir to this estate?
Oh, I don't know. Got no idea.
I don't think my stepfather
really thought about death.
It was something for the common people.
This picture's interesting.
- Why would they slash that?
- Good taste?
That's the old kids' camp.
Part of the land development.
- It's up for sale, isn't it?
- Yeah. Yeah, I believe so.
- Is that what you were here for?
- Hmm. Yeah.
- So there's an interest in the estate?
- Hmm. Yeah.

S'pose that's what it looked like
before it burnt down.

Yeah, sort of.

Anyway, the fire was March 12, '83.

- That's a good memory.

- Oh, no, no, no, no.

No, I've got a very bad memory.

No, it was the...

It was the night my mother died.

She fell down those stairs.

That's Charles's
pottery workshop.

I take it that's not
your father's work?

Ah, no. He used to run classes
occasionally for children.

Are we finished?

What's that?

No idea.

Rejects. You right?

- Why the bodyguard, Erica?

- Comes with the job.

Really? I had no idea being
a Labor Party lawyer was so fraught.

You don't know politics.

Get you to give that back to John
for me.

Hey.

- What are you like at jigsaw puzzles?

- I hate them.

- Ah.

- What is this?

Oh, you're going to
put it back together for me.

- No.

- Yeah.

Why?

I thought we could reintroduce
arts and crafts back into the force.

No?

I'm lousy at jigsaws.

Well, you start with the base pieces.

81's kind of blue.

79's kind of green and flecky.

Work your way up from there.

Afternoon's work.

There you go. Want a nice
almond bickie to go with that?

Oh, no, thanks, Liam. I'm right.

Right, well, there goes my profit
for the winter.

Eight weeks a year
this place comes to life.

The rest of the year it's pensioners,
the unemployed and the unemployable.
You're forgetting the halt and the lame.
There is always us.

Two virile, single young men, marooned
on an island of old women in sandals.

How did we end up here?

What the hell brought you back?

- I'm recuperating.

- Liam?

Would you mind if I put one of these up?

And this petition?

Yeah, sure.

Might galvanise the five people
who see it into a political frenzy.

- Joe.

- Helen.

- Got a permit for that?

- Oh, here we go.

You are going to try and prevent us
from having a peaceful march?

Am I? Why would I do that?

Well, it figures that anyone
who can erect fences
without any sort of consultation...

I take it you checked with the council
and you discovered I was right.

This is a giant development
smack on the river mouth.

But you're more worried
about your damned forms.

- Pretty worried.

- Will council pass this?

Uh, following a detailed three-minute
environmental impact study,

yeah, they'll jump on it.
Bourgoyne's dead.
You know, bring on the bulldozers.
So now I guess my fight begins
with you and your permit.
You have to have one.
And how long is that going to take?
Oh, what, including the walk to
the station? Probably... eight minutes.
Oh, OK. I mean,
it's eight minutes I'd rather...
Or I could have someone drop it into
your office if that's more convenient.
Mm, yeah, that might work. Thanks.
Two months ago I was a corporate lawyer
so it's difficult.
I haven't lived here for a while.
But that shouldn't need a permit.
In a democracy.
Mate, three Aboriginal boys
tried to pawn
a Branlau watch in Sydney yesterday.
Oh, people still wear watches
these days, mate.
The pawn shop manager
did the right thing and got the rego.
Nissan twin cab, TJH 419.
Martin Frazer Gettigan,
14 Holt Street, Cromarty.
Not another Gettigan.
- You know them?
- There's a lot of Gettigans.
OK, find out about the ute
without spooking anyone.
Don't take too long.
Martin Gettigan.
- You know him?
- What?
- I'm in a hurry. You know him or not?
- Yeah.
Right, I want to know
who's driving Martin's twin cab.
I don't do no bloody police work.
- Hey, hey...

- Two words-someone's niece.
You got five minutes.
So Gettigan lent his ute
to Luke Walshe and two other kids.
You know 'em?
Your typical Daunt
first Australians.
They've got some minor form.
Suspected of doing some burgs together,
which means they did.
Luke's the oldest,
he fancies he's a fighter.
Pascoe's off his face all the time and
Donny's a little retard who tags along.
You know Luke's the venerable
Bobby Walshe's nephew?
- Yeah, I figured. How old are they?
- Oh, 19, 20.
Donny's younger, maybe 17.
Well, it looks like one of them's tried
to sell Bourgoyne's watch in Sydney.
What say we go pay our respects
to the Coulters?
Well, that'd be seriously bloody stupid,
wouldn't it? Hey?
You're telling me what's stupid?
I'm conveying a message.
We're not to spook
the Aboriginal community at this point.
Oh. So let's all just head down
to the Daunt and say sorry.
Yeah.
And I'm gonna need
Bourgoyne's financial records.
Believe you've got 'em.
For Christ's sake, put it away, Sybil.
I'm the local bloody cop.
Oh, stop fussing. I'm your mother.
Now, I heard you're fixing up
your great-granddad's old ruin.
- Yeah.
- Well, you do know that it's cursed?
It sent Tommy Joe mad.
No, I reckon it's where

