Wake in Fright

By Evan Jones
All right.
Off you go.
Happy Christmas, teacher!
- Happy new year.
- Thank you, Dave.
Give my love to your
girlfriend in Sydney, sir.
I'll do that, sir, thank you.
Have a happy holiday, sir.
And you, Chris, thank you.
Enjoy yourself.
For your collection, sir.
Thank you very much, Lou.
Bye-bye.
So I'll see you
next year, mate.
Shut up!
A middy, please, Charlie.
Having one yourself?
Yeah.
You've, uh,
got snakes in your
pocket, have you?
Mmm...
Keys.
Will you be wanting your
room when you come back?
Where else would I stay?
But if you get
a flood of tourists
or anything, Charlie,
I can always stay
in the schoolhouse.
See you in six weeks, huh?
Not if I can rob a bank.
- Sure, Ned Kelly.
- Mmm.
See you, then.
Uh-huh.
Excuse me, please.
Oi, fella, come and
have a beer with us.
No. No, thanks.
Come on, come and have a beer.
New to the yabba?
Yes.
Staying long?
No, just tonight.
Oh, that's hard luck.
Want to see a bit more
of the yabba than that.
You think it's worth seeing?
It's the
best place in Australia.
Everybody likes the yabba.
Why?
Well, it's a friendly place.
Nobody worries who you are
or where you come from.
You're a good bloke, you're all right.
You know what I mean?
Excuse me.
Do you have a room for John grant?
I made a booking by letter.
Oh, I'm only staying the night.
I'm flying to
Sydney in the morning.
You have to pay now.
I think we can manage that.
It'll be $4.
There's $1 deposit on the keys.
You'll get that back when
you bring the keys back.
Thank you.
Could you tell me where
room seven is, please?
Up the steps and down
the corridor to the right.
Hey. Shut it, mate.
We're closed.
Excuse me.
You're new to the yabba?
Well, I just dropped
in for the night.
I'm flying to
Sydney in the morning.
Uh-huh.
- Come far?
Tiboonda.
Ah, nice little place.
Do you like it?
Paradise on earth.
Yeah.
What do you do out there?
Oh, I'm a bonded slave of
the education department.
I'm a school teacher.
Oh, yes.
You took over from old
Murchison, didn't you?
McDonald, his name is.
Of course.
And you're, uh...
Grant.
Yeah, that's right.
Well, I'll be blown.
Crawford's the name.
Jock Crawford.
John grant.
I'm pleased to know you, Jack.
What about another beer?
Thanks, Mr. Crawford.
- Here you are, Jack.
- Thanks.
You, uh...
You say you're a slave.
What do you mean by that?
You wouldn't know how our
educational authorities
get teachers for the outback?
Wouldn't have a clue, mate.
Now, a new teacher has
to post a bond for $1,000.
That 1,000 guarantees you'll
serve out your contract
wherever they send you.
Oh, well. I suppose they
know what they're doing.
You clever blokes never like to
stop in the one spot long, do you?
Depends on the place.
Yeah, that's right.
Well, never mind, Jack. You can always come to the yabba for your holidays. Good luck. Yes, that's something to look forward to. No, thanks, I'll be running along. Police have much to do in Bundanyabba? No. No, not really. We sort of... We just sort of keep an eye on things. Honestest little town in Australia, this is, mate. But, mind you, there are not too many game enough to try anything around here. You see, we're so isolated, there's nowhere to go. We get 'em, and quick. Sounds like an easy life. Yeah, not bad. Of course, we do have a few suicides. Yeah? Yeah. Yeah, they reckon it's the heat. Me... I like the heat. Yeah, it's one way of getting out of town. What is? Killing yourself. Hey, that's good. I like a bloke with a sense of humor. Oh... killing yourself. Two more, Kate. Have you ever been anywhere else? Yeah. Did three months' training in the city.
Didn't like it.
A couple more?
Here, give us your dough.
I'll get 'em quicker than you.
The one foggy Christmas Eve
Santa came to say
Rudolph,
with your nose so bright
won't you guide
my sleigh tonight?
Then all the reindeer
loved him
Here you are. I slung your
change to the steward.
Told him it was yours.
Do you a bit of good
when you come back again.
Get up, get up.
