The Mule

By Leigh Whannell
It's David versus Goliath
as the Aussie underdogs
take on the might of America
and history itself.
At 132 years, it's the longest winning
streak in the history of sport.
America's Cup fever
has swept the nation.
The team from Down Under are
attempting to scale the unscalable.
Even our new Prime Minister
has gotten race fever.
We have all our best wishes with you.
As I said in my message,
if it gets tight, let us know.
We'll all turn towards Newport
and blow to get you home.
We're with you, Australia II.
They're coming from a colour television
Every trick they try...
We're with you, Australia II.
We're with you, Australia II.
God bless you all for what you're doing.
It's the first of four in
the best of seven races.
Some are dubbing this the greatest
sporting event this century.
It's party time here at Rhode Island.
I can tell you they'll all
have a bellyful tonight.
I switch off
I switch on, I switch off
I switch on, I switch off
I switch on, I switch off
I switch on, I switch off
I switch on, I switch off
I switch on, I switch off
I switch on, I switch off
I switch on, I switch off
I switch on, I switch off
I switch on, I switch off
I switch on, I switch off
I switch on, I switch off...
Drop your pants.
And your underpants, please.
Bend over.
Bend over, mate.
Now hold still.
Please lift up your scrotum.
Spread your buttocks.
Bit of hush. Alright.
Bit of hush, please. Bit of hush.
- On ya, Coach.
- Bit of hush.
Now, we've been watching
the raffle tally
for the end of season footy trip
climb pretty slowly over the last year,
but unfortunately we
didn't raise quite enough.
- Oh, come on!
- But... Hang on, hang on, hang on.
Thanks to a very generous
donation from the owner
of the fabulous Paradise
Gardens Reception Centre,
well...
Says it all. Bangkok, here we come!
Yeah!

Here to present the final
award of the evening
is that generous man himself,
our esteemed club president
Pat 'The Rat' Shepherd.
Thank you, Pat.
Thanks very much, mate.
Much appreciated.
- Thanks, mate.
- Hide your daughters.
Thank you, John.
Four wins from 18 games.
- How do you do it?
- Well...
- No, really, how do you do it?
- He was only sober for four of 'em.
Oh, Cheeky Graeme.
Listen, if your form on the
field was as good as it is off
we might have won five games!
OK, listen up.
Clubman of the Year.
Now, this year's winner exemplifies the qualities of a truly great clubman...

loyalty,
endurance,
resilience,
always putting the team above himself.

Now, this kid may not kick the most goals,
he may not take the most marks,
in fact, he may not even make the team next year, by the sounds of it.

But after playing a record 154 consecutive games,
the winner of the 1983 West Sunshine Clubman of the Year is the endurable Ray Jenkins!

Oh, Ray!
- Come up here, Ray.
- Good on you, mate.
- Well done. Well deserved.
- Did you know?
- Ray!
- Get that into you.
- Ray!
- Ray!

Go on, put it down, son.

Ray.
I can't believe it!
Congratulations.
Say a few words.
Th... thank you.

Just told her, 'I didn't know it was your bloody cousin. '

It's a true story.
Not telling the one about that mole from Essendon again, are you, Gav?

Hey, don't do anything silly in Thailand, fellas.
- Not us.
- Never, hey?

Just be careful.

Don't come home with anything.

