

THE HOUSE OF HORACE

Episode 2

"Jungle Gym"

by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. GYPSY CARAVAN - NIGHT

(STEVO, VIOLCA, GYPSY MAN, BLACK CAT)

The year is 1975. A calendar on the wall, featuring a scantily-clad gypsy-girl pin-up, confirms it is May.

STEVO, gypsy-king garb, etc etc, is fit to be tied. **VIOLCA**, his beautiful 18-year-old daughter is fretful as they stand listening to a **GYPSY MAN** who has just delivered some really bad news.

A **BLACK CAT** sits on the table, watching.

[Spoken in Italian with English sub-titles]

STEVO (SUBTITLE)

Arse of a mule! Find him and bring me his heart!

VIOLCA (SUBTITLE)

Daddy! No! Don't kill him!

STEVO (SUBTITLE)

Who spoke of killing? I want only his heart. If he can't do without, is it my fault?

VIOLCA (SUBTITLE)

(Crying)

Daddy...I love him.

STEVO (SUBTITLE)

But, daughter, what taste do you have? He is not one of us.

(Beat)

No, it's better this way

(To GYPSY MAN)

Find him! And take care to bring me my grandson safe and sound.

Go!...Don't forget the heart!

The GYPSY MAN leaves as the BLACK CAT jumps from the table to the floor.

ACT I

INT. VICTORIA'S APARTMENT LOUNGE ROOM - ABOUT 7.30 AM
(VICTORIA, TURPIS)

What there is of furnishings in the small room is tastefully modern. It is obvious that the occupant is in transit.

VICTORIA is standing in front of a wall mirror, perfecting her coif and adjusting her stylish business suit. Her beautifully made-up face shows she is not happy and has not been so for a long time; she is weary.

Her eye strays to the reflection of the gold-coloured bracelet on her right wrist. Her mobile phone rings - that ominous tone that makes her flagging spirit dive even further. She picks up the phone.

VICTORIA

Turpis.

TURPIS (V.O.)

(Low, slow, menacing)

Good morning, little fishie. Ready for another day of swimming against the current?

(Laughs, coughs,
congestive splutters)

VICTORIA

You've got what you wanted.

TURPIS (V.O.)

Not yet. One piece is missing.

VICTORIA

There's nothing more! If you can't find it there, it simply doesn't exist.

TURPIS (V.O.)

You presume too much, Miss Whiting.
Speak to him. I need that last
piece.

VICTORIA

(Losing her grip)

I've tried! It's no use! It's never out of his sight.

TURPIS (V.O.)

Now, now, if you can't do it, just say so...there's always a room waiting for you...and a very special friend...

(laughs)

Swim harder, little fishie...

EXT. HORACE'S DRIVEWAY - ABOUT 7.45 AM
(MRS WILSON-SMITH, PUFF, HORACE, GIACOBBE)

MRS WILSON-SMITH, elegantly dressed in gardening gear, is sweeping her driveway. **PUFF** is lying down, gnawing on a bone. As usual, **MRS WILSON-SMITH** is bright and chirpy.

HORACE, pulling on a mismatched jacket and tying his tie, explodes out of the back door and races towards his car, clutching his battered briefcase and lunchbox - late again.

MRS WILSON-SMITH
Good morning, Horace. Sleep in,
dear?

HORACE
Huh? Morning. No. Pa.

MRS WILSON-SMITH
Oh, what's he done now?

HORACE
Got me running errands for him.
Like I've got nothing else to do.

He unlocks his car and tosses in his lunchbox and briefcase.

MRS WILSON-SMITH
That's a shame. Is it still all
right to pick up the costumes for
me, dear?

HORACE
Huh? Yeah, sure, I'll do it lunch
time.

GIACOBBE emerges from the house cradling an ancient camera. He is in normal uniform of cardigan, shirt, baggy trousers and slippers; cranky and crumpled both in flesh and cloth.

GIACOBBE
Orazio!

HORACE grimaces. **PUFF** gets up and barks.

PUFF
Woof...! Woof, woof!

HORACE
Gotta go...

GIACOBBE catches his sleeve.

GIACOBBE
The camera.

PUFF
Woof, woof!

GIACOBBE
(To PUFF)
Shaddup! Bestia!

PUFF
Woof woof woof woof woof -

MRS WILSON-SMITH
(To PUFF)
Shh, dear.

PUFF stops immediately and sits down.

MRS WILSON-SMITH (CONT'D)
Good morning, Jacob.

GIACOBBE
Giacobbe. No Jacob, Giacobbe!

PUFF
Woof.

HORACE
I told you tomorrow. I'm late.

MRS WILSON-SMITH
Oh, that's an interesting camera.

GIACOBBE
(Ignoring MRS WILSON-SMITH)
No! No, today!

HORACE
I don't have time for this.

GIACOBBE thrusts the camera into HORACE'S hands.

GIACOBBE
Take! Fix! Today!

HORACE
Why today? What's so important
about today?

GIACOBBE
Because tomorrow come, you say you
are busy, and you do tomorrow after
tomorrow, and then, tomorrow after
tomorrow come, you say you do
tomorrow after tomorrow after
tomorrow, and then tom -

HORACE
Okay! Okay, I get the picture.

GIACOBBE

Aha! You get the picture. I no get the picture, the camera is broken. Take and be careful, is very valuable.

MRS WILSON-SMITH

Valuable? It looks very...um...

HORACE

Grotty. He's kept it in an old cardboard box in the garage for the last twenty years, that's how valuable it is.

GIACOBBE

Hah! One thousand dollars! Look.

He pulls out a mangled newspaper article from his pocket and shows MRS WILSON-SMITH.

GIACOBBE (CONT'D)

Antico.

MRS WILSON-SMITH

It certainly looks the same.

(To HORACE)

Maybe you should take it in, dear, and get it valued.

HORACE

Okay, okay! I'll do it after I pick up your costumes. Okay? I've got to go.

GIACOBBE

Costume? Costume?

(To MRS WILSON-SMITH,
suspicious)

You have party tonight, Missez?

MRS WILSON-SMITH

No, dear. Remember? I asked you to come? My Senior Thespians group is staging "Anthony and Cleopatra the Musical". The costumes are for the slave girls and boy.

GIACOBBE

Hah! Si. You want me to play slave. Schiavo! I no play schiavo. I only play Antony! Antony and me, born in Italy.