Ladies and gentlemen,
let us pay a tribute
to our fallen comrades.
They shall grow not old,
as we that are left grow old.
Age shall not weary them,
nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun,
and in the morning,
we will remember them.
We will remember them.
Lest we forget.
Lest we forget.
Thank you,
ladies and gentlemen.
No, as long as they close before
the show, they're shut...
Come on, the beer's
real good here.
Oh, no, jock. No, I'll pass
out if I don't eat soon.
Well, it's easy to see
you're not a yabba man.
A yabba man!
A yabba man...
You're the yabba man, jock.
The Bundanyabba man.
All right, all right.
Come on, I'll show you where you can get a real good steak.
This is a mate of mine, John Grant.
You can let him in anytime.
He's all right.
How's it going there, jock?
Oh, not too bad, Jim.
How's it with you?
Great.
Hey, Joe. Put a steak on for me mate, will you?
Yeah, lovely. Hey, Tim.
One steak, mate.
Oh, rare, please.
Yeah, all right.
How's the missus?
Oh, she was a bit crook last week.
She all right now, jock.
- And the kid?
- Oh, this kid's gold.
You tell him to stop missing school or I'll have you.
All right, mate.
Come on, I'll show you inside while we're waiting.
All right.
Biggest two-up game in Australia, Jack.
Right on, fellas.
I want 100 in the middle.
The spinner's the bloke with the kip.
Kip?
Yeah, the bit of wood they put the pennies on.
He's just dropped $100 in the center.
That's got to be covered before they can spin 'em.
Now it's been covered, they can all get in for a side bet.
Heads, heads, heads...
- Who wants to go on the heads?
- Put 50 on heads.
You know, the little fella with the kip's a fella named Charlie Jones.
Comes in here every Friday night with his pay packet.
Bets are closing.
Clear a space.
Quiet! Hey!
Settle down, settle down.
What do you think it is?
Fair go, chaps.
Heads!
Do you get the idea now, Jack?
Well, you just bet on whether the pennies come down heads or tails.
Yeah, that's right.
You think this crowd will be at each other's throats when they settle?
Ah, there's hardly a fight.
Each man knows what's coming to him, he just goes and gets it.
Heads, heads, heads...
Tails, tails, tails...
Sixty on tails...
Fair go.
Watch your feet now.
Watch yourself there.
Wait for it. Wait for it now.
Heads!
Four hundred, Charlie, what do you wanna do?
Put the lot on.
Yeah, Charlie always goes for 800 or bust.
You gotta throw four heads in a row to do it, too.
Come on now, hurry up.
Get 'em on.
And what does he do with the winnings?
Well, nothing.
Simmer down, boys.
Settle down.
Put 'em on,
Charlie, now, come on.
When you're ready, Charles.
When you're ready.
Fair go.
Fair go.
Heads.
Beauty, Charlie.
You're casting
a spell around here.
There's a nice
simple-minded game.
My steak's probably ready.
Yeah, come on.
Here you are.
That'll be a dollar, son.
There's a clean
place here, Jack.
Oh.
Well, I'll have to
be pushing along.
Oh, thanks, jock. Thanks
for showing me around.
Oh, that's all right.
And that'll be
the best dollar's worth
you'll ever have
in your life, Matey.
All the little devils
are proud of hell.
Two heads.
Do you mean you
don't think the yabba
is the greatest
little place on earth?
It could be worse.
How?
The supply of
beer could run out.
Hey, aren't you
going to eat that?
No.
Why did you say that?
Say what?
Well, about them
being proud of hell.
Discontent is a luxury
of the well-to-do.
If you gotta live here,
you might as well like it.
Why don't you like Crawford?
Jock?
The touch of his
hairy hand offends you.
I'm just bored with it.
The aggressive hospitality,
the arrogance of stupid people
who insist you should be
as stupid as they are.
It's death to farm out here.
It's worse than
death in the mines.
Do you want them to
sing opera as well?
And what do you do?
I drink.
This beer's gone warm.
I...
Heads.
Here you are, doc.
Thanks, Joe.
It's a spinner's night,
nearly two-to-one on heads.
Good on you, doc.
Good on you... mate.
You want to bet on tails, son?
Fifty for the guy in the
jacket over there, slim.
Fair go.
When you're ready there, Brian.
