



THE OUTLINE:

PARRAMATTA ROAD is a crime action drama about the exploits of FATTY GRADEN, a respected though feared car dealer in Sydney. An underdog of sorts, Fatty Graden, as the last of a great breed, 'The Little Aussie Battler,' is loved by Australians for his authority-defying exploits.

Fatty survived Vietnam after two tours as an SAS assassin, and was awarded the greatest honour bestowed on any soldier, The Victoria Cross. In his eyes, he is the white knight battling adversity for the greater good of every hard-working Australian like him. But, to police, he is nothing more than an underworld figure, a 'Person of Interest.'

He is a very successful, self-made power broker within the Australian motor industry. He doesn't go willy-nilly looking for trouble; rather, trouble finds him. When it does, he is incredibly efficient at *negotiating from strength* with thugs, fortune hunters, and corrupt officials trying to muscle him around.

After a string of bad business decisions, he faces ruin. He fixes a major stakes horse race, but his substantial winnings, totalling in the millions, isn't enough. The last straw comes when his guarantor on a new round of floorplan financing for his Mercedes store commits suicide.

He and a trusted crew hijack a multi-million dollar shipment of Mercedes cars; his inventory no less, and divert the truck convoy to a chop-shop in rural Queensland. He intends to profit from the parts and insurance claim, which is more than he could ever get retailing them. The cops get wind of it after a tip from an insider and close in.

When a botched attempt on his life kills his only child, an innocent nine-year-old, Fatty stirs into action, tracks down, and deals with the culprit in an act of bitter-sweet revenge, the story's finale.

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THE SYNOPSIS:

PARRAMATTA ROAD is an action-packed intrigue that centres around the personal, business, and family dramas of Fatty Graden, coupled with the people from his inner criminal circle. The story is woven together to form a powerfully dramatic Australian feature film, shot in fast and realistic style.

The car business is a fast, cutthroat business. Parramatta Road is where Fatty makes his money. With just a fourth-grade education, he has become a powerful Sydney motor trader and respected businessman. Living high on the hog, he's an upbeat, middle-of-the-road, very charming but ruthless con man, who works admirably to beat the system.

An underdog of sorts, Fatty, as the last of a great breed, the "Little Aussie Battler," is loved by Australians for his authority-defying exploits. To police, he is an underworld figure, a "Person-Of-Interest."

Being at the top of the heap has its price, and, of course, Fatty has made enemies during his climb. Many want to bring him down, including a gorgeous siren. Facing ruin, he and a trusted crew execute a daring heist. They hijack a thirteen million dollar truck shipment of Mercedes cars; his inventory no less, and divert them to a chop-shop in rural Queensland. The cops get wind of it and close in.

A beautiful woman from his past yearns to redeem him, to remake him into the great man she believes he is destined to become. Her gift to him, her desire to transform him carries penance for her own sins as well. Secretly he yearns for the beauty and peace she offers. It has, thus far, eluded him all his life. But he is not ready to be saved. Only after all his problems are righted can he consider a new life.

This story of greed, betrayal, murder, and double-dealings is full of action, with violent encounters between its heroes and villains. People are easily used for selfish motives and physical and emotional gratification. A critical scene, the feeding of the body of a hostile witness from his murder trial to sharks at sea, a pun against car salesmen, unites the prologue and final act. Along the way, a botched attempt on his life kills his young son in a fiery car explosion, opening the door to bittersweet revenge, the finale.

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Fatty Graden –

- Self made
- Rules the largest car operation in Australia
- A Vietnam Vet, an ex-SAS assassin, and Victoria Cross recipient
- His only child, a boy, killed in an attempt on his own life
- The last of the Aussie Battlers
- Loves to fix the odd horse race
- A loan-sharker
- A “Person of Interest” with police

and irrepressibly unrepentant of it all.

- To some in the consorting squad, they reckon Fatty is guilty of a few racehorse-doping incidents. Nothing is proved, and the senior detective at the time, Harry Edwards, is busted down to a uniform for acting without upper authority.
- Secretly, Fatty has a police superintendent in his pocket, and a favour is called in.
- A vengeful Edwards, now, is hell-bent on bringing down Fatty’s underworld, money-making empire.
- Fatty’s eight-year-old son, Dillon, is killed in an attempt on his own life. Fatty, at the conclusion of the story, finds out that Edwards was behind it after the guilty party he’s just had whacked spills the beans.
- Fatty confronts Edwards. With Marilyn Mayberry, a former lover and calming influence he so desperately needs by his side, he manages to control his anger for the first time, knowing the evidence he has on the bent copper is enough to put him away for life. His personality – how he deals with problems, has gone through a major shift, and his bad ways are finally redeemed.

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THE EXTENDED BACKGROUND:

James Roderick “Fatty” Graden came into the world at the start of the Second World War. Born into an Irish Catholic working-class family of limited means, he was an only child who lived in a ramshackle cottage in an industrial suburb. On the outskirts of Sydney, it was a dangerous, impoverished city neighbourhood. Across the street, where there was no fence, commuter trains would fly past. Down the block, the sudden crack of a handgun seemed commonplace. His father, an ex-boxer, was an alcoholic with a quick temper. He regularly tasted the strap and the back of his father’s hand. His mother; kinder, gentler, was deeply religious. She felt sorry for him but couldn’t stop the abuse for fear of being beaten herself. Young Graden’s emotionally scarred childhood came up craps.