HORACE

Anthony was born in Alexandria.

Beat.

GIACOBBE

Pazzo! When Antony was born, only
Aborigine live in Alexandria!

HORACE shakes his head, gets into his car and starts it up.

HORACE

I'm going to work. See you tonight.

GIACOBBE

Ei, no lose! An no break!

HORACE

It's already broken.

GIACOBBE

An no leave in the car.

HORACE

Yeah, yeah.

HORACE drives off. They watch him leave. All is quiet.

MRS WILSON-SMITH looks at GIACOBBE. She looks down at PUFF. PUFF looks up at her and then looks at GIACOBBE and then back to MRS WILSON-SMITH. MRS WILSON-SMITH raises her eyebrow as a signal to PUFF. PUFF gets up and barks loudly and persistently at GIACOBBE.

PUFF

Woof woof woof woof woof

GIACOBBE turns to MRS WILSON-SMITH and PUFF, disgusted. He storms off.

GIACOBBE

(As he returns to the back
door)

Porca la miseria! Sempre quel
baccano. Quella bestia li l'amazzo
uno dei questi giorni...

MRS WILSON-SMITH chuckles to herself as she resumes sweeping the driveway.

INT. SOLOMON AND SOLOMON GENERAL OFFICE - ABOUT 30 MINUTES

LATER

(ANDREA, SPIT, HORACE)

The CLOCK on the wall shows 8:22.

ANDREA, fresh-faced and casually but smartly dressed as a junior-exec, is busy readying some paperwork as **SPIT**, sloppy in T-shirt and tracky-dax and vulgar in essence, having thrown himself haphazardly into a chair, relaxes.

ANDREA, usually cheerful, right now is feeling contrite.

SPIT

Why so glum, chum? I fought you was
gunna have a big night out with
Vicky-chicky tonight.

ANDREA

Yeah.

(Beat, heavy sigh)

Something's been on my mind.
Um...Spit...about Victoria's
laptop...

SPIT reacts; it's the last thing he wants to talk about.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

You have no idea how much trouble I
was in...

SPIT

Um, listen...mate...

Look, I woodna done it if Ida
known...

It wooda got you in
tr...what?

ANDREA

No, really, I...

Want to thank you.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

What?

SPIT

Thank me?

ANDREA

Yes. I owe you one. For finding it.

SPIT

Yeah?

(Seeing opportunity)

Well now, let's see...me old sickle
needs a few spare parts...

ANDREA

Don't get carried away. No cash.

SPIT

Bugger! I'll have to settle for sex
then.

ANDREA

Seriously, you saved my skin -

SPIT

Black as it is. An I was serious.

ANDREA

...and the deal.

SPIT

Eh? What deal?

ANDREA

(Conspiratorial)

I'm not supposed to tell anyone...
and if I tell you, it goes no
further, okay?

SPIT

Yeah yeah sure what?

ANDREA

Victoria's negotiating a merger and
that laptop had all the company's
financials on it.

SPIT

Yeah...?

ANDREA

She was going to a meeting to give
it to the prospect.

SPIT

Yeah...?

ANDREA

It had data going back fifteen
years, which is really strange
because, normally, you only go back
five years.

SPIT

Dunno bout that but them other
links...

ANDREA

You opened it?

SPIT

Well, derr, yeah! Had to find out
whose it was, eh? Real strange crap
on it. The tax office, the feds,
the A.S.X., the A-triple-C,
immigration, even some Jewish mob
all to do whiff the dead Mr Solomon
and -

ANDREA

It was pass-worded. How did you -

SPIT

Dead easy kids' stuff. 'Cept for
that friggin S.G.A. Couldn't get
into that no matter what I done.
What the hell is a S.G.A. anyway?

ANDREA

Spit, it's better you don't mention this to anyone, especially Victoria. She made me swear to secrecy about the deal and we both need our jobs, okay?

SPIT

Yeah yeah sure cool. Mum's the word. They'd have to cut off me goolies and feed em to me with spaghetti sauce an still I wooden say nuthin. For you.

ANDREA

A simple promise would've done. That image is now burned into my brain.

(Beat, happier)

Thanks, Spit, I still owe you one.

SPIT

Still open for sex.

HORACE races in juggling his briefcase and GIACOBBE'S camera.

HORACE

Good morning, good morning, good morning!

He dumps his stuff on his desk and glances at the clock.

HORACE (CONT'D)

Made it!

SPIT

(Re the camera)

Wow. Is that...?

He goes to HORACE'S desk and fingers the camera.

ANDREA

Good morning, Horace.

(She smiles like she has a secret she's dying to tell)

How's your day so far?

HORACE

Let's see. Waylaid by a demanding but nice neighbour, harassed by a demanding but not-so-nice father. Yeah, all good so far.

(Noticing)

What's so funny?

ANDREA

Nothing.

SPIT

Where'd you get this?

HORACE

Huh? That? It's my dad's.

(To ANDREA)

So why the cheese-face?

ANDREA

I've joined a gym.

SPIT

You know what this is?

HORACE

(To SPIT)

Well, yeah! It's a camera. Be careful!

(To ANDREA)

So?

SPIT

Not just any friggin camera, mate. It's an Agfa Isolette two...

ANDREA

I'm going tonight.

SPIT

...with an Agfa Solinar F three point five, seventy-five millimetre lens...

HORACE

(To ANDREA)

So?

SPIT

...and a Prontor S.V.S. shutter.

ANDREA

Same gym Victoria goes to.

SPIT

A friggin classic.

HORACE

Victoria?...So...?

ANDREA'S smile widens.

SPIT

You want to sell it?

ANDREA

She's going tonight, too.

HORACE

So?

ANDREA

So, after we get all hot and
sweaty, I'm going to ask her out
for a cup of coffee...

HORACE

Yeah, sure.

ANDREA

...maybe dinner...

HORACE

Won't happen.

ANDREA

...then, maybe my place...

HORACE

You're living in dreamworld.

ANDREA

Maybe. But I'm the one going to the
gym tonight, not you.

(She picks up a pile of
papers and leaves,
singing)

"Tonight's the night, it's gonna be
all right..." I'll be downstairs.

HORACE

Don't get a hernia begging her to
go out with you. It won't happen!

SPIT

How much you want for it?

HORACE

Huh? What? For what?

