

(Name of Show)

("Title of Episode")

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

THE HOUSE OF HORACE

"THE TIES THAT BLIND"

Pilot Episode

ACT ONE

BLACK-OUT

FADE IN:

TITLE ON SCREEN: "35 YEARS AGO...SOMEWHERE IN SOUTHERN
EUROPE..."

TITLE FADE-OUT TO BLACK

VIOLCA (V.O.)

(Screaming) Arrrrgh!

BEAT

VIOLCA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(Screaming) Arrrrgh! (Shallow
panting)

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)

Vacca ma!

BEAT

FADE TO WHITE-OUT

SFX: LOUD SMACK OF HAND ON FLESH

BEAT

SFX: ANOTHER LOUD SMACK

FOLLOWED BY

SFX: BABY'S FIRST STRIDENT CRIES

AS

FADE-IN:

INT. GYPSY CARAVAN - EARLY MORNING

VIOLCA, YOUNG GYPSY WOMAN, SWEATY AND SPRAWLED ON A ROUGH BED, KNEES UP AND APART AND PARTIALLY COVERED BY A BLANKET, HAS JUST HAD A HUGE EXERTION.

HER FATHER, **STEVO**, GARBED IN GYPSY-KING HEAD-SCARF, SHIRT AND TROUSERS, HOLDS THE **BABY** ALOFT AS

YOUNG MAN, PEASANT-ATTIRED, LOOKS ON BEWILDERED.

(DIALOGUE DELIVERED IN LOW-CLASS NORTHERN ITALIAN ACCENT WITH ENGLISH SUB-TITLES.)

STEVO

Guardate! Il prossimo...

[Behold! The next...]

YOUNG MAN

Posso tenere...

[Can I hold...]

STEVO

...re degli zingari!

[...king of the gypsies!]

YOUNG MAN

...mio figlio?

[...my son?]

STEVO

(Noticing YOUNG MAN)

Che? Tu? Sei ancora qui? Il tuo

dovere è fatto! Vattene!

(MORE)

STEVO (CONT'D)

[What? You still here? Your job is done! Go!]

YOUNG MAN

Ma...

[But...]

STEVO

Domani, attacchiamo i muli e partiamo da questo pozzo nero e tu, tu rimani qui!

[Tomorrow, we hitch the mules and leave this cesspool. And you, you stay here!]

YOUNG MAN

Il bambino è mio! Sangue di mio sangue! Non lo potete togliere da me!

[The boy is mine! My flesh and blood! You cannot take him from me!]

STEVO

Hah! Se ci segui, morirai. Adesso vattene o vuoi morire adesso?

[Hah! If you follow you will die! Now leave or do you want to die now?]

YOUNG MAN
(Fading to nothing)

Nooooooo...! Mio figlio!

(MORE)

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Mio figlio...

[Noooooooo...! My son! My son...]

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANYWHERE - ANYTIME

ANGLE ON A BOOK ON A TABLE: "**THE HOUSE OF HORACE - OR - SOLOMON'S LOST MIND**", THEN BELOW: "**SOLOMON AND SOLOMON PUBLISHERS**" (???)

THE BOOK OPENS TO THE PAGE

"PROLOGUE - THE INGREDIENTS"

NARRATOR (V.O.)
(Reading text)

Fortuna Primigenia, goddess of fate and luck, fixer of the first-born's destiny, looked upon this neonate and whimsy overtook her. Was this to be a blessing or a curse? What disparate ingredients would she throw into the mixing bowl of inevitability? What unpalatable concoction would emerge from this hearth of providence?

CUT IN:

CLOSE-UP OF TRIO LAUGHING: **HORACE, ANDREA AND SPIT**

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Could a fruitcake have too many nuts?

CUT IN:

CLOSE-UP OF UNSMILING **VICTORIA**

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Could a tart be too bitter?

CUT IN:

A BEWILDERED **MR SOLOMON**

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Could a good pâté come from a silly
old goose?

CUT IN:

A ROILING **GIACOBBE**

How long can an old ham remain
useful?

But this is not a book of recipes.

This is the story of fickle Fortuna
and the consequence of the joke she
played a long time ago...

CUT BACK TO:

BOOK AS PAGE TURNS TO

"CHAPTER 1 ~ JUST THIS MORNING..."

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(Reading text)

The mortal coil, being tightly
wound, [poem about going to work]

DISSOLVE TO:

GETTING TO WORK MONTAGE

EXT. DRIVE-WAY ONTO BUSY STREET NO 1 - EARLY MORNING -
WINDY

A **ROLLS ROYCE** WITH THE PERSONALISED NUMBER PLATES,
"SOLOMON" EMERGES WITH **MR SAMSON SOLOMON** AT THE WHEEL

HE IS SERENE AND OBLIVIOUS TO THE TRAFFIC POURING IN BOTH
DIRECTIONS AS HE BLITHELY TURNS HIS CAR **RIGHT** FROM HIS
DRIVEWAY AND INTO THE TRAFFIC FLOW.

VEHICLES IN BOTH DIRECTIONS BRAKE, SCREECHING TO AVOID HIM, HORNS HONKING AND INDISCERNIBLE CURSES FILLING THE AIR.

MR SOLOMON SMILES AS HE LOOKS ABOUT AND GRACIOUSLY WAVES.

EXT. BUSY STREET NO 2 - CONTINUOUS

STREAMING TRAFFIC. **ANDREA** HAPPILY POWERS ALONG ON HER BICYCLE LISTENING TO MELISSA ETHERIDGE ON HER HEADSET.

SHE WEARS A HELMET AND A "SOLOMON AND SOLOMON" BASEBALL JACKET WITH PATCHES OF SYDNEY UNI, THE ABORIGINAL FLAG, WOMEN'S LIB FIST AND RAINBOW FLAG SEWN ONTO IT.

SLUNG OVER HER SHOULDER IS A **HAVERSACK** WHICH HOLDS ONE THE LATEST OF **NOTEBOOK** COMPUTERS.

SHE TURNS INTO A SIDE STREET AND CAREFULLY NEGOTIATES THE **SPEED HUMP**. *

(* Note: The **Speed Hump** Street is at a specific and unique location close to Solomon and Solomon Publishers and should have some indicator that makes it unique.)

EXT. BUSY STREET NO 3 - CONTINUOUS

MR SOLOMON HEADS **NORTHWARD** WITH THE TRAFFIC FLOW.

EXT. BUSY STREET NO 4 - CONTINUOUS

SPIT IN SOLOMON AND SOLOMON'S **DELIVERY VAN**, SCREAMS DOWN THE STREET, WEAVING THROUGH THE TRAFFIC STREAM. HE IS UNKEMPT WITH A TORN T-SHIRT AND BAGGY SWEAT-PANTS AND A DAY'S STUBBLE.

THE RADIO BLARES HEAVY METAL AND SPIT TUNELESSLY BELLOWS ALONG.

A **CAR** INDICATES AND CUTS INTO SPIT'S LANE.

SPIT

You mongrel!

SPIT MANOEUVRES AROUND THE CAR IN FRONT AND CUTS IN.

SPIT SMILES WITH SATISFACTION AND RESUMES HIS CATERWAULING.