At thirteen, he was forced to grow up fast. His father said he needed to earn a living to pay his way. And, so, he gave him a job as a gopher at his car auction. The old man was a tyrant and penny pincher. He’d work his boy hard, relentlessly, paying him scab labour; much less than his other employees; sort of a lesson in life in his eyes.

On his father’s deathbed, he was left the auction business, which was floundering at the time and loosing money horribly. At twenty, he worked the fifteen hour days it took to get the business profitable again. He earned the name “Fatty” from his fat cat ways. He was a showman through and through. No one ever accused him of being cheap! He worked hard and played hard.

Conscription sent him to Vietnam in 1969. There he did two tours as an SAS assassin in the jungles of Nui Dat, Australia’s echelon base, slipping behind enemy lines and sniping VC generals and diplomats.

On his return to Sydney, Fatty concentrated again on business. He grew the auction into a successful, respectable force to be reckoned with. Later, he acquired two floundering car yards in Ashfield – GM-Holden and Mercedes Benz brands – putting *gun-to-head* in those negotiations. They, too, grew to be top money makers in the fast rising Graden empire.

A year later, when Fatty learned that he was to receive the Victoria Cross, Australia’s highest military honour, he was ecstatic. Somehow, he had pissed off some heavies in the federal government. They decided to make it difficult for him. Finally, he received the medal after much political stiff-arming and threats, but it took ten years.

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Certain members of the constabulary became interested in Fatty. He liked the horses, owned them, gambled on them heavily, and won. But, it was how he won interested the consorting squad. Almost every week, he'd spot a detective watching his movements.

At 50, Fatty met a runway model and had a child. She divorced him not long after. He was a philanderer, something he'd picked up from his dad. She caught him in the act, wanted nothing more to do with him, and took him for a ton of money. He didn't miss a step; just kept going, making money, doing his shady deals, racing after women, married ones mostly. He lived life dangerously and for the "now."

Fatty didn't want Dillon at first. But he quickly warmed to the thought of a son carrying the Graden name, and cherished his moments with him.

An attempt on his own life cost the boy's. He was just eight-years-old. The only innocence in his life had been robbed.

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MAJOR CHARACTERS:

FATTY GRADEN

The Protagonist - Late fifties, burly, fit, well preserved, street-educated, and a businessman with standing in the community. A bloody good operator! He wrote the book on it all! Wears the Brioni suits, owns every extravagance imaginable - the swank joint on Sydney harbour, the chauffeur and limo, the mega-yacht. His businesses include dealerships, an auto auction, and racehorses. And, he's been known to dabble in whore houses and construction. He has a good sense of humour, a sexy charm with women, and good-hearted compassion, employing his dead father's war mates from WW1. Fatty never goes willy-nilly looking for trouble. Rather, trouble lands on his doorstep. He's forced to get things "handled".

HARRY EDWARDS

The Antagonist - A Sydney policeman in his mid-fifties, he's maniacal and psychotic. Tall, slender, with cropped grey hair, Fatty was responsible for having him busted down to a uniform from a consorting squad detective a few years back. A closet homosexual, Harry holds the worst grudge imaginable, and is hell-bent on bringing down Fatty's underworld money-making empire no matter what the cost.

JOHNNY MILLHOUSE

Fatty's trusted lieutenant. Johnny's a go-between for Fatty's dealings with his businesses, and Fatty trusts him implicitly, as well he should. At 32, he's slim, fit, sexy, with model looks, short jet black hair, high cheekbones, an earring, sharp cleft on his chin, and a thin, slightly crooked mouth. His shyness with the fairer sex is a ploy. A womanizer, he's a washed up supercar driver with a win at Bathurst, Australia's premier car race for V8 tourers. He's happy where he's at in Fatty's camp. Entrepreneur-minded, he'd like to open a *Two-Up* casino, but the finances aren't quite there just yet, so he has to eat humble pie.

JULIE MOSS

In her mid-thirties, she's a king-size user and seductive temptress with a top body, long strawberry blonde hair, breasts, and a tan. She holds a power over Fatty during the story. A Goddess given form, she'd sooner pout to get her way. She works for Jeff Crompton, a minor

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character in the scheme of things. Her job is to find anything on Fatty that Jeff can use in detriment. Her claws sharp, she is “The Siamese waiting patiently under a shrub for the canary to fly away.”

OTHER CHARACTERS:

HERO REID

Mid-thirties, handsome, auburn-haired Irishman, entrepreneur-minded and womanizer. He’s the crim in Fatty’s organisation and will do anything for the boss, whether it’s fixing a major stakes horserace in Randwick, or stealing a \$13 million shipment of Mercedes convertibles, which he does.

STRAPPY JONES

Hero’s sidekick, Strappy’s an orphan from the inner city streets. Having defended his welterweight crown two years running, he’s out of the fight game. He’ll gladly kill for the boss, and does. He likes a drink, a bet, an argument, and preferably in all-male company. He’s not somebody you’d want to cross, unless ending up on life support was your bag!

JEFF CROMPTON

Late-fifties, staunchly conservative with spectacles, he’s a very dangerous narcissist who rules Australian Finance, the largest floorplan lender in the country. Fatty has to deal with them for his dealer financing. Crompton is the Wizard of Oz pulling all the strings.