SPIT

The camera, boofhead! How much you
want for the friggin camera?

HORACE

It's not for sale. It's my dad's.

(Beat)

How come you didn't tell me Andy
joined the gym?

SPIT

What. Are you jealous?

HORACE reacts.

SPIT (CONT'D)

Gor, I can see why. All them tasty, hot crumpets stuffed into skin-tight lycra, trickles of salty sweat rolling down between all them big round, soft handfuls of bouncy boobies...

HORACE is mesmerised.

SPIT (CONT'D)

Looks like randy Andy's going to get first bite of you-know-who's cherries, eh?

(Beat)

You can wipe the dribble off your face, mate.

HORACE reacts.

SPIT (CONT'D)

Too bad you won't be there.

HORACE

What do you mean? I just might go.

SPIT

You?! At the gym? Hah!

HORACE

Yeah. Me. At the gym. Hah!

SPIT

Not this gym.

HORACE

What's so special about "this gym"?

SPIT hesitates - an opportunity!

SPIT

Nuthin. Nuthin. Jess I don't reckon you'd be seeing the inside, is all, Horace, let alone actually pumping away with Victoria.

HORACE

I'll go if I want to go.

SPIT

Yeah right. You ain't got the balls to go.

HORACE

Wrong, Spit. I've got them.

SPIT

Then again, maybe you got two too many.

HORACE

I'll be there tonight!

SPIT

Yeah?

HORACE

Yeah, right beside those two sweaty, bouncy... girls I work with.

SPIT

Dream on, buddy.

HORACE

Not a dream, reality. I'll be there, buddy.

SPIT

Bet you won't.

HORACE

Bet I will.

SPIT

How much?

HORACE

What?

SPIT

How much do you wanna bet that you go, bone-head! Let's make it interesting, since you're so friggin sure.

HORACE

What...?

SPIT

Oh yeah, an I want proof that you get in, like.

HORACE

You don't trust me? What do you want? A gold star from the gym instructor? My sweaty underpants? A chest hair ball from an unswept corner?

SPIT

Nah, something more easier, like,
oh, I dunno, the scrunchie off
Victoria's head.

HORACE

The scrun...?
(Beat)
Easy. Name your bet.

SPIT

Easy, eh? Okay, if you don't get
the scrunchie...I get the camera.

HORACE

My dad's camera?

SPIT

What's up, mate, buddy? It's easy,
remember? It's only a gym. Scared
of showing off your wobbly bum and
short, hairy legs? Eh? Eh?

HORACE

Shut up. Okay. My dad's camera. And
what'll you put up, big mouth?

SPIT reacts - he never conceived of losing.

HORACE (CONT'D)

I know! One decrepid piece of junk
for another. Your "sickle". Howzat?

SPIT chokes.

SPIT

My ninteen-eighty-four Triumph
Thunderbird? It's worth over eight
thousand dollars!

HORACE

It's in bits and scrap metal's
worth, what, five hundred dollars a
tonne? How heavy's your bike?

SPIT

Not my sickle.

HORACE

What's the matter, Spit? Not so
sure now, Spit? Scared this short,
hairy-legged, jelly-arse will win,
Spit? Eh, Spit? Eh? Eh?

SPIT

My bike...?

HORACE

Put up or shut up, Phlegm!

SPIT hesitates then realises he has the biggest ace up his sleeve.

SPIT

Oright! Done!

They shake hands.

HORACE

Gentlemen's agreement.

SPIT

Blood oath!

(Beat)

Nothing you want to know?

HORACE

Nothing I need to know. I'm going to teach you the lesson of your life.

SPIT

Yeah? Take the camera with you, Gonzo, cause tonight you'll be handing it over!

HORACE

You just pack up that pile of scrap 'cause Simsmetal will be collecting it tomorrow!

Beat.

SPIT

(Sly)

Hey, listen, don't mention this to Andrea or Victoria, oright? You know, gambling an all.

FADE OUT

INT. MR SOLOMON'S OFFICE - EARLY AFTERNOON
(MR SOLOMON, VICTORIA)

Mr Solomon's office is a very comfortable, well-appointed room with bulky walnut furnishings and bookcases filled with impressive tomes. It is neat and tidy as is Mr Solomon's desk as not very much happens in here. On the desk is his closed aluminium briefcase. **MR SOLOMON** is seated at his desk, busy attaching the last paper clip onto the end of his paper-clip train. Once done, he lays the train flat and picks up a nearby magnet with which he begins a paper-clip train journey around his desk.

MR SOLOMON

All aboard the Orient...
er...espresso. CHOO, choo-choo-
choo, CHOO, choo-choo-choo, woo-
woo! Next stop...er...Stapler
Junction...

Unseen by MR SOLOMON, VICTORIA stands in the doorway and watches him. Sorrow and sympathy fill her.

Beat.

She straightens up and knocks gently on the door jamb.

VICTORIA

Mr Solomon, do you have a minute?

MR SOLOMON looks up and smiles at her.

MR SOLOMON

Of course, yes no, do come in...

He shunts his train to the side of the desk as VICTORIA seats herself in a chair opposite.

VICTORIA

(Smiles, warm)

I thought you would like the latest
business status report.

MR SOLOMON

Hmm?

VICTORIA

The company's doing quite well. We
have some exciting projects coming
up and the profit margin's healthy.
Everything is going...

MR SOLOMON

Swimmingly, hmm?

Beat. VICTORIA recalls her call from TURPIS.

VICTORIA

What?

MR SOLOMON

Victoria, I know that I can be a
little...forgetful at times...and,
well, since my...um...brother! Yes
no, Saul...er...God bless his
memory...

Beat.

VICTORIA

Mr Solomon?

Beat.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)
You were saying? Saul, your
brother?

MR SOLOMON
Oh! Yes no, is he here? Oh, right,
he's dead. Yes no...where was I?

VICTORIA
I really don't...

MR SOLOMON
(Tapping his head)
Meschuge sechel!
(To VICTORIA, genuine)
Thank you!

VICTORIA is knocked off balance by his sincere gratitude.

VICTORIA
Um, you don't have to...that's what
you pay me to do.
(Beat. Indicating
briefcase)
Um, that's your brother's, isn't
it?

MR SOLOMON
Hmm? Yes no, a gift. Dying.

VICTORIA
You always have it with you. What's
in it?

MR SOLOMON
Don't know...locked.

