



Scripts.com

The Dressmaker

By Jocelyn Moorhouse

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(SOMBRE DRUMBEAT)

(DRAMATIC ACOUSTIC GUITAR)

(LIGHTER CLICKS)

I'm back, you bastards.

(DOG BARKS IN DISTANCE)

(CAR DOOR SLAMS)

(CAR APPROACHING)

Is that, uh...

Dior?

Very good, Sergeant Farrat.

My design, but Dior-inspired.

Myrtle Dunnage.

Tilly.

- You grew up.

- You got old.

Sad, but true.

What have I done this time?

Fine leather...

can be irreparably damaged

by moisture and mildew,

Tilly.

How's my mother?

Molly... doesn't

get out much these days.

Did anyone... know

you were coming?

They'll know soon enough.

(DOOR THUDS, BOTTLES CLINK)

(CLINKING CONTINUES, RUSTLING)

Mum?

(COUGHS)

- (THUD!)

- Oh!

- (CLATTER!)

- (SIGHS)

WOMAN:

about the possum?

You can't have him.

Because we wanna keep him,

don't we?

(BIRDSONG)

(GROANS)

(COUGHS)

TILLY:

Miss Harridene?

The schoolteacher?

(SIGHS)

(CLANG!)

- (LAUGHS)

- (BELL CONTINUES RINGING)

(GASPS)

Stewart Pettyman.

(BELL CLANGS LOUDLY)

Do you remember him?

HARRIDENE:

Left, right. Left, right.

He was Miss Harridene's favourite.

(GASPS) Miss Harridene,

she stained me.

- She stained me with the ink!

- Huh?

(WHIMPERS)

(SIGHS)

What about Mr Almanac?

The chemist?

I don't even know who you are.

Hmm. Hmm.

Hmm.

Sinners...

(BANG, CRASH!)

- (RATTLING)

- Ah!

We both remember Mr Almanac.

Apply three times daily.

Thank you, Mr Almanac.

Come on, Myrtle.

Your mother's a slut

and you're a bastard.

What about

Shire President Pettyman?

Hmm?

Now, there's a reason to vote.

- (BANG!)

- **MAN:**

(RATTLING)

I don't know why
you've come to this... hole.
There's nothing here.
I came because...
I need you to remember me, Mum.
Mum?

I need you to remember
so I can remember.
Remember what?
Being my daughter? Hmph.

- That too.

- Fat chance.

What else?

Did I commit a murder?

(LAUGHS) What?

Am I a murderer?

Is that why I'm cursed?

You don't remember
committing a murder?

No.

Well... (SNIFFS)

it's not something
you're likely to forget.

I know.

What if you are a murderer?

I wouldn't be
in the least surprised.

- (SCREAMS) Murder!

- Stop it! Come on.

- Murder!

- Oh! Ah! Ooh!

- Help! Help!

- Don't... Oh!

- Ah!

- (PANTS)

Oh, Oh!

Murder!

' Molly! ' Oh!

Help! Help!

Ah! Ah!

Murder! Ah!

- Let me go, you bitch.

- No, no, no. No! No!
- You've got to...
- (GROWLS)
- Molly, stop it!
- (YELLS)
- It's just a bath.
- (PANTS)

You're filthy dirty
and you stink, Mum!

Rape!

- Stop, stop...
- Rape!

Who in their right mind would be
up there raping Mad Molly?
A lady with little balls!
Knew there was a reasonable
explanation, Barney.

WOMAN:

Haven't seen her
since she was a kid.
She moved.
They sent her away, Barney -
for the good of us all.
Dunnybum's come home.
(CHUCKLES)
Wonder how she turned out.

RECORD:

People pointing at me
They call me a muddy cloud
You better meet me
Baby
Meet me with
your black dress on...
(HUMS)
You better meet me
- Eugh!
- Hey, babe...
(KNOCK AT DOOR)

HARRIDENE:

I know you're in there!
My geraniums

have been assaulted!

- (SIGHS)

- (KNOCK AT DOOR)

(SOFTLY) Morning, Beulah.

HARRIDENE:

I saw that half-finished one,
Barney McSwiney,
peering at me
from on the top of the silo.

(HORN HONKS)

Ah. There's Elsbeth Beaumont.
Young William's back
from West Australia, I see.
My son.

Home at last.

Ready to embrace your future!

(SIGHS)

There's Mrs A.

Ah.

Yoo-hoo, Mrs Almanac.

Oh! Ooh!

Can't you help her with some
of them drugs of yours, Mr A?

Addictive!

All she needs is God's forgiveness
and a wholesome diet.

Oh! (PANTS)

- (PHONE RINGS)

- What?

Prudence, Mr Almanac's coming.

MOLLY:

Whoa there! Gotcha.

Ah!

- By the light...

- Here's your mail.

- Of the silvery moon...

- (SIGHS)

- (BELL RINGS)

- (GASPS) Gert. Gert.!

It's William!

Pratt's. Hasn't changed.

Ah, the remittent son returneth.

Gertrude,
the Windswept Crest account.
Your silvery beams
will bring love's dreams
We'll be cuddling soon
(BLOWS KISS)
By the silvery moon...
Doesn't Reggie Blood
have a lovely singing voice?
(SIGHS)
I call Reggie the Perry Como
of Dungatar. (LAUGHS)
But much better-looking,
don't you think?

ELSBETH:

It's nice to see you home, William.
What? Oh.
Excuse us, Gert.
I was... only after some coils
of fencing wire, Mr Pratt.
I have your mother's unpaid accounts
of the last two years.
Comes to a total of 347,
10 shillings and 8 pence.
William's travelled.
He's very worldly these days.
(WHISPERS)
Does he have a lady friend?
Well, our Gert's
a handsome, capable girl.
She knows feedstock,
haberdashery...
(WHISPERS) Mother!
And what powders are lethal
to maggots and fly-struck merinos!
I'm afraid...
William will have to look
much further than here
for suitable... companionship.
Who lives at Mad Molly's now?
Mad Molly. Only she's dead.
Someone's alive, Mother.
They've lit a fire.

- She's back!

- Jesus!

The murderess is back!

(GASPS)

(MUSIC SWELLS)

Hmm.

Irma, the cushion!

(SQUEALS) You're off the paper!

Evan, you're off the paper!

It's going to rain tomorrow.

Windows will need cleaning
when it stops.

The latches and the doorknobs
need a good soaking as well.

Pet...

A situation has developed,
and until it's settled, I don't
want you leaving the house.

What things? What situation?

Well...

it's the grand final this weekend.

Footballers from Winyerp

will be coming

with their filthy boots

and their foul language.

Not coming into my house?

No, no, no. In the street.

You will be safe inside.

Now, my pet, have your tonic.

- Oh...

- Good girl.

Give you a little bit extra so you...

- There we go.

- Thank you.

(EXHALES)

There you go, pet.

Head on the pillow.

I can't see him.

25 years since Stewart's accident.

