

FENCIBLE LOVE

Written by

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1

INT. IRELAND/SMALL BLACKSMITH'S COTTAGE - DAY

1

Inside the main room of the cottage, three people are sitting around the lunch table: one is a surly-looking older man with a thick neck and massive arms, the other is a small washed out, pale-looking woman, who is middle aged, and the third is obviously their son, again with his father's massive arms. They are eating soup and bread.

There is a knock at the door and the young man gets up and collect the post from the post man. The young man, Mick, closes the door and opens the letter. He seems severely shaken by the contents of it and moves towards the dresser slamming it down, agonizedly.

MICK

That's it! I'm not staying! I'm not staying here! She's marrying Mulloy!.....I was thinking she wanted to marry me!..... With the smiles and kisses and the talking about furniture and...

DAD

.....Well, looks like she was thinking on marrying Mulloy, as well.

MICK

I'll go out and take that fencible offer which Colonel Watkins mentioned! I will!

MOTHER

But, by the Holy Mother of God! New Zealand? Why do you have to go to the far ends of the earth?

MICK

I'm sorry mam. I just can't stay mam! I just can't stay and watch the village pitying me! I'd rather hang for a rogue...

DAD

(Frowning) Hey, yer a great pansy an all! Pull yourself together....

Mick runs out of the cottage and slams the door his father sneers, harrumphs, and returns to his lunch. Mother gets hold of a tea towel and brings it up to her mouth looking anxiously at her husband and then the door.

2

INT. NZ/NEW RICHMOND/MAYOR'S HOUSE/DINING ROOM - DAY

2

Six men in black are sitting around the dining table in a very small mid C19th middle class dining room.

MAYOR

Well yes, you're right. We do need a blacksmith. Wairapu haven't got one, either!

HAMILTON

(In a pastor's' clothes)  
.....and an officer for our fencibles! .... A corporal and a handful of privates doesn't make a working battalion. They need sorting out.

SHOPKEEPER

Yes, but it's not that easy, and if we get one blacksmith and one captain we will have to find two houses with two bits of land for them, both of them...

HAMILTON

Yes, yes... It goes without saying we will have to find a blacksmith who has been in the army..... and preferably one without wife and daughters. Goodness knows we've got enough unwed young girls in this village already!

MAYOR

Yes indeed indeed.... I will have a word with the Colonel, when he comes to inspect our boys this week. I will tell him what we need and he can talk to the Army Board....

A woman appears at the door, with a tea tray, and the men look pleased.

MAYOR'S WIFE

.....Tea, gentlemen? Minister?

She smiles, ingratiatingly, at the pastor.

3

EXT. OUTSIDE CHAPEL - DAY

3

Mick is in his outdoor clothes, hiding behind some shrubs, nearby, while looking at the bride, groom and party emerging from the church. He looks agonised and then, resignedly, picks up his bag and walks away down the lane.

4

EXT. NZ/NEW RICHMOND/VILLAGE GREEN - DAY

4

A British army colonel in mid 19 century army uniform is walking around a line of soldiers, also in their uniforms. They are a most unhealthy-looking, mismatched assortment of seven men. The Colonel is looking contemptuous, and sucking his teeth. The mayor is hurrying along by the Colonel's elbow.

MAYOR

..... but as I was saying, we really don't want to have to meet the needs of two separate men: one will do. So, if you could find a captain, or some officer, who was also a smith, he would do very.....

COLONEL

.....Yes yes! Well, it's not that easy you know! We just have to take who the Army Board send us. I'll tell them a smith, but you probably won't get both requirements, in one man. If you end up with two fencibles, you will just have to find an extra piece of land for the other one.

The colonel takes one last hopeless look at the soldiers, rolls his eyes and walks away. The mayor smiles, encouragingly at the men and they each look mournfully at each other.

5

EXT. NZ/BEACH - DAY

5

A sailing ship stands out in the bay and a long boat is just pulling up onto the sand. It contains four oarsmen and Mick, as well as his belongings. The men get out of the boat and pull it up onto the dry sand. They unload Mick's belongings with his help and they throw a net over the pile. They wish Mick good luck and row back towards the ship. Mick smiles and waves them goodbye for awhile. He then turns and looks at the foliage behind him and then he looks out at the sea again, sighs, contentedly, and smiles.

MICK

(to himself)

I'm here! I'm really here I'm in  
New Zealand!..... Goodbye old  
Ireland! Goodbye, Sophie! I'm in a  
new place now! Yes!