VICTORIA
Oh...do you have the key?

MR SOLOMON
(Shakes his head)
Numbers...

VICTORIA
Combination lock. Did Saul give you
the numbers?

MR SOLOMON
Yes. Yes no, yes. You like my
briefcase?

VICTORIA
Ah, yes. Very...handsome. And
practical. Do you know where the
numbers are?

MR SOLOMON

Oh...no, yes let's see. I forget...

He rummages about his desk drawer and pulls out a sheet of paper.

MR SOLOMON (CONT'D)

...but I wrote it down.

He hands the paper to VICTORIA. She reads it.

VICTORIA

Daniel five?

MR SOLOMON

Yes, no yes. Big, big...
(Looking at the walls,
perplexed)
Omar...

VICTORIA slumps back in her chair, defeated.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. SOLOMON AND SOLOMON GENERAL OFFICE - A SHORT WHILE
LATER.

(HORACE)

Close on SOLOMON AND SOLOMON MISSION STATEMENT on the wall, then pull back to HORACE is at his desk daydreaming...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE WEIGHTS ROOM AT A GYM - NIGHT.

(BOY and GIRL GYM JUNKIES, VICTORIA, HORACE)

Dream sequence.

Gorgeous **BOYS** and **GIRLS** are pumping and posing. VICTORIA, a beautiful vision scantily clad in skin-tight lycra and gold-coloured bracelet adorning her right wrist, is preening herself in front of the mirror. She is radiating a golden aura and benevolence. She stops to see HORACE enter.

EVERYONE stops.

HORACE saunters in, his glistening torso immaculately decked out in matching lycra shorts and singlet, wearing two pairs of socks, one on his feet. The BOYS and GIRLS gather around HORACE wanting to touch and feel his muscles.

He strikes several awesome poses, showing off his muscles and keeping his eyes on VICTORIA. The BOYS and GIRLS gasp.

HORACE smirks as VICTORIA'S fire ignites. She becomes hotter, her eyes half closing.

HORACE breaks away from the GROUPIES and makes his way to the bench press, which is already set up with a very, very heavy-weighted bar. He positions himself on his back so that his second pair of socks protrude impressively and, with a mighty push, presses the weights several times. The BOYS and GIRLS gasp again. VICTORIA responds with deep, heaving breaths.

HORACE finds a clear space in front of VICTORIA and drops to the floor, still maintaining eye contact. He begins slow push-ups. VICTORIA is now breathing more rapidly, nostrils flaring.

HORACE increases the speed of his push-ups, his face beginning to show the exertion. VICTORIA throws her head back and pants. They are in sync: HORACE pumping and VICTORIA panting. HORACE begins to grunt. VICTORIA moans softly, closing her eyes in ecstasy. HORACE does one final push-up followed by a long, guttural moan. VICTORIA pants and then stops. Her body stiffens then relaxes as she releases a long, slow, shuddering sigh.

She opens her eyes languidly and sees HORACE sitting up with a lit cigarette in his hand and a sultry, satisfied look.

VICTORIA looks at him lustfully and slinks over to him, slowly removing the scrunchie from her hair. She leans over him, shaking her hair out and letting it fall onto his face. She gives him the scrunchie and takes the cigarette.

VICTORIA

A memento...

She draws deeply from the cigarette.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT I

ACT IIFADE IN:INT. THE LOCKER ROOM AT THE GYM - THAT NIGHT.

(VICTORIA, ANDREA)

VICTORIA, exhausted by the mental struggles with Mr Solomon, is not in a receptive mood. Decked out in unbecoming sweats, she reaches into her locker and rummages for her scrunchie.

ANDREA, singletted and with track pants, comes in and hesitantly approaches VICTORIA. VICTORIA removes her sweats revealing a low-cut, sleeveless top and form-fitting three-quarter lycra pants. She still has the gold-coloured bracelet on her right wrist. ANDREA eyes bulge as she ogles VICTORIA.

ANDREA

Oh, hi...fancy seeing you here.

VICTORIA

(Cool)

Andrea. What a surprise.

ANDREA

Oh, look, I've got the locker next to yours. Howdy, neighbour!

VICTORIA ignores her as she continues to disrobe and as ANDREA reaches up to open her locker.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Doing anything after class?

VICTORIA

Yes.

ANDREA

Oh. So a coffee's out of the question?

VICTORIA

Yes.

VICTORIA closes her locker and gets ready to leave.

ANDREA

(Now desperate)

Um, it's my first time here. Any tips you can give me?

VICTORIA

(As she leaves)

Yes. Shave your underarms.

ANDREA reacts snapping her arm down. VICTORIA leaves.

ANDREA
(To herself)
Darn!
(Realising, to VICTORIA)
A joke! What a card!
(Beat. Then to herself)
That went well.
(Noticing)
Still, the view's not bad...

She follows VICTORIA out.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
Ooooo, mummy...

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE THE GYM - CONTINUOUS
(HORACE, SPIT)

HORACE pulls his car into a space a short way up from the gym. His car is laden with EXOTIC COSTUMES. He is in a sweatsuit.

Parked across the road, he notices Solomon and Solomon's DELIVERY VAN with SPIT at the wheel. HORACE gets out and approaches the van.

HORACE
What are you doing here? Didn't you think I'd make it?

SPIT
I knew you'd make it.

HORACE
Hope you've packed up my scrap metal.

SPIT
So then, you all set to get the scrunchie, mate?

HORACE
All set, mate.

SPIT
All set to win the bet, mate?

HORACE
All set, mate.

SPIT
All set to teach me the lesson of me life, mate?

HORACE
All set, mate.

SPIT

Wait there.

SPIT gets out of the van and goes around HORACE so that he is standing between HORACE and the gym.

HORACE

What are you doing?

SPIT

Just want to see the look on your face.

(He points back to the gym's signage)

Check out the sign. Mate.

HORACE peers over SPIT's shoulder: "**HIPPOLYTA'S LADIES GYM - ABSOLUTELY NO MEN ADMITTED**" HORACE's face drops open. SPIT doubles over with laughter.

HORACE

You bast...

SPIT

Woo-hoo! Gotcha, Horrie!

HORACE

That's not on!

SPIT

All's fair, mate. I win! I win!

HORACE

No way!

SPIT

The camera. Hand it over.

HORACE

The camera...

SPIT

Mine! Mine! Mine!