EXT. BUSY STREET NO 3 - CONTINUOUS

SAME ANGLE AS BEFORE, MR SOLOMON HEADS **SOUTHWARD** WITH THE TRAFFIC FLOW.

EXT. BUSY STREET NO 5 - CONTINUOUS

A STERN-FACED **VICTORIA** CRUISES THROUGH THE TRAFFIC IN HER **RED SPORTSCAR** LISTENING TO CLASSICAL MUSIC FROM THE CD PLAYER. SHE IS PERFECTLY GROOMED AND IMPECCABLY POWER-DRESSED.

ON HER RIGHT WRIST SHE WEARS A THICK, SNUG-FITTING, GOLD-COLOURED BRACELET.

ANGLE THE PASSENGER SEAT AND A **SOLOMON AND SOLOMON PRESENTATION FOLDER** AND A **MOBILE PHONE**.

SHE LOOKS AT HER BRACELET AND RUBS IT WITH RESENTMENT.

EXT. BUSY STREET NO 3 - CONTINUOUS

SAME ANGLE AS BEFORE, MR SOLOMON HEADS **NORTHWARD**, SLOWS TO A STOP, THEN GOES A QUICK **U-TURN** WITH THE SAME NEAR-DISASTROUS RESULTS AS BEFORE.

AGAIN HE SMILES AND WAVES AS HE HEADS **SOUTHWARD** ONCE MORE.

EXT. SOLOMON AND SOLOMON'S CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS

A **SMALL CARPARK** WITH ABOUT 10 CAREFULLY MARKED OUT SPACES.

ANDREA ROLLS UP TO THE BACK DOOR, DISMOUNTS, LEANS HER BIKE AGAINST THE DOOR FRAME AND USES HER KEY IN THE DOOR.

EXT. HORACE'S DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON **HORACE'S OLD CAR**, JEZEBEL, AS IT SITS THERE UNDISTURBED.

SFX: BIRDSONG

ANGLE ON THE BUMPER STICKER - "**SOLOMON AND SOLOMON: THE ONLY GOOD EDITION IS A READ EDITION**"

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. A DUNGEON

DARK, FOREBODING, CLAUSTROPHOBIC.

THE BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS **VICTORIA**, HER NAKED BODY CLAD ONLY IN A SKIMPY TORN TUNIC HANGS LIMPLY FROM MANACLES SUSPENDED FROM THE CEILING.

HER HAIR IS WILD AND LOOSENEED.

A HEAVILY ARMED AND ARMOURED **BARBARIAN** OGLES HER AND SLAVERS. HE LOOKS JUST LIKE **SPIT**.

BARBARIAN

Nothing can save you now, Princess.

HE LAUGHS.

SWORD DRAWN, HE ADVANCES UPON HER.

SFX: SWORDPLAY BECOMING LOUDER.

BARBARIAN

Maybe we can have some fun before I

end your reign, your Haughtiness.

HE SNIGGERS LECHEROUSLY AS HE REACHES OUT TO FONDLE HER BUT STOPS WHEN

SFX: CRASH OF A DOOR DISINTEGRATING

HORATIUS COCLES, THE ROMAN HERO, (AKA **HORACE**,) BURSTS IN, BLOODIED SWORD IN ONE HAND AND A **SEVERED HUMAN HEAD** IN THE OTHER.

HE IS WILD WITH BLOOD LUST.

THE SEVERED HEAD LOOKS JUST LIKE **GIACOBBE'S**.

THE BARBARIAN JUMPS BACK IN HORROR.

HORATIUS

Only you, Spitacus? Stand aside!

SFX: THE GENTLE JANGLE OF TRIPLE TINKLES (SIMILAR TO AN ALARM CLOCK'S)

ANGLE ON THE BELL-LIKE EARRING ON THE SEVERED HEAD.

BARBARIAN

Who...who are you?

HORATIUS SNEERS

HORATIUS

They call me Horatius. Horatius

Cocles [*pronounce cock-lees*]. The

Hero of the Gate. And writer of

epics.

SFX: THE GENTLE JANGLE OF TRIPLE TINKLES ONCE MORE.

BARBARIAN

Horatius...? Hero...? Like Hercules?

HORATIUS

Yes, Cocles like Hercules. Think you
have the testicles [*pronounce testy-
clees*] to defeat me?

BARBARIAN

Oh, mercy!

THE BARBARIAN THROWS DOWN HIS SWORD THEN TOSSES DOWN ALL OF
HIS OTHER WEAPONS: JAVELIN, CUDGELS, SHIELD, DAGGERS,
COSHES ETC.

HORATIUS

Now stand aside and I'll spare your
miserable life.

HORATIUS SNEERS AND ADVANCES ON HIM.

THE BARBARIAN COWERS AND RETREATS.

SFX: WITH EACH STEP, THE BELL EARRING EMITS THE TRIPLE
TINKLE.

HORATIUS CLOSES IN ON THE BARBARIAN AND LASHES OUT WITH HIS
SWORD, STRIKING HIM DOWN DEAD WITH TWO SWIPES.

HORATIUS.

Oops! Sorry.

HE DROPS THE SEVERED HEAD.

SFX: RANDOM TINKLING AS THE HEAD ROLLS.

HORATIUS RUSHES TO PRINCESS VICTORIA AND, WITH A SERIES OF
INTRICATE SLASHES, CUTS THE MANACLES FROM EACH WRIST AND
THE BINDING FROM HER ANKLES.

HE CATCHES HER AND HOLDS HER CLOSE.

HE CARESSES HER FACE.

HER EYES FLUTTER OPEN.

HORATIUS

So beautiful...my Princess
Victoria...

PRINCESS VICTORIA

Horatius...my hero, Horatius...

HORATIUS

My princess...so sweet...

HE PRESSES HIS LIPS TO HERS. SHE RESPONDS WITH EQUAL FERVOUR.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTORIA'S CAR - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON VICTORIA'S SCOWL CONTRASTING PRINCESS VICTORIA'S ADORATION OF HORATIUS.

DRIVING IN HEAVY TRAFFIC MAKES HER ANGRIER.

SHE SWERVES, NARROWLY MISSING A COLLISION WITH A **LARGE TRUCK**.

SFX: THE TRUCK'S AIR HORN OVER * BELOW:**

VICTORIA

You stupid f***wit! Didn't you see
my signal, you a***hole?!

SFX: MOBILE PHONE RING - UNIQUE AND DISTINCTIVE

VICTORIA LOOKS AT THE PHONE, STUNNED.

HESITANT, SHE ANSWERS THE PHONE AND LISTENS, ASHEN-FACED.

SHE IS SLOWING DOWN AND

THE LARGE TRUCK IS DRAWING NEARER.

TURPIS (V.O.)
(Low, menacing)

No word from you in over a week.
(Heavy breathing) I was afraid you
had gone on holiday. (Heavy
breathing) Oh! But wait! That can't
happen, can it? (Phlegmy laugh)

VICTORIA GLANCES AT HER BRACELET.

VICTORIA

What do you want? I told you it
would take time.

TURPIS (V.O.)

Hmph! Time...you have so little of
it and yet...you will have so much.
What irony. (Laugh, then menacing)
Today!