ROWAN BRADDOCK

Late fifties, he’s a skinny, snivelling weasel who would sell his own mother out just to get ahead! A former partner of Fatty’s, when they both shared control in a string of brothels around Sydney’s inner suburbs until he did something stupid. Now, he’s in bed with Harry Edwards and Jeff Crompton, working to bring Fatty down.

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STORYLINE:

PLOT POINT 1:

FATTY GRADEN presides over his auto auction in Sydney's inner west, the largest in Australia. He cajoles the hundreds of beer-belly wholesalers there, pushing up bids, getting every man enthusiastic with the hundreds of cars going under his hammer. Around the walls, signs forbid women. This is fiercely a man's domain! In the crowd, Marilyn, dressed in Versace couture, is a very bold woman, not one easily intimidated. She blocks out the boisterousness around her, intent to study Fatty up on the podium. To her, he exudes a most magnetic air of confidence and authority. She considers him, in his trademark black Brioni double-breasted suit, to be of her class – an attractive equal. That suit alone would cost most men in the room a month's earnings. Her figure still maintains its sleek proportions from her college days as a state champion sprinter almost two decades earlier. Someone from his past and five-times married, she yearns to redeem him, to remake him into the great man she believes he is destined to become. Her gift to him, her desire to transform him, carries penance for her own sins as well.

Police officers and bomb experts, dressed in blast suits, rush in from the street. Senior Corporal Harry Edwards – tall, grey-haired, the troop's leader, jumps up on the podium and takes command. He informs Fatty that he is acting on a tip that a bomb is planted in one of the auction cars. He neglects to tell Fatty that he is the bomber. A crazy psychotic, Edwards carries a grudge ever since Fatty had him busted down from a consorting squad detective after a racehorse-doping investigation he ran, a few years ago, soured. He is intent to bring Fatty down, whatever the cost. The bomb goes off in a recently auctioned vehicle parked outside. Fatty suspects him, but can't prove anything and lets it slide. Just the day before, a suicide of a friend in the business has made Fatty question his own morality. He has that in the back of his mind.

After the sale, Fatty relaxes in his office. A young girl he uses for casual sex is performing fellatio under the desk. A knuckle raps at the door, and he quickly dismisses her through a private exit. It is Marilyn. They haven't seen each other in a few years, not since they were caught together by Fatty's wife, 'Boobs,' having sex in the garage of the marital home. She sits on the sofa while he fields a call, watching him tear apart his lieutenant, Johnny Millhouse, over an unpaid loan from a third party at an abnormally high interest rate.

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Loan-sharking is another of his businesses. The guilt she feels for having broken up his marriage eats away at her conscience. Yet, she cannot deny the magnetism that unfailingly draws her thoughts of him almost daily. Nor, the tender feelings she constantly struggles with and guard against revealing. Her supreme desire, ancient and contemporary, is to participate in his safety and happiness. Today, the bombing is of utmost concern to her. She has come to console him, to find out who is gunning after him. He doesn't yet have a clue, but suspects that the explosion is more than just coincidence.

Earlier in the morning, one of Fatty's contemporaries has driven his Jaguar off The Gap. The 400-foot drop to the ocean is notorious with those that want to commit suicide. Upon finding out, Fatty rushes out to South Head to see what he can do. Too late, he watches on while officers of police rescue retrieve the body up the side of the cliff. He is mortified. Rod Holton, knighted by the Queen, was one of his closest mates. Both were at opposite ends of the spectrum: Holton, the gentleman breed of the car business; Fatty, the uneducated, street-wise Aussie battler. The effects of heavy financial losses within Holton's car empire and disillusionment with those he trusted had pressed upon him, leaving his sensibilities bereft of reasoning and logic. "But, to do it in such a sensational way?" is the nagging question pounding in Fatty's brain. He feels genuine loss. There aren't many of the old time dealers left, he being one. A sense of vulnerability creeps in.

At the track later in the day, Johnny Millhouse meets Julie Moss, a gorgeous siren, sitting with a girlfriend. It is far from a happenstance encounter. Fatty Graden is Julie's primary target. She makes it mission-critical to learn the roles of those in his inner circle. She has discovered through her vast array of connections that Fatty will be there. Johnny, a fiercely handsome ex model and former racecar driver, doesn't know what he's getting himself into, nor does he have the money, which is a deal-breaker for her if the interest was there. Fortunately for him, Fatty arrives with his bodyguard, is bowled over by her beauty, and takes her for himself. The big man's horse, Wings of Grace, has a start in Australia's biggest race for 3-year-olds, The Sturgess Stakes. His crew, located at tracks around Australia, 'plunge' the horse. Wings of Grace falters at the start. From such a distance behind, the animal looks a dead-set certainty to lose. But, win it does, and the crowd goes wild, many who have backed it simply because Fatty is the owner. It is the greatest come-back in racing history. It is also one of the biggest betting plunges ever! The short-priced race favourite is

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doped, and Fatty is behind it – ah, more enemies made! Luckily, for him, the crime is never found out. He has good people working for him. BLOODY GOOD!