No betting when I say fair go.
Fair go, Brian.
Fair go.
Two tails!
Anybody seen
a bloke with a coat on?
Where's that bloke in a coat?
Here! Here.
Thought I lost you, mate.
Move over!
Sit down here, son.
How many heads up?
Heads, heads! I bet on heads.
Anyone betting on tails?
No, on heads.
Tails, 100!
You're covered!
- A hundred for you?
- Yes.
You're on a head.
Anymore tails?
Will you place your bets
and take your seats?
Sorry, son.
Be quiet!
When you're ready for it.
Fair go.
They're up!
- Play for now.
- Hold it!
- Heads!
- All right.
When you're ready.
Don't forget, every Wednesday,
Thursday and Friday night!
Early start
Christmas Eve, boys!
Bring your own money,
anybody's girl.
Leaving it all on heads, mate?
Two hundred on tails.
I'll have 100.
You're on.
- What are you backing, mate?
- Tails.
You're set.
I'll back a head.
I'll back... you're up?
Thanks, mate.
You're too noisy!
Fair go, spinner.
When you're ready.
One of each, which is no result.
Fair go.
Fair go!
Tails, they are!
Whoo!
$1,000.
Just...
Just one more spin, and you're out of it.
Out of teaching.
Out of Tiboonda.
Toss? Toss?
Toss? Toss?
Who wants to toss?
Yes!
Here you are, son.
How much you tossing for?
$400 on tails.
You can't spin for tails, mate.
The spinner always spins for heads.
- Heads.
- On a head.
Four hundred, Charlie.
Watch out, imbecile! Watch where you're going, you mug.
When you're right now.
Come on, out of the ring, you blokes.
Fair go, son.
Heads.
Settle down!
No, son. You gotta put 'em above your head and spin it.
- All right?
- I'm sorry.
When you're right now.
Wait for it now.
When you're right.
Fair go.
Tails, two tails.
What, still here, Jack?
Hmm? Mmm.
How goes it?
Well, jock.
Look, um, will they cash a check for me in this place?
Yeah, for how much?
Two hundred and ninety dollars.
— Gonna try the game, eh?
— Yes.
Two-ninety on heads.
Well, he's on heads now.
What are you betting on, mate?
Two-ninety on heads.
You're on.
Can you... can you tell me where the labor exchange is?
Turn left as you go out, second street, turn right, next street, turn left, it's on the right.
Yeah, so I say to this mug, I said, "you better get out. "You're barred from the pub. "Every time you come in here, you put on trouble."
And then, all of a sudden, he turned it on. I grabbed him by the scruff of the neck and I hit him.
Done the knuckle in. Knuckle's squished up back here.
Yeah, it's been six weeks. All these mugs I get in here. They want to try you out. They all come from far and wide to try you out.
Hot?
Hot.
New to the yabba?
New to the yabba.
Like the old place?
No, I think it's bloody awful.
You don't like the yabba?
No.
Will you have a drink?
No, I'm toying
with this one, thanks.
Well, drink it down,
I'll buy you another.
Look, I'm flat broke and
I can't afford to drink!
What's that go to
do with it, man?
I said I'd buy you a drink!
You don't have to buy me one!
Now, drink it down!
Two middies, Keith.
Don't forget the tomato juice.
I'm Tim Hynes.
John grant.
Hey. Good shot.
Are you a Mason?
What? No!
You're in the buffs.
In the what?
In the buffs.
The buffs?
Are you a member of
the buffalo lodge?
No.
Never heard of it.
Not a Mason, not a buff.
No.
Ah, you'll be
a Roman catholic, then.
Oh, no, I'm not.
Well, what are you going to do?
You're not a buff?
I am not a buff.
Poor old John.
Well, we better
have another beer.
Hey!
I was just checking your oil.
Now, come on, John.
Hey, Keith, a couple of beers!
Well, here we are, John.
- Home, sweet home.
- Uh-huh!
Grab yourself a seat, John,
I'll tell Janette we're here.
Janette! Put these in
the fridge, will you?
Oh, I brought a friend back, so set
another place for lunch, will you?
Oh!
How do you do?
Fine.
How are you?
I really must apologize for
landing on you like this.
Mr. Hynes more
or less insisted.
He usually does.
Oh, my name's John Grant.