VICTORIA

Listen...I'm...

TURPIS (V.O.)

No! You listen! Eight forty-five. At
the Foris! Bring it!

VICTORIA

Not enough time! (BEAT) Hello?

SHE THROWS THE PHONE ONTO THE SEAT.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Shit!...Shit, shit, shit!

THE LARGE TRUCK IS NOW ALONG SIDE.

SHE SPEEDS UP AND SWERVES INTO HIS LANE.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

F*** with me, will you, you

brainless deisel-d***head!

CLOSE ON VICTORIA'S SNARLED FEATURES

MORPH TO:

INT. DUNGEON - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON PRINCESS VICTORIA'S SERENE FEATURES AS SHE AND
HORATIUS CONTINUE TO ENJOY THEIR KISS.

SFX: THE MORE PERSISTENT JANGLE OF THE TRIPLE TINKLES.

HORATIUS LOOKS AT THE SEVERED HEAD STILL ON THE FLOOR.

IT STARTS TO TREMBLE AS

SFX: THE TINKLING BECOMES LOUDER AND LOUDER...

HORATIUS

No...! No...this can't be happening!

Noooooo!

HORATIUS RELEASES PRINCESS VICTORIA, BOTH FULLY DISTRACTED BY THE SEVERED HEAD.

HE DOESN'T SEE PRINCESS VICTORIA AS SHE IS PULLED BACKWARD BY AN UNSEEN FORCE.

PRINCESS VICTORIA

Horatius! Horatius!

HORATIUS TURNS.

HORATIUS

No! No! Victoria!

PRINCESS VICTORIA STRUGGLES AGAINST THE FORCE.

HORATIUS IS SEIZED BY ANOTHER FORCE THAT SHAKES HIM VIOLENTLY.

THE SEVERED HEAD REANIMATES AND LAUGHS MALEVOLENTLY.

HORATIUS TURNS TO THE SEVERED HEAD.

SEVERED HEAD

Ha ha ha, Horatius...ha ha Hor-azio!

Orazio!

PRINCESS VICTORIA

(Voice deepening) Horatius! Orazio!

Orazio!

STRUGGLING, HER VOICE DEEPENS AND DEEPENS UNTIL IT

MORPHS TO

GIACOBBE CALLING OUT:

GIACOBBE (V.O.)

Orazio! Orazio! Svegliati! Son'
quasi le otto!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HORACE'S BEDROOM - ABOUT 8 AM.

HORACE BURSTS UP INTO FRAME REALISING HE WAS DREAMING.

GIACOBBE, IN DRESSING GOWN AND SLIPPERS, IS CLOSE TO HORACE AND STEPS BACK HOLDING HIS "ACHING" SCIATIC BACK.

HORACE

Wha...what? Eight?! (Leaping out of
bed) Why didn't you wake me!?

HORACE RUSHES ABOUT GETTING HIS THINGS TOGETHER.

DURING THIS DIALOGUE, GIACOBBE SHUFFLES AROUND TRYING TO INTERJECT AND TO GET NOTICED BUT HORACE IGNORES HIM.

HORACE (CONT'D)

GIACOBBE

Why didn't you wake me? Today	Ma...
of all days! Where's my	You...
shirt? Why didn't you wake	
me? My sock! Where's the	I...
other sock? You should have	
woken me! I've got to finish	Eh...
the proofing by two! The	
manuscript! Where's the	Che...?
manuscript? I've got to get a	
computer! Don't forget the	
manuscript!	

HE RACES OUT ALMOST COLLIDING WITH GIACOBBE.

HORACE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

GIACOBBE

And get my lunch ready.

Salad. And breakfast. I'll

have it on the way in. Pack
my bag! And don't forget the

manuscript! The one on the
kitchen table! Lard of the

Flies!

What you say...?

Che manuscript?

GIACOBBE

Lardy da fly?

GIACOBBE STRAIGHTENS UP, CONFUSED AND ANNOYED THAT HE WAS
IGNORED.

GIACOBBE (CONT'D)

Louie da fly...

HE GOES TO THE **BEDSIDE TABLE** AND PICKS UP A MANUSCRIPT
ENTITLED "HORATIUS COCLES, THE HERO OF THE GATE BY HORACE
BENEDETTI".

GIACOBBE (CONT'D)

(Reading title)

Hor...atius...Co...Eh! Close enough!

HE PICKS UP A **RUMPLED NEWSPAPER** FROM THE FLOOR AND SHUFFLES
OUT DISGRUNTLED AND MUMBLING TO HIMSELF.

HORACE (O.S.)

Pa, get me some underpants!

CUT TO:

INT. VICTORIA'S CAR - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

VICTORIA PICKS UP THE MOBILE PHONE AND SPEED DIALS A
NUMBER.

SHE IS CONTROLLED PANIC.

SHE JAMS THE PHONE BETWEEN HER SHOULDER AND EAR.

BEAT.

VICTORIA

Andrea.

CUT TO:

INT. SOLOMON AND SOLOMON OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ANDREA HAS JUST ARRIVED AT HER WORK STATION, STILL PUTTING THINGS AWAY, HAVERSACK ON THE DESK AND PHONE TO HER EAR. SHE IS, AS ALWAYS, HAPPY.

CUT BACK AND FORTH DURING TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

ANDREA

Victoria? You're early.

VICTORIA

Is it done?

ANDREA

That's one fancy notebook you have.

VICTORIA

Yeah, yeah. Tell me it's ready.

ANDREA

All done but it took me the best
part of the night.

VICTORIA

I'm on my way in. Put it in my car
as soon as I get there.

ON ANDREA

ANDREA

Okay. (Beat) Hello? (Hanging up)

Hmp! You are one strange lady, lady.

SHE TAKES THE SLIM NOTEBOOK FROM HER HAVERSACK AND PUTS IN
UNDER HER DESK, OUT OF SIGHT.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

(Smiles) But I sure would like to tickle your fancy one day... (She wiggles her eyebrows)

CUT TO:

INT. HORACE'S KITCHEN.

CLOSE ON A MANUSCRIPT, "**LARD OF THE FLIES - THE EFFECTS OF UPSIZING ON OUR INSECT WORLD**" ON THE KITCHEN TABLE.

GIACOBBE SHUFFLES IN CARRYING THE MANUSCRIPT AND THE NEWSPAPER.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...And winds gusting to fifty-three knots today so it's best to stay indoors...

HE SWITCHES OFF THE RADIO

GIACOBBE

Shaddup.

AND PICKS UP HORACE'S **BRIEFCASE** NEARBY AND GOES TO THE TABLE.

GIACOBBE (CONT'D)

Everyone tell me what to do...

HE DUMPS THE NEWSPAPER ON TOP OF THE UNSEEN "LARD OF THE FLIES" MANUSCRIPT.

GIACOBBE (CONT'D)

Your lunch, your breakfast...

OPENING THE BRIEFCASE, HE CHUCKS IN THE MANUSCRIPT HE CARRIED

GIACOBBE (CONT'D)

...your bag and your stupid manuscript, your majesty!

HE GOES TO THE FRIDGE.

GIACOBBE (CONT'D)

Make my lunch! Pack my bag! Get my
underpants.