HORACE

Not the camera...

SPIT

Aaayyyy...you're not welshing.

HORACE

You cheated! Bets are off.

SPIT

You shook on it.

HORACE

You knew!

SPIT
Shoulda asked!

Beat.

HORACE
Get your metallic junk ready, you
miserable bikie-never-was! I'm
going in and I'm getting that
scrunchie or die trying!

HORACE storms off leaving SPIT to watch him. SPIT's face
changes to incredulity.

SPIT
Shite!

Beat.

He whips out his mobile phone and punches in a number.

SPIT (CONT'D)
Hello? ...Jacko-bay?
...Maaaaaaate...

INT. THE AEROBICS ROOM IN THE GYM - ABOUT 15 MINUTES LATER.
(N/S GYM GIRLS, INSTRUCTOR, ANDREA, VICTORIA, AMY, HORACE)

The class is under way with a number of **GIRLS** into a very
strenuous aerobics routine led by the **INSTRUCTOR**, running and
jumping around the room. ANDREA tries to keep up with
VICTORIA, hair pulled back with the scrunchie, but she is
panting so hard she can hardly breathe and she is developing
a stitch.

INSTRUCTOR
All right, ladies! One more lap!

ANDREA
So...then I guess...you'd be
busy...for dinner...?

VICTORIA
Yes.

ANDREA
Are you sure...?

INSTRUCTOR
Now turn! Go! Go! Go!

The routine changes direction and VICTORIA turns and knocks
ANDREA flying, leaving her sprawled on the floor, wheezing.

AMY, a tall, confident, handsome 30-something woman, stops
and picks ANDREA up, dragging her to the side, holding her up
and standing really close.

AMY
You all right there, girl?

ANDREA
(Hardly able to stand or
breathe)
Yeah...fine...

AMY
You shouldn't have hit it so hard.
First time, isn't it?

ANDREA
What, do I look virginal?

ANDREA spots VICTORIA.

AMY
(Noticing)
Don't bother with that one. She's
one cold fish.

ANDREA
(Shrugging AMY off)
Careful "girl", that cold fish is
my boss.

AMY
Pity you. How do you work with her?

ANDREA
What's it to you? Haven't you got
to be somewhere?

AMY takes the hint and rejoins the CLASS, shaking her head.
ANDREA props herself against the wall with her arm held high.
She watches VICTORIA and then realises her armpit is on show
and promptly retracts her arm. VICTORIA is self-absorbed.

A DARK-HAIRED FIGURE approaches ANDREA from behind and taps
her on the shoulder. ANDREA jumps and turns around.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
(Shrieking)
Arrrgh!

Beat.

Her jaw drops open then she breaks out into a wide smile as
she takes in HORACE dressed as a SLAVE GIRL wearing a dark
Egyptian-style wig.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
What are you doing?!

HORACE
Ssshhhh.

AMY watches them.

ANDREA
How did you get in, Hor...
(Noticing AMY)
...tense?

HORACE
Shoosh...come here.

He drags her out of the aerobics room and into the cardio room.

INT. THE CARDIO ROOM - CONTINUOUS
(ANDREA, HORACE, AMY)

ANDREA cannot contain her mirth and begins to laugh.

HORACE
Stop that! You've got to help me.

ANDREA
Help you what? Perform the dance of the seven veils? Find an asp for your bosom? Find your bosom? What have you got down there anyway?

HORACE
A couple of Gloria Jean's coffee cups. It's all I had in the car.

ANDREA tweaks HORACE'S cups.

HORACE (CONT'D)
Stop that! Is that all you ever think of?

ANDREA
So tell me why you're dressed like the nightmare version of I Dream of Jeanie.

HORACE
I made a bet with Spit -

ANDREA
And lost, obviously.

HORACE
I haven't lost yet! And I'm not going to, either!

ANDREA
You can't win with him. Why do you bother?

HORACE
He tricked me!

ANDREA

Again? What was the bet?

HORACE

That I come to the gym and bring something back to prove that I had.

ANDREA

Like what?

HORACE

A scrunchie.

ANDREA

A what?

HORACE

Victoria's scrunchie.

ANDREA

You're kidding. I hope the bet was worth it.

HORACE

Oh, yeah. About a thousand bucks.

ANDREA

What!? Are you crazy?

HORACE

He didn't tell me that this was ladies only. I can't lose this bet, Andrea, I put up my dad's camera. My dad'll kill me if I lose it.

ANDREA

Go and buy a scrunchie. He won't know.

HORACE

He's outside waiting for it. Besides, that would be cheating. We shook on it. I have honour, you know.

ANDREA

But no pride.

HORACE

I saw you begging.

ANDREA

Never mind that...

She notices AMY wander in and casting her eyes upon HORACE.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

...And over here is...a real fancy machine...

She pulls a befuddled HORACE to the CROSS-COUNTRY TRAINER and begins to explain the finer points of the machine. AMY settles onto a STEPPER and begins a routine keeping a sly watch on HORACE.

EXT. A WINDOW OF THE GYM - CONTINUOUS

(SPIT)

SPIT has his nose pressed up against the window peering in watching HORACE and ANDREA and he is worried. He looks up and down the street and then at his watch.

SPIT

Come on...come on...

INT. THE CARDIO ROOM - CONTINUOUS

(HORACE, ANDREA, AMY)

HORACE

What are you doing?

ANDREA

You want the scrunchie, don't you?

HORACE

Yes...?

ANDREA

They won't be finished for a while. Unless you want to sneak in there, rip it off her head and run like hell.

HORACE

No...?

ANDREA

Then we've got to wait. Meanwhile, Miss Amazing Amazon over there is watching us like a hungry dingo watching a three-legged frilled-neck.

HORACE

That's some analogy. From your Dream Time?

ANDREA

No, the Crocodile Hunter.

AMY moves from the STEPPER to a WALKER near a CYCLE.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

We'd better make like we know what we're doing otherwise you could be in trouble and you can say bye-bye to your dad's camera.

HORACE

Oh...?

ANDREA

(Exasperated)

Get on the machine!

HORACE gingerly steps onto the two platforms which begin to sway. ANDREA supports him as he grabs onto the handles, which offer little support when they move as well. After regaining his balance, he freezes.

HORACE

I'm ready. Find the ignition.

ANDREA

Hang on, I'm reading the instructions.

AMY

You need any help there?