Julie remembers a dark time in Fatty's past, an incident that became front-page news. Two years ago, Fatty meets with Johnny Tesla, a notorious crime lord, in secluded woodland outside Melbourne. From the sanctity of his Mercedes, Tesla tries to strong-arm Fatty into becoming involved in an illegal activity. But, Fatty doesn't want a bar of it. Standing with Fatty are three behemoths of men in full-length dusters and hit-man sunglasses. The Simpson brothers, with bushy beards, spiked hair, and tattoos, would gladly toss a kitten from a speeding car. The berating from Tesla continues. Fatty seems calm and in control of his anger. Not so Ed Simpson. The disrespectful tone Tesla uses against his boss warrants reprisal. He produces a gun from his coat pocket and pulls the trigger, shooting Tesla in the head. The men scan the area for witnesses, see none, and disappear into the trees. In the bushes are two boys who witnessed the entire event. They stay there for a few hours just to make sure, too scared to really do anything else. Finally gaining enough courage, they scamper to the police. There, at the station, they concoct a story that they were biking through the woods and came across the car. They looked inside and saw Tesla dead. They omitted to tell them about what truly transpired for fear that they will be their next victims. They both swear to never divulge the truth to anyone – not family, not friends. The police are pressured by the Mob to find someone to stand trial. The police, in their desperation, find the perfect patsy, an ex con with a surreptitious past who will say and do anything for leniency. Several crooked detectives want to pin something on Fatty, and charge him with Tesla's murder. At the day of his arraignment, reporters flock for his side of the story, but Fatty is ushered inside. The judge reads aloud the charges. In the detectives report, Fatty's attorney sees there is a witness, but the police haven't produced him yet, or furnished a name. Fatty, in his resourcefulness, finds out who the man is. Killer cells in his employ scour the country for him. One of them finds him, shoots him, and disposes of his body at sea. Without a witness, the Crown's case is blown out of the water, and Fatty is released.

After the race, Fatty becomes better acquainted with Julie, taking her, Johnny and a few others, to a swank nightclub. It is there he eyes Rowan Braddock, an arch nemesis, sitting at a table with a bevy of beauties. When he observes Harry Edwards arrive, whisper something

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in Braddock's ear, then leaves, he is livid. He orders Mitch, his bodyguard, to throw him out, which he does. Rowan – 50s, skinny, balding, untrustworthy – has been a thorn in Fatty's side for years, ever since they dabbled together in some brothels. Braddock screwed him out of his share. Fatty never forgave him for that. He is the one Fatty ear-roasted Johnny on the phone about. Fatty will loan money to anyone, especially when his rates are usury. But, like everyone else, he likes to be repaid on time. The delay, from Braddock's perspective, is an oversight. Regardless, Fatty has given him until tomorrow to pay up, or it's lights out!

Later, Fatty and Julie return to her opulent Point Piper apartment and have hot, steamy sex together. He is playing right into her trap. Through her body, she manipulates men, traps them in her web of deceit and destruction. She will give him whatever he wants, just so long as she can stay close and find out anything damning on him for her employer, Jeff Crompton. During the night, after their romp, Fatty experiences a ghastly nightmare, a time, two years ago, when an attempt on his own life soured, killing his young boy in a fiery car explosion. The perpetrator manages his escape and is never found. Fatty snaps awake, covered in sweat. Crocodile tears pour down his cheeks. His head buried in his hands, he remembers the horror seen in his boy's eyes as he hobbles towards the limo with a broken leg after being ejected on impact. Flames lick about the car and smoke fills the cab. The chauffeur is dead. The locking mechanism fused, the boy is alone inside a ticking bomb. All the eight-year old can do is bash his tiny bloody fists against the back glass and plead that his father hurry. The car erupts, the force sufficient to propel it upwards into the sky. Fatty collapses to the ground and breaks down. In bed, Julie nurtures Fatty in a breast, consoling him that it was nothing but a bad dream. To Fatty, it was more.. much, much more – the grim Reaper had shown up, and he wasn't about to tell her.

PLOT POINT 2:

Lazing on the harbour in his mega-yacht *Laydown Buyer*, Fatty gets a call from Australian Finance, the largest car dealer financier in the country. They have bad news about his loan application for additional floorplan he so desperately needs for his Mercedes operation to stay in business. The Board denied his request because his guarantor, Rod Holton, died earlier in the week. But, they would grant his application if he can dispose of a shipment of forty convertibles that arrived from Germany and are still waiting on the docks

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to clear customs. Why it's taking so long for them to clear all the red tape is a mystery to him. He is unaware that Rowan Braddock's brother is behind the "go-slow." Fatty is able to wholesale the cars to two Benz dealers in Queensland. One of them is Marilyn's hubby. The additional funding granted, still, Fatty drowns in a high cash burn rate. Money makes his world go around – unfortunately, a hell of a lot of it. His dealerships are the subject of a recent witch-hunt from a government watchdog agency, led by Braddock's brother, and heavy fines imposed for a slew of code violations, all fabricated. Fatty is unaware that Braddock is behind either instance. He is being set up for financial ruin. A desperate man, Fatty contemplates desperate measures. He dreams up a daring plan to hijack the five transporters that will be carrying the imports to Brisbane. He has a car stripper mate of his in Queensland he does business with on occasion. The Mercs, parted out, are far more valuable to him, as is the insurance windfall, in the millions, which he stands to gain because of the loss. He pulls Hero and Johnny aside and sells them on the idea. Mentioning that someone heavy inside the finance company is on their side, his men are all for it!

Three days later, the Benzes are loaded at the White Bay docks, and the car carriers embark on their trip to Brisbane, Queensland. Fatty makes his appointment with Jeff Crompton, the chairman of Australian Finance. A towering, lanky New Yorker, Crompton is a dangerous narcissist who expects the world to fall to his feet. His office, half the size of a football field, is lavish and completely overboard, with a rotunda library and cathedral dome where clouds dawdle overhead. Atop a skyscraper, it befits a mansion in the Hamptons, and not downtown Sydney. Fatty is there to sign his loan papers and pay a hefty bribe for him to look the other way. The plan is underway. There is no turning back now.