HE TEARS OUT SOME LETTUCE LEAVES, A TOMATO AND A CARROT AND
THROWS THEM INTO A CONTAINER AND INTO THE BRIEFCASE.

GIACOBBE (CONT'D)

I am not servant! I am old. I
am...(unconvincing cough) sick.

HE TAKES THE CEREAL BOX AND POURS SOME INTO ANOTHER
CONTAINER.

GIACOBBE (CONT'D)

He should look after me! After
everything I did for him!

HE PEELS A BANANA AND THROWS IT IN WHOLE THEN SLOSHES SOME
MILK INTO IT.

GIACOBBE (CONT'D)

Porca la miseria!

HE SEALS THE CONTAINER AND SHAKES IT VIGOROUSLY.

HE STOPS AND THINKS THEN OPENS THE CONTAINER AND THROWS IN
TWO SUGAR CUBES.

GIACOBBE (CONT'D)

Is my house! I am king in my house!

HORACE (O.S.)

Pa! Where's my underpants?

GIACOBBE

Aspetta! Aspetta!

HE GOES TO THE LAUNDRY.

HORACE (O.S.)

And don't forget the manuscript!

SFX: A LARGE DOG BARKING.

GIACOBBE COMES BACK CARRYING BAGGY UNDERPANTS AND GOES TO
THE WINDOW TO SEE

MRS WILSON-SMITH AND **PUFF**, A VERY LARGE DOG, IN THE BACK YARD NEXT DOOR. MRS WILSON-SMITH IS AN ELEGANTLY DRESSED, ELFISH 75-YEAR-OLD. SHE IS CARRYING A SHOPPING BASKET.

MRS WILSON-SMITH PATS PUFF AS SHE LEAVES.

MRS WILSON-SMITH

Be a good boy and Mummy will bring
you back a very special treat.

PUFF BARKS AND GAMBOLS ABOUT.

MRS WILSON-SMITH CATCHES SIGHT OF GIACOBBE IN THE WINDOW.

MRS WILSON-SMITH (CONT'D)

Morning, Jacob!

SHE WAVES.

GIACOBBE BEGRUDGINGLY WAVES BACK FORCING OUT A SMILE.

GIACOBBE

(Normal, Mrs Wilson-Smith
cannot hear him)

Giacobbe! No Jacob, Giacobbe!

MRS WILSON-SMITH

Nice day.

GIACOBBE

Si, si, bella giornata. Va, va,
signora, va al'inferno...

[Yes, yes, nice day. Go, go, Mrs, go
to hell...]

MRS WILSON-SMITH WALKS OUT AND UP THE ROAD WITH PUFF BARKING AT BEING LEFT BEHIND.

GIACOBBE (CONT'D)

Ah, shaddup, bestia!

HORACE (O.S.)

Pa!

GIACOBBE

Vengo!

HE SNIFFS THE UNDERPANTS, GRIMACES AND GOES OUT.

CUT TO:

EXT. SPEED HUMP STREET AND SOLOMON AND SOLOMON'S VAN - DAY

SPIT IS STILL SCREECHING AWAY AS HE TURNS INTO THE SIDE STREET AND APPROACHES THE SPEED HUMP AT CONSIDERABLE SPEED.

HE SWERVES LEFT UP A DRIVEWAY, TRAVELS ALONG THE FOOTPATH, PAST THE SPEED HUMP THEN BACK ONTO THE ROAD ALL WITHOUT MISSING A TUNELESS NOTE.

CUT TO:

EXT. HORACE'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

ANGLE ON HORACE'S OLD CAR SITTING THERE STILL UNDISTURBED.

SFX: BIRDSONG

PUFF IS RELAXING ON HIS SIDE OF THE FENCE.

HORACE BURSTS THROUGH THE DOOR AND RACES TO HIS CAR JUGGLING HIS BRIEFCASE AND BREAKFAST BOX, TYING HIS TIE, JACKET IN HAND.

SFX: SQUAWK OF A TERRIFIED BIRD

HORACE

(Noticing Puff) Hello, boy.

PUFF

Woof

GIACOBBE FOLLOWS HIM OUT AS HORACE UNLOCKS HIS CAR AND GETS IN.

HORACE

(To car) Come on, Jezebel. Don't get
pernickety on me today! (Calling to
Giacobbe) You put in the manuscript,
right Pa?

GIACOBBE

What you think, I'm stupid?

PUFF GETS UP AND RUMBLES OUT HIS DISPLEASURE AT SEEING GIACOBBE.

PUFF

Grrrrrrrrr...

GIACOBBE

(To Puff) Shaddup.

PUFF

Woof Woof

HORACE

Leave the dog alone, Pa. Why do you
always upset him like that?

GIACOBBE

Aren't you late for work?

HORACE STARTS UP HIS CAR

HORACE

Success!

AND SQUIRMS ABOUT IN HIS SEAT

HORACE (CONT'D)

Are you sure these underpants are
fresh?

GIACOBBE

Va!

HORACE BACKS OUT.

HORACE

Leave the dog alone!

GIACOBBE

Dai!

HE DRIVES OFF.

GIACOBBE LOOKS AT PUFF.

PUFF LOOKS AT GIACOBBE.

THEY STARE EACH OTHER OUT.

PUFF

Grrrr...Woof

GIACOBBE

Hah! I win!

PUFF CONTINUES TO BARK AS

GIACOBBE HEADS BACK INSIDE.

GIACOBBE (CONT'D)

You stupid! Fa la cuccia, bestia!

CUT TO:

EXT. SOLOMON AND SOLOMON'S CAR PARK - DAY - WINDY

ANDREA'S BIKE IS STILL PARKED AGAINST THE WALL CLOSE TO THE DOORWAY.

SPIT HURTLES IN AND SCREECHES TO A STOP NEATLY IN A CAR SPACE.

HE SITS IN THE VAN GROOVING TO THE LAST STRAINS OF "SEX BOMB" GATHERING UP HIS DISHEVELLED PAPERWORK, THEN JUMPS OUT REPRISING THE SONG.

SPIT CONTINUES HIS SONG AND BOPS ALONG STOPPING TO APE TOM JONES AND HIS SUGGESTIVE ANTICS.

HE DOESN'T SEE A **RED ENVELOPE** SLIP FROM THE BUNCH OF PAPERS AND TO THE GROUND AS HE

GOES IN.

ANGLE ON THE RED ENVELOPE AS IT IS CARRIED BY THE WIND TO THE FAR END OF THE CAR PARK. HAND WRITTEN ACROSS ITS FACE IS "FOR SOLOMON AND SOLOMON".

CUT TO:

INT. SOLOMON AND SOLOMON'S - DAY

THE GENERAL OFFICE AREA IS ON THE UPPER STOREY OF A TWO-STOREY BUILDING.

IT IS A LARGE OPEN AREA WITH FOUR VAGUE SECTIONS, A DESK AT EACH:

FOREGROUND: **ACCOUNTING** - WHERE **ANDREA** SITS; **EDITING** - WHERE **HORACE** SITS;

BACKGROUND: **SALES** - WHERE A **SALESMAN** SITS BUT IS MOSTLY EMPTY AND **RECEPTION**, NEAREST THE DOOR - WHERE THE **RECEPTIONIST** SITS.