Go on, get out of here.
Give me a minute with him.
Still having your shindig next weekend?
Yeah, why? You need something done?
Swing by Paradise, pick up a free keg.
- What about Raymond? He going?
- Where?
Thailand, Knucklehead.
Doubt it. You'd have to
pry him off his mum's tit.
Can't have the Clubman of
the Year not touring, can we?
Be double the fun.
That won't work. I already tried.
Can I break for lunch?
Do the whole table first.
I don't pay you to eat.
Unlimited piss, St Kilda sluts,
my joint... it's on.
You're the only bloke from
the club I'm inviting,
so don't tell no-one.
- Is that you, Ray?
- Yes, Mum.
And is that the dashing
Gavin Ellis with you?
The one and only, Mrs Jenkins.
Just escorting the Clubman
of the Year home.
Oh, yeah?
Well, the Clubman of the Year
can escort himself inside
and set the table.
John?
It's good to be back in Edwin Street.
Yeah, they...
they put a verandah out
the back of your old house.
Who doesn't want a verandah?
Thanks for the ride.
Have a think about the Thailand offer.
Get 'em through Customs, shit 'em out
and Robert's our aunty's husband.
Easiest eight grand you'll ever make.
Sure.
Buy yourself some wheels,
have a play with the ladies...
eight grand could do a lot for a
bloke like you, and your mum.
Nah, mate. I'm sorry. I'm not your man.
Besides, I wouldn't be any good at it.
Pay John's debts and stop your mum
going hurt over a card game.
- What do you mean?
- Don't answer now.
Mull it over, let me know at my party.
Here's some cash for a cab.
Go on, take it. It's yours, for the cab.
There's plenty more
where that came from.
St Kilda sluts!
They said it might rain
tomorrow afternoon.
Yeah, we need a bit of rain.
Hopefully it'll clear up, though.
- That'd be nice.
- Yeah.
Anyone see Adelaide's weather?
Going through a real hot spell.
Yeah, a real hot spell.
Why are you and Gavin
knocking around again?
He hasn't been over since
they lived next door.
He just gave me a lift
home from work, Mum.
Yeah, well, he's bad news, Ray.
He's been in jail.
It was a youth offenders unit.
He cut that poor boy up with a chisel.
It was a long time ago, darl.
Gav's a pretty decent bloke
when you get to know him.
You two used to be like peas in a pod.
Oh, he was such a sweet kid.
His mother would turn in her
grave if she saw him now.
Hey, love, while you're up.
Oh, I don't think so, darlin'.
That was your third.
You've had your quota for the day.
How lucky are we?
Good food, good home, good health.
Oh, yeah, it's good to be us.
This is Ziggy. He's Lithuanian.
Come to get my keg for tonight's party.
- Get Fuck.
- What?
Get Fuck. To help you.
He's in the kitchen.
- It's 'Phuk'.
- Oi.
Did you have a word with
our Clubman of the Year?
He's not up for it.
Doesn't have the guts.
It's a pity.
His mum could use the cash.
Never met a coach with
more bad luck than John.
Speaking of which...
Best dog I ever had.
Here's your traveller's cheques.
Half a kilo. No more, no less.
- Who is it?
- A friend.
- Who is it, sorry?
- Where's John?
He's not here.
- He's down at the pub.
- Which pub?
Who is it, love?
He didn't say, mate, but I
can pass on a message for him.
Next time, I come for your mother.
Who was that?
Mormons.
At this hour? Oh, Christ Almighty.
- Mum, I'm gonna head out now.
- To Gavin's.
- John.
- Darl, he's not a baby.
He can make his own decisions.
Night-night.
Night.
Oh, mate, before you go, could you spot us some cash? Just a couple of lobsters? It's for your mum.
Yeah!
Yeah!
Oi, dickhead, you always go around drinking other people's beers?
- I thought it was unlimited.
- A bit dumb, aren't you?
Might have to knock some sense into you.
- I could pay for it.
- Yeah, fuckin' oath you'll pay for it.
What's going on?
Oh, this dickhead thinks it's OK to steal other people's beers.
If someone does you wrong, you knock 'em the fuck out.
My party, my rules.
Or don't you have the balls?
Ray?
You know this prick?
Yes, yes, I do.
Have you two met?
Tiffany, Raymond.
- What you doing?
- Taking my lunch break.
Dog shit, you are. Finish table.
Sit down. I said sit down.
I quit.
Quit? OK, quit. Good luck finding job.
We're the only repair shop in 20 miles.
OK, OK, take lunch.
Take 30 minutes!
Take 35!
Fuck me, Rhonda! Don't you knock?
I'm in.
And why would you knock?
Mi casa, su casa.
Bring on God's country!
- Yeah!
- Yeah!
Dennis Lillee's a great man.
So are you, love.
Who's ready for a boat race?
One, two, three!
Faster! Do it!
Yeah! Scull, scull, scull, scull!
  - Yeah!
  - Come on!
Yeah!
Drinks, they're on me!
He's my brother!
Sorry.
Hey!
You'd better wait out here.
You sunburn like last time. Not learn.
Too skinny. Eat.
Any mushrooms in this? I'm allergic.
Eat!
Here your half-kilo.
Things have changed.
I need a whole kilo.
You got more, you get more.
Oi! Nuang kilo!
OK. Good to see you.
Tell Pat thank you to look
after my nephew, Phuk.
And please enjoy Bangkok. Heaven awaits.
Gav. Gav, Gav, Gav, I can't do it.
  - What?
  - This, I don't want to do this.
  - It's too late, pal.
  - We only just got it. Please.
What do you want me to do?
Go back in there with
that fuckin' experiment
and ask for our money back?
I don't know.
I'm sorry. I thought I could
do this, but I can't. I'm sorry.
  - Please.
  - Alright.
  - Please!
  - Alright.
Wish me luck.
Good luck.