I'm Janette Hynes.
Oh.
Thanks.
Over the teeth and round the gums,
look out belly, here it comes!
Just a little
quickie before lunch.
Lunch is ready now, daddy.
I know.
But firstly, John and I
must have an aperitif.
Ah.
John, old man,
about your troubles,
a terrible thing,
you losing all that money.
You have no idea...
No, it was somewhere between
the train and the hotel.
Hmm.
I could put a call
through to Sydney.
No, there's no one
there I could borrow from.
John, I'd love to lend you some...
No, no. No, no, no. I wouldn't, really, I'll be all right. Ah, you're a good bloke. We'll think of something. Now, don't you worry, lad.
- Right.
- And drink up.
Drink up.
I say!
Wake up, Tim!
Well, that's... That's dick and Joe, couple of old mates of mine. I want you to meet them. Come on in, boys. Come on in.
Am I glad to see you!
You look bloody awful, mate. I feel bloody awful! Hey! Too much of the old booze. Oh, cut it out, boys, will you? Stop it! Hey. Let's all have a drink.
- Hey. Hey, hey, hey.
- What, what?
Who's your mate? Who? Oh, he... Oh, that's John. This is, uh, dick and Joe. You're an ignorant bludger.
- G'day.
- How are you?
- G'day, John.
- How are you?
Uh, you're new to the yabba, are you, John? Yes. Yes. Hmm.
G'day, Janette. Pretty as ever, eh? Missed me.
Tim, I'll be moving off now.
Thanks for your hospitality.
Moving off?
Where would you be going, lad?
Well, I've...
Well, I've gotta look for work.
On a Saturday?
Look, why don't you just hang around?
We'll fix you up.
Look, just drink your beer, sit down, stop worrying, huh?
John's got a bit of trouble, but nothing to worry about.
She'll be right, mate.
Drink up.
- Cheers.
- Cheers.
Hey.
- Hey, Tim.
- Yeah?
I got news for you, mate.
What do you think?
What do you think?
You got piles.
No, no, no, no.
You know
Stanley's brindle bitch?
- Yeah.
- Sold her to me.
- English bred.
- You're a liar.
It's the truth.
She's got a broken leg.
I'm not ribbing you, mate, he sold her to me.
A great dog. A great dog!
A great dog.
Good dog.
Come off it, mate.
This'll be one of the best bloody dogs I've ever seen after roos.
Eh?
You've gotta be kidding!
What makes a good dog?
Can I help you?
So, we let this ferret go
down the rabbit's burrow...
I studied
history and literature.
And what can you do with that
if your parents are nobody
and you have no money?
Oh, I know I can teach, but...
I'd really like
to get to England.
Well, this is bad enough,
but even Sydney, it's...
I'd really like
to get to England.
What would you do there?
Journalism.
Do you have a girl?
Yes, in Sydney.
What's her name?
Robyn.
Robyn.
What's she like?
Robyn.
Would you take her
to England with you?
Yes.
Yes.
Ooh!
- Those are Saint Mary's.
- Hey, hey, hey.
Yeah?
What's the matter with him? He'd
rather talk to a woman than drink?
School teacher.
Oh.
Then we agreed, before the game
started, there was a $5 limit.
No, there was
no agreement, mate.
Wait, wait, was that...
What's the matter with you?
There was no agreement made.
Go on, you blokes, just...
Was there any
bloody agreement made?
- I don't know.
- No.
I hate to remind
you this is my house...
You're always
bloody interrupting...
It's got nothing to do
with whose bloody house it is.
Doc Tydon, you old bastard.
- How do you know that?
- Great to see you.
Hi, boys.
Have yourself a beer,
I got five aces coming up.
If you're playing cards with
this lot, you'll need a doctor
before the night is out.
Why do you stay in Bundanyabba?
No, I'm surprised,
I mean, you're
pretty and...
And there's a shortage of
pretty girls in this town.
Ah, it's beautiful.
Smell that.
Peppercorn.
Is it because of your father?
Sorry.
The moonlight like snow
upon the desert's dusty face.
All right, dicky boy,
let's hear from you.
- What've you got?
- Three Jacks, mate.
Ah-ha! Well, just hold it,
hold it, hold it.
- Daddy?
- Flush.
Daddy?