DOORS LEADING OFF ARE TO **VICTORIA'S OFFICE** AND **MR SOLOMON'S OFFICE**.

PROMINENT ON THE WALL IS A **LARGE SIGN**:

"SOLOMON AND SOLOMON PUBLISHERS
MISSION STATEMENT

Never be LEFT out of anything
It takes TWO to make a partnership
Discuss, debATE, decide what's good for the company
ONE mistake doesn't make you a loser
Work with and FOR each other
Do the RIGHT thing by your colleagues
Hard work will never get you ZERO
You, TOO, can make a difference
Be assertive and beNIGN
Failure is hell but success is HEAVEN
Do these simple things and the KEY to riches is IN THE BAG"

THE **CLOCK** ON THE WALL SHOWS 8:20.

ANDREA IS AT HER DESK PREPARING HER WORK. SHE HAS REMOVED HER JACKET AND IS SMARTLY AND SPORTILY DRESSED.

SPIT ROCKS IN STILL SINGING "SEX BOMB".

HE PULLS OVER A **CHAIR**, DUMPS THE WAD OF PAPER ON ANDREA'S DESK AND PLONKS HIMSELF INTO THE CHAIR, SWINGING HIS FEET UP ONTO ANDREA'S DESK.

SPIT

G'day, Andy! Yesterday's deliveries.

And how's our little token today?

ANDREA IS UNRUFFLED. SHE SIFTS THROUGH THE MANGLE OF PAPERWORK, CHECKING EACH OFF AGAINST A LIST.

ANDREA

Fine, thank you. And how's our
racist, misanthropic, opportunistic
pococurante?

SPIT

Dunno. I'll ask Horace when he gets
in but I'm good, thanks.

LOOKS ABOUT

SPIT (CONT'D)

Ain't no-one in?

ANDREA

Not yet. Victoria will be in soon.
Watch out, she's in a mood today.

SPIT

What, more berko than usual?

ANDREA

Hmm...

SPIT

She's one stressed-out snatch, that
one. But I bet she'd be a hot tumble
in the sheets, eh? Eh? Eh, Andy?
Waddy reckon? Me and her? Or maybe,
you and me and her. Or, maybe just
you and her and me watching. Eh?

ANDREA

You're married.

SPIT
(Regardless)

You got the hots for her bad, eh,
Andy. Gor...

ANDREA

You're seven hundred short.

SPIT

Eh?

ANDREA

The seven hundred dollar C.O.D. is
missing.

SPIT JUMPS UP DISTRESSED AND RUMMAGES THROUGH THE
PAPERWORK.

SPIT

Nah, it's there! In a red envelope.

CUT TO:

INT. VICTORIA'S CAR - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

VICTORIA IS AGAIN TALKING ON HER MOBILE PHONE. SHE IS CALMER, NICER, IN FACT.

VICTORIA

Mr Solomon? Good morning. Victoria.

(BEAT) Hmm-mm, it's twenty past eight. Are you coming in today?

(BEAT) To work. (BEAT) Solomon and Solomon. The book publishers.

Remember? Your company? (BEAT) Yes, at Alexandria. (BEAT) Alexandria.

Yes. What time are you coming in?

(BEAT) It's Tuesday and you usually come in on Tuesdays to give us our training. (BEAT) Yes, Tuesdays at Alexandria. (BEAT) Oh, Anthony Robbins, Tom Hopkins, Zig Ziggler.

(BEAT) No, they won't be there; you train us on their methods. (BEAT)

Oh..."Unleash the power within,"

"Positive up-talk," "You are your own best friend," that sort. So,

when are you coming in? (BEAT) You left Darling Point an hour ago?

Good. Coming straight in? (BEST)

What time should we expect you?

(BEAT) Uh-ha.

(MORE)

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

No, no, four hours is fine. (BEAT)

All right, Mr Solomon, I'll see you
at work. Bye-bye.

SHE ENDS THE CALL AND CLUTCHES HER FOREHEAD, EXHAUSTED BY THE EFFORT.

SHE TURNS INTO THE **SPEED HUMP STREET** AND UNKNOWINGLY APPROACHES THE SPEED HUMP TOO FAST.

WITHOUT WARNING, SHE HITS IT HARDER THAN USUAL.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Oh shi***!

THE CD PLAYER SCREECHES AND COVERS THE EXPLETIVE.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

What stupid, bloody idiot put that
stupid, bloody thing there?

CUT TO:

EXT. SOLOMON AND SOLOMON'S CAR PARK - DAY - STILL WINDY

MR SOLOMON WEAVES HIS ROLLS ROYCE INTO THE CAR PARK.

HE IS DISTRACTED, HANDS OFF THE WHEEL, FIDDLING WITH HIS MOBILE PHONE, TRYING TO SWITCH IT OFF.

MR SOLOMON

Hello?...Goodbye...Bye...End

call...Hello? Hello, Victoria? Hmp!

Meschuge thing!

HE PUTS IT DOWN AND CONTINUES TO ROLL HIS CAR, STOPPING DIAGONALLY ACROSS THE MARKED OUT CAR SPACES AND GETS OUT, HOLDING HIS UBIQUITOUS **ALUMINIUM BRIEFCASE**.

THE WIND BLOWS UP A SMALL EDDY, LIFTING THE **RED ENVELOPE**.

IT CATCHES MR SOLOMON'S EYE.

HE PICKS IT UP AND EXAMINES IT, TURNING IT OVER AND OVER, READING THE WRITING ON THE FACE.

MR SOLOMON (CONT'D)

My, my...Oh!..."For Solomon and
Solomon". That's me! And my brother,
may he rest in peace...Hmmm...

HE LOOKS ABOUT AND THEN SKYWARD AND THEN DELICATELY OPENS
IT.

HE PEEKS INSIDE.

MR SOLOMON (CONT'D)

Oooo...(Looking skyward) A dank,
Lord. And Saul.

HE STRUTS TOWARDS THE DOOR, SMILING AT THE RED ENVELOPE IN
IS HAND.

SPIT RUSHES OUT AND COLLIDES WITH MR SOLOMON.

SPIT

Oof!

MR SOLOMON STUMBLES BACKWARD, ARMS FLAILING, JUST AS SPIT
REGAINS HIS BALANCE.

SPIT (CONT'D)

Mr Solomon!

HE LUNGES TOWARD MR SOLOMON AND SCOOPS HIM UP IN HIS ARMS.

THE RED ENVELOPE, IN MR SOLOMON'S DEATHLY GRIP, REMAINS OUT
OF SPIT'S LINE OF VISION AT ALL TIMES.

SPIT (CONT'D)

Sorry, mate. Didn't see you, buddy.

(Putting him down) You okay?

MR SOLOMON

Yes, yes, er...fine...er...

SPIT

Spit, Mr Solomon. My name's Spit.

Remember?

MR SOLOMON
(Mystified)

Yes. Yes. Spit. (BEAT) You do seem
familiar...

SPIT

I'm your driver.

MR SOLOMON LOOKS TOWARDS HIS ROLLS ROYCE.

MR SOLOMON

I don't recall you...