Ray.
Brothers.
Let's get out of here!
What did Sonia say?
No go. She nearly ripped my head off.
Come on!
Ray! Let's go!
Watch your skin peel
Watch the sky change
In a vision
I'll get what's inside of you
The way that I feel tonight
And into the void
Again the empty street
Again I am destroyed
You can't eat anything
between now and delivery,
but don't refuse your meal on the plane.
The stewardesses will flag
you as suspicious, alright?
And when we get home,
you've gotta ditch your mum.
I don't care how you do it,
but you've gotta be at
my joint by six, OK?
You'll need a few
things for the airport.
Cotton shirt. Breathes.
Hides your sweat.
Photos, souvenirs.
Looks like you gave a shit.
Codeine... two of these bad
boys will block you up for a week.
Down the hatch.
Good.
- Now finish 'em.
- Where are yours?
I've had mine.
But you said we'd do it together.
You heard wrong.
- No, you said.
- You heard wrong.
Thai Airways TT419 Bangkok to Melbourne now arriving at Gate 18.
Be quick!
First trip overseas?
- Boys...
- Jenkins, where's your bag?
My sister's picking us up.
She's got two spare seats.
Brian and Sandra Ferguson, please report to Gate 12.
Your plane is ready for immediate departure.
Hey, Jenko, you're up.
Declaring anything today?
Just some smokes and, this.
- Where are your other bags?
- I don't have any.
- No clothes, no toiletries.
- It all got stolen.
Just wait here for me, please.
Jenkins, just come back from Thailand.
All he's got is a snow dome.
That's fine.
- Ray. It's Ray's.
- Welcome home.
- Oh, I can see him!
- Ray!
- Thank you!
- Ray!
- Look, there he is!
- Oi, Jenkins!
I'm not your bloody servant!
Ray! Ray! Ray?
- Excuse me, sir.
- You forgot your bag, dickhead!
Excuse me, sir.
Whose bag is that?
- Looks clear.
- Right.
- What's this?
- Lunch.
- From the plane?
- Yeah.
- Taking it home, were we?
- I wanted to show Mum.
Bend over.
Bend over, mate.
Now, hold still.
Where the fuck are you, Ray?
Mr Jenkins, my name
is Detective Les Paris.
This is Detective Tom Croft.
We're with the Australian
Federal Police.
The importation of narcotics
is a federal of fence.
Therefore Detective Croft will need
to perform a digital examination,
or if you prefer, we could
X-ray your stomach instead.
Be aware that a refusal may
appear as an admission of guilt.
Will you avail yourself
to either procedure?
No.
Alright, then.
You leave us with no option but
to accompany you to a hospital
for observation by a
registered medical officer.
We don't need your permission for that.
We're unable to confirm what's in there.
If it is narcotics,
he's a human time bomb.
Surely you can whack something
up there, take a look-see.
Not without his permission.
He'll expel whatever it is soon enough.
- All you can do is wait.
- Fuck that.
I'm not sitting in there all night
waiting for this cunt to take a dump.
There's this hotel I
use in Airport West.
Airport West?
No doubt it's the bloody Hilton.
I'm obliged to inform you
that you're being detained under
suspicion and without charge.
You don't have to say anything
and are entitled to the presence
of a legal representative.
Now, whilst in detention without charge,
you are legally entitled to
a similar standard of living
that you're accustomed to at home.
I.e., if you usually have a glass
of wine with dinner at home,
you're entitled to a glass
of wine with dinner here.
You, drink a bit of
fucking Riesling, do you?
The law permits us to
detain you for seven days,
or until you empty your bowels twice.
Until then, you'll remain in this
room under constant supervision.
The sooner you go to the toilet,
the sooner we all go home.
Fuck!
Ray?
No, it's me.
Oh, mate.
I was just on my way over.
Missed you at the airport.
Really?
Sent a car. It was under your name.
- I didn't see it.
- No worries.
I'll send the car over now.
No. Don't.
I no know his address!
I'm on my way out the door, mate.
Just hold on a second, will you, mate?
Here's the address.
John. He's your stepfather
and coach, yeah?
And was it his idea to go to Thailand?
Don't know.
Ray, whatever's in your stomach,
if it's narcotics,
you could be in a lot of trouble.
Especially if you don't get it out.
I told you at the airport,
I'm constipated.
Then why won't you take a laxative?
I'm... allergic.
Ray, I'm not interested in
putting away good blokes
who have made one bad decision.
I want the real bastards.
Everybody works for somebody.
Yes!
Shit!
Got you, you faggot shit!
I kill you!
You're a dead man!
When you want to have a tinkle,
you let Constable Rowland know.
If you decide to shit,
you let Constable Rowland know.
If you snore, you let
Constable Rowland know,
'cause he's your new roommate.
He'll be here all night.
Goodnight.
Don't let the bed drugs bite.
- Anything to report?
- Nothing yet.
Ray, why didn't you go to the toilet?
Wakey, wakey, eggs and bakey!
Wrap your laughing gear around this.
I'm not hungry.
Why don't you get a couple
of hours kip next door?
Come on, quick sticks. It'll get cold.
I need to do a wee.
You finish your breakfast,
then you can piss.
I got these photos from your luggage.
They're your shots from Thailand?
- Yeah.
- Mind if I have a look?
Sure.
We spoke to one of your teammates.
A gentleman named
Graeme Spence, aka Cheeky, said you weren't around much in Thailand.