25 years since I lost my boy.

Pet?

(WHISPERS) Pet?

(CHEERING)

Go, Teddy!

On your left, Teddy!

- Go, Reggie!

- Move over, boy!

Oof!

Oh! Oh! Reggie!

Pick it up, Teddy!

- **MAN:**

- Go, Teddy!

On ya, Teddy!

(YELLING)

(CHEERING)

Go, Teddy!

(WHISTLE BLOWS)

Who's that?

Outside, outside, outside.

BOTH:

Ah!

Don't look at her. Eyes on the ball.

Stop looking at her, boys!

Come on!

Farrat, stop her. Charge her.

With what? Sitting?

The nerve of that girl!

(CHEERING)

(CHEERING)

(GROANING)

- Goal.

- (SIREN WAILS)

(WHISTLE BLOWS)

- **TEDDY:**

- On.

Your get-up's

distracting my players.

Well, I do have an unusual talent

for bias cutting.

- Yeah. Listen, Myrtle...

- I prefer Tilly.

Tilly, the only reason

these bastards haven't run

us McSwineys out of town too

is me dad empties

their shithouses
and I win 'em the footy.
We lose this match,
all I've got left is the shit.
Thank you, Teddy.
I know you and Mae have been
looking out for Molly.
You leaving?
No. I'm going to change.

MOLLY:

for me, have you?
Iced VoVo?
No, thank you, Molly.
I remember you.
It's Molly Dunnage.
That's right. I'm still alive!
What about
that poor wife of yours?
Irma is as well
as can be expected.
Mmm.
She kept running into doors,
if I remember, your wife.
Cut lips, black eyes...
Can I help you?
That all miraculously went away
when you become a hunchback.

FARRAT:

I heard she was back.
I had no idea
she was so beautiful.
Gertrude knows
fruit preservatives.
Female intimate apparel.
She does her own hair too.
(SOFTLY) on...
Your dress...
That fabric...
That's the photographer
from the Winyerp Gazette.
How about a kiss
for our man in blue, hey?

FARRAT:

No, no, no, no.

(WHISPERS) Kiss me, kiss me.

Eugh! Trollop!

Problem with your Dungatar team
is inexperience.

See, our Winyerp boys
are seasoned professionals.

They're not likely to be distracted
by some good-looking sheila.

Oh.

Gertrude Pratt.

What's the matter with you?

I hear the footballers' dance
is Saturday night.

I could make you something.

A dress can't change anything.

Watch and learn, Gert.

Watch and learn.

(SIREN WAILS)

Oh, how fortunate.

It's three-quarter time.

Changeover.

(FLAMENCO MUSIC)

(WOLF WHISTLING)

WOMAN:

Concentrate, Dungatar!

- Ah!

- Oh!

(LAUGHTER)

WOMAN:

Keep falling over.

(GROANING)

(GASPS)

MAN:

Lift your game!

Come on. Come on, wake up!

Ooh!

MAN:

(LAUGHTER)

(GROANING)

Genius.

TEDDY:

Eyes on the ball.

(SIGHS)

- (WHISTLE BLOWS)

- (GROANING)

Oh!

(LAUGHS)

(CHEERING)

(LAUGHS) om.

- Yeah!

- Yeah!

Dungatar win!

- (CHEERING)

- MAN:

CROWD:

Your husband's mighty slow
these days, Irma Almanac.

How'd you manage that?

Oh, Molly Dunnage. Oh!

And you're in a wheelchair too.

Yeah, well, it suits my captor.

Oh!

- Ooh.

- Ooh. Still hurts, does it?

Mmm.

Uh, Mrs Almanac,

my name is Tilly...

I know who you are, Myrtle.

It's very good of you

to come home.

(WHISPERS) It's very brave too.

Sergeant Farrat told me

you've been sending food

to Molly all these years.

Don't mention it.

Please, don't mention it.

Made you some special cakes.

Oh, speaking of poison.

Mmm.
Unusual aroma.
Mmm!
- Mmm!
- (CREAKING)

IRMA:

why would a beautiful and clever girl
like you come back here?
(SOFTLY) Excuse me.
Quick, Irma - who is she,
and who did she murder?
You don't remember
any of it at all, Molly?
Uh... She doesn't even remember.
Well...
They say that she killed a boy, Molly.
I remember Evan Pettyman
bundling her into the police car...
and then Sergeant Farrat
driving her away.
(WINDMILL CREAKS)
- (CHILD SCREAMS)
- Hey, watch out!
(CHILDREN YELLING INDISTINCTLY)
Get it, Dunnybum. Get it!
(CLATTER!)
She threw it on the roof, Stewart!
Dunnybum threw your ball on the roof!
Get Dunnybum! Get her!
(CHILDREN SHOUTING)

STEWART:

You too!
Can't find her anywhere.
She's gotta be here somewhere!
Find her!

MYRTLE:

Gert. Gertrude!
Please help me. Please.
Gert...
Gert, please.
Gert, please help me.

(WINDMILL CREAKS)
(SCREAMS)
(MUFFLED SCREAMS)
Miss Harridene!
Miss Harridene!
(CRIES) Miss Harridene!
Miss Harridene! (CRIES)
(YOUNG MYRTLE
CONTINUES SCREAMING)
(CRIES)
Help!
Stand really, really still, Dunnybum.
Or I'll come round
to your house tonight
and kill your mother, the slut.
And when she's dead, I'll get...
(WHISPERS) ..you.
(MYRTLE WHIMPERS)
(GASPS IN PAIN)
Oh...
(GASPS)
Oh, Molly, there's... there's no pain.
There... there...
there's no pain at all.
Oh!
I traded my heart for your heartbeat
And gave you all of this to boot
If you feel you want to make a deal
Cock your piece and rooty-toot-toot
Bang, bang, bang, bang...
(CHEERING)
(MUSIC, CHEERING CONTINUE
IN DISTANCE)
You know, I lost a child too, Molly.
Your first victim, was it?
There's nothing more terrible
than losing a child.
It's enough to send you mad.
Wouldn't know.
I never had any myself.
Who's this?
Where did you get that?
(SIGHS) That's Madame Vionnet.
- Mm-hm.

- I used to work for her in France.
She probably died too.
(SIGHS) No, she's... she's still alive.
- Hmph.
- She's an old lady now.
A designer. She recommended me
to Balenciaga.
- Another victim.
- Another designer.
Maybe.

(GLASS SHATTERS)
Did she teach you how to sew?
No, you taught me to sew!
(BLOWS RASPBERRY) I can't sew.
I know you remember me, Mum!
Come on, just...

say my name.
Go on. Say it! Say my name.
You won't get me,
you murderous bitch!
Oh! Oh! No.
Say my name! Say it! Say it!
Oh! Oh!

Stewart Pettyman!

(PANTS)

- (SIGHS)
- That's right.
You killed a boy. Broke his neck.
So now you know you are
a murderer, you are cursed,
so fuck off!

