CHISEL SC 1 of 2

1 INT./ EXT. SAFE-HOUSE / STREET DAY 1

Very early morning. Inner-suburbia, at peace with itself.

At the safe-house all is calm, nobody stirring...

... except for Lincoln sneaking out the back door. Softly softly. Linc in singlet, boxers. NB: he still has wounds.

He stands a moment, listening. Peace, quiet. In silence:

He moves to the side fence... finds a foot-hold, up.

Wary, checking the surroundings. Cars, houses. Quiet. Not too many people at this hour. Lincoln watches.

He slips out into the street. Stealthy, very cautious. He's patrolling the perimeter, looking for anything out of place. Cars. People. A black van. Where's the threat.

Letters spilling out of the letter-box, onto the ground: all addressed to WJ DARMODY. Lincoln stares at them.

AIRCRAFT. LOW MASSIVE NOISY MOTHERFUCKING AIRCRAFT.

APRIL 11

2 EXT. QUEENSLAND MOTEL (ESTABLISHER) DAY 2

3 INT. QUEENSLAND MOTEL DAY 3

BOBBY CHISEL - in shorts and T-shirt. Standing at a breakfast bench, clutching a box of Home-Brand cereal.

CHISEL
What is this?

As Denallo looks up - he's sitting nearby, doing paper-work. There's another cop in a chair watching TV.

DENALLO
Rummo's Sugar-Wheats.

CHISEL
I asked for gluten-free.

DENALLO
You're coeliac? It doesn't say that in your file.

CHISEL
Everyone is, we're not meant to eat that stuff-

DENALLO
Yeah, I know, Coeliac until proven guilty.

Denallo looks down at the notes in front of him.

HIDING - 1

DENALLO (CONT'D)
Chisel, the drop-off in Yatala. August 10. Koz was there or not?

Chisel: a look. I'm not ready to answer questions.

CHISEL
I'm not eating this.

DENALLO
Well make some toast.

CHISEL
(a look)
Is that a joke? I've been stuck here for weeks Denallo- I need a proper gluten-free low-GI breakfast and a conjugal visit with Hayley.

Denallo: *it's not going to happen.*

CHISEL (CONT'D)
Or my blood-sugar'll spiral and then my memory gets whack. Just in time for court.

DENALLO
(sighs, reluctant)
Where am I getting gluten-free at this hour?

CHISEL
Have a guess.

Denallo stands, grumpy. On the way out, to the cop:

DENALLO
If he moves throw the bread at him.

CHISEL
I want a conjugal?!

As Denallo exits, bangs the door.

4 EXT. SAFE-HOUSE / STREET DAY 4

Lincoln surveys the street. Wary. Hyper-alert.

He's crouched down beside the family car. Feeling it for warmth, weirdness, any sign of interference.

BEC (O.C.)
Hey.

LINCOLN
(jumpy)
Jesus, Maree-

CHISEL SC 2 of 2

BEC
We lost some things in the move.

PRINCIPAL BARKER
Oh that's right, you've made the trek, from ...?

TARA
Adelaide.

PRINCIPAL BARKER
Right, right.

She sees the School Admin Officer, Deb Vargas.

PRINCIPAL BARKER (CONT'D)
Deb? Can you-.. *[help]*
(to Bec)
This is Deb Vargas, Head of Admin, this is Tara Swift and Mitch.

DEB VARGAS
Hello you're the family from Perth.

FN1

BEC
Adelaide.

DEB VARGAS
But... your academic records just came through. From Perth Modern.

Bec - Tara - Mitchell glances.

BEC
That's right, we were in Perth.

MITCHELL
We stopped off in Adelaide, on the way here.

Weird glances all round. Deer in the headlights.

PRINCIPAL BARKER
Deb, do you want to take Mitch and Tara, get them settled...

Bec gives Tara and Mitchell a squeeze on the arm before they head down the corridor with Deb -- looking terrified.

She stares after them. They're all brown skin, too much flesh and thongs. They look completely out of place in this crowd.

20 INT./EXT. CAR / STREET (GOLD COAST) DAY 20

In the car: Nils, Chisel, THUG driving.

HIDING - APRIL 11

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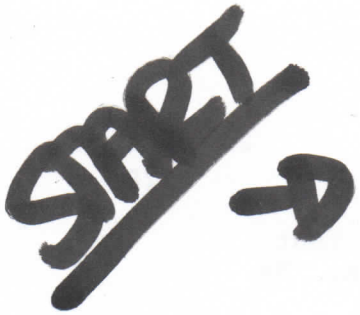

NILS
Bobby what have you been eating, you look pale, and puffy-

CHISEL
Nothing, just the usual-

NILS
I don't believe that, show me your tongue.

CHISEL
What?

NILS
Poke out your tongue. Come on!

Warily Chisel pokes out his tongue. *Nils is gonna cut it off?*

NILS (CONT'D)
It's a bad colour, Chisel have you been eating junk food?

CHISEL
No--

NILS
Yes you have, I can tell. That'll be the cops, the junk food addicts.

CHISEL
Nils, listen-

NILS
First things first, I'm gonna buy you a decent meal. What d'you reckon?

Chisel: not sure how to answer. Nils staring at him.

CHISEL
I haven't said a thing. Nothing-

NILS
Where is Troy?

CHISEL
What?

NILS
Troy Quigg. And family - where are they?

CHISEL
(genuinely surprised)
I dunno. Where they live, I guess-

BANG. Nils shoots him. Sudden, totally unexpected. The bullet goes in close to the groin, out of shot - Chisel's eyes go wide with fear, pain and disbelief. BANG Nils fires again.

END

NILS
Shit, I couldn't wait. Sorry!
(to Thug)
Got excited, made a mess.

SFX: HORRIBLE RING-TONE.

21 EXT. UNIVERSITY - GROUNDS DAY 21

SFX: HORRIBLE RING-TONE.

Lincoln on campus, getting a can from a vending machine. Students everywhere -- they look so young, and innocent.

PINDER (V.O.)
This is Pinder, leave a message.

BEEEEEP

22 INT. UNIVERSITY - LINCOLN'S OFFICE / CORRIDOR DAY 22

Lincoln up the stairs, into the corridor. On the phone.

LINCOLN
(phone)
I'm still here, Pinder it's an hour. Call me.

Hustle and bustle -- strange faces, intimidating people. He's not sure where to look.

He heads into his office... looks around, over to the window.

KNOCK KNOCK. Lincoln barely turning around---

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
Where the fuck have you-

JACQ. Female. She's mid to late twenties. Intelligent.

JACQ
Lincoln, is it? I'm Jacq. Jacqui Macclestone, how you doing.

She sticks out a hand -- he shakes. Confused. Hi.

JACQ (CONT'D)
I've come to steal from you.

LINCOLN
What?

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