the Cashin black dog all started.
I've got a bloke fixing it up
and we'll see how it goes.
I thought your stay here was meant to be
temporary, just till you got better.
Well, life's pretty temporary,
isn't it, Sybil?
Pour yourself a tea.
Is Harry having Nam flashbacks,
is he?
Love the smell of napalm in the roses.
Your brother just bought himself
a new unit in Sydney, on the water.
Two bedrooms, one and a half bathrooms.
What's Michael do in half a bathroom?
Take half a piss?
- Is this hash oil?
- Yeah, one drop.
It's good for the nerves. And for pain.
These tablets seem to be making him
a bit happier.
Yeah, I s'pose they've got medication
for that now, don't they?
Being gay and
having your lover go back to his wife.
- Ah, but is he really gay, though?
- No.
He's a single 44-year-old man
who loves design magazines.
You are such a Cashin.
Even a tragedy's only a tragedy
for five minutes and then it's a joke.
Just like your father.
Well, he needs to get off the tablets
and come here.
No. Nobody needs here.
This place is not good
for either of you.
I don't know how you can spend a night
in that old place. Those horrible rooms.
It's just a place.
Joseph, after what you've survived,
you could have gone anywhere.
- Yeah, alright, then.

- You were the bright one.
The police force.
You spend one minute more
in this town than you have to,
you'll be stuck here forever. Or worse.
Come on, boys, hurry up!
Please, just hurry up!

- Where are we going?
- We're going on an adventure.
A family adventure. Come on, Joe.
Mum, when are we coming back?
Well, it wouldn't be an adventure if we
knew. And don't call me Mum anymore.
I'm Sybil.
Very fuckin' convenient.
You were sleeping.
I didn't know where to put 'em.
Oh, so you thought the middle
of the driveway would work.
Oh, I heard you got domestic staff.
Your face is familiar.

- You from round here?
- No.
Dave, this is Bern.
- Ever play footy around here?
- Not likely.
Don't often forget faces.
You forgot where to dump the stone.
No, you just forgot how much I charge
to deliver, cuz.
Yeah?
Jesus, been trying to get you
for an hour.
The ute's been sighted in Goulburn,
three occupants.
I don't want any hot pursuit shit.
Well, hang on,
if they're heading back here,
technically it'd be Hopgood's job.
Hopgood bullshit. You're in charge.
The Cromarty mob's record's appalling.
I'm gonna send a bloke down, Paul Dove,
Aboriginal, Detective Sergeant.
He'll handle the protocol, capiche?

Yeah, capiche. Whatever that means.

- So how you want it done?

- Look, I'm open to advice.

No, you're the boss. You tell me.

Villani wants them lifted at home
after they've gone to bed.

Fantastic. Going into the Daunt
at night, arresting our native folk.

It's Indian territory.

'Black Hawk down'.'

Alright, we'll set up a roadblock.

Should have taken the pension, mate.

Gone up north, someplace warm.

No, no, no, no.

Court's down the road, champ.

Let him through, Lloydie.

- Detective Sergeant Dove.

- Afternoon, lads.

I'm your coconut.

HARD HOUSE:

Get the gun'. Shoot it'.

That's my ball'.

Dead ball.

And before I run you through this,
let me first acknowledge
the original custodians of this glorious
shithole we're standing in.

- Happy?

- Happy Aborigine.

Alright, the Colac boys
have logged the twin cab,
Tango Juliet Hotel 419,
chock-a-block full
of three Abo-indigenes.

We've placed the car
up on the highway
and they're going to radio through
when they pass.

They're going to head down Anderson.

They're going to continue down Stockard
and then turn right.

Now this is where we're gonna nab 'em,
where it's one lane on the corner

of Stockard and Lamén.
Group one-KD, Lloydie, Steggie
and me-we're in the cruiser -
and Sid and Wobbles,
you'll be driving the block.
But it's not some Green Beret operation.
Nothing happens to these kids.
I've given Inspector Villani
an assurance that seven trained officers
can pick up three kids without
any problems. I hope that's clear.
Loud and clear.
- Code word is 'Vegemite sandwich'.
- It's just 'sandwich', thanks.
I'll give the go. It's my call.
You've got the Falcon.
It's in better nick than it looks.
It'd want to be.
What about the white one?
Blown head gasket.
- Does this bloke know what he's doing?
- Bloody hope so.
- I don't like this rain.
- Sandwich 1 in position.
Sandwich 2, roger that.
Sandwich 2,
keep the motor running.
Blocking vehicle is in position.
Righto.
- You right?
- Yeah, it's just my back playing up.
- You do a lot of these?
- I'm doing it as a favour for Villani.
They're leaning on him
about Bobby Walshe's nephew.
I went to primary school
with Bobby Walshe.
Bobby used to hang out
with my cousin Bern.
They'd beat the shit out of anyone,
those two.
- Your cousin Aboriginal?
- Aunty Stella's from the Daunt.
So you're a boong-in-law.