(FOOTSTEPS)

Am I, uh... interrupting?
Not at all.
No. Just taking a trip down
memory lane with Lizzy Borden here.
Uh... I want this one.

- You'll get what I give you.
- (CHUCKLES)
- Oh!
- (THUD!)

Come in.

MOLLY:

15 shillings.
That's... that's outrageous.
So's your bum.
You know how to bargain,
Gertrude.
Free groceries for a week.
Information.
Like what?
Did you tell Stewart Pettyman
where I was hiding that day?
What day?
You know exactly what day.
Gertrude...
I can make you
the most striking girl in the room.
I told.
Sorry, Myrtle, but I figured
it was better you than me.
Does... does that mean
our deal's off?
(SIGHS) Take your clothes off.
A murderer and a lesbian.
(MEN SING DRUNKENLY)

BARNEY:

Open that one. (LAUGHS)
(LAUGHS) Oh, Teddy!
Ooh!
McSwiney! I got five quid that says
that you are too gutless!
- (BARNEY LAUGHS)

- TEDDY:

REGGIE:

They're only mice, mate.
- (BARNEY LAUGHS)
- They just wanna say hi.

TEDDY:

(BARNEY CONTINUES LAUGHING)
Come on, Barney.
Are you a man or a mouse, McSwiney?
- Come on, Teddy.

- What do you reckon, Barney?
- Should I jump?
- Jump, Teddy!

MEN:

- Look out for the mice.

REGGIE:

Come on, Teddy! Come on, Teddy!

MEN:

Arggh!

Yeah! (LAUGHS)

Hey!

On your back, McSwiney!

On your back!

- Whoa!

- (CHEERING)

Look out below!

Reggie Blood coming through!

(LAUGHS)

Whoo!

(CHEERING)

TEDDY:

(LAUGHS)

(GRUNTS)

(PANTS)

MOLLY:

you want this mirror.

It's filthy.

(GROANS)

TEDDY:

at home if you want it.

Need a lift?

Yes. I'm exhausted.

Righto.

Oh, thank you.

What are you doing?

(WHISPERS) Shut up! (GROANS)

- Here we go, Mol.

- Oh.

- There we go.

- Oh!

(BARNEY CHUCKLES)

Thank you. Who are you?

Mrs Dunnage, it's me, Barney.

Are we related?

No! (CHUCKLES)

Oh. Thank God.

It would be safer for Molly
if you ride too.

It would suit her if I fell off.

TILLY:

If I'd wanted to kill you,

I'd break your neck.

Everybody knows that.

BARNEY:

Yeah, I don't know.

A true killer would have cost Dungatar
the grand final.

So, why didn't you?

(TILLY SIGHS)

No, I've decided you didn't come home
to help us win the grand final.

I reckon you came home
for one of two things -
bloody revenge or... me.

(SCOFFS)

Just so you know,
both are out of the question.

Pick you up Saturday at 8:00, then?

Footballers' dance?

I'm busy.

Oh, well, what about tonight?

We'll go to the Winyerp pictures.

Oh, what's on?

Sunset Boulevard
with Gloria Swanson.

Still... busy.

Doing what?

Stirring her cauldron.

But I'd love to go.

(BARNEY GIGGLES)

MOLLY:

so rude to him.
He's a kind young man
who wants to take us to the pictures.
He wants to take me
to the pictures.
Well, go, then.
Think I want you here under my feet?
Why are you so interested
in what I do all of a sudden?
I'm not. I don't care if you stay
an old maid forever.
(CROCKERY CLATTERS)
Still not going.
You never came back for me.
You came back for them.
Well, go on, make them their dresses.
Make them think they're classy.
They'll still hate you.
(SIGHS)
Tape measure.
Oh, your centre line's off.
Got to start
from the beginning again.
Get all these pins out
and start again.
What's wrong with you?
(KNOCK AT DOOR)
Stay there. It's still my house.

FARRAT:

In trouble, is she? I'm not surprised.
Tilly, in the car...
(CAR DOOR OPENS)
(MOLLY SIGHS)
What?
Molly, what is it?
I love you!
- What?

- FARRAT:

Do you remember my possum?
(SIGHS)

Beloved by all, missing.
And I know what happened to him.
Tilly, certain accusations
have been made,
requiring me by law
to make a thorough search
of this tea chest.

(OPENS CHEST)

What am I being accused of?

(SIGHS) oh!

"Chocolat en poudre".

Chocolate milk.

Thank you.

Ah.

(BREATHILY) Oh.

Ah.

Ooh.

Ooh, my.

Ooh.

Oh.

Ooh! (GIGGLES)

Oh!

Ah, Oh!

(CHUCKLES)

Oh!

Oh, good Lord!

Oh!

Oh, Oh! Oh!

(CHUCKLES)

Ah!

(BREATH ES HEAVILY)

MOLLY:

I remember you.

This isn't how

I remember you either.

Well, frankly, this is how

I'd rather you remembered me.

Don't worry, Sergeant, not much

chance of me forgetting this.

I'm brilliant with sequins and diamants

and I bet I can hem stitch

as fast as you.

I'm a whiz with zippers

and gauging and frogging.
And how do you feel
about ruffs and flounces?
Oh, I hate them.
So do I.
(SIGHS) I wish we had a better mirror
for you, Sergeant.
There's a mirror tree outside.
There is a mirror tree outside.
(FLOWER DUET BY DELIBES PLAYS)
(FARRAT CHUCKLES)
Where did you find so many mirrors?
(SIGHS)
I've always managed
to live discreetly.
But, um...
when Stewart Pettyman died...
his father wanted me
to send you away.
And you did.
I refused at first, but...
he knew about me.
Knew what?
Somehow, he managed to find
these designs I'd drawn
on a model
that was unmistakably me.
Signed by me too.
He threatened to send them
to the district inspector.
I would have lost everything.
My home here, my...
my career... my...
Everything-
Betrayed for a wardrobe.
Ironic.
Saturday night, then.
Dream on, dream on,
teenage queen
Prettiest girl I've ever seen
There's a story in our town
of the prettiest girl around
Golden hair and eyes of blue
How those eyes could flash at you

- How those eyes could...

- (MUSIC STOPS ABRUPTLY)

Who is that?

(MURIEL SIGHS)

Stunning.

(WOMEN MURMUR)

WOMAN 1:

did she get that dress?

- **WOMAN 2:**

- **WOMAN 3:**

Could you please play
a love song?

Yes, of course.

(BAND PLAYS 'BE ANYTHING')

I was just about to go... home.

Be a thief

Be my sunshine

Or my grief

Be anything

But, darling...

- (GASPS)

- ..be mine...

Look at our youngsters.

Oh, they make a lovely couple.

Gert, you look like someone

out of a movie.

(GIGGLES)

MOLLY:

WOMAN:

ACTRESS ON SCREEN: May I come in, Joe?

I've stopped crying.

I'm alright again.