SPIT

Nah, Mr Solomon, I drive the van.

MR SOLOMON IS BEFUDDLED.

SPIT (CONT'D)

Your van. I deliver your books. To
your customers.

STILL CONFUSED.

MR SOLOMON

Oh...

SPIT

Look, Samson buddy, I'll explain the
hard bits to you later. Right now, I
gotta find a red envelope.

HE STARTS LOOKING AROUND THE CAR PARK, STILL NOT SEEING THE
ENVELOPE IN MR SOLOMON'S HAND.

SPIT (CONT'D)

I musta dropped it. You haven't seen
it, have you, little buddy?

MR SOLOMON

Hmmm? Seen what? (He follows Spit's nervous, darting glances about the car park)

SPIT

The red envelope! (Sotto voce) Dimboola! (Normal) It had money in it! Lots of money!

MR SOLOMON

(Searching the ground) Money?...No, no...Red...money. Grey!...Yes!

SPIT, IGNORING MR SOLOMON, GOES TO THE VAN AND PEERS INSIDE.

SPIT

Shite!

HE UNLOCKS THE VAN AND SEARCHES THE FLOOR, TAIL UP.

MR SOLOMON HEADS TOWARDS THE DOOR.

MR SOLOMON

Well, then...er...young fellow.

Goodbye. Good luck. (Looks at the envelope) Dimboola?

HE WAVES GOODBYE TO SPIT WITH THE HAND THAT'S HOLDING THE RED ENVELOPE.

HE STOPS AT THE DOORWAY, CONFUSED, THEN TURNS AND HEADS IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION, AROUND THE BUILDING AND AWAY FROM THE CAR PARK ENTRY GATE.

CUT TO:

INT. HORACE'S CAR ON THE STREET

HORACE IS FRANTIC AS HE WEAVES THROUGH THE TRAFFIC.

WITH ONE HAND, HE POURS CEREAL FROM THE BOWL INTO HIS MOUTH. HE FISHES OUT THE BANANA AND ALMOST GETS IT INTO HIS MOUTH BEFORE IT BREAKS OFF AND DROPS INTO HIS LAP.

HORACE

Bugger!

HE ALMOST SWIPES THE CAR ALONGSIDE AS HE TRIES TO PICK UP THE FRUIT.

HORACE (CONT'D)

Oh, my god!

HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

HORACE (CONT'D)

Almost there...come on, Jez, we can
do it...come on, baby.

CUT TO:

INT. HORACE'S KITCHEN

GIACOBBE HAS CHANGED INTO HIS REGULATION OLD-MAN CARDIGAN, SHIRT, TROUSERS AND SLIPPERS.

HE TAKES HIS CUP OF COFFEE TO THE KITCHEN TABLE, SITS DOWN AND PICKS UP THE NEWSPAPER.

HE SEES THE MANUSCRIPT.

HE DOES A DOUBLE TAKE - HE CAN'T BELIEVE THAT THERE ARE TWO MANUSCRIPTS.

QUICK REALISATION OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED.

GIACOBBE

Vacca ma!

HE JUMPS UP, GRABS HIS HELMET AND RACES OUT OF THE KITCHEN.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SPEED HUMP STREET

HORACE TURNS LEFT INTO THE **SPEED HUMP STREET** AND APPROACHES THE SPEED HUMP.

HORACE

Okay, brace yourself...

HE PASSES OVER THE SPEED HUMP EXPECTING THE WORSE, THEN LOOKS BACK.

HORACE (CONT'D)

It's okay Jezie, nothing fell off.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOLOMON AND SOLOMON'S CAR PARK

SPIT SLAMS HIS VAN'S DOOR SHUT AND RACES BACK INTO THE BUILDING VERY CONCERNED JUST AS

VICTORIA PULLS HER RED SPORTSCAR INTO THE CAR PARK AND PARKS IT ALONG SIDE THE VAN.

SHE SPOTS THE ROLLS ROYCE, SHAKES HER HEAD IN RESIGNATION AND CONTINUES TALKING ON THE PHONE, VERY AGITATED.

CUT TO:

EXT. HORACE'S DRIVEWAY

GIACOBBE RUSHES OUT AND TOWARDS THE GARAGE AND HIS VESPA.

PUFF BARKS LOUDLY AND PERSISTENTLY.

GIACOBBE STOPS AND GOES TO THE FENCE.

PUFF APPROACHES THE FENCE, CONTINUING TO PROVOKE GIACOBBE.

GIACOBBE

You stupid animal, shuddup! All day!

All day, you bark. What's the matter, ei?

HE THRUSTS THE ROLLED UP MANUSCRIPT AT PUFF.

GIACOBBE (CONT'D)

What's the matter? La signora no here to protect you, ei?

HE LEANS OVER THE FENCE AND SWIPES AT PUFF.

PUFF BARKS INCESSANTLY.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOLOMON AND SOLOMON'S CAR PARK

VICTORIA IS STILL IN HER CAR TALKING ON HER MOBILE PHONE.

IN THE BACKGROUND, HORACE'S CAR CHUGS IN AND STOPS AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAR PARK AT THE OPPOSITE END.

HORACE SITS AND WATCHES VICTORIA.

DURING HER CONVERSATION, HORACE DAYDREAMS:

VICTORIA IS NOW DRESSED IN HER SKIMPY, TORN **PRINCESS VICTORIA** TOGA, STILL TALKING ON THE PHONE.

HORACE IS NOW DRESSED AS **HORATIUS COCLES** AS HIS Demeanour CHANGES FROM TIMID HORACE TO LUSTFUL HORATIUS.

VICTORIA

Yes, my man...Hubert...Herbert...
 whatever...will have the bloody
 manuscript ready for you today. You
 just make sure your decrepit
 machines are working. (BEAT) Oh, for
 God's sake! Yes, it'll be there by
 two. What do you want me to do,
 write it in blood for you? (BEAT)
 Yeah, yeah, yeah...

SHE CUTS HIM OFF AND TOSSES THE PHONE ONTO THE SEAT.

PRINCESS VICTORIA EMERGES FROM HER CAR, TURNS THEN LEANS BACK INTO IT TO GET HER CASE, FOLDER AND PHONE GIVING HORATIUS A WONDERFUL SIGHT.

HORATIUS BEGINS TO SALIVATE AND DRIBBLE.

PRINCESS VICTORIA BACKS OUT OF HER CAR AND LOOKS UP TO SEE HORACE LOOKING AT HER.

HORACE SNAPS BACK TO REALITY AND WIPES HIS MOUTH

AS VICTORIA TURNS HER BACK ON HIM TO FINISH RETRIEVING HER GEAR AND TO LOCK HER CAR.

HORACE SHRINKS INTO HIS SEAT AND DRIVES HIS CAR INTO THE FIRST AVAILABLE SPOT WELL AWAY FROM VICTORIA'S CAR.

HE SLINKS OUT OF HIS CAR AND SNEAKS PAST VICTORIA AND INTO THE BUILDING.

CUT TO:

EXT. HORACE'S DRIVEWAY

GIACOBBE CONTINUES HIS DIATRIBE. HE LEANS OVER THE FENCE AND SWIPES AT PUFF.

PUFF BARKS INCESSANTLY.