Here we go.
Go, go, go, go, go!
What's he doing?
I haven't called it yet.
- What the fuck is he doing?'.
- Bloody idiot'. He's pulled a gun.
- Go, go, go, go!
- Get that prick'.
Bloody thing's stalled'.
Start, you piece of shit'. Go'. Fuck'.
Fuck me.
- Sandwich 2 to Sandwich 1.
- Fuck'.
- Receiving me, over?
- Abandon'. Tell him call it off.
Sandwich 1, abandon pursuit, abandon.
I say again, abandon, abandon.
Please respond.
Say again. Sandwich 2.
can't hear you.
Abandon'. Abandon'.
Watch it'.
Come on. Come on'.
Come on, get him on his side'.
Get him on his side'. Come on, mate.
- Turn him over gently.
- Put it down.
- Gently'.
- Put it down'.
I said put the firearm down'.
Hold your fire'.
Turn on the fuckin' flashlight'.
Get an ambo'. Maximum bloody speed'.
No-one touches a bloody thing'.
Close the road'.
Who the fuck do you think you are, mate?
You're in Cromarty.
Police officers were fired upon
and they responded appropriately.
Can you confirm this was linked
to the murder of Charles Bourgoyne?
We believe it may have been.
Is it true that one of the youths killed
was Luke Walshe,

nephew of the MP Bobby Walshe?
I can't comment at this stage but
I can say every precaution was taken
to minimise the possibility of injury.
The officers involved
had the utmost respect for protocol.
What the bloody hell were you thinking?
None of this would have happened
if you'd done what I told you
and arrested them at home'.
Luke Walshe is a violent
little arsehole.
He would have shot at us anyway.
You were there to observe.
What'd you observe?
A lot of rain and two dead Abos.
Well, my understanding is he sees
two blokes not in uniform
waving guns about and thinks they're
a couple of hoons out to kill him.
And who told you that?
Donny bloody Coulter?
- You save it for the Coroner.
- I might just be a country cop...
..but since when does the presumption
of innocence lie with an arsehole
pulling an unlicensed firearm
on a fuckin' police officer?
All officers involved are now on traffic
duty pending an internal investigation'.
No phone calls,
no winks over the supermarket trolley.
The family, the brotherhood,
that shit doesn't fly here.
Now get out'.
Dove.
Jesus, Joe.
In hindsight, an error of judgement?
I see most of my life
as an error of judgement.
Dove tells me you made three attempts
to call the operation off.
Apparently, he couldn't hear us.
He made a judgement call.

Did you see the muzzle flash
before or after the shots?
Steve, I couldn't see the nose
in front of my face.
So it's possible the muzzle flash
was Walshe firing after the other shots?
I don't know.
We'd better hope these blokes
did kill Bourgoyne.
There was no watch in the car.
Probably flogged it somewhere else.
Come and stay at my place.
Go and visit Singo.
Now I've got to go and explain
to the Commissioner
how this total cock-up was actually
a well-executed pincer move
by highly trained professionals.
- How do I look?
- Ravishing.
Shock and grief. They are my emotions.
You know, Luke Walshe
is my brother's boy.
He was a bright kid.
Everyone had high hopes for him.
Here you go, Mr Singleton. One of
your old workmates is here to see you.
G'day, boss.
It's Joe.
Villani reckons you should stop
bunging it on, come back to work.
Place is falling apart without you.
.. white or black. that's just a tragedy.
Oh, I'll just turn it down.
I don't know if I'm cut out
for this shit.
You used to say you're just a cop.
Say you do your best and you walk away.
How? I get my partner killed
and now I stuffed up again.
Two kids are dead this time.
You want a pen, boss? Here you go.
C-B 83.
- Has Singo ever worked down my way?

- No.

Singo worked for 36 years.

Bought himself a place at Lake Eildon.

Called it Begone Begone.

Then bang, never gets to live in it.

Instead he's dribbling

cream of mushroom soup

down his pyjamas

at an aged-care facility.

- Maybe you're right to get out now.

- You're telling me to quit?

Your call.

Just don't do that prick Hopgood

any favours at the inquest.

Singo talked about those with the grip.

Blokes with the power to hurt and the

power to stop people from hurting them.