Joe, tell me you're not cross.

- Popcorn?

- **WOMAN:**

ACTOR:

buying them for me.

Look, they're not even
in a real car!

WOMAN:

ACTRESS:

blue flannel for a man.
Now, this one,
single-breasted, of course.

ACTOR:

Happy new year, darling.

MOLLY:

Run!

WOMAN:

- You shut up, pervert.

- **MAN:**

This is filth.
(LAUGHS)

MOLLY:

No-one told him
this scene was in the picture.

WOMAN:

We're trying to watch the movie.

ACTRESS:

I need some of your Scotch.
Now, close your eyes. Close 'em.

ACTRESS:

I don't want to be left alone.
- (MOLLY SIGHS)
- Watch your head.
Oh.
Strong, aren't you?
Have you heard of this new play
from America, Molly?
South Pacific?
Oh, it sounds very...

romantic.

It sure is, Mol.

- I hate romance.

- What a surprise.

How about some music
and a... nice cup of tea?

How could I resist?

(SIGHS)

(LOVER MAN BY BILLIE HOLIDAY PLAYS)

Oh, Macbeth.

You like this?

Probably not your taste.

"Hark, something wicked
this way comes."

MOLLY:

bloody awful music is this?

- Blues.

- Oh! Music to hang by.

Yeah, I don't know. I like it.

She's got a lot of pain
in her voice.

Yeah. Billie Holiday.

Sounds like she needs one.

That my hip flask?

Come and get it, handsome.

- Give me that.

- Oh, not you!

- Give me that.

- No.

Give it. Give it.

- Oh, you degenerate!

- Give it!

Get your hand out of me!

Don't be ridiculous.

Careful, she's old.

Oh, give it, give it!

Oh!

(BREATHES HEAVILY)

- I've heard it said...

- (CLEARS THROAT)

- That the thrill of romance...

- (BURPS)

Can be like a...

You drank all my whiskey, Mol.
Oh, big deal.
I go to bed with a prayer...
Tea?
Yes, please.
Strange as it seems...
So, where did you go from here?
(SIGHS)
Away.
To Melbourne.
To boarding school.
Then where?
I ran away to London.
Then Spain, Milan and Paris.
And then back home?
(SIGHS)
They don't like us here, Teddy.
Me and Molly.
They'll never forgive me
for that boy's death.
They never forgave Molly
and she didn't do anything.
Yeah.
They tried to take Barney away
just for being different.
People came to the school.
I had to run and get Mum and Dad.
I remember you boys.
I used to watch you from here,
you and Reg and Barney,
up on top of that silo.
You had that...
You had that telescope
and looked for...
You used to look for rockets
from outer space.
Yeah. And Superman.
You don't scare me,
Tilly Dunnage.
In fact, I reckon you could make
some bloke pretty happy.
(SIGHS)
Tilly.
I'll look after you.

If you want me to.
I have to put Molly to bed.
I'd like to see
Myrtle Dunnage, please.
I bet you would.
I'd like you to see.
Then you'd know
what we have to endure
every time we look at you.
(GASPS) Oh, there you are.
Mad mother.
Molly seems well.
These days
she's far from neglected.
But she has good days
and not so good.
Gertrude Pratt told me it was you
who made the dress
she wore to the dance.
That's right.
Well, I'd like to order
some daywear...
if it's at all possible.
It is.
But it'll cost you. Cash.
Yoo hoo!
Oh! (LAUGHS)
Uh... I'll have a line
of night attire and lingerie.
To put some spring back in
the old mattress. (LAUGHS)
Thanks.

WOMAN:

Am I in the right place?
Station Hotel.
But it's so far from the station.
(DOG GROWLS)
Are you right there, Muriel?
Yeah, good, thanks, love.
Bulb's gone.
Tilly got in another tea chest.
Where from this time?
Paris? Milan?

New York. And it's full of cottons
and a peacock crest too.

A peacock crest?

Well, I don't know.

I mean, I'd imagine there is.

But I wouldn't know exactly
what's in the box, would I?

I'd better be going.

Your frock.

That's our secret.

It's none of your business.

Local girl. Up on the hill.

What about alterations?

They'll be minor.

And if there are any...

I can manage them myself.

You sew?

I'm a dressmaker.

And a seamstress.

Fully qualified.

I would like to see

what's in your workroom.

Would you let me

into your workroom?

You'll be familiar with my work
soon enough.

Evan Pettyman invited me here.

Did you think they wouldn't fight back?

(SIGHS)

"Dungatar welcomes

Miss Una Pleasance,"

"who brings to the community

her considerable dressmaking skills."

TEDDY:

for lunch.

And I... I risked my life
to get these for you.

Oh, you shouldn't have.

Whose garden? Beulah's?

Sergeant Farrat's, actually.

Top of the morning to you, Teddy.

Sergeant! Didn't... see you there.

You think you're good-looking,

don't ya?

FARRAT:

is at present"

"a guest of Shire Councillor
and Mrs Evan Pettyman."

(LAUGHS)

"Her dressmaking establishment"

"will be temporarily located
at their home."

ELSBETH:

that you were able to make it.

- UNA:

- It's going to change a lot.

(HYPERVENTILATES)

- MURIEL:

- Oh! Muriel! Shoes off, shoes off!

- Made a sponge. It's real cream.

- I'll take that.

EVAN:

Una, come on. Don't be shy.

Welcome to the grand opening
of Le Salon.

EVAN:

Style and decency.

(MARIGOLD PANTS)

Some designers just don't seem
to know the difference, do they?

TEDDY:

I wonder what rock
they found her under.

(SIGHS) Just as they were
starting to like me.

You're wasted here.

- (LAUGHS)

- Oh, good shot.

- You nearly got Pratt's store.

- (CHUCKLES)

But here is where I am.
(SIGHS) I think we should
run away together, Till.
Oh! What?
Yeah. You and me.
Forget all about Dungatar.
Leave them to themselves
and fate.
(SIGHS) We...
You can't just...
ask someone to...
run away with you out of...
(SIGHS) ..out of the blue.
(SIGHS) Oh, God...
You should take Barney home.
Do you want me on my knees, Till?
That it?
(SIGHS)
(SOFTLY) OK.

TILLY:

I'm cursed.

ELSBETH:

is thank heavens...
- Oh...
- ..for Una.
I was hoping for something
a little more...
slimming.
Oh, no. This dress is so you.

- MARIGOLD:

- WILLIAM:

- I've just vacuumed.
- I'm supposed to meet my mother.
- Yes.
- That's... that's William.
- Yes. I asked him to pick me up.

- WILLIAM:

In here, William.
But... but isn't it bad luck to see

the bride in her gown before her...
Nonsense. Not when the bride
looks as beautiful as this one.
In here, William.
Come view your future...

MARIGOLD:

of the carpet! My middle's wearing!
No! No!