John and I are
going for a walk.
Well come on, come on, come on,
get me while I'm hot, boys.
An inside showing all the time.
It's not the gravity.
It's not the gravity
that makes the beer go down.
- It's peristalsis.
- Perry who?
Perry Mason.
Peristalsis,
it's the contraction
of the muscles
of the esophagus.
Come on, doc, get up, man!
Come on.
Whoa, whoa!
It'll be a week for sure.
Hey, doc, doc?
Come in over here.
Look, doc, when is
she gonna whelp, huh?
I tell you what, I'll give
you five it's a week, Joe.
Listen to the doc.
She's not pregnant.
Cut it out, doc, come on.
When's she gonna whelp?
Who's the father?
It's a dog, not a sheep.
She'll have pups by morning.
Beauty.
No way, I bet it'll be a week.
I don't feel anything.
Come on, put your money out.
Five, right?
- Five.
- You're on for five.
Let's have a second opinion.
Before morning.
- It'll be a week.
- You heard me say that.
I didn't.
Who is the father, anyway?
I don't know.
She's a slag, this little mutt, she'd try anything. You drank yourself under the table after your little episode with Janette. Get out. Don't get upset. We've all had our little episodes with Janette. What a doll. Better. You need a drink. Oh, no. Water, please. Yabba water's only for washing. Come on, drink it up. It's a bit flat. Come and get it. Oh, no, thanks very much, but I don't... No, I'm sure you don't. But you'd better eat it just the same. Come on, sit down. Sir John. Not too bad. Kangaroo. Want some sauce? What time did the, um... The, uh, party finish? About dawn. And what time is it now?

'*Round about 4:*

4: Look... Look, uh, thanks for the hospitality. I'd better be going along now. You see, I'm the school teacher at Tiboonda. And, um... Well, I lost all my money.
Gambling.
Yeah, I know.
Why did you have to lie
about it to Tim Hynes?
There's no disgrace here.
Well...
Well, in any case,
I can't stay in your, um,
cabin, indefinitely, can I?
It isn't mine.
I've just lived
here for five years.
Anyway, you're
better off here than
trying to sponge on
men like Tim Hynes.
Sponge?
Yeah, sponge.
Sit down and eat your grub.
You're gonna need it.
We're going hunting
with dick and Joe.
Kangaroo.
- Hunting?
- Yeah, you were
boasting in your cups,
and said...
Good shot.
You said you won a silver medal
at school for target shooting.
Huh?
Remember?
You wouldn't have
an aspirin, would you?
No, I've got something better.
This ought to
kill your headache
and pep you up
a little bit as well.
Wash it down with
some beer. Here.
Oh, I'm allergic to...
Ah, there's nothing in there to hurt you.
Go on, man, swallow it down.
What a voice.
She just opens her mouth and...
And notes come floating out.
Oh, sorry, I don't smoke.
Would you like to try it?
No.
You've been here five years?
Shall I satisfy your curiosity?
I'm a doctor of medicine.
And a tramp by temperament.
I'm also an alcoholic.
My disease prevented me
from practicing in Sydney,
but out here it's
scarcely noticeable.
Certainly doesn't stop people
from coming to see me.
I charge no fees because I'm
not interested in money.
Anyway, I'm unreliable.
But I'm accepted socially
because I'm an educated man.
Or character.
I get my food from my friends.
My requirements in beer.
Which, with some
measure of self-control,
is the only
alcohol I allow myself.
And you get along
without money altogether.
It's possible to live forever
in the yabba without money.
As you probably noticed, some
of the natives are very...
Hospitable.
Take Janette for instance.
Now there's a very
interesting biological case.
If she were a man,
she'd be in jail for rape.
If I were to marry, Janettes
just the sort of girl...
Excuse me.
Uh, can you tell me where the, um... Toilet? Yes. Outside. I wouldn't recommend it. Do it out here in the open. No one around to see. If I were ever to marry, Janette's the sort of girl I'd like to marry. She likes sex. She likes experiment and she likes variety. We thought about getting married once, but neither of us could live with one person for very long. Still, she visits me from time to time. When I want her. And when she gets bored with them. Beer? What's wrong with a woman taking a man because she feels like it? I really don't know. Because there's nothing wrong with it. Sex is just like eating. It's a thing you do because you have to. Not 'cause you want to, but most people are afraid of it. You seem offended by my little discussion of Janette. In the circumstances, I thought you'd be interested. Well, I'm not. You're probably a little puritan, like the rest of these people. They think Janette's a slut. The women who'd
like to act like her
and the men she has
given a tumble to.