Then on the last day, all the boys went to the tiger park but you went to the markets instead. Is there any reason for that? I don't like seeing caged animals. Aww!

- Where were the markets?
- Near the hotel.
- What did you buy?
- Pratunam? Chatuchak?
- A snow dome.
- A snow dome!

They get a lot of snow in Bangkok, do they? So you never went to the tiger park? No.

Well, what's this, then? My mate borrowed the camera that day.

- What's his name?
- Josh.

Josh who?
- Josh Robinson.
- Fuck, mate.
- Did any boys take drugs?
- I don't know.
- What, no Buddha stick?
- Did you?
- No.
- Bit of hash?
- Anyone offer you drugs?
- Bit of coke?
- No!
- Ask you to hide drugs?
- Mum like a taste, does she?
- Are you sure?

No, I've never had heroin. It was an end of season footy trip. That's it. Who said anything about heroin? He... he did. Didn't you?
You got something you want to tell us?
Lawyer's here.
Ray, stay with me. You were saying?
- I've got...
- What should I tell her?
- Tell her to suck my dick.
- Or you could do that yourself.
Jasmine Griffiths. Legal Aid.
I'm here to see my client,
Mr Ray Jenkins.
Yeah, just a second.
Ray, you said, 'I've got... '
What have you got?
You're not required to answer any
questions right now, Mr Jenkins.
I've got... nothing to hide.
My client and I require
some time alone, please.
- Oh!
- Sorry, Miss Jenkins.
Hey. We heard about Ray.
All the boys are really worried.
- Oh, thank you, Gavin.
- Is he OK?
I hope so.
Yeah, I'll just be a few minutes, love.
- We're going to see him now.
- Where is he?
- He's in a motel.
- Motel?
Yeah, no, the police
are keeping him there.
Like a fu... like a witness?
What's he said?
Nothing. I don't know.
That's what we're going to find out.
Righto, love. Coming!
- I'll be right behind you.
- Righto, Gav.
Thanks, mate. See ya.
Ray'll appreciate it.
Ray, if they try to coerce a
confession out of you again,
just tell them my presence is required
before you'll disclose anything.
I suppose my next question is,
if you've got nothing to hide,
why won't you defecate?
- What?
- Why won't you go to the loo?
I told you before. I'm constipated.
The thing is, if you keep...
- Shit, I'm so sorry.
- It's fine. It's OK.
It's OK. Look, the thing is,
though, if...
I did not mean that.
I'll get your mother.
My mum's here?
Bit more choke and that
would have started.
You haven't charged him.
You haven't allowed him
access to basic sanitation.
He claims you've assaulted him.
Assault?
You haven't got a leg to stand on.
He's not a case study, Toots.
He's a shithead with a gutful of junk.
I can assure you that my client
will be leaving here a free man.
Not unless he keeps that gear up
his arse for another six days.
Innocent until
proven guilty. Look it up.
You'll find it written in almost
any book about basic human rights.
A human rights warrior,
here to save the world.
I've never seen your type before.
Let me guess.
You shunned the big firms for Legal Aid
because for you it's not about money,
it's about justice, yeah?
I defend those who can't
defend themselves.
Nice of you to pop down
to the working class.
Especially with those sugary tits of yours.
Just give him a shower, pin-dick.
There's no taps in his bathroom.
Well, use your bathroom, then.
Lord knows you could do with a wash too.
Oh, shit!
You'll be right,
just get you on your feet.
You're right. Up you get.
- Mate, you keep slipping.
- Oh, Jesus Christ.
Come on.
Hurry up! Don't be a mongoloid!
Get off!
Please! Oh, get off!
- What's going on?
- Get off!
We're just trying to help our man up.
Wouldn't want anything bad to happen to him, would we?
What's this they're saying about drugs in your stomach?
It's just a mix-up.
Yeah, well, that's what I keep telling them, isn't it, John?
It's OK, Mum. I'll fix it. I promise.
But they can't keep you here without charging you, can they?
Yes, for seven days, but that's all.
Mum, Mum, Mum, please don't cry.
Yeah, come on, darl.
Darl, pull yourself together.
Mate, all the boys down the club have been phoning.
Your vice-captain called by the house again today.
He's very worried about you. We all are.
Tell him I'm fine.
I'm fine.
Clubman of the Year, remember?
That's right. You are.
And you've never been in trouble with the police before, have you?
- Never.
- That's right.
- Never.
- Never.
He's in room 308.
He hasn't said anything.
Good on you, Coach.
- Can I help you?
- Nah, wrong floor.
Cough.
Well, well, well. Never had a mule refuse to shit before.
No. How long can the bastard last?
Well, I pulled some files this morning. Three years ago, a Nigerian national was detained at Heathrow on suspicion of smuggling.
Guess how long he didn't shit for.
I don't know.
Ten days.
Jesus Christ.
Give me ten minutes with that donkey, he'll shit more than his pants.
Whatever it takes.
It's not exactly topical, is it, sweetheart?
I'd like to speak to a senior journalist.
...design has remained shrouded in mystery.
Regardless of result, the question remains...
when will the Aussies reveal the design of their hidden keel?
- Sonia say one kilo, all good.
- One kilo?
- What else did he say?
- She say your men take and go.
- No lie.
- Did you say 'men'?
Yes. Man.
No. Hold on. 'Man' or 'men'?
- 'Man' or 'men'?
- Man.
Oh, for Christ's sake!