- ELVBETH:

- UNA:

- Oh! Ah! Ah!
- William!
William, come!
For goodness' sake!
- There!
- William! Where did she go?
There. There she is.
Gertrude!
We'll catch her in the car.

WILLIAM:

On the edge!
Shoes off my carpet!
- (BELL RINGS)
- Oh! No!
- Is that your dress?
- Oh, I like the bow!
The bow?! You would like the bow!
(WHISPERS) William's here!
- (GASPS)
- Get it off me! Get it off me!
Oh, there's no zip!
She's stitched you in!
Dad! Get a saw!

WILLIAM:

to see the bride in her gown
before the ceremony?
Oh!
Not when the bride
is as beautiful as this one.

- Ah! Mother!
- Alvin, shut the door!
Stop pushing me, Mother!
Sorry, folks, we're closed.
Out the back. Out the back!
Run, Gertrude, run!
Sir...
Sorry! We are closed for business!
- Oh! Ooh!
- Sorry.
Where is she?
(CHEEPING)
- Um... Uh...
- Chickens!

UNA:

Tilly? Princess Elizabeth's here
for a fitting!
Myrtle!
Help me! Myrtle! Tilly!
- (HORN HONKS)
- Myrtle!
Oh, my God!
Oh, God!
(HORN HONKS)
Tilly! Gloria Swanson's here.
(UNA CONTINUES KNOCKING ON DOOR)
I'd like to see Gertrude Pratt.
- No.
- (GASPS)
(SIGHS)
Why?
Well, it's bad luck for the groom
to see the bride's gown
before his wedding day.
- (HONKS HORN)

- WILLIAM:

A fully qualified dressmaker
and seamstress would know that.

- WILLIAM:

- (ELSBETH HONKS HORN)
Gertrude, it's me.

Gert!

Sorry, Una.

I've decided to go back to Tilly.

I think she understands
my particular body shape.

She certainly does.

No. She doesn't look like that.

You... you've been had, my lad.

You... you witch!

I think we'll be going now, Mother.

ELSBETH:

grocer's daughter! She's common!

What... what are we doing here?

Oh, William! Oh, my God!

- (CHILDREN BLEAT, JEER)

- Oh, just get away!

- Hello, Teddy.

- Hello, mate.

I'm getting married next month.

- Would you be my best man?

- No!

' Yes! " Why?!"

I want a future! A life!

You have a life.

It's not mine!

Um...

Yeah. Sure, mate.

I'll be your best man.

- (SIGHS)

- BOY:

You'll need a suit. I'll pay.

That could be awkward.

Don't talk to me about awkward.

Take your clothes off.

The others do!

You want me to?

' Yes! ' No!

You're fine as you are.

That's not what you tell them!

She tells them

if they want it done proper,

they've gotta strip and be measured,

because it's a work of art made special
for them and no-one else.

You see, Tilly? I do listen.

(SIGHS) She tells them
that they're all different,
even though they're all the same -
too fat, too skinny.

You'll be a sight for sore eyes.

Anyway... lo and behold,
our genius here
does make them look different.

Less like themselves
and more like they wanna be.

Don't you?

You just called me Tilly.

- When?

- Just then.

- I never.

- Yes, you did.

- And this morning - twice.

- Oh, liar. Liar.

Sounds like this is the most important
piece of clothing I'll ever own.

You could be married in this suit.

Yeah, I could be.

Snapped up by some
eligible spinster or... hag.

Trousers off too?

- Yes.

- No!

Most important day of a chap's life.

Want to look sharp.

Righto.

Notebook. (CLEARS THROAT)

(LAUGHS) Well, it was his idea.

- (BALI HA'I PLAYS)

- South Pacific, Molly?

You're right. It's very romantic.

Neck.

Lonely sea...

TILLY:

Ooh. Much less
than Gertrude Pratt.

Island...

Chest.

Actually, the girl I fancy, Molly,
doesn't want me.

- Mad, is she?

- She thinks she's cursed.

Rubbish. He's much bigger than that.

You can tell just by looking at him.

Do it again.

Call you...

I don't believe in curses.

I didn't either, till she showed up.

- Is that comfortable?

- Yep.

- Come away, come away...

- 42.

- Told ya.

- Bali Ha'i...

Also less than Gertrude Pratt.

Waist.

The wind of the sea

MOLLY:

come to me...

Besides... I know

she's the girl for me.

- Couldn't be anyone else.

- (TILLY SIGHS)

Also less than Gertrude Pratt.

(CLEARS THROAT)

Make yourself something

and come to the wedding with me.

(SIGHS) No-one will talk to you.

Good.

- (GASPS)

- We'll dance.

And the more they hate you,

the more we'll dance.

Where the sky meets the sea

I'll keep you safe.

Here am I, your special island

Come to me, come to me...

- (SIGHS)

- (THUD!)

- (RECORD SCRATCHES)

- Ooh!

(SIGHS)

(UNA SOBS)

Gertrude's wedding

has ruined me!

All my customers have left me...

for that witch.

EVAN:

You've still got...

Beulah, Elsbeth...

(SIGHS)

and me.

Oh, Evan.

(WHISPERS) Quickly.

Quick, quick, quick! Quick.

(WHOOSH!)

- Oh!

- Arggh!

Oh!

- (EVAN WHIMPERS IN PAIN)

- Oh!

UNA:

Ow! Ah!

Oh, Jesus... Ah!

Oh, God! (GROANS)

Evan?

EVAN:

Shire business, pet.

Una?

I'm inundated!

(SIGHS)

I'm going to see Myrtle Dunnage.

EVAN:

About a gown for Gert's wedding.

EVAN:

You must have your... situation
in hand by now.

Besides... Una's inundated.

MARIGOLD:

despite all I heard about you.

TILLY:

your cardigan off, please?

But no-one's been displeased
with your work.

Unlike that... talentless Una.

Oh.

Don't tell Elsbeth I said that.

Oh, no, never.

(SIGHS)

It's all very hazy now, but...
you left, I seem to remember,
when your mother became unwell.

(SIGHS)

Not... not quite in that order.

I lost my son.

You know?

Stewart.

You might remember him from school.

He fell out of a tree and died.

Do you remember that day?

- No.

- No-one remembers Stewart now.

But I remember.

That's why I find it difficult
to leave the house.

Everywhere I go,

I see what I once had.

Where Stewart once walked.

No-one remembers Stewart now.

Not his friends.

Not his own father.

Not even Beulah.

(SIGHS)

(GASPS)

South Pacific!

Could I?

Please.

Most people...

I want to look better
than everybody else!

Especially Elsbeth!
Something like this?
Maybe?
Lost in the middle
of a foggy sea...'
Oh!
Most people...
If you're game, I am.
Long for another...
- Mrs Pettyman...
- Island...
Just then...
why did you say,
"Not even Beulah"?
She was there when Stewart died.
Saw the whole thing.
Bali Ha'i...'