The convoy arrives at the midway point, Clybucca Flats, a desolate place north of Kempsey, just as dusk falls. They glide into the empty stop, park, and the truckers jump down from the warmth of their cabs. Across the highway, Hero and his crew watch from a parked van. Lights flash from one of the trucks, a preplanned signal from a trucker in Fatty's employ that the hijack is a go. As the truckers way their way to the restaurant, they are bushwhacked by men in hoods wielding rubber batons. Hero hastily loads the unconscious bodies into the van, climbs aboard one of the trucks with Strappy, a close mate and ex boxer with a penchant for violence and gore, and leads the convoy out onto the road and into the night. They race south, through Port Macquarie, then west, over to the New England Highway. From Armidale, it is expected to be clear sailing to the Queensland border and

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Ipswich, where the chop-shop is located. He has orders to stay off the Pacific Highway, normally the most direct route to Queensland from Sydney. They don't want to risk detection by the cops. Fatty knows that every police station along the Pacific Highway will be alerted and an 'all-points bulletin' issued once the trucks don't arrive in Brisbane in the morning.

A voice unexpectedly crackles over Hero's scanner, a black box located on the floor of the cab beside Strappy's feet. The device's purpose is to detect cell phone chatter. Furious, Hero listens on. He recognizes the voice, Billy Burch, a last minute substitute. In his conversation with another man, Burch describes the route they're traveling, the location of the chop-shop, and what time they expect to arrive. Jeff Crompton's name is mentioned. Hero doesn't recognize the name like Fatty does. Nor should he. All he knows is they conspire to bring Fatty down. He could spit nails. His orders to everyone were clear before the mission began, "No cell phones!" Fatty trusts his judgment and is reluctant to get on his cell phone to tell Fatty, but call him he does. Pacing the den of his waterfront mansion, Fatty goes ballistic at the news. The entire mission now is in jeopardy. He and Johnny strain over a map and plan an alternate route. The chop-shop in Ipswich isn't an option any more. The back up shop in Toowoomba that his stripper mate also owns, however, is. That facility very few people know about, certainly no one on his team. It is imperative, from Fatty's perspective, to protect that shipment at all costs, regardless what might happen to him. Foremost, Billy Burch knows too much. Somehow, Hero will have to leave the traitor behind, perhaps tamper with his truck at the next stop so that it breaks down. If not, he will have to kill him. The trucks have to get off the road. Soon! They're sitting targets otherwise. Johnny remembers a massive sheep station outside Boggabilla that he had had the opportunity to visit some years ago. On the property is a huge red barn, a structure that can comfortably house the five trucks. Fatty gets excited and tells Hero. The convoy is approaching Armidale. Already 2/3rds of the journey is complete and, thankfully, the night devoid of traffic. Fatty phones his mate at the chop-shop, warning them to pack up and leave. The cops are probably on their way already, knowing the sort of man Jeff Crompton to be. He will never forgive himself for making a pact with the devil. He feels like a fool. The dilemma, as Johnny sees it, is how to get the cars to Toowoomba without trucks? Fatty's got the answer, "We'll drive 'em out." His plan is to transport fifty drivers he employs at his auction up to the sheep station. Quickly! He remembers Pete Quisno, a military transport

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jock mate of his from Vietnam. Quissie has a C-130 hangared at an RAAF base outside Newcastle. He phones him and books a flight from Mascot at first light, while Johnny organizes the drivers. He also wants to use his Learjet 35, an eight-seat executive job, to oversee the rescue personally, and calls his pilot to have his plane readied at Mascot. He gets a phone call from Marilyn. She has found a large envelope in her safe deposit box. It was left for her to find by husband number four, who has been dead for a few years. In it are damning photos of Jeff Crompton and Rowan Braddock in acts of homosexuality. Also there are bank statements, showing bribes to Crompton. Fatty is ecstatic. Armed with this, he will have the last laugh on these men.

Driving into the night, through barren tablelands lit by a crescent moon, Hero mulls Fatty's threatening words. The Queenslander plainly isn't the killer type. Strappy, on the other hand, is, and sits, elated, that he can waste someone. He gets out of his seat, drops back into the sleeper area of the truck, and finds a loaded rifle and searchlight. Slipping back into his chair, he squeezes off a few shots at wild animals he sees in the trees. Hero isn't amused. A few miles up, Hero's prayers are answered when a jittery Billy Burch radios in, reporting that his truck has blown a radiator hose and is rapidly overheating. The convoy pulls onto the shoulder, and Hero and his partner walk back. The truck is indeed spilling a huge amount of coolant onto the gravel, which brings a smirk to Hero's face. Strappy pushes Hero out of the way, produces the rifle, and fires. Shot in the chest, Billy Burch falls out of the truck and onto the roadway, dead. Hero can't believe it. His mate, someone he thought he knew, has killed in cold blood. He is quick to deliver blame. Now, Strappy must drag the body into the woods, bury it, and get Billy's truck back on the road. The problem, luckily, is easily fixed. A clip on the upper radiator hose had loosened, causing the water to escape.