One or two?

Fuck, Phuk! One or two?

One man...

or... two men?

Man.

Oh! Oh, Pat!

Fuckin' scared the life out of me, mate.

You ought to be more careful, mate.

Christ, mate... I needed to...

I needed to get ahead, Pat.

I mean, look at this shithole.

Fuckin' look at it.

I couldn't ask you for any

more money. I couldn't.

I was talking about the beer.

Where is he?

Where is he?

Pat, I... I...

Pat, what are you doing?

Oh, please, mate. Not the car.

Oh, no, no, no, no! Pat, I gotta

pick Jude up from work, mate.

What the fuck am I gonna tell her?

Come on, drop your strides.

Cough.

Alright, lift up your nuts.

Lift up your nuts!

Alright, he's clean.

I'm starving. Who wants lunch?

Fuckstick?

There are tongs for that.

You run, go fetch me some.

I don't work here.

Well, you fuck off, then.

You just made your second mistake.

- Yeah?

- Wrong tree, dickhead.

Fuck.

Fried rice. No mushroom.

And the number one

single across the country

for the third week in a row,
it's the new national anthem, 
Australiana by Austen Tayshus. 
Sitting at home last Sunday mornin', 
me mate Booma rang. 
Said he was having a few 
people around for a barbie. 
Said he might cook a burra or two. 
I said, 'Sounds great. 
Will Walla be there?' 
He said, 'Yeah, 
and Vege might come too. ' 
So I said to my wife, 
'Do you want a go, Anna?' 
You forget something, mate? 
She said, 'I'll go if Ding goes.' 
Don't! I don't have the gear! 
Ray's got it... Argh! Ray's got it... 
I don't have it. 
I don't like to speak ill of Warra. 
All that planning, all that conniving 
foiled by a few champignon mushrooms. 
Come here! 
Did you honestly believe 
I wouldn't find out? 
You really didn't think this 
through, did you, mate? 
Please don't kill me, Pat! Argh! 
Don't kill me. 
I'm not gonna kill you, 
son, 'cause you, Gav, 
are gonna kill your mate 
before he sings to the pigs. 
And my wop here is gonna 
make sure you do. 
How am I supposed to get him? 
He's surrounded by cops. 
I said, 'You're joking, mate, a cop? 
I'm going. Let's go, Anna. ' 
I can't, Pat. I can't. 
It's you, or the mule. 
Rest a-fuckin'-ssured. 
Do you think we could 
have a moment alone? 
What, you and me?
Fuckin' oath.
Alas, no. Dr Zaki and I.
He needs to empty his
bowels immediately, Jas.
He's in grave danger.
Can you administer
something for his pain?
Not without Ray's consent.
- What about a headache tablet?
  - No.
That's codeine. It'll constipate him.
Why didn't you pick up the phone?
I had to get a lift home with Alison,
hear all about Charlie's
bloody plantar wart.
Why are you sitting in the dark?
Shut up!
Where's the car?
- Where's my car?
  - They took it.
Who took it? Who took it?!
Your mate Pat Shepherd fuckin' took it.
What? Why would he do that?
What's wrong with his car?
- Nothing wrong with his car.
- Then why would he take ours?
John...
you been gambling again?
Why would he take our car?
John, answer me...
why would he take our car?
Because I paid for the drugs inside Ray!
What?
We went behind Shepherd's back.
Right, he found out and he came over,
he came over and he took
the car, just like that.
You're pissed. You are pissed.
All Ray had to do was wait for
his luggage, the dopey fuckin' prick!
- You are a liar!
- He did! Agreed to swallow.
- He wouldn't do it! Get out!
- Yeah? Yeah?
- Have a go! Get out!
- Fuckin' calm down!
- Fuckin' calm... calm down!
- Get out! Get out!
Get out! Don't come back!
Darl, it's a disease, you know.
I'm sorry.
Darl, I'll fix it, alright?
You'll see. Stay there.
I'll fix it.
Ray...
Shepherd! I know you're in there!
I want my fuckin' car back!
I want my car back or
I'm going to the cops!
I'll shut you down, your whole business!
Shut up!
Do you hear me?
Yes, John.
Loud and clear.
I want my car back, Pat.
This is no way to go about it.
You're making a spectacle of yourself.
Mate, Jude's gonna leave me.
Alright. I'll get the keys.
Just keep the noise down.
- Bloody hell. You're a mess.
- Yeah, I know.
I'm really sorry, Pat.
I'm sorry, mate.
You bloody went out with her... Jude.
Bloody hell, you know what she's like.
Oh, fuck.
Oh, thanks, mate.
For fuck's sake! Pat!
It was Gav!
Fuckin' Gav's idea...
What the fuck, Pat!
Call yourself a coach.
What, no Buddha stick?
Bit of hash? Bit of coke?
Mum like a taste, does she?
Hello, Mrs Jenkins.
Oh, you poor thing.
Hey, Victor phoned.
He's offered your old job back.
He said he's never been busier.