ANDREA

No, I know how to read, thank you.

HORACE is surprised by ANDREA'S rudeness.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

(To HORACE)

Here. Start peddling.

HORACE

What? How?

ANDREA

Move your legs, Hortense!

With great trepidation he starts sliding his legs back and forth, his arms following involuntarily.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Okay! We have lift-off...

She pushes a few buttons and the control panel lights up. HORACE is away, gaining confidence with each step, still clinging desperately to the handlebars.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Heey! Looking good.

(Beat)

I'll be on the bike, then we can swap.

ANDREA straddles a CYCLE and works out how to start it by punching the control panel buttons. She begins pedalling and goes hell-for-leather.

AMY

Take it easy, girl. You'll be sore tomorrow.

ANDREA ignores AMY and pedals faster. AMY shakes her head. Meanwhile, HORACE has got the hang of it and is striding along confidently. ANDREA turns to see how he's doing and innocuously waves to him. HORACE smiles at her and releases his death-grip to return the wave. He loses his rhythm, loses his balance and falls off the machine arms flailing. ANDREA's face registers shock.

ANDREA

Hang on, I'm coming...

She attempts to get up to help him but she cannot stop the momentum of the flywheel. She panics.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Where are the brakes?!

She disengages her feet from the stirrups and jumps off. When she takes a step her legs have turned to jelly and give way.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Whoa!

She crumples to the floor.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Who took my legs?

AMY goes to HORACE and helps him up.

AMY

You okay?

She brushes him down slowly and seductively.

HORACE

(Coy, girlish)

Um, yes, I'm okay. Only my pride was hurt. Thank you for asking.

ANDREA crawls to them, staggers upright and pulls HORACE out of her grip.

ANDREA

Thank you. I'll take care of my girlfriend, if you don't mind.

She pulls HORACE away and towards the weights room. AMY looks on appreciatively.

INT. THE WEIGHTS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

(ANDREA, HORACE, AMY)

The room is empty and dance music is pumping in the background. ANDREA drags HORACE in.

HORACE

Why were you so rude to her? She was only trying to help.

ANDREA

Help herself into your pants!

HORACE

(Chuffed)
You think so?

ANDREA

She's not interested in boys, Horace, and you're a boy, remember?

HORACE

You mean she's...?

ANDREA

Uh-ha.

HORACE

How can you tell?

ANDREA

Gaydar, remember?

HORACE is momentarily stonkered. Then he turns to the mirror and admires himself and smiles. ANDREA punches his arm.

HORACE

Ow!

ANDREA

What do you think you are? A straight lesbian drag queen? Get over here!

HORACE

Don't take it out on me just because Victoria's snubbed you.

ANDREA picks up a pair of DUMBBELLS.

ANDREA

She hasn't snubbed me. She's busy tonight.

HORACE

Busy avoiding you. Face it, Andrea, she's straight and you don't turn her on.

ANDREA

Like you flick her switch?

She gives the DUMBBELLS to HORACE.

HORACE

She knows I'm around if she wants me...and I know she wants me. I just don't want to appear...

(Re ANDREA)

pushy.

(Re DUMBBELLS)

What am I supposed to do with these?

ANDREA reacts. She picks up another pair of DUMBBELLS and does arm curls.

ANDREA

I saw this on Rocky.

HORACE

Oh, yeah.

(HORACE copies ANDREA'S style)

How many of these do you think it will take for me to look like Sly?

ANDREA

Fifty million.

ANDREA changes to presses, lifting her arms alternatively. HORACE catches on and follows suit.

HORACE

All at once?

ANDREA

Nah. Spread over a couple of hundred years.

ANDREA's hips sway with the background beat as she changes once again to side bends and twists. HORACE copies her.

HORACE

You know he's short like me.

ANDREA

Yeah, but I've got to say you dance better.

They are totally absorbed by the rhythm and dance while flexing and curling.

ANDREA (CONT'D)

I read your manuscript by the way. I liked it. What are you going to do with it?

HORACE

Oh, I don't know. I want to submit it but...what if she hates it?

ANDREA

Fear of rejection?

HORACE

Yeah.

ANDREA begins pumping her arms upwards.

ANDREA

Well, rejection by Victoria is something you'll have to get used to. Your book. Her.

HORACE

Shouldn't you have worn a top with sleeves?

ANDREA brings her arms close to her sides and keeps them there. They close their eyes and bop away to the music. HORACE spreads his arms and turns. They come awfully close to each other.

Accident! He clips the side of ANDREA'S head sending her flying.

HORACE (CONT'D)

Oh my God! Andrea!

He picks her up. She is shaken.

ANDREA

I don't want to play this game any more.

HORACE takes her to a bench.

HORACE

You okay? I'm so sorry. Let me see.

He examines the site of impact closely and gently. They appear very intimate. ANDREA closes her eyes and moans. AMY strolls in towelling herself.

She stops.

ANDREA opens her eyes and sees AMY watching them.

HORACE (CONT'D)

Is that better, Andy?

HORACE sees AMY.

HORACE (CONT'D)
(To AMY)
It's not what you think...

AMY smirks and goes to the LATS PULL-DOWN MACHINE. She sets the pin at a substantial weight and does an impressive set. HORACE and ANDREA watch. HORACE is impressed; ANDREA is not.

HORACE (CONT'D)
Wow. Look at those biceps.

AMY stands, stretches and turns to HORACE and winks at him.

HORACE (CONT'D)
(Breathless)
Wow...

ANDREA reacts.

ANDREA
She's following us.

AMY goes to the CHIN PRESS.

HORACE
(Re LATS PULL-DOWN)
I want to try that.

They go to the machine. HORACE straddles the bench, legs wide open and grabs the bar.

ANDREA
Hortense! Legs! You're not riding
an elephant!

He snaps his legs together.

HORACE
Stand clear.
(Mighty effort)
Arrghhh!
(The weights don't budge.
Another attempt)
Arrghhh!
(Still static)
Give us a hand.

ANDREA grabs the bar as well but it still won't move. AMY comes back and positions the pin to the lowest weight.

AMY
(To HORACE)
Try that, darling.

She goes back to her machine as HORACE admires her retreating form.

HORACE

Thank you...

ANDREA

Pay attention!

HORACE

Oh!

ANDREA

Just remember who it is that's helping you, Hortense.

HORACE

Are you jealous?