Hopgood's got it in spades.

In a very short time,

I've grown to hate this place.

- Yeah, weather's not much.

- It's not the weather.

There's something wrong with this place.

Testing, testing.

It's a shrunken city.

Shrunk right down to the shit.

Sit down, Donny.

- How're you going?

- Alright.

I'm his mum and he didn't do it.

Helen Castleman

from the Aboriginal Legal Service.

I'll be representing Donny. I take it

you're in charge of this debacle?

Donny, this is just

a follow-up interview

to see if there's anything you remember

that you want to tell us.

- I take it you've advised your client.

- Of course.

You are Donald Charles Coulter of 27,

Fraser Street, the Daunt Settlement...

- ..at Cromarty, is that right?

- Yes.

Before we start, Donny,
you're not obliged to say or do anything
but anything you do say will be...
My client is going to exercise
those rights.
He's not going to answer any questions
in this interview.
Interview suspended 9:47am.
You care to step outside for a minute?
You know if Donny tells his story,
there might be no opposition to bail.
What have you got on him?
Being a passenger in a mate's car?
If you've got anything to tell us,
pal, better tell us now.
We were bringing the ute back,
that's all.
- It wasn't stealing.
- Shh'. He's not one of us, love.
If you think you can hold him
while you build a case for murder...
- Bail hearing's 12:15.
- OK, I will put it to my client.
- Bit of history there?
- Too good for me.
Donny's mother was with her son
the night of the attack, so no deal.
We have an alibi.
In which case,
bail will be strenuously opposed.
There's a real danger
the witness will abscond.
They spend their whole lives
covering up for their men.
The husbands, the fathers, the sons.
Doesn't matter what the bastards do.
We've got nothing that says Donny was
there when Bourgoyne was murdered.
Oh, I'm black so I'm meant
to empathise with the Daunt boys.
That what you're saying?
No, but keep an open mind. As a cop.
What's going on? You know he's innocent'.
It's bullshit, Cashin. He's innocent'.

The kid gets bail.

- Get off your phone'.

- Alright.

- Well, it gives us no leverage.

- I know.

But the Minister told the Chief
and the Chief told the Commissioner
and it's pass the political hot potato.
Righto.

And I meant to say, I spoke to Trace.

Apparently, Singo was in Blue Balls.

He never mentioned it. He wasn't
in Homicide then, he was in Arson.

Some fire, way back
in the Jurassic period.

Thanks.

Nuh.

We are not opposing bail.

- Dave?

- Thought you'd buggered off.

Left me with your mad dogs
and your debt.

That's certainly my follow-up plan.

You ever laid a stone?

I think some things
are best left to the professionals.

That's what they say.

Hey, Coulter, ya fuckin' bastard'.

Hey, Donny, you in there, mate?

Donny, come out'.

Come on, get yourself out'.

- Donny, I'm frightened.

- Just go to sleep, mate.

It'll be OK. Just close your eyes.

Sleep, mate.

Get out of here.

Piss off'. Go away'. Piss off'.

Get out of here, now'.

Oh, you're having a golden run,
aren't you?

Shoot a couple of kids
and then terrorise the other one.

I'm afraid I need a coffee
before I can listen to your crap.

Are you telling me you know nothing about the cars in the Daunt last night? No, I bloody don't.

Donny's mother said that there were cars shining headlights into her house all night long.

He's scared out of his wits.

Shit, Joe, what are you guys playing at? Dumb arseholes.

Donny missed his bail appointment this morning.

Right.

Donny's mum said the little prick's been a bit weepy.

What do you know about cars flashing their headlights into his window all night, scaring him? I wasn't on last night.

Fast a-fuckin'- sleep.

I can ask around for you, if you like.

Pottery classes. Big future.

No, I thought we agreed we'd meet here and then march down to Coun... Right.

Great.

- Sorry.

- No, you're right.

Bit of confusion.

Right, the plan is that we'll assemble here, do the speeches, then we will march down Moorhouse, cross at Enright and then finish up at the Council offices.

- OK.

- We ready to go?

Ah, yes.

You know Helen?

She's President of Wildcoast Australia.

A person of many parts, our Ms Castleman.

And you, Detective. One minute Homicide and now crowd control.

Oh, come on. Don't pick on our Joe.

He's one of the few

that actually signed this petition.

Bobby, do you remember Joe?

- Yeah, Joe Cashin. Bern's cousin.

- G'day, Bobby. It's been a while.

That's good memory.

Yeah, I wouldn't have finished primary school without Bern.

- Best kid on your side in a fight.

- Yeah, that's true.

Just in case you didn't know,

I'm your local Member.

Mate, I'd actually thought United Australia was a soccer team.

Might as well be.

I understand you were there.

Bad business, eh?

Yeah, kids carrying weapons.