Yeah.
I made you some lunch.
I thought you might be getting
sick of eating all the hotel food.
Yeah.
It's your favourite...
crumbed lamb cutlets.
I just ate, Mum. Thanks.
No, you didn't.
Not to worry, this is
prime Australian lamb.
Hey?
- Really, I can't.
- Oh, you can and you will.
You will eat your meal like a good boy,
and you'll make your old mum proud.
You should listen to your mother, Ray.
- Mum...
- It's your favourite.
Please don't...
I cooked it especially for
you and you're gonna eat it.
Eat it now.
What the hell are
you doing, Mum? Please!
OK, OK, OK, Mrs Jenkins.
It's alright. OK.
OK. Alright.
Who wants cutlets for lunch?
- Use the one next door!
- Doesn't flush!
- Piss off down to the lobby!
- I'm not gonna make it.
Oh, fuck.
Steak diane with scalloped potatoes.
Those cutlets your mum made have
got the boys glued to the loo.
And she doesn't know
you're allergic to laxatives.
What a mum.
You can win. You will win. You do win.
We did win.
Hi. I'm personal life coach
Professor Dylan Kanarakis...
Unfortunately, Ray,
a magistrate has granted the
police a three-day extension.
I don't know how.
But they're now permitted to detain you
for up to and including ten days.
I've gone to the toilet.
I've gone to the toilet.
Hey? Yep.
Jesus Christ.
That stinks.
Well, well, well, the dickhead's
finally lost his guts.
Oh, f...
Aargh!
No packets.
Search this whole fuckin' joint.
Well, Ray, we might have
to let you go after all.
All we need to do is get
you to an X-ray machine.
No, I won.
The proof is in here.
Listen to me, fuckwit,
you haven't won anything.
Jesus H, he's eaten them.
Clean yourself up, you filthy animal.
We've got you for three
more days, shit-breath.
Three fuckin' days.
Australia, what's your favourite sport?
Football.
- Snack?
- Pies.
- Animal?
- Kangaroo.
- What's your favourite car?
- Holden.
That's football, meat pies,
kangaroos and Holden cars.
Right.
You sure sound like Australia to me!
We are!
Jesus! 20 pages of bullshit
about a yacht race.
Not one word about you.
I handed it to them
on a fucking platter.
It was the perfect case study...
I've got 20 condoms of
heroin in my stomach.
I know.
All they care about is
a bunch of rich pricks
playing 'Who's got the biggest dick?'
Those arseholes haven't
heard the last of Jasmine...
I've got 20 condoms of
heroin in my stomach.
Keep your voice down, Ray.
I've got 20 condoms of
someone's fucking heroin
in my fucking stomach.
You need to hold on.
Just a little bit longer.
I'm not gonna let that
arrogant prick beat us.
We can win this together.
What are you talking about?
Just hold on.
A shiv? Not sure this is a good idea.
Mate, there's cops everywhere.
They're all over him.
What the fuck am I supposed to do?
- Aah!
Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah. Alright, alright!
Let go, let go!
I'll be watching.
What is your marital status?
Can I help you, sir?
This area's currently
under the jurisdiction
of the Australian Federal Police.
I'm here to see Ray Jenkins.
And who are you?
I'm the captain of his footy team.
The captain?
- Who told you he was here?
- Our coach.
Well, unfortunately, he's in
police custody at the moment,
so he's not receiving any visitors.
Mate, I've walked all
the way from Sunshine.
I'll only be five minutes. Promise.
Alright. Why not? Arms up.
- Your captain's here.
- Gav.
Jesus.
No, mate, I'm the only one here.
The boys are home with diarrhoea.
Where are they?
Bullshit.
What have you told 'em?
Look at me. I haven't told 'em anything.
Why the fuck not?
We're brothers.
Right?
How did we fuck this up?
Told you I wouldn't be any good at it.
How did I fuck this up?
It's not over yet.
Yeah. It is.
Ray.
Brothers.
So, yeah.
We'll... have you at full
forward next year, right, mate?
- Yeah, we'll see how we go.
- Yep.
- Yep.
- Good one.
- We need to talk.
- I thought you'd never ask.
Vice-captain.
And Ray got nabbed by Customs
and now here we are, on a fucking roof.
- Is it uncut?
- Pure chicken.
And you're prepared to testify in court?
Yeah, I'll name 'em all.
So who else knows about this?
Nobody. Just me and Ray.
And you.
Hey, you've made the right decision.
You promise nothing will happen to Ray?
I swear on the Holy Bible.
You'd better look after me too.
Cunts want me dead.
Like this prick. Down there.
You won't have to worry
about him anymore.
You bloody beauty!
Aaah! Aaah!
You're gonna die. You do realise that.
There's only one option