GIACOBBE

La signora! Always sticking in her nose! Telling me how to treat Orazio. He is my son, not hers! Ei? Ei?

CUT TO:

INT. SOLOMON AND SOLOMON'S - DAY

THE CLOCK SHOWS 8:28.

SPIT, AGITATED, IS LEANING OVER ANDREA SEATED AT HER DESK.

SPIT

Someone musta stole it. Can't you claim it on insurance?

ANDREA

No, Spit. Not cash. If they had stolen the books, yes.

HORACE RACES IN AND TO HIS DESK.

HORACE

Good morning, good morning, good morning...

SPIT

(Ignoring Horace, to Andrea)

Can't you pretend like they stole the books? Like I never delivered them?

HORACE DUMPS HIS BRIEFCASE ON HIS DESK, CHECKS HIS WATCH AND THROWS HIS ARMS UP IN TRIUMPH.

HORACE

Yes! Made it!

HE STARTS TO OPEN UP HIS WORK AREA.

ANDREA

No, Spit! (To Horace) Morning,
Horace.

SPIT

But... (Resigned) Well, stiff
bikkies then, just tell Vicky-
vinegar-tits I lost it.

ANDREA

Again.

HORACE

What? What's happened?

ANDREA

Spit's lost an envelope with seven
hundred dollars in it.

HORACE

Again?

SPIT

I did lose it. This time. It was
with the rest of the paperwork! I
swear!

VICTORIA MARCHES IN, HER MOOD IS DARKER STILL.

SHE PLACES HER CAR KEYS ON ANDREA'S DESK.

VICTORIA

What was?

SPIT JUMPS.

ANDREA PICKS UP THE KEYS FROM THE DESK AND, UNSEEN BY SPIT,
THE NOTEBOOK FROM THE FLOOR.

SHE GIVES SPIT A SYMPATHETIC LOOK AND LEAVES.

SPIT

Um...(Schmoozing) Good morning!

VICTORIA

What's going on?

SPIT

Seems like a small C.O.D. went missing and Andy said we could claim it on insurance, like.

VICTORIA

Well, "Andy" was wrong. How much?

SPIT

Seven hun...

VICTORIA

Seven hundred?!!! That's way too much to be an accident for you, my friend. You either find it or replace it. By tomorrow morning!

SPIT

But...

VICTORIA

Not but. Or.

SPIT

Or?

VICTORIA

You're fired!

SHE STORMS OFF TOWARDS HER OFFICE.

HORACE
(Timid, after her)

Good morning, Victoria... (He wipes
his mouth again.)

SPIT

Shite! I need this job.

HORACE

Just give the money back.

SPIT

I didn't steal it, I lost it!

HORACE

Really?

SPIT

Yeah! You gotta help me, Horace. I
ain't got that sorta money.

HORACE

And you think I have? I've got a
hypochondriacal father to support
who loves losing at tombola every
Tuesday night. Can't help you, mate.

SPIT

Well, so what if she does fire me?
You can always get me another job,
eh, mate? You got me this one.

HORACE

Only because Mr Solomon was in
charge then.

SPIT

And lightening that dull doesn't
strike twice, eh?

A BEAT WHILE THEY BOTH PONDER THE MEANING OF SPIT'S REJOINDER.

ANDREA RETURNS WITH MR SOLOMON IN TOW, HOLDING HIS HAND AND THE RED ENVELOPE NOWHERE IN SIGHT BUT THE ALUMINIUM BRIEFCASE STILL IN HAND.

ANDREA
(Indicating his office)

Mr Solomon, your office is over there.

MR SOLOMON TOTTERS OFF TO HIS OFFICE.

ANDREA PUTS THE KEYS ON HER DESK.

HORACE

Morning, Mr Solomon.

MR SOLOMON
(He turns)

Oh! (Confused) Good morning...

HORACE

H...

MR SOLOMON

H...

HORACE

...orace!

MR SOLOMON

Orace! Quite! Mazel Tov!

MR SOLOMON TURNS AND CONTINUES HIS HESITATIVE JOURNEY TO HIS OFFICE.

MR SOLOMON (CONT'D)

And what a lovely day it's turning out to be.

ANDREA

So? What happened?

HORACE

Spit's got to come up with the money
by tomorrow.

SPIT

Andy...

ANDREA

No! No way! All my extra goes to
helping my family.

SPIT

How much could it cost to buy a few
bottles of metho every now and then?

ANDREA

(Taken aback)

Hah! Like I'd help you now! Bugger
off!

VICTORIA COMES BACK IN

VICTORIA

Don't any of you have any work to
do? (To Spit) Why are you still
here? Get loaded! (To Horace) And
you, Maurice...

HORACE

(Timid)

Horace.

VICTORIA

Whatever. That revision must be on a
disc and at the printer's by two.
Or?!

HORACE

I get it. It will be. It's in my bag. I worked all night on it. If I had a computer at...

VICTORIA

Don't want to hear it. (To Andrea)
You. (Hesitates) You...

ANDREA

It's in the car, all done.

VICTORIA

Good! At least there's one person here I can rely on. I'll be leaving very shortly.

HORACE, SPIT AND ANDREA CAN'T HELP BUT SMILE.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

And I'll be right back! It's Tuesday and Mr Solomon will be giving us training this afternoon.

GROANS FROM HORACE, SPIT AND ANDREA.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

You can cut that right now!

SHE STRIDES BACK TO HER OFFICE.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

It keeps him off the streets.

ANDREA

I love him but he waffles.

HORACE

I can't stay awake.

SPIT

You losers! Best chance to sit
around and bludge.

VICTORIA (O.S.)

Get to work!

THEY JUMP TO ACTION.

HORACE RESUMES PUTTING HIS DESK IN ORDER SO HE CAN START
WORK.

SPIT

(To Andrea)

Insurance, yeah?

ANDREA

No. All of our vehicles are only
covered for goods, Spit, not cash.
Find the money!

SPIT

Shite! (Leaving) Some friends you
are! My wife's gunna kill me.

HORACE

What a dope!

ANDREA

He's your mate. Didn't you get this
job for him?

HORACE

Not my mate. One day I'll tell you
the story of just how I got him this
job.

(MORE)

HORACE (CONT'D)

(Taking his briefcase to unpack it.)
How could anyone be so careless to
misplace something so important that
your job depends on it?

CUT TO:

EXT. HORACE'S DRIVEWAY

THE BATTLE CONTINUES: GIACOBBE LEANS WAY OVER THE FENCE,
REACHING TO WHACK PUFF.

PUFF BACKS OFF STILL BARKING.

GIACOBBE

Her son run away. I no blame him, if
she was my mother, I run away, too.
If she was my wife, I kill her!

GIACOBBE REACHES IN FURTHER.

PUFF SEES HIS CHANCE AND CLAMPS HIS FANGS AROUND THE
MANUSCRIPT AND PULLS.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOLOMON AND SOLOMON'S CAR PARK

SPIT COMES OUT INTO THE CAR PARK AND, NEARING HIS VAN, HE
NOTICES VICTORIA'S CAR.

HE SEES THE NOTEBOOK THAT ANDREA PUT ON THE FRONT PASSENGER
SEAT.