Yeah, well, I'm not here

to stir up shit.

Sad fact is, more votes

in saving penguins

than saving black kids in this country.

- Sorry, we're on.

- Good to see you, Joe.

Bobby.

I want to talk to you today about loss.

You see, I should know. I'm Aboriginal.

All we seem to talk about is loss.

Our land, our culture

and most recently...

..my beautiful crazy nephew

and his mate.

Everything is taken away from you -

that's the moment you truly understand

the exquisite pain

that accompanies loss.

How loss can fracture lives,

how it can empty you of hope...

Hopgood's chasing you.

Said to say he's found someone.

I mean, look about you.

This place is paradise.

To my people, it is a sacred ground...

Cashin to Cromarty, come in.

...and those that fear it and
must destroy it, we here must care.
To lose is to lose
just one more piece of our soul
until nothing is left.
Donny, Donny, Donny.
Why would he kill himself, eh?
11.95 and a discount voucher
for a pizza.
Everything to live for.
Tipped 'em off, did ya?
Transparency, mate.
That's how it's done now.
Bullshit. Have you
even told his mum yet?
You gonna let her find out
on national television?
- Well, you can tell her, mate.
- I'm not your fuckin' mate.
Suppose you're not.
The case is closed. Not too many
innocent people kill themselves.
Smile for the cameras, mate.
Detective, do you have
anything to say at this stage?
Yeah, go and get fucked.
Joe?
- How're you going?
- I don't know what they are.
Vases, jugs.
C-B 83. Charles Bourgoyne.
Just do this one.
Now he tells me.
And tomorrow, I want you to go into
Cromarty station and steal some files.
I want everything they've got
on the Companions camp fire of '83.
Why don't we just ask for it?
Don't let Hopgood see
what you're doing.
Keep your nose clean. This is dangerous.
I've got something of interest.
I just passed an illegal fence
on my property

and I'm on my way to discuss it.
Oh, you're talking about
the pre-existing heritage path
leading to my historical boundary.
I s'pose you're going to charge me
with trespass now?
I certainly reserve the right to.
Some day-old plunger coffee? I can
reheat it if you want. Like a bickie?
- If they're my only options.
- Put a bit of rum in it for you.
Oh, yeah, that might bring
the feeling back to my hands.
Just a puddle.
- And what room do you call this?
- This is the ballroom.
I'm not apologising for my place.
It's a ruin.
I'm waiting for another ruin
to be built.
And let me guess, this is where
you go to after the ball?
That's the withdrawing room.
It's where we withdraw.
Cheers.
- Mm, wow.
- No half measures here.
Hello.
I'm not here to grill you, Joe.
It just seems like the government
are happy to let this business die.
Oh, there's no politics about homicide.
I think we're just waiting for things
to calm down.
This is the Daunt.
It's not going to cool down.
Do you at least accept the possibility
that those boys didn't attack Bourgoyne?
Yes, it's possible.
I heard that you tried to call off
the chase but Hopgood ignored you.
Oh, Helen, that's police business.
I can't...
- They say Hopgood is a killer.

- Who's they? The Greek chorus?
You've got family in the Daunt...
The people I'm related to
see me as another white maggot cop.
That's something
you wouldn't understand.
Maybe not. But people say
that Luke Walshe was executed.
You were there. Was he?
Corey Pascoe's sister Suzie said that
her brother had a watch,
an expensive watch,
given to him over a year ago.
Jesus, Joe, these kids were killed
over a bloody watch.
What if there was two of them?
What if Corey was just going to Sydney
to sell his watch?
Do you cops ever think about justice
or can you just do no wrong?
Cops are just like lawyers,
only they don't get rich
and people try to kill them.
I... I just can't seem
to get this right with you...
Remind me when you ever tried?
You came over here screaming
blue murder about a piece of land
that I would have come
to some agreement with you over.
Now you're trying to tell me
how to do my job.
Are you interested in the truth?
The truth? Or the truth that suits you?
Thanks for the coffee.
I'll find my own way out.
No, I want to be a witness
to any alleged falls.
Think you can set up a meeting
with Suzie Pascoe?
Away from the station?
I came back here to...
Because I needed some quiet.
I'd forgotten how unsettling

quiet actually is.
Sorry, that was just an impulse.
Not a sane one.
Stop watching me.
Abalone gone missing from down your way,
has it?
Worse. Truckload of beer.
We think someone from here flogged it.
Hundred percent certainty, I'd say.
Well, these files are ancient.
Should try the modern era.
Suzie, this is Detective Cashin.
He's big and he's ugly
but maybe he can help.
G'day, Suzie.
Corey had a watch before Sydney.
Long before the old bloke died.
He showed it to me.
Did he say how he got it?
Just that it was a present from someone.
It's a big present.
Do you know who gave it to him?
- Maybe Ray Piggott.
- Ray Piggott.
I know Ray.
So you're saying
he traded weed for the watch?
It's alright. You're not in any trouble,
I promise.
People grow a bit of weed around here.
Make a few bucks. Not much work.
- How else they gonna make it?
- Sure.
Do you remember
what brand the watch was?
Nuh. It started with a 'br'...
I don't know.
Is that it?
No, that's not it.
That has a white face.
Corey's had a black one,
with all these little clock things.
Thanks, Suzie.
- Is that it?