where you survive.
I take the drugs, file a
report stating it was glucose.
There's no laws about
carrying sugar in your gut.
Sure, you'll look like a fuckwit...
but then you're used
to that, aren't you?
So where is it?
What?
The body? Where's the body?
Why isn't there a body
down there, or police?
'Cause the big bloke took it.
The big bloke.
Yeah.
With the moustache.
He drove off with the body.
With the body of your mate
that my partner murdered?
Yeah.
Oh, and this moustache took
the dead body in the car
without anyone seeing him?
It was night time.
Right. And no-one heard anything?
We're under the flight path.
Please.
Please, you've got to believe me.
Oh, I do believe you, mate.
Just show me where the body was again?
Just down there. Aargh!
You want me to accuse
a Federal Police Officer,
let alone my partner, of murder?
Yes! He killed... He killed Gavin.
He killed my mate.
He said that you two would
smuggle out the heroin,
that you'd replace it with glucose,
that you two do it all the time.
But I told him I don't have any heroin.
You need to watch your mouth, spoof bag.
You are this close to getting run over.
Fuck.
Gotta stop these tears that
are falling from my eyes
Go walk out in the rain
so no-one sees me cry
Can't stop this memory that
goes creeping through my brain
I get no answer
So the question still remains
Am I ever gonna see your face again?
It's an appropriate song
because that's where Gav is now...
with the angels.
I thought we covered
all this the last time.
72 hours.
If you grant us that, sir,
we will produce the evidence.
Judge Irving, my client has
already been held for ten days
without charge.
They have neither the
evidence nor the right
to keep him detained any longer.
He refuses to be X-rayed.
What more do you need?
I need you to follow the law. This is not just some game!
- Then why won't the prick shit?
- Shush up!
Judge, we're very close,
I can assure you.
Well, then, you don't
need 72 hours, do you?
I'll grant you half that time. Two days.
Should be sufficient for all of you.
Thank you, sir.
Best of seven.
Now, this year's winner...
I've got 20 condoms of
someone's fucking heroin...
Fuckin' stubborn shit.
Your vice-captain's
very worried about you.
He's bad news, Ray. He's been in jail.
Gav's a decent bloke when
you get to know him.
We can win this.
Stop your mum getting
hurt over a card game.
You'll eat your meal like a good boy...
- Listen to your mum, Ray.
- Don't want to.
Who said anything about heroin?
- How did we fuck this up?
- Endurable Ray Jenkins!
We've got you for three
more days, shit-breath.
- Hold on a bit longer.
- Heaven awaits.
You're gonna die.
Race six of the America's Cup.
History appears to be in the making
here as Australia II sets sail...
to even this series at three-all...
the deciding race between
the two boats...
Come on, Aussies.
...the tightest racing action
the America's Cup has seen.
...sausage sensation.
Dandy Aussie Snags.
Oh, Jesus.
Dandy, Aussie! The pride of the country!
I need to do a wee, please.
I feel like I've been hit by a truck.
Don't tell them I was boozed, OK?
Can I go to the toilet now, please?
...the fates of the Aussies are
in Dennis Conner's hands...
Your mum sent these over.
Celebration or funeral?
I'll put 'em in some
water for you, yeah?
We might win this little contest, Ray.
Never count the other
blokes out, though.
Nobody wants to lose.
Thank you, Duncan.
The Liberty's skipper had this to
say before tonight's deciding race.
It's gonna be very
exciting to be involved
in the race of a century,
and at this point,
we're hoping that we can
find a way to prevail
like we have over the last 132 years.
I think we have an awful lot
of tradition going for us,
and we have a very courageous crew,
and somehow I think we'll pull it out.
Yes, folks, as expected,
the Americans are way out in front
in this... the seventh
and deciding race.
The underdogs are just one
race away from annihilation.
The big question is...
- Aussie, Aussie, Aussie!
- Oi, oi, oi!
Oh, look out,
the stripper's here already.
And we haven't even won yet.
Jesus. Bondie buys a yacht and everyone thinks he's a bloody hero. He is a bloody hero. He helps other people by giving them cash to do what they do well... well. That is a hero. Yes, because yachtsmen have always been symbols of the working class. You fuckin' pinko. I'm a proud Australian. Who suddenly loves yachting. If only the Americans gave a shit.