A PLAN! HE LOOKS ABOUT - NO-ONE.

HE GOES TO HIS VAN, UNLOCKS IT AND TAKES OUT A JIMMY FROM
UNDER THE DRIVER'S SEAT.

HE SNEAKS BACK TO VICTORIA'S CAR AND INSERTS THE JIMMY INTO
THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

INT. SOLOMON AND SOLOMON OFFICE

VICTORIA STRIDES OUT OF HER OFFICE, DETERMINATION FIXED ON
HER FACE.

VICTORIA
(To Horace)

Is it done?

HORACE
(Patting his briefcase)

Right here.

VICTORIA

Get to it, then!

VICTORIA LEAVES.

ANDREA'S EYES FOLLOW HER OUT, A SMILE ON HER FACE.

HORACE

Down girl, she's straight.

ANDREA

Like you'd know.

HORACE RUMMAGES THROUGH HIS BRIEFCASE.

HORACE

Oh my God! (Tossing out various food
boxes, papers and used tissues) It's
not here! It's not here!

CUT TO:

EXT. SOLOMON AND SOLOMON'S CAR PARK

SPIT LEVERS THE LOCK OPEN, TAKES OUT THE NOTEBOOK, LOCKS
THE CAR UP AGAIN AND RETURNS TO HIS VAN JUST AS

VICTORIA MARCHES OUT AND TO HER CAR.

SPIT SEES HER, QUICKLY HIDES THE NOTEBOOK AND TURNS TO
VICTORIA.

SPIT

Just going to load up now, Victoria.

VICTORIA SNEERS AS SHE GETS INTO HER CAR, BACKS OUT AND
DRIVES OFF.

SPIT WATCHES HER GO.

SPIT (CONT'D)
 (To himself)

I hope it's worth seven hundred
 dollars.

HE WAVES HER OFF.

CUT TO:

INT. SOLOMON AND SOLOMON OFFICE

ANDREA

You sure?

HORACE

I was up 'til two o'clock this
 morning proofing that rotten thing!
 I told him to put it in my bag!

ANDREA

It's okay. You've still got plenty
 of time to go home and get it.

HORACE PICKS UP THE PHONE AND DIALS.

HORACE

I'll kill him!

CUT TO:

EXT. HORACE'S DRIVEWAY

SFX. TELEPHONE RINGING FROM INSIDE THE KITCHEN

GIACOBBE

Eeiiii! Let go!

PUFF YANKS BACK, GIACOBBE LOSES HIS BALANCE, LETS GO OF THE
 MANUSCRIPT AND TOPPLES OVER THE FENCE.

PUFF, WITH THE MANUSCRIPT IN HIS JAWS, BACKS OFF A FEW
 STEPS AND STARES AT GIACOBBE.

CUT TO:

INT. SOLOMON AND SOLOMON'S - DAY

ANDREA

Don't be so harsh on your poor old
dad. He's not well.

CUT TO:

EXT. HORACE'S DRIVEWAY

SFX. TELEPHONE STILL RINGING

GIACOBBE

Give me that book!

PUFF SNIGGERS.

GIACOBBE HAULS HIMSELF UP AND CHECKS HIMSELF FOR BREAKAGES.

STAND OFF.

GIACOBBE (CONT'D)

Nice doggie...give lo zio Giacobbe
book and lo zio give you nice
surprise...

PUFF BACKS OFF, TURNS AND TROTS OFF.

CUT TO:

INT. SOLOMON AND SOLOMON'S - DAY

HORACE

He'll be dead! (BEAT) Come on! Where
are you? I'll bet you're out
tormenting that dog again!

CUT TO:

EXT. HORACE'S DRIVEWAY

SFX. TELEPHONE STILL RINGING

GIACOBBE

No! Come back!

GIACOBBE LIMPS OFF AFTER PUFF.

CUT TO:

INT. SOLOMON AND SOLOMON'S - DAY

HORACE HANGS UP, SCRABBLES FOR HIS KEYS AND GETS UP.

HORACE

Andy, cover for me. I've got to go
home and kill my father.

ANDREA

Okay but take it easy.

CUT TO:

EXT. HORACE'S DRIVEWAY

GIACOBBE AND PUFF ARE WRESTLING ON THE GRASS. PUFF STILL HAS THE MANUSCRIPT TIGHTLY CLAMPED IN HIS MOUTH.

THERE ARE TATTERS OF PAPER EVERYWHERE.

GIACOBBE

Basta! Brutta bestia! Lascia!

Dammilo!

THEY TUMBLE OVER ONE ANOTHER.

MRS WILSON-SMITH

What is going on here?!

FREEZE.

MRS WILSON-SMITH (CONT'D)

Well?! What do you have to say for
yourselves? (BEAT) Jacob? (BEAT)

Puff?

PUFF AND GIACOBBE UNTANGLE THEMSELVES AND STAND SLUMPED WITH GUILT, EACH HOLDING ONTO ONE END OF THE MANUSCRIPT.

GIACOBBE CLUTCHES HIS CHEST.

GIACOBBE

Oh, signora! Che male! Che male!

MRS WILSON-SMITH

And you can stop that this instant.
You may fool Horace but you don't
fool me! Now! What is all this
about?

GIACOBBE

Your dog stole my book.

PUFF REACTS AND PULLS THE MANUSCRIPT. GIACOBBE PULLS BACK.

MRS WILSON-SMITH

And how did he do that?

GIACOBBE

Well...he...he jumped over the
fence.

GIACOBBE PULLS THE MANUSCRIPT. PUFF PULLS BACK.

THE TUG OF WAR STARTS ANEW.

MRS WILSON-SMITH

Stop that now!

PUFF PULLS AND PULLS AND GIACOBBE RESISTS.

PUFF RELENTS AND THEN GIVES ONE MIGHTY TUG CAUSING GIACOBBE
TO LURCH FORWARD, REGAIN HIS BALANCE AND THEN PULL BACK
WITH EQUAL FORCE.

MRS WILSON-SMITH (CONT'D)

Let go!

PUFF LETS GO AND GIACOBBE HURTLES BACKWARD, THROWING HIS
ARMS IN THE AIR TOGETHER WITH THE MANUSCRIPT.

IT FLIES UP, UP AND OVER THE FENCE AND SAILS DOWN TO EARTH
TOWARD THE ROADWAY.

JUST BEFORE IT HITS THE GROUND, A UTE, WITH A TARP COVERING
THE TRAY, GLIDES DOWN THE ROAD AND GATHERS THE MANUSCRIPT
NEATLY ONTO THE TAUGHT TARP AND IT STAYS THERE, THE PAGES
FLAPPING IN THE WIND.

A DISBELIEVING GIACOBBE WATCHES THE VAN DRIVE AWAY DOWN THE
ROAD.

GIACOBBE

Nooooooooo!

HE RACES OFF TO HIS VESPA, AWKWARDLY CLIMBING BACK OVER THE FENCE.

PUFF SNIGGERS.

MRS WILSON-SMITH

Now now, Puff, that's not nice.

MRS WILSON-SMITH SNIGGERS.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

Final scene:

Young man creeping through darkened forest with a babe in arms.

"Shhhh zitto figliuolo"