- Mm-hm.

That's barely a report. Three deaths.
Bare minimum report. Three deaths.
The Moral Companions camp was for boys,
orphans and the like.
Gave them a holiday, bit of fun.
And this fire in '83, that put an end
to everything, didn't it?

Mm.

Any idea where they kept their records?
Names of staff, kids' names?
I had nothing to do with it.
Charles kept them separately.
In this book, though,
it says he transferred two grand
to the same Companions account
every month.

There's no details here.

What's that about?

May I?

There's another two payments here,
\$200,000 each.

What's that, 30 years ago.

There's no name.

It'll be some other charity
he was supporting at the time.

Yes, it's very likely.

But I need to see some bank details.

Confidential, I'm afraid.

No such thing in a murder case, Cecily.

Excuse me. Yeah?

Yeah, mate,

the kid's story checks out.

Bourgoyne did buy two Branlaus from
a shop called Cozzens on Collins Street.

Yeah, one black face, one white.

He knew them well.

Shit. I don't suppose any idiot
thought to ask the Sydney pawnbroker
for a description of the bloody watch.

- Apparently not.

- Ah, fuck it! Alright, thanks.

I saw you on the telly the other night.
You were being rude then too.

I need to work on my media skills, yes.
Nothing on the two big cheques.
Might be in his tax files.
But I do have an address
on the monthly payment.
It's in North Melbourne
somewhere.

Moral Companions.

Pollard. Arthur.

So they tied someone down here
and made 'em watch?

What's his connection with Bourgoyne?

This place was
on Bourgoyne's payroll.

And the vinegar. I could smell it
at Bourgoyne's place that morning.

Glad to see you dropped the case.

'They gave me gall to eat and when I
was thirsty, gave me vinegar to drink.'

What?

The Book of Common Prayer. A psalm.

Baptist education

for little Aboriginal boys.

Well, your corpse had form.

Used to work at an orphanage
until he was given the boot.

- What the hell?

- Let me guess.

Oklahoma? Kiss Me Kate?

Let's run a check

on the names of the boys

listed as state orphans

around these dates.

You always in pain?

- Oh, it's mainly when you're around.

- I'll ignore that.

How'd you go in the city?

I know you won't tell me.

Police business.

But I know you haven't given up.

Now, you now have a lovely new neighbour
who would like to invite you

to her house for a drink.

And maybe microwave some party pies.

Party pies. Wow.
Yes, I'm told that people in your circle quite enjoy them.
I'll follow you? That way you won't be able to give me a speeding ticket.
I know.
I'm living in an Emily Bronte novel.
I haven't committed to furniture yet.
It's just a fridge and a stove and microwave.
No personality.
Well, party pies are perfect, then.
Very little personality in a party pie.
Did you inherit those eyes?
Yeah, one from each parent.
If you, um, if you look closely, they're not quite the same.
Oh, I know your eyes.
You were a person of interest at school.
Do you feel the need to talk to me in cop-speak?
Yeah.
- You never noticed me.
- I did. You were always glowering.
There's something sexy about a glower.
You still glower.
- What's a glower?
- Don't question your gift.
Are cops always this intimate on a first date?
Cops generally don't have second dates.
Helen, I'm... I'm not... really...
Talkative? In the mood?
What aren't you, really? You don't want to stay and have some party pies?
Yeah.
I'm fucked.
What, and I'm not?
I mean, my back, and my legs.
Everything.
Oh, you mean really fucked?
That's OK.
Show me.
Wow.

Nasty.

Maybe you should have followed
your brother into architecture.

Yeah.

I was with Bobby for six years.

He couldn't even make it
to the seven-year itch.

He may be a beacon of hope
for all of Australia

but as a boyfriend,

he was a terrible root rat.

So I had a meltdown, came here.

Bobby Walshe's electorate.

Strange place to escape to.

Oh, it's a place.

It's winter. Spring's coming.

You know there won't be

a single person in Monro

who doesn't know we've done it by now.

Oh, they need something

to cheer them up.

Cheered me up.

Good.

How's your back hard up against a tree?

I'm happy to give it a shot...

if the tree's willing.

G'day, Bruce.

Now you head inside now, Tay.

Mum's got spag bol for dinner.