- Are you a fuckin' Kiwi?
- Useless bloody thing.
Sort this shit out or watch it next door.
If you're not here for the yachts to what do we owe the pleasure? I'm here to pick up my client upon his imminent release. What do you mean? His detention warrant expires in 45 minutes. You should always read documents before signing them, Detective.

It's 4:
He's not going anywhere till we see the magistrate. - You sure about that?
- Fuck.
We should get you cleaned up. I've organised us a press conference. Perhaps Detective Croft might like to join us. Oh, fuckin' come on, you bastard! Going somewhere? Yes. Right now. Thank you. There's no point us standing out here. - Hello?
- Your Honour?
This is sensational stuff!
The Aussies are 21 seconds ahead!
- Out of here, Coupland.
- But I just...
- We're gonna win this.
- Now! Now!
I need to piss anyway.
You and I have some business to discuss.
Detective Paris speaking.
- Lesley, it's me.
- Crofty, what's the scoop?
Well, mate, the judge
was his usual self.
What's that? Mate, I can't
hear you. What did he say?
We're too late. He's free to leave.
Thanks. I'll let him know.
We're not waiting...
The magistrate's granted
us the extension.
You'll remain in our custody
for a further six days.
How's that sound?
Can you turn up the television, please?
I'm watching the race.
You Westie cunts really have got
life figured out, haven't you?
Drop out of school to stand in
front of a conveyor belt all day,
piss away your wage
on darts and bourbon,
knock up some slut in a public toilet
who smokes her way through pregnancy,
then you shit out a
couple of dickhead kids
to continue the whole sad cycle.
Oh, no, I'm not talking about you, Ray.
No, no, no, no, no. You're different.
You've got ambition.
You've got an ingenious plan.
Listen to this one.
It has never been done before.
You're going to turn to crime.
But you fucked it, didn't you?
Just like everything you do.
I'm giving you a chance to unfuck it.
Take my offer.
Do something with this shitty life
of yours before it's too late.
What's it gonna be, pal?
Moneybags or body bags?
Why would you kill Gavin?
Look, I don't have time to piss about.
You did kill him, didn't you?
Listen, dickhead, I'm offering
you a way out of this.
I just can't work out why.
'Cause he was a fuckin' maggot.
Suburban scum just like you
and your dopey fuckin' mother.
Now, give me the gear or you
will leave here on your back.
Alright, I'll do it.
- On one condition.
- What's that?
I shit in your mouth.
Give me the fucking bags now!
Come and fuckin' get 'em.
Now park your arse on that
dunny and give me what I need!
Shit or swallow... your call.
OK, OK. OK.
...crossed the line. We're looking
for the smoke at any moment.
They've done it!
Australia II has done it.
Where the fuck are they?! 
The Australians have done it.
You lost.
Liberty has lost! Liberty has lost!
Call an ambulance.
I want an X-ray.
The Australians have done it!
Where are they, Jenkins?
Fuck! Aargh!
Fuck! Fuck!
What, you put this in?
Nice one. Anything we can use?
I lied to him. To get the job done.
Whatever it takes. You taught me that.
Yup.
That's true. I have bent the rules.
But you broke the rules.
You killed a cunt.
What for, hey? A few extra bucks.
Cuff the prick!
Get your priorities straight.
We're brothers!
You're a grub.
We're trying to catch real criminals!
Shut up! You're fuckin'
mine now, arsehole!
Oh, Coupland, you cunt.
We won the Cup! We won the Cup...
OK. Bye.
- Who was that?
- Uncle.
What the fuck does he want?
She say cannot let police take you.
Bloody oath, you can't.
I pay you good money.
More than that fuckin' gook.
Alright!
My uncle's name is Sonia.
Jesus!
Fuck.
It's Phuk!
Ray?
It's been concealed throughout the summer and the race series.
However, Australia's winged keel was finally revealed tonight by its jubilant owner.
And the Prime Minister went up in the polls this morning by announcing an unofficial public holiday in light of Australia's remarkable victory.
I tell you what, any boss who sacks anyone for not turning up today is a bum.