Janette and I are alike.
We break the rules.
But we know more about
ourselves than most people.
Hey, doc! Doc!
Come on!
Make a bit of noise,
boys, will you?
Hi, dick.
- Hey, Joe.
- In the back, fellas.
Get back there.
Hey, John.
I got a gun here for you.
A bit old, probably
blow your head off.
Whoo-hoo!
Look at her go there, boys!
Watch out the dog doesn't
leak on you, Johnny.
Roos!
Go on. Get the bludgers.
Look at him go!
Get him!
Go on! Go on!
He's got him, he's got him!
What are you doing? You want
to take my bloody head off?
Look at him go!
Get him! Get him!
Look at him go, will you?
Look at him go!
Hey, Socrates.
You got a shot in yet?
Get out.
Beauty. It's a boomer.
Knocked him out.
It's no good skinning him, eh?
- Where's the surgeon?
- Here.
Doc eats 'em.
Reckon they're the best part of the roo.
- Have you ever tried them?
- No.
Better than oysters.
Put lead in your pencil.
Any damage, sir?
Ah, couple of dents.
All right, now, let's go.
No, no, let's get a drink.
Johnny?
Why don't you try driving faster, mate?
Hey, Stubbsy.
Hi, fellas.
Stick it up your arse.
Heya, mate.
You got any roos?
No, mate. Couple of boomers.
You blokes couldn't hit elephants.
- Eh?
- Couldn't hit elephants.
We'll get 'em tonight with the spot.
What's a spot?
Spotlight, it hypnotizes them.
- Hey, Stubbsy.
- Yeah?
Stick these in your deep-freeze till tonight, will you?
Hope they're not yours, doc.
Fox.
Hey, I hit him!
Hey, John, where you going?
I hit him!
It's no good skinning 'em, mate.
They're all mangy out here.
Come on and drink your beer.
Give us a tailor-made, Joe
- you need any more drinks?
- I guess it's my shout.
Oh, no, no.
This last round's on me.
Nobody who's broke
buys beers in the yabba.
I'm not broke,
I've got a dollar.
Forget it, John, forget it.
— $1.
— Look.
When you got some money,
you can take us on a bash.
— Right?
— Right.
— Stubbsy?
— Yeah.
Four more and
four double whiskeys.
Right.
And a packet of
smokes for the teacher.
Three whiskeys, dick.
— Four.
— Three.
— Four.
— Three.
Four.
Hey, you got her fair, eh, doc?
Hey, Joe, take a look
at this. It's a beauty.
Yeah.
He must be a
seven-footer for sure.
Go on, dick. We better cut
up a few for the dogs, eh?
The big fellow just
won't go down, doc.
Take us over there.
He kicks you, you're dead.
Come on, take us over there.
Righto, mate!
Let's go.
Get stuck into him, Joey boy.
No worries!
See the way the roo's
trying to draw him in
so he can get back
up on his tail, see?
Yeah, and then he rips his guts
out with his hind legs like...
All right!
Yippee, Joey boy!
Come and get your beer, fella!
Once you've got her by the
tail, it's as good as dead.
Have you ever done it, Joe?
- Dick?
- Eh?
- Have you ever done it?
- What?
Oh, yeah, hundreds of times.
Yeah, of course he's done it.
I've done it!
Why? Do you want to
have a go, teacher?
Why not?
If I were you,
I wouldn't do it.
Yeah, it's all right,
Joe, I will.
You will?
What's the matter,
teacher? You scared?
It's only a baby.
It's badly wounded.
Have a go, you mug.
Go on, Johnny!
Come on, Johnny!
Go get him.
He's trying to dance with him.
Come on.
Cut him through. Johnny!
The throat!
He's trying to beat
the thing to death.
Through the throat, teacher.
Come on, Johnny!
You beauty!
Well done.
Yeah, that's it,
Johnny, now you're one of us.
You bloody maniacs.
Bloody maniacs.
I cannot accept
your premise, Socrates.