Fatty and Johnny are the first to arrive at the airport. A deep drone of turbines fills their ears, and the C-130 rumbles up to the hangar. Engines feathering, the cargo ramp lowers under the giant tail. Quissie appears, says his hellos, just as four vans arrive inside the hangar. Fatty's drivers exit, and he directs them to the C-130. A high whine of jet engines grows exponentially louder, and the Lear taxis up. As the sun rises, both planes breach the cloud cover, headed for sheep country.

Hero and the convoy slow, approaching a wooden sign riddled in buckshot that announces, "Boggabilla." For miles in every direction, the landscape is as flat as a calm sea and unrelievedly barren – just glowing red soil, tussocky clumps of bluebush and spinnifex,

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weary looking eucalypts, and scattered rocks the colour of bad teeth. Not so much as a scrap of shade. Here and there, along the roadside, are the corpses of kangaroo and the occasional basking goanna. Inside the town, just the Wobbly Boot Hotel, a dilapidated old single story shanty, and a caravan park, and not much else. It is one of the most forbidding places on earth. On the other side of town, a white stone wall built along the side of the red clay road stretches into the distance, splitting the arid flatlands. The wall serves as a property boundary for a colossal ranch, holding in thousands of sheep that lazily trudge its boundary. Hero eyes a break in the wall. He downshifts and turns onto a private dirt road, under a large dangling white sign with a hand painted scroll, "Triple-Bee Sheep Station. Since 1854." A rhythmic clatter of greased axles sound as his heavy rig crosses a cattle grid. Upshifting through higher gears, Hero has the red barn in his sights, and counts off the last mile of their gruelling journey. His convoy is, at last, safe.

A few miles away, the morning air rapidly heats up around the community's only airstrip. The arid flatlands torched from drought and fire, the old dirt strip sits hidden amidst cattle paddocks devoid of grass. Weeds push obstinately through its cracked, hard-packed surface. A handful of sheep lazily graze on the few available clumps of grass. Aside from the occasional squawk of a magpie flying overhead, the place is eerily quiet. The solitude shatters by the growing sound of aircraft engines thundering from the south. A mile off, at several thousand feet, long sooty plumes stain a light blue sky. It is Quissie's transporter. Fatty's Learjet suddenly thunders over the strip, spooking the sheep and every other living being, however insignificant, in all directions. At near treetop level, the roar from its turbines is tremendous as the jet cruises level with the runway, then rockets skyward, rocking its wings from side to side. The C-130 drops its landing gear on final approach into Boggabilla.

Inside the barn, Hero watches his men and some station hands offload the cars. A thunderous noise of aircraft engines roar in the distance as the military transport touches down, spooking everyone to the barn's windows.

Quissie pulls back on the throttles and allows the inertia of the heavy plane to bring him in. The props beat to a slow feather and the heavy cargo door lowers underneath the gigantic tail. Two flatbed trucks arrive to ferry the drivers over to the sheep station, where the Benz convertibles are being lined up outside. Engines beat faster as the last of the men exit. Turbines screaming, the cargo ramp rises up, and the Hercules moves off. A windstorm from the prop wash churns behind it. Quissie reaches for a black box and flips open the lid to

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expose a red button. Reaching the outermost part of the dirt runway, he kicks the nose gear hard right, and faces up the old bush track. His foot brakes fully engaged, he pushes the throttles all the way forward. At max power, the massive engines howl with fury. The strip ahead of him is incredibly short. Any run-of-the-mill pilot would doubt the plane's chances to be able to takeoff from such a short airstrip. Quissie pushes the red button and releases the brakes. Two concentrated, white-hot plumes of flame blast from the tail and the C-130 accelerates off at an amazing rate of speed, rocketing up the dirt airstrip. Its entire tail section looks completely engulfed in fire, and its wings seemingly glow from friction with the air. It shoots up almost vertically, almost colliding with the Lear circling overhead. Fatty picks himself off the floor of the jet, and his cell phone rings. It is Mitch Rylander, his bodyguard, from Sydney. He is thrilled to pass on the identity of the driver who killed Fatty's son two years ago. Fearless called him with a tip. In a dangerous rage, Fatty orders him to put in a call to the Simpson brothers. He expects Mitch and the three brothers to be waiting for him at the airport when he lands. PAYBACK TIME!

PLOT POINT 3:

The sun sets on a quaint brick veneer cottage somewhere in Bondi. Some of the houses nearby are boarded up. A BMW 740 screeches to a halt in the narrow laneway. Fatty and his men jump out and storm the house. In the back bedroom, a man snores loudly in a deep comatose wheeze. In filthy underwear, he is surrounded by empty bourbon bottles and ashtrays filled to the brim. The television hisses in the corner. When the bedroom door is kicked off its hinges, he abruptly awakes to find three shotguns pointing at his midsection. He backs up in the bed terrified. Fatty struts in. He doubts he acted alone in the accident that claimed the life of his boy, and grills him for information. The man stammers Harry Edwards' name. Fatty walks from the room. Half way up the hall, his ears burn at the thunderous chime of shotgun blasts. There is no apprehension in Fatty's step as he exits the cottage. He peers up and sees a shooting star pass across the heavens. Tears roll down his cheek and a deep sorrow fills his heart. A lump forms in his throat, making it difficult for him to swallow. In that shooting star is the life force of his son. He knew Dillon was the key, the motivating factor that drove him to want to become a better man. The love he felt for his boy was the single, one thing that could ever motivate him to change his lifestyle. His child was the first person he had ever really loved in his life. Dillon's death had severely wounded

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him, a heart wound that crippled him emotionally; made him even harder and colder inside. His death finally avenged, he wants to change.