- TILLY:

- Tilly!
Marigold Pettyman
came to see me.
You need to show me
Beulah Harridene's witness statement.
Well, that's not possible.
It's police property.
I couldn't... show it... to you.
Oh...
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!
Well, perhaps
I could lend it to you.

WOMAN:

designed the wedding dress.

WOMAN:

(BELL TOLLS)

(HORN HONKS)

- Thank you.

- WOMAN:

Oh. Mother of the bride.

WOMAN:

- Thank you.

- **MAN:**

Oh. Alvin and Muriel Pratt,
parents of the bride.

- Good to see you, mate.

- You too.

- (GASPING)

- **WOMAN:**

- Marigold!

- I haven't seen her in...

WOMAN:

She got Tilly Dunnage
to make the dress.

WOMAN:

(CHURCH BELL CONTINUES TOLLING)

RECORD:

my folks too much
Don't laugh at my jokes too much
People will say we're in love
Don't sigh and gaze at me...
(TURNS OFF RECORD)

TILLY:

Miss Harridene?
Were you in love
with Evan Pettyman?
You are trespassing!
'Cause otherwise,
there's no explaining this.
I was in the schoolyard,
"watching Stewart Pettyman
playing after school."
"Myrtle Dunnage
came up to talk to him."
I saw her strike Stewart Pettyman
on the head
"with a brick."
That file is police property!
How'd you get that?!

Perhaps I subdued Sergeant Farrat
with a brick!

(SIGHS)

Or... a feather boa.

"I heard a sickening crack."

Now, surely if this had happened,
I'd have some memory of it.

I mean, who could forget
that vivid, "sickening crack"?

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

- (BANG!)

- (SCREAMS)

- (CRASH!)

- (SCREAMS)

(BOTH LAUGH)

Oh! Oh. (SIGHS)

(HISSES)

Whoa!

Oh! Help, help!

- (THWACK!)

- (LAUGHS)

(LAUGHS)

- (CRASH!)

- Oh! Oh!

(PANTS)

"I screamed, 'Stop! Murderer! Stop!'"

"But Myrtle Dunnage
just looked at me and laughed."

Oh, really?

I don't remember being
such a mirthful child.

(SIGHS)

"Whereupon Myrtle Dunnage
continued to stamp brutally,"

"again and again,"

"upon the boy's broken poor neck."

Oh, Beulah!

Two split infinitives.

No wonder they called me illiterate
at my new school.

- Hah!

- Oh...

Oh, are you... are you
scared of me, Beulah?

You weren't when I was 10.
You would hit me with a ruler
whenever I got a sum wrong.
- Or spilled the ink.
- Mmmm.
So why didn't you stop me
when I "stamped again and again"
on the "broken poor neck"
of Stewart Pettyman?
- Hmm?
- I couldn't!
I was 10 years old!
I couldn't have done any of this!
Everyone knew it was you!
You were the only one there!
You were there.
What are you insinuating?
Me?!
I wasn't there!
I came around the corner
and saw poor Stewart Pettyman
lying on the ground,
his head all twisted to one side,
and you... you standing over him.
You lied.
You didn't see any of it.

BEULAH:

- Who?
- Evan!
Evan Pettyman.
It was my job to protect his son.
But you, you and your mad mother,
you're evil!
Lord knows what you're capable of!
Try and hit her fat arse.
- (GLASS SHATTERS)
- Oh!
(PANTS)
(ORGANIST PLAYS BRIDAL CHORUS)
(GUESTS GASP)
(WHISPERS) Elsbeth.
- I know.
- She's exquisite!

Yes. My daughter-in-law's
family's in business.
They move in...
commercial circles.
(BAND PLAYS 'A FOOL SUCH AS I')

MAN:

They've got him!
Pardon me if I'm sentimental
When we say goodbye
Don't be angry with me
Should I cry...
Everybody looks so beautiful.
(CHUCKLES)
That Tilly - she's so clever!
Shelley. And what's
your name, darling?
Cheers, girls.
Are you having a nice time?
- They are beautiful...
- G'day, Evan.
Lovely name...
Still up to your old tricks, are you?
Oh.
Don't.
(SONG CONTINUES)
That's right, girls -
run for your lives.
You think your little boy
fell out of a tree?
Wrong.
(WHISPERS INAUDIBLY)
(GASPS)
Oh...
(SONG CONTINUES)
- Oh.
- She lied.
She lied. Beulah Harridene lied to you
in her witness statement.
I...suspected as much.
If you doubted her, you... you...
you should never
have sent me away.
You had no... you had no right.

And he... he had no right
to send me away.
He had... a right.
What does that mean?
He had a parental right.
What?!
Evan Pettyman is your father.
What?

MARIGOLD:

- (GUESTS EXCLAIM)
- (MARIGOLD SOBS)
Marigold! Don't make a scene,
for Christ's sake!
Jeez, Marigold, don't...
I didn't do it.
- People are staring!
- Murderer!
You get away from her,
you bitch!
- (GUESTS EXCLAIM)

- ALVIN:

Teddy! Teddy, calm down.
Calm down.
Tell her it isn't true!
That l... l didn't kill her son.
I...I couldn't have.
And this... this statement
is just a pack of lies!
She's mad!
Look, you... you believe me.
You tell them!
Tilly, it doesn't matter
what I believe.
I investigated the incident.
I talked to everyone... everyone here.
Everyone was accounted for -
at home, in the pub, with friends.
It is true, Tilly.
I... I wish it weren't.
But the fact is...
you were the only one there.
I want to press charges.

You shut your mouth, Pettyman,
or I'll break your neck.

- Alright?

- Come on, Teddy.

EVAN:

TEDDY:

Till.

BARNEY:

Tilly, you moved!

You moved, Tilly.

Why... why...

why didn't you tell me?

Why?

You should never have come back.

BARNEY:

You moved, Tilly!

- You moved!

- Shut up, Barney.

No! She moved!

I saw him! I saw him!

He done it himself! I saw!

- She moved, Teddy.

- I'm sorry, mate. Sorry.

- No.

- Come on, calm down.

- What are you trying to say?

- He done it. I saw.

I saw him done it, Teddy.

TEDDY:

calm down, alright?

BARNEY:

At the school, she moved.

I saw, Teddy. I saw him.

She moved.

Don't. Stop.

(SQUEALS)

(SOBS)

TILLY:

Let go!

Teddy, Stop it!

Stop it!

Wait!

Stop it.

Stop it, Teddy. (PANTS)

He cornered you like this, didn't he?

Made sure you couldn't scream.

And then he said something to you.

What did he say?

"Stand... stand... stand

really, really still, Dunnybum,"

"or I'll come around

to your house tonight"

"and kill your mother, the slut."

"And then, when she's dead..."

"I'll get you."

And he let you go,

but you didn't run.

You just closed your eyes

and stood there. Why?

TILLY:

I was waiting.

TEDDY:

What were you

waiting for, Myrtle?

Um...

To die.

To die.

Stewart used to run at kids

like he was a bull. You remember?