Affectability?
Progress?
A vanity spawned by fear.
A vanity spawned by fear.
The aim of what
you call civilization
is a man in a smoking jacket,
whiskey and cider,
pressing a button of...
A button
to destroy a planet
a billion Miles away,
kill a billion
people he's never seen.
Where are you?
Come on!
What happened?
Hey, what happened to Socrates?
Where's Socrates?
- What?
- Socrates!
You bastard.
No, Joe!
Stop it, you...
You murdering bastards.
You bastards!
Beat it, doc.
You murdering bastards!
Bastard!
You are...
I'll get you.
Okay, you old hippie, get out!
What's up?
Oh, Stubbsy, you bastard.
It's only a party.
Bloody maniacs.
What do you want with me, doc?
Bloody cow...
You bloody coward!
Whoa!
Get off.
I need to...
Refrigeration.
Doc.
Turn it off, turn it off.
No.
No, no...
Going?
- Yes.
- Where?
Sydney.
Sydney.
You want some food
before you go?
No.
How about a drink?
Hey, don't forget your gun.
What?
The boys made you
a present of the gun.
Bye.
Better?
Yes, better.
Thanks, mate.
Have another one.
Oh...
No, I don't really like to.
One more beer, thanks, Joyce.
Jock, you damn near saved
my life just now, how about
completing the job by
giving me a cigarette, huh?
Thanks.
I thought you were pulling out
of the yabba on Saturday.
Hmm? Oh, yes,
yes, I was.
What went wrong?
Oh, I got involved.
Hey, there's my suitcases.
Yours, are they?
Yes. I left them
here yesterday.
No.
No, not yesterday.
No, it's the other day.
They've been
here since Saturday.
Look, if John says they're
his, then they're his.
What's in them, John?
Oh, it's clothes.
Books.
Couple of schooners, Joyce.
Like he said, books.
Not that I doubted you,
of course, John.
Is there anywhere
I can get a shower and shave?
Thanks, mate.
Right, thanks a lot.
- Come and have a drink, mate.
- No, thanks.
- Come and have a drink.
- Not interested...
It will only take a minute.
Come on, come and have a drink.
Look, mate, I've given
up drinking for a while.
What's wrong with you,
you bastard?
Why don't you come
and drink with me?
I just brought you 50 Miles eating
dust, and you won't drink with me.
What's wrong with you?
What's the matter
with you people, huh?
You sponge on you...
You burn your house down,
murder your wife,
rape your child,
that's all right.
But don't have a drink with
you, don't have a flaming,
bloody drink with you,
that's a criminal offense,
that's the end of
the bloody world.
You're mad, you bastard.
Hey. The gent here wants to know
who owns that semi-trailer.
Who wants to know?
Excuse me.
You, uh...
You own the semi-trailer?
What of it?
Well, nothing, uh...
I wanted to see if you
could give me a lift.
Where you going?
Right through.
To the city, I mean.
Well, I'm going
to the city myself.
- Oh.
- How much is it worth?
I am afraid I'm broke, that's
why I'm begging rides.
Should be worth at
least a couple of dollars.
Well, it would be, yes, but...
But I'm really flat.
Make it $2 and we're sweet.
Look, I've got $1.
I... I've got a rifle.
I'll give you that.
What sort of rifle?
All right,
you ride in the back.
Okay. Thanks.
Hey, you, we're there.
There?
You know...
I thought you said you
were going to Sydney.
Don't know why.
You said city, mate.
Bundanyabba's a city, ain't it?
Well, at least the trip
cost you nothing.
Hey!
I, uh, hate to trouble you, John, but rather than tire you, I thought I'd write down what had happened and you could sign it, okay?
"The gunshot wound to my head was the result of an accident."
"I was visiting my friend, Clarence F. Tydon, after a hunting trip."
"I dropped my .22 rifle at the floor of his kitchen butt first, believing it to be unloaded."
"It exploded, and that's all I remember."
That'll be about it, wouldn't it?
Here.
You'd think a bloke who'd won a silver medal at target shooting could hit himself in the head at a range of three inches.
Give me that.
Don't wanna miss it.
Hey, mate.
- You like a beer?
- Oh.
Thanks.
Here's cheers.
Hello, Charlie.
Did you have a good holiday?
The best.