Later, he meets up with Marilyn at his Vaucluse home. She hands over the envelope. He sits down and scans what it contains. His eyes light up. What is inside is all that she promised, and more. Much, much more. When he says that he must pay Harry Edwards a visit at home and asks that she stay put, she refuses. She wants to be there for him, to provide the calming element he secretly cries out for, and not do anything rash. He agrees, and they drive to Miranda. When Edwards opens the front door, Fatty pushes him to the carpet and shoves a snubnose .38 into his face. Marilyn gets between the men and reasons with Fatty to stop, to let the police handle him. Edwards has tried to kill Fatty on many occasions. Internal Affairs will be very interested in the evidence they possess. Fatty's rage, until now, has had the better of him. He sees the error in his ways, really the way he has conducted himself throughout his life when trouble like Edwards knocks. Fatty backs off, puts the gun away, and reaches into his jacket pocket. He tosses a photo of the cop in a lewd act with Braddock and Crompton, then threatens that he will pull the dirty copper and the others down once and for all. He grabs Marilyn's hand and storms out of the house.

Fatty drives home in silence. For a man on the brink of murder, he had shown remarkable restraint back there. He doesn't have killer hands. Others do it for him. Thirty years of playing hardball with the heavies have taught him much. But it has had its price also. He is changing and he feels it. Strongly! He needs balance in his life. He has all the trappings of success, and the hallmark of greatness. All that is missing is her. He stops the car, turns to Marilyn, and lays out his heart, something he has never done with any woman. She is the only one he can trust with his secrets, and share the pain of the death of his son. Beautiful, sexual to the tee, she is smart, witty, and has proven her loyalty and devotion to him repeatedly. Why, in God's name, has he not realized it before? He has loved her for years now. With her at his side, he can have everything he needs. Finally. Now, it is time to live.

The story concludes with a trawler ride for the killer of his son out to sea. The body is dumped over the side in a GRADEN LAUNDRY bag, Fatty's trademark way of getting rid of people, and the sharks come and eat it. Fatty and Marilyn sit with the captain up in the wheelhouse. Massaging his neck, Marilyn says, "Jim, it's finished."

As the trawler steams away into the fog, Dillon's innocent little voice drifts down from heaven, "Daddy, I love you."

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SAMPLES OF DIALOGUE:

DIALOGUE SAMPLE 1:

INT. DEALZ AUTO AUCTIONS - DAY

The Caprice limo comes to halt in a large unkempt warehouse. As Graden steps from the car, a series of cheers and jests goes up from the hundred or so prospective buyers lounging around sipping coffees, smoking and thumbing through the auction listings.

BUYER #1

Oy Mate, sellin' the roller? What?
Can't make the alimony this month?

BUYER #2

Graden? What you doin'? You ain't
done an auction since Christ was
a corporal.

BUYER #3

Nice suit. Graden! You running for
office?

Graden takes a bow and then gives them all a salesman's smile and the finger. The laughter and jeers continue as he crosses to the podium where his SECRETARY; big boobs, a mini skirt and nervous expression, waits.

SECRETARY

Fatty, you sure about this?

Graden hands her his coat, prompting more cat calls.

FATTY GRADEN

It's where it all began, luv. No
worries.

He surveys the room and smiles, then leans in closer.

FATTY GRADEN (CONT'D)

Like sex, yah? Better with age, right?

Blushing, she turns to leave as JOHNNY MILLHOUSE, dark hair, suave, enters.

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BUYER #1
Graden, don't send her away!

BUYER #2
Can we bid on that, eh?

Graden laughs along as he rolls up his sleeves.

FATTY GRADEN
Alright Tavish! Let's get the first
lot in here.

TAVISH, a Scottish relic of a man in quilt and war cap, stubs out a rolled cigarette near the cavernous roller doors leading to the back storage lot. He flips a smartarse salute to Graden then moves for a car. Johnny steps up close to Graden and shakes his head.

FATTY GRADEN (CONT'D)
Who's looking for him?

JOHNNY MILLHOUSE
Everyone but me really. An'
Fearless...

FATTY GRADEN
What's he doin' then?

Johnny pauses a moment.

JOHNNY MILLHOUSE
He's running down a lead on
Dillon.

Graden stops cold. Slowly he lifts his eyes to meet Johnny's, his anger and energy clearly sapped.

FATTY GRADEN
Well, that's good news. But that's
his job sun up sun down, right. I need
Clive here, now. I have to move this
lot, more coming for next month, these
punter's 'll spend their readies
elsewhere. Find 'im.

Slightly off balance with the news, Graden steps up on the auctioneer's podium. A rather suspect Ford utility takes center stage, engine idling erratically and a decided sag about the axles.

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FATTY GRADEN (CONT'D)
What am I bid on this bewdy?

A sea of beer-bellies, many in the crowd shake their heads, while others laugh. Graden jerks the mic closer, insulted by their lame reaction.

FATTY GRADEN (CONT'D)
You blokes are just shittin' me to tears. What a pack of bloody tire kickers. C'mon, ya cheap bunch'a mongrels. 'Ava go!

His eyes pan the room, searching for anything to connect to, but the buyers fall silent, choosing to bury their noses in the auction guides.