Spag bol? Mum's got spag bol?

- Do you want some?

- No, thanks, Tay.

Alright.

I understand you drove

Mr Bourgoyne around.

- Ever take him to this place?

- Nah.

Yeah.

And when you did...

did you ever see this guy?

Is there something wrong

with your brain? I said no...

You know, a serious brain problem

would be bullshitting me.

I'm calling Hopgood.
He's a mate of mine.
I'll drive you to the station.
You can ring him from there.
You know what they did, don't ya?
They fucked boys.
Boys your son's age. Younger.
He wasn't one, was he?
How would your son like to know
that his dad was a chauffeur
for a kiddie fiddler?
You shut your mouth.
You don't say anything
or I'll fuckin' kill ya.
Now, I never saw nothin'.
No, you just ran errands for 'em.
When was the last time you were there?
Just before Bourgoyne died.
Wanted me to pick up a heap of files
from Pollard and then burn 'em all.
Don't go anywhere, Bruce.
If I find out you went running back
to your buddy Hopgood,
I'll come back here and I'll arrest you
as an accessory. You understand?
I love my boy.
And I never touched no boy.
You hear me? The lot of them,
they made me fuckin' sick.
- Yeah.
- And I never did burn those files.
Robin Bonney, Charles Bourgoyne,
Percy Crake and Duncan Ballins.
Got a Robin Gray Bonney here. Age 67.
- Possibility?
- That's about right.
A sex offender.
Suspended on two charges
and then he did four out of six.
He's dead.
Multiple stab wounds, castrated,
mutilated and strangled.
- When?
- Three weeks ago in Sydney.

Anything on Crake?

- He died six months ago.

- Yeah?

Natural causes. Hit by a bus.

Doesn't get more natural than that.

Unless someone pushed you.

Dave Rebb?

Dave'.

Rebb'.

Dave'.

Rebb'.

Yeah?

The two cheques, \$200,000 each
paid out in '83, '84.

Took forever, thank you very much.

Had to dig out the old tax records.

The recipient was a company
wound down in '84.

Name of Begone Begone Pty Ltd.

Registered under the name
of Derek Singleton.

This guy was one of the kids
in the video.

He went on two Companions camps.

He has a few personal issues now.

Thrashed me all the time.

- All of 'em did. Make me do things.

- Who're you talking about?

He made me read the Bible,
then pull his cock out.

He broke three of me ribs. Made me
tell the school I fell off me bike.

I never had no bike.

Always wanted one. I never had one.

He even did it to his own son.

Loaned him out to his mates.

His own son'. His own f... son.

Don't gimme that look'. I know that look.

I had that fuckin' look.

I had that look me whole life.

You gimme that fuckin' look again...

Steady on.

Detective Dove here tells me
you might have some idea

who committed these murders.
- I told you. His son, Jamie.
- Jamie Bourgoyne?
He's dead, mate.
He drowned in Tasmania in 1993.
Risen from the dead. I seen him.
He come back to make it right.
In Nicholson Street, in the hostel.
Jamie and his bum buddy, Justin.
Mate, don't fuck with Justin.
It's been over 30 years.
You sure it was them?
I know Jamie. I know Justin, alright?
Dark, curly hair. A funny lip.
Crazy eyes, blue eyes. He's crazy, mate,
crazy. Crazier than me.
Don't you play these games with me.
Don't you drag me here
on the word of some junkie. Do not.
I thought this might be convenient
for you. I figured you knew the place.
Take a seat.
There's really no point in going on
with this.
Your brother's alive, isn't he?
That's why you hired a bodyguard.
Look, you've got no idea
what you're talking about...
Your stepfather was a monster.
The only way your brother could survive
was by faking his own death.
He forced you to come here and watch,
didn't he?
No. He's dead.
What was it like
after your mother's accident?
It was just the two of you,
alone in that house, with Charles.
What happened after school?
What happened at night?
Was your mother's death an accident?
The same night those three boys died,
she... what, she tripped?
Fell down the stairs?

You must have suspicions.
What does this matter?
What does any of this matter now?
- What'd you see that night?
- Look, I don't know.
I don't know. I don't remember.
All I know is that depraved,
sick bastard is dead
and so are all his sweaty,
grunting friends.
And so maybe now we can sleep.
But you sat here, in this seat,
and you were part of this.
Right from the start, you knew exactly
how this was going to end.
No.
You sat here and you watched them
torture Pollard.
How'd that make you feel? Did you...
Did you clap when the curtain came down?
These men that you are so keen
to protect,
do you realise how many children
went through that terrible place?
Do you realise how many lives that...
that...
And what were you going to do with them,
Detective?
I'd arrest them. Let the courts decide.
I'm sorry, that's just not good enough.
Not by a long shot.
You had nothing to do with the sale
of the Companions camp, did you?
I checked. You didn't come back
into town to sell any land.
Three days before your stepfather's
death, you came back to warn him.
- Did I?
- Did you warn him?
I was gonna warn him but then I, um...
..then I saw his face and I remembered.
I remembered this... I remembered
my little brother and, um...
..how I couldn't protect him