He'd run at them

with his head down,

ram straight in their gut.

Aargh!

(GROANS)

Not this time.

This time, it was just you and him.

(WHIMPERS) Yeah.

(WHIMPERS)

You were gonna die,

but you didn't. Why?

(WHIMPERS)

I moved.

- You moved.

- I mo... I moved!

Barney saw the whole thing

from on top of the silo.

Stewart hit the wall full pelt

and broke his own stupid neck.

(TILLY WHIMPERS)

TEDDY:

because...

he was afraid they'd say he was lying

and send him away again.

(TILLY SOBS)

Instead, they sent you away.

Hey.

You didn't kill Stewart Pettyman.

He killed himself.

(TILLY SOBS SOFTLY)

I suppose we should

get married now.

Why not?

It's what they'd hate most.

Have a big wedding in Dungatar,

rub their noses in it...

then move away.

Oh...

- To where?

- A better place.

Where there's no Elsbeth or Beulah

or Councillor Pettyman.

No hate or revenge.

Better Saturday night dances.

What about my mad mother?

Will we take her too?

Yeah. Why not?

We'll even take my slow brother.

Ohh.

Yes, Barney.

Yeah, we'll take Barney.

That a yes?

- So, Till.

- Mm-hm?
You see any spacemen
or rocket ships?
Nuh.
Teddy, look!
It's a bird!
It's a plane!
It's Superman!
(BOTH CHUCKLE)
It can't be. He's right here.
With powers and abilities
far beyond those of mortal man.
(SIGHS)
Fearless.
Fearless.
What about my curse?
I told you - I don't believe in curses.
I'll show you.
What are you doing?
Oh, you...
you aren't seriously thinking
of jumping off this silo in the dark?
No, of course not.
That's for foolish little boys.
Jumping into the silo - that's for men.
What?!
No, don't...
No. Don't... (CHUCKLES)
No, don't.
- What if it's empty?
- Nah, it's full of wheat.
Trucks loaded in this morning.
- Are those mice?
- Yep.
Please, Teddy, don't.
No, look, Te... No, no.
No, no, no, no, no, Teddy.
- D-don't. Don't.
- Say, "I am no longer cursed."
- Don't, please...
- Say it.
Don't.
- Teddy...
- You didn't say it.

No. Wait. Ted...
(MUFFLED THUD)
Teddy?
(SIGHS)
That's very funny.
Teddy.
Alright, I'll say it.
Teddy...
I am no longer cur...
I am no longer cursed!
There is no curse, Teddy.
Teddy?
Teddy?!
Somebody...
Teddy?!
Somebody... help me...
Teddy! Teddy!
Help me, somebody!
(DISTRAUGHT) Teddy!
(MACHINERY CLATTERS,
MEN SHOUT IN DISTANCE)
(SIGHS)

BARNEY:

What's Teddy done now?
(CHUCKLES)
They cut a big hole in that silo, Ma!
(CHUCKLES)
Look at the wheat flying! (CHUCKLES)
It's not wheat, Barney. It's sorghum.
Nah, Teddy wouldn't jump
into sorghum.
You know that.
No. He'd...
No, Teddy wouldn't jump into that.
(CHUCKLES UNCERTAINLY)
You can drown in sorghum!
Teddy?!
Mate?!
Barney, why don't you take the littlies
for a walk down by the creek?
Your dad and I have gotta have
a talk with Sergeant Farrat.
(CAR DOOR OPENS)

(CAR DOOR CLOSES)

FARRAT:

to cut a hole in that silo.

(SIGHS)

Oh...

He was trapped in there too long.

(SOBS)

He suffocated.

No.

Teddy.

(SCREAMS) Teddy!

(WAILS)

No!

(SCREAMS)

MAE:

No!

(SCREAMS)

Teddy!

(SOBS)

(DOOR CLOSES)

(DOOR OPENS)

Funeral's on Wednesday.

I couldn't ask his dad or...

any of the kids to help me.

Didn't want none of that...

town lot touching him.

Come on, then. We'll wash him

and we'll put him in his suit.

My beautiful boy.

(SNIFFLES)

FARRAT:

the heat o' the sun...

(MUFFLED) ..nor

the furious winter's rages.

All your worldly tasks are done...

(VOICE FADES)

(SHEEP BLEAT IN DISTANCE)

(FLY BUZZES)

(BIRDS WARBLE)

- She murdered him!

- She's cursed.

She got it from her mother.
Well, I think she pushed him in.
Sergeant Farrat should lock her up!
(WALKING STICK THUDS)
It was you lot killed Teddy.
He died trying to prove his love for her
was stronger than your hate.
Anyone would die trying to prove that.
- Free, is it?

- ALVIN:

12 shillings.
(COINS JINGLE)
As soon as she's able...
I'll see to it she finishes
what she started.
Because Teddy was wrong.
You can't be left to yourselves.
Or to fate!
You're the curse.
And you've got to be stopped.
Oh.
What's this?
"Summer Eisteddfod -
Winyerp versus Dungatar."
"Best play, best set design, best..."
"costume."
I wonder who Winyerp will get
to do their costumes.
Thank heavens you have Una.

MOLLY:

something. Why not?
You make frocks for them.
Why not your own mother?
Mother...
That's right. Something smart.
Suitable for entertaining.
And I want you to eat, Myrtle.
I met your father when I was 20.
I was very naive.
You don't remember him
coming to the house?
- No.

- Oh. (CHUCKLES)
Well, I wasn't naive enough
to marry him.
He didn't talk to you much.
You weren't a son, you know?
I thought he'd just leave us in peace.
Marigold.
Her father was the shire president,
and when he died,
he left all his money to her.
Well, Evan just...
swept her off her feet.
Poor Marigold.
He, um...
He had you sent away to hurt me.
I came back...
- I came back...
- For me.
'Cause you thought I needed you.
But really, it was you that needed me.

ELSBETH:

a lovely spread, Molly.
And you've decorated!

MOLLY:

and cucumber sandwiches cut real thin.
It's the Dungatar social committee.
Do you remember
the summer eisteddfod?
Dungatar is doing Macbeth.
And they want you to do
the costumes. Poor old Una.
No, Una's been cast as Lady Macbeth.
She can't possibly be both
lead actress and seamstress.

MOLLY:

Cocktail snack?
Myrtle, the town will never forget.
But they might forgive
if you were to win us the eisteddfod.

- ELSBETH:

- Who?

Me. Oh, everyone calls me Trudy now.

We have some ideas
about what we want.

Thank you, Trudy.

This is baroque.

Well, it is Shakespeare.

You have heard of him?

"Double, double toil and trouble,."

"Fire burn, and cauldron bubble."

"Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake!"

Oh, plays are such fun.

They bring out the best and the worst
in people, don't you think?

So it's... all settled, then!

No.

Hmm.

She means it'll cost you.

Cash. Up front.

Or you will just have to wait
another year...

I'd rather die than make one costume
for those vile idiots!