FATTY GRADEN (CONT'D)
Ten grand's the reserve here, fellas. I gotta make that at least, or I'm goin' ta the next one. Check out the bloody mag wheels. Real chrome they are. Only hauled sheep on Sundays, I swear!

A few men chuckle and give the truck a second look.

FATTY GRADEN (CONT'D)
So, who's gonna step up on this ute then?

Buyers stare up at the ceiling, checking their watches while fanning themselves with the guides. Graden's glare dances between anger and fear.

FATTY GRADEN (CONT'D)
You're all bloody daft? That ute's worth twice The reserve.. Ah, bugger yis! Get it out of here!

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DIALOGUE SAMPLE 2:

INT. RANDWICK / MEMBERS LOUNGE - DAY

Johnny enters, eyeing the youthful, well-dressed crowd chatting at the bar. He accepts and returns nods and subtle waves from other members as he prowls the room looking for action. His eyes catch a brief glimpse of a golden skin BRUNETTE, barely covered in a sheer floral sundress. She glances his way with a sexy smile, then she's blocked by mingling crowds and disappears. His eyes scan, looking for the mystery girl while walking the crowd.

Then he sees her, seated by the windows overlooking the emerald green of the track. Beside her is an equally stunning RAVEN-HAIRED BEAUTY. They daintily sip their cocktails and watch the crowds mingle below.

JOHNNY MILLHOUSE

Hello girls. Mind if I join you?

JULIE MOSS, the Goddess, turns and looks up from beneath her hat. With a quick steady gaze she weighs and measures Johnny as she casually takes a sip. Liking what she sees, she shifts slightly forward, putting herself on display.

JULIE MOSS

Only if you've got a tip, handsome.

Johnny knows the game is on.

JOHNNY MILLHOUSE

Funny you should mention that. Jim has a horse running in the Sturgess Stakes today. It's a cert! You ladies gamble?

JULIE MOSS

Well handsome, that depends on who this Jim is.

JOHNNY MILLHOUSE

Oh, right, I'm sorry. Jim Graden, my boss.

Johnny sticks out his hand, confident.

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JOHNNY MILLHOUSE (CONT'D)
G'day, I'm Johnny Millhouse.

Julie puts her drink down and rests her hand in his.

JULIE MOSS
Hello Johnny, I'm Julie Moss.

Without letting go Johnny slips into the vacant chair. Julie finally slides her hand back and reaches over to tap her partner on the shoulder.

JULIE MOSS (CONT'D)
And this is my good friend Rachel.

Rachel turns smoothly, bringing Johnny into her sights. Black eyes and blood red lips against nearly translucent skin, she is the ying to Julie's yang. Her sex appeal and appetite is not hidden or hinted at, she is a shark. She adjusts herself, facing Johnny, reaching out with long red fingernails to flick at his diamond earring.

RACHEL SAGE
Nice bling, Johnny. Cubic?

Johnny glances towards Julie to see if this is game.

JOHNNY MILLHOUSE
Not likely, darling. That what you wear?

JULIE MOSS
Me? My diamond stud can cut glass.

Johnny's eyes jump from hoop earrings to ear to barren fingers, then widening, down towards Julie's lap.

JOHNNY MILLHOUSE
How's it do with hard woods?

Julie jumps in, business before pleasure.

JULIE MOSS
So Johnny, I'm interested in this horse of, Jim's, did you say? What makes you think it's a certain?

Keeping one eye on Rachel he answers.

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JOHNNY MILLHOUSE

Let's just say the tip I got is pretty good mail. You know, straight from the horse's mouth.

Rachel lifts her drink making a show of taking a sip, nearly twisting Johnny who's try to watch both.

JOHNNY MILLHOUSE (CONT'D)

Tell you what Julie, I'm so bloody convinced, I'll fork out five-grand to spot you and Rachel a bet. Then, when he wins, you get to keep, say, a grand each. Fair enough?

The girls swap volumes filled glances, Johnny's waits.

JULIE MOSS

Johnny, what is it you think you're buying for a grand apiece?

With a cocky, bragging smile Johnny leans in.

JOHNNY MILLHOUSE

Truth is, I'm not allowed in the betting ring these days. I made a ton here on what some think was a shady plunge. You know how it goes, jealous bastards ...

A large shadow rises up, covering Johnny, its source drawing the gaze of both women. A large hand drops onto his shoulder.

FATTY GRADEN

Well, Johnny, be a good lad and introduce me to the lovelies.

Graden slides up with a nod, while MITCH RYLANDER, his bodyguard - a cruel bruiser in a suit, ruthlessly scans the crowd.

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WHY PARRAMATTA ROAD WILL SELL:

PARRAMATTA ROAD is different than any car movie made. Most have a humorous undertone, like “Used Cars” and “Tin Men”. Humour is not what this movie is about, even though there are bouts of hilarity and loads of fun.

PARRAMATTA ROAD is full of murder, sex, and corrupt dealings. Akin to “The Sopranos”, it is a hard-nosed, fight-for-every-yard portrayal at the good and bad that exists in the car business ever since Edsel was a baby.

PARRAMATTA ROAD will be shot in cities and rural areas around NSW, VIC and QLD. The rural advent will appeal to the FTO, in terms of money from them.

The Australian film industry is crying out for a 100% Aussie feature that can grab the attention of Americans and showcase Australia’s natural beauty.

It’s a bloody good yarn!

It’s about Australia, written by an Australian, starring Australians.

A MINI-SERIES has been written.

The story is real.

It actually happened.