and that no-one came to save us.
And... So I didn't warn him.
- Where's your brother?
- I don't know where he is.
And if I did know, I wouldn't tell you.
'Cause I-I know they'll stop
when it's finally over.
We'll be in touch.
Do you think because you care now,
do you think because there's all
this compensation from the church
and Royal Commissions,
do you think that all this pain
and this damage
just magically disappears?
No, I didn't clap because
they dragged me here
and they tied me to that chair
and they taped my mouth shut.
But if they didn't,
I probably would have cheered.
Got an address for Duncan Ballins.
He's the last one left.
Coburg. St Aidan's. An ex-seminary.
Are we really sure
we want to protect this prick?
- Armed?
- A bit.
It's just one old priest,
not the Hell's Angels.
I'll go the front. You go around
the back in case he bolts.
Who is it? What do you want?
Detective Sergeant Joe Cashin.
Homicide.
You're a bit of a hermit here,
aren't you?
Long time since the glory days when
you got to help the boys in the shower.
Your old chums from the Companions camp.
Presumably you've heard they're at rest?
- Though I doubt at peace.
- There's nothing I have to tell you.
You know they were all tortured, killed.

Unless you've got a warrant,
you know the way out.
Robin's was particularly awful.
Some sort of colonoscopy,
an appliance heated over a gas ring.
Don't move.
Dove? You alright?
Dove'.
Dove, where are ya?
Help me... please.
Please...
Help me'. Please forgive me'.
Help me. Help me, please.
- Joe.
- Dove?
- Joe!
- Dove?
Joe...
- Fuck me.
- Joe.
Please...
Please, help me!
Please.
Drop your weapon.
Put the gun down, Jamie.
No!
'I am he that liveth and was dead,
and behold I am alive forever more.
Suffer the little children
to come unto me.'
Our Lord said that, didn't he, Duncan?
But you know that already.
And those three boys that
you and my father went too far with,
the ones you had to burn
to cover your sins...
..what mercy did you show them?
Father, forgive me my sins.
I am in thy light.
Forgive me.
'And in those days shall men seek death
and shall not find it,
and they shall desire to die.'
I told a cop 30 years ago.

I told him everything.
Pleaded with him to save us boys.
You know what that cop did?
Huh?
Nothin'.
He was the last of them.
We done what we set out to do.
It's time to make peace with the Father.
Give us this day our daily bread
and forgive us our trespasses
as we forgive those
who trespass against us
and lead us not into temptation
but deliver us from evil, amen.
Amen.
We say farewell to a great cop,
a great detective
and a great man who died too early.
Vale Detective Inspector
Derek Singleton.
By the way, you were right. Singo's
company, he was paid to turn his head.
200,000 bucks within three days
after the Cromarty fire.
And then two days after the inquest,
another 200,000 went in.
It's like two fucking deaths.
Oh, mate, he was like a parrot
on your shoulder the whole time.
'Go the extra mile,
follow all your leads.'
Unbelievable.
You know we were mentioned in the will?
Oh, the Salvos can have my share.
This man has blood
with the clotting power of a lobster.
You two have to be
the luckiest blokes on earth.
Yeah, if I was so lucky, would never
have met you two in the first place.
That's actually a good point.
- So what happened to Hopgood?
- Shifted laterally.
Desert country, I think.

We'll get him in the end.
Just have to prove he was
on the old bastard's payroll.
Alright, I'm off.
Some dickhead stole two frozen chickens
from the local supermarket
so it's all hands on deck.
Then you're coming back, OK?
OK? I'm not joking. You're coming back'.
- Thought you'd gone walkabout.
- Rostered days off.
I saw a photo of the Companions camp
footy team from 1981.
There's a kid the spitting image of you,
played half-forward flank.
Nah. Never was a kid.
The, ah, the gate's my idea.
Thought we might need quick access
on the odd cold, dark night.
But I put the bolt on my side.
So... speaking to him,
not speaking to him.
Speaks, no speaks.
- You up for a walk?
- Yeah, sure.
As long as we can go past that tree.
'More broken than you are.'
A funerary urn.
Jesus, Joe, is Blue Balls on
a different time zone or something?
Mate, I need Trace to put together
a list of missing kids
from the following years-
'78, '81, '88, '89...
Alright, I will get her to call you
during normal, sane business hours.
There's no end to it for you, is there?
Not in this lifetime, mate.
Not in this lifetime.
Captions by CSI Australia