How could you...

How could you invite them up here?!

- They left you to rot!

- But I'm still alive.

They sent me away from you.

But now you're back.

Stop it.

Stop it. Stop it.

Stop it.

(TILLY SOBS)

It nearly killed me
when they sent you away.

But I ended up hoping
you'd never come back
to this dreadful place.

You were better off away from here.

You would have been stuck
hiding with me on the top of this hill
if you hadn't been sent away.

But instead, you can create.

You can... transform people.
That's very powerful.
Use it.
Use it against them.
I have a plan, Myrtle.
Oh! You're looking lovely, Molly.
You're blind, Irma.
No. She does work magic, my girl.
But she needs money
to get started again.
That's why this letter
has got to get to Winyerp.
If I take it to the post office,
the bastards won't send it.
And go easy on them cakes, Irma.
I made them a little bit stronger
than she would have.
She's young, you know?
She doesn't understand pain
like we do.
Goodbye, old friend.

Oh!

(SQUAWKING)

(BREATH ES HEAVILY)

(BREATHES RAPIDLY)

MURIEL:

' Molly! " Ooh!"

MURIEL:

God. She must have broken
something when she fell.
Can we give her anything
for the pain?
You can't do anything for a stroke.
It's God's will.
But... but she's in pain!
She'll be in a coma soon
and she'll be dead by morning.
You vile old man!
It's alright.
Mum? Oh, God.
Mum. Mum, it's alright.
It's alright, Mum.

It's alright.

Oh, God.

Poor Molly.

(MUSIC BLARES)

(YELLING)

FARRAT:

Alright, I'll change it.

- (MUSIC STOPS)

- Don't upset yourself, Till.

TILLY:

that one. She would have hated it.

FARRAT:

you're going to tell your missus

When you get home

Who you were with last night...

Oh, you don't like it? I'll take it off.

All these... songs...

are corruptive and pornographic.

No wonder poor Molly got into trouble.

It's all the fault of...

of persuasive popular song

and... and a lecher.

There'll be no more...

(SOBS)

There'll be no more... singing.

Molly's dead, they're alive,

and I have to suffer!

(BEULAH SCREAMS)

Now, Beulah...

the conductor will make

an announcement

when you reach Melbourne,

where a nurse will take you

to the sanatorium.

I mean... specialist.

Beulah says she tripped

dumping rubbish at the tip,

but Prudence reckons

she'd been drinking.

And Gert... I mean Trudy says...

Drunkeness is a sin!

And God has punished her.
Irma, the cushion!
Argh! I can't stop!
Argh!
(SPLASH!)
Are you OK, Mrs A?! Love?
Mmm. Mm.
It was her!
Her on the hill!
I know this smell!
It's hashish!
I'm telling Mayor Pettyman!
Tilly drugged Mrs A.
She is going to jail for this!
(KNOCKING)
Tilly Dunnage?
We received your letter.
- My letter?
- And we accept.
Ace...
Accept what?
Your rather extravagant terms,
but you are the best.
- "Winyerp Drama Club..."
- That's us!
We want you
to make our costumes.
Oh.
And isn't that your signature?
Uh...
"Tilly Dunnage,
beloved daughter of..."
Oh.
(SIGHS)
Horry, wouldn't you be
more comfortable in uniform?
No. I've always hated slum.
But I adore marijuana cakes
and hash lamingtons,
which I... bake
and unlawfully supply
to my fellow dope fiends.
In addition to my drug dealing,
I'm also guilty of perversion,

which I hope these signed
personal sketches...

- **TILLY:**

- ..will make abundantly clear.

Oh, my God!

Tilly, it seems fate has
caught up with me at last.

But... but... you didn't do anything.

Yes, I did.

To you, 25 years ago.

Perhaps I can finally make it right.

I'm glad to have met you,

Tilly Dunnage.

You've enriched my life beyond words.

Come on, Horry.

But...

French marigolds.

What do you want?

To tell you a story.

Pet?

Pet. (SIGHS)

Are you ill?

I was ill, Evan.

You were making me ill.

But Tilly Dunnage has cured me.

You followed Molly here
and used her.

Just like you used me.

You've had lots of affairs,
haven't you, Evan?

She murdered Stewart.

Did you know that?

Your new friend.

You mean Tilly,

your daughter,

murdered your son?

If it weren't for him, I would never
have had to marry you.

You're a monster!

Fall down, Marigold. Faint.

Eh? Have one of your
bloody headache fits!

You stole all my money!

You're unstable.
You're drug-dependent.
And the doctor knows all about you.
- Certifiable.
- That's right.
And I could have you committed
any time I want!
(SCREAMS)
Jesus!
Oh! Oh!
Marigold, this is very wrong!
Yes. But I'm unstable.
Everybody knows that.
Just like they know about you
and Una Pleasance.
Oh, God!
They'll understand completely...
Oh, please, just...
eventually.
Please! I'm sorry!
I'm sorry! Please, Marigold, I'm sorry.
I'm sorry!
Not as sorry as I am.
Oh, fuck.
Whose idea were these
stupid fucking costumes?
How dare you?!
You're just a common...
She knows exactly
what you think she is.
Trudy, control your cast.
- Oh, shut up!
- Gertrude...
- Trudy!
- Trudy.
Or I'll tell everybody
what you're really like!

WOMAN:

TRUDY:

You can't fire me!
I'm the producer!
I paid for everything!

- ALVIN:

- Hi!

Where's Evan?

I'm going home!

(LIVELY PIANO MUSIC)

Three little maids from school are we

Pert as a schoolgirl well can be

Filled to the brim

with girlish glee-hee!

Three little maids from school

Everything is a source of fun...

(GIGGLES)

TRUDY:

"Winyerp Drama Club, The Mikado."

"Costumes by..."

Tilly Dunnage...

That bitch!

Three little maids

who, all unwary

Come from a ladies' seminary...

- They're very good.

- Shut up!

Three little maids from school...

Is no longer cursed.

One little maid is a bride

Yum-Yum

Two little maids in attendance come

Three little maids is the total sum

Three little maids from school

Three little maids from school

Three little maids from school

Three little maids

from school.

In, in, in. Everybody.

We are still the best.

Where's Evan?

Reggie, where's Councillor Pettyman?

He's dead.

No, not till act 2, scene 1.

No, he's actually dead.

Marigold killed him.

They've taken her away.

The Scottish play!

(GASPS)

(BOOM!)

(MOMENTOUS MUSIC)

(FLAMES ROAR)

(MUSIC CONTINUES)

Where are you headed, miss?

Paris.

Uh, this train's direct to Melbourne
with stops at Hay, Ouyen and Birchip.

Melbourne, then.

Hmm. Fire someplace.

Yes.

Dungatar.

Burning off rubbish, were they?

Looks like they overdid it.

You never met the rubbish.

(SOARING ORCHESTRAL MUSIC)

(WINDMILL SQUEAKS)