ANDREA

Just grab it and pull - you might feel better.

HORACE

Huh?

ANDREA

The bar, Hortense, the bar.

AMY chuckles softly in the background.

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE THE GYM - CONTINUOUS
(SPIT)

SPIT is in his van fidgeting and waiting, waiting.

EXT. A STREET - CONTINUOUS
(GIACOBBE)

GIACOBBE is riding his VESPA with a determined scowl.

INT. THE WEIGHTS ROOM - CONTINUOUS
(HORACE, ANDREA, AMY)

HORACE is now on the 90-DEGREE LEG CURL MACHINE grunting at the effort of pushing the least possible weight. He is sweating excessively. ANDREA is looking on.

HORACE

No more. Can't do any more.

ANDREA

Come on, one more, one more. Make it a nice, round number. One more.

HORACE

All right.

(One more huge effort)

...E-i-g-h-t!

ANDREA looks at her watch.

ANDREA

You rest. I'm going to check on Victoria. Don't go anywhere.

She leaves.

HORACE slouches back and closes his eyes, exhausted.

HORACE

Like I've got the energy to breathe let alone move.

AMY approaches him quietly.

AMY

How's it going?

HORACE

(Startled)
Huh? Oh, fine. Great, really.

AMY

Is your girlfriend always that possessive?

HORACE

Who? Andrea? Oh, she's just a friend. We work together.

AMY

Really? Well, I'm glad to hear that.

(Re VICTORIA)

I wouldn't like to think that she was going to two-time you with that other chic.

HORACE

Oh, that? I keep telling her that Victoria is more interested in me than in her.

AMY

She's not the only one...

AMY reaches out and touches HORACE'S wig.

AMY (CONT'D)

I like your hair...

HORACE reacts - he looks like a worried puppy. AMY gently lets her hand drop to HORACE'S shoulder and then lightly runs her fingers down his arm. HORACE moans and shivers.

HORACE

My, it's hot in here...

AMY

Uh-ha...I can make it hotter...

HORACE is bewildered.

AMY (CONT'D)

Maybe dinner...?

ANDREA comes in, stops, sees what's happening and storms over to AMY. She grabs AMY'S offending arm and, with super strength, holds it, glaring menacingly at AMY.

Beat.

She flings AMY'S arm away.

ANDREA

Piss off, wombat!

AMY smiles graciously at ANDREA and blows a seductive kiss to HORACE.

AMY

(To HORACE)

Later, babe.

She leaves for the locker room. HORACE is shocked. He looks at ANDREA. He looks at AMY retreating. He looks at ANDREA.

ANDREA

She's not your type. She's trouble.

HORACE

Wombat?

ANDREA

She has to be forty if she's a day.

HORACE

Wombat.

ANDREA

And she's a dyke, for crissake!

HORACE

A wombat?

ANDREA

Yes, a wombat! Eats roots and leaves.

HORACE is truly shocked.

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE THE GYM - CONTINUOUS
(SPIT, GIACOBBE)

SPIT is still in his van waiting for GIACOBBE. He hears, and then sees, GIACOBBE arrive on his Vespa.

SPIT
About bloody time.

He gets out of the van and meets GIACOBBE as he stops nearby.

SPIT (CONT'D)
Mate, I'm so sorry like to bring you out so late at night and all, but I just couldn't let Horrie do it. I know how much it means to you. I mean, you know like when he told me about the camera, I said no, I couldn't possibly take something that...dear to your father for only a case of beer. It must be worth at least a hundred dollars...

GIACOBBE
One thousand dollars!

SPIT
One th...I had no idea! I'm so glad I called you, mate.

GIACOBBE
Where is he now?

SPIT
In the gym.

GIACOBBE looks at him.

SPIT (CONT'D)
He's trying to flog it off.

GIACOBBE looks at him askance.

SPIT (CONT'D)
To Victoria.

GIACOBBE
Porca la miseria! I knew it! Is trick from that woman. First, she steal my valuable camera, then she steal my son!

SPIT
Evil woman. Evil woman.

GIACOBBE
She no take such important thing from me!

SPIT holds GIACOBBE back.

SPIT

Cool it, mate. You can't go in.
It's for women only.

GIACOBBE

I want my camera!

SPIT

Come with me.

INT. THE WEIGHTS ROOM - 10 MINUTES LATER
(N/S GYM GIRLS, VICTORIA, HORACE, ANDREA)

The aerobics class has just finished and GIRLS are streaming through to the locker room. VICTORIA passes HORACE and ANDREA without noticing them. HORACE and ANDREA follow VICTORIA out to the locker room.

INT. OUTSIDE THE LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS
(N/S GYM GIRLS, VICTORIA, ANDREA, HORACE, AMY, GIACOBBE)

The GIRLS tumble into the locker room followed by VICTORIA, followed by ANDREA, followed by HORACE. The door closes.

Beat.

The door opens and HORACE is shoved out by ANDREA. HORACE has a smile on his face. AMY approaches him.

AMY

Hello, again, Hortense.

HORACE

Hi...?

AMY

Amy.

HORACE

Amy. Nice. Listen, I'm sorry about Andrea.

(HORACE takes her arm and rubs it gently)

She gets a bit possessive. Land rights and all. Did she hurt you?

AMY

(Laughs)

No...well maybe a little. Hmm, that feels good.

HORACE'S attention is taken by another **SLAVE-GIRL** who bursts through the front door, stops and looks about. It is GIACOBBE in harem costume and he is really, really angry.

HORACE does a double take. AMY catches his concern and follows his line of vision to GIACOBBE.

Beat.

AMY (CONT'D)
Is that your mother?

HORACE stands there stunned.

GIACOBBE
(Recognising)
Eccolo!
(As he strides over)
Il farabutto che ha venduto la mia
macchina fotografica! Dov'è?!

HORACE
Pa! What...!?

GIACOBBE grabs HORACE'S ear.

GIACOBBE
Dov'è?! Dov'è la macchina?!

HORACE
Ow ow ow! I haven't got it.

GIACOBBE
Chi c'e la? Vittoria?

HORACE
Noooo oooww! It's at the camera
shop. Like you told me.

VICTORIA emerges from the locker room and ignores the altercation, passing them as she leaves. GIACOBBE catches sight of her.

GIACOBBE
(To HORACE)
Ah! Lo sapevo!
(To VICTORIA)
Ei! Tu! Dammi la mia macchina!

HORACE
She hasn't got it!

AMY
(To HORACE, concerned)
Is there something I can do?

HORACE
No, it's okay. I can't feel a thing
anymore.

GIACOBBE
Basta! Andiamo. Ne parleremo a
casa.

He drags HORACE off home.

HORACE

Ow.

(Calling to AMY)
Where do you work?

AMY

Rockdale Police.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. SOLOMON AND SOLOMON GENERAL OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY
(SPIT, HORACE, ANDREA, AMY)

SPIT and HORACE are at ANDREA'S desk.

SPIT

Pay up, loser.

HORACE

No way! I went to the gym. I won.

SPIT

The bet was the scrunchie. You
ain't got it. You lose.

HORACE

That was only proof that I was
there. You know I went so I win.

SPIT

No way, Dumbo-ears.

ANDREA comes in, muscles very sore and walking awkwardly.

ANDREA

Are you two still arguing?

HORACE

I won and he won't admit it.
He cheated.
He called my dad.
I went to the gym.
Made a fool of myself.
That alone's worth a win...

SPIT

He won't hand over the
camera. I won fair and
square. It's not my fault
he's stupid. He ain't got the
scrunchie.
He lost the bet...

ANDREA (CONT'D)

Quiet! ... You'll wake Mr Solomon.
Okay. It seems to me it all hangs
on a scrunchie.

SPIT

Victoria's scrunchie. Yeah. And he
ain't got it.

ANDREA

So he loses.

HORACE

Wha...?

ANDREA

(To HORACE)

Well, do you have it?

HORACE

No, but...

SPIT

Hah! You heard. You lost. Pay up,
Salome!

ANDREA

(To SPIT)

So you agree that Horace loses
because he doesn't have the
scrunchie?

SPIT

Bloody oath.

ANDREA

Then you agree that the bet is
based on Horace having Victoria's
scrunchie?

SPIT

Well, derr, yeah. But he ain't, eh?

ANDREA takes VICTORIA'S scrunchie from her pocket and gives
it to HORACE.

ANDREA

Now he has.

SPIT

Hey! That's cheating! He didn't get
the scrunchie. You got it.

ANDREA

Ah yes, but that's not what you
agreed to.

HORACE

I win! I win! Get your Meccano bits
ready, pigeon-brain.

ANDREA snatches the scrunchie from HORACE.

ANDREA

Not so fast. That wouldn't be fair,
either.

(MORE)

ANDREA (CONT'D)

What would be fair is that you two stop behaving like a couple of schoolboys and forget all about this stupid bet, which you shouldn't have made in the first place. You both lost. And you should apologise to each other for all the things you've said.

Beat.

HORACE

I'm sorry you're such an arse-hole.

SPIT

And I'm sorry I don't beat up thickheads no more.

AMY (O.C.)

Excuse me...

They turn to see AMY in her Highway Patrol officer's uniform. SPIT reacts.

SPIT

Shite.

AMY

...I'm looking for Hortense?

ANDREA, SPIT and HORACE look at each other.

HORACE

(Beaming)

Ah, my lunch date.

He swaggers over to AMY, links his arm in hers and they go to leave. SPIT and ANDREA look at each other.

SPIT

Hortense?

AMY stops, looks at HORACE'S head, HORACE gets the message.

HORACE

Oh!

He goes to his desk, retrieves his Egyptian wig and dons it.

HORACE (CONT'D)

Ready...

They leave arm in arm.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT II

EPILOGUE

INT. CHURCH VESTRY 1975 - NIGHT
(YOUNG MAN, BABY, NUN, BLACK CAT)

YOUNG MAN, cradling **NEWBORN BABY**, is on the telephone. He is very anxious. The **BABY** is awake but quiet.

In the background, the religious calendar on the wall reads May, 1975. Hovering around the **YOUNG MAN** is a **NUN** of around 50 and dressed in the regulation nun's habit.

[Spoken in Italian with English sub-titles]

YOUNG MAN (SUBTITLE)
Yes...yes...where?

Beat.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)
But where is it?

Beat.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)
Far-out! That is a long way!

The **NUN** hears a sound and opens the door a crack to peer through. She turns to the **YOUNG MAN** and makes a few frantic hand gestures. The **YOUNG MAN** catches sight of this and hurries his call.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)
Yes, yes, okay. Prepare everything.
I have to go. I'll call you soon.
Bye, cousin.

He hangs up and cradles the **BABY** closer.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)
Don't be afraid.

The **BLACK CAT** slips in through the open door.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE

ITALIAN DIALOGUE

FROM PAGE 1:

STEVO

Culo d'un mulo! Trovalo e portami
il suo cuore!
[Arse of a mule! Find him and bring
me his heart!]

VIOLCA

Papà! No! Non ucciderlo!
[Daddy! No! Don't kill him!]

STEVO

Chi ha parlato d'uccidere? Voglio
solo il suo cuore. Se non ne può
fare di meno, ho colpa io?
[Who spoke of killing? I want only
his heart. If he can't do without,
is it my fault?]

VIOLCA

(Crying)
Papà...lo amo.
[Daddy...I love him.]

STEVO

Ma, figlia, che gusto hai? Non è
uno di noi.
[But, daughter, what taste do you
have? He is not one of us.]
(Beat)
No, no! Meglio così.
[No, it's better this way]
(To GYPSY MAN)
Trovalo! E fa attenzione di
portarmi il mio nipote sicuro e
sano. Va!...Non dimenticare il
cuore!
[Find him! And take care to bring
me my grandson safe and sound.
Go!...Don't forget the heart!]

FROM PAGE 43:

YOUNG MAN

Si...si...dove?
[Yes...yes...where?]

Beat.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Ma dov'è?
[But where is it?]

Beat.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Uffa! Quell'è lontano!

[Far-out! That is a long way!]

The NUN hears a sound and opens the door a crack to peer through. She turns to the YOUNG MAN and makes a few frantic hand gestures. The YOUNG MAN catches sight of this and hurries his call.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Si, si, va bene. Prepari tutto.

Devo andare. Ti telefono fra poco.

Ciao, cugino.

[Yes, yes, okay. Prepare everything. I have to go. I'll call you soon. Bye, cousin.]

He hangs up and cradles the BABY closer.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Non aver paura.

[Don't be afraid.]