Mick walks along the shore kicking sand up.

MICK (CONT'D)

Everything is new...  
Everything!..... I'm  
new!..... Yessssssss!

Mick turns back towards his belongings and then spots some smoke, hopefully from a homestead, rising behind the foliage. He picks up his duffel bag only, from his pile of belongings, and purposefully, sets off up the beach, to find the village.

6

EXT. THE SETTLERS' VILLAGE - DAY

6

Mick walks into the village. As he arrives at the entrance to the village children stop their play and stare open mouthed at him. One of them goes running off to find an adult. An old lady on the veranda stops rocking her chair and stares open mouthed at Mick. Two women come out of the house opposite rubbing their hands on the aprons and similarly stare at him. Mick tips his cap, smiles and greets them

MICK

Good morning... Good morning to you!

Mick walks along and comes across a man chopping wood against the side of his house. The man puts the axe down and steps towards Mick holding his arm out in greeting. Mick takes his hand and shakes it

MAN

Well, good morning son. You're here with the packet then? From Sydney is it?

MICK

Yes sir. A week's sail and we're here.

MAN

Well, I'll be taking you around to the mayor, Mr. Drummond. He'll show you your bit of land and the house that will do nicely for you. The Colonel will be round next month, and he'll...

They both look up to see two middle aged man hurrying towards them, one with a jacket on and the other hastily pulling his own jacket on, too. The slightly older, severe looking man who has his jacket on already, shakes Mick's hand and speaks first

HAMILTON

Good morning young man. Do I have the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Michael Milligan?

MICK

You do sir, and you are...?

The other man breaks in.

CYRUS DRUMMOND

This is Pastor Hamilton, our pastor, and I am the mayor of our little town, Cyrus Drummond. Welcome to New Richmond!

Drummond shakes Mick's hand, puts his arm around his shoulder and leads him along the track out of the village. The other two men follow them.

CYRUS DRUMMOND (CONT'D)

Your bit of land and house is a little way out of the village and quite small, but I think it'll do fine for our new blacksmith, with room for your forge.....

HAMILTON

..... gunsmith!

MICK

Well, actually, I'm both. I trained with my dad as a blacksmith, but the army taught me gunsmithing. I think it was this that persuaded the colonel of the Fencibles to accept me.

The men walk up a track towards a very small ramshackle cottage with bits of huts on the side, on a piece of rather overgrown pasture. Mick looks up at it with a bit of dismay. They stand in the doorway of the cottage and look around at the desolate, dusty mess of a few bits of furniture.

MAYOR

The last occupant was Sam Jones... but Sam decided to go with the carter to have a look and get a job in Auckland. The furniture is yours, and I can get you some bits of bedding if you're needing it.

MICK

Thank you. Thank you, Mr Mayor.



7

INT. MICK'S HOUSE - DAY

7

Mick is stacking furniture up, cleaning the floors and dusting. He beats the mattress and turns it over. He goes to get some bedding from his belongings which are now stacked on the veranda. He makes his bed. Mick goes around the back of the house and finds some wood in a shed. He splits it for kindling and makes a fire in his fireplace. Mick takes the old kettle from there and fills it from the pump at the rear of the house. He makes himself a mug of tea, getting the mug, tea and sugar from his belongings.

Mick takes his tea onto the verandah and sits down on the rocking chair there, looking out at the view of the Settlers Village in the mid distance, slightly below him. He rocks gently, sighs and smiles.

8

INT. SMALL CHAPEL - DAY

8

MICK walks into the chapel wearing his best suit. He takes off his cap as he enters, and all of the village the turn around to stare at him. Mick manages to find a space to sit fairly near the back of the chapel. The singing commences accompanied by a small harmonium.

9

EXT. OUTSIDE CHAPEL - DAY

9

As Nick comes out of the chapel, a middle aged man (Silas Green) comes up to him and shakes his hand.

SILAS GREEN

You're Mr Milligan I believe? Good good! Mr Milligan!... Yes yes.... Well, I am Silas Green and I own the village shop. As you are to be our new blacksmith, I would like to order from you several small goods, initially, such as pans, nails small tools, and the like. Our last blacksmith took his anvil with him ... You brought yours with you, have you, Mr. Milligan?

MICK

Yes sir .... I have sir.

SILAS GREEN

Good good. I have plenty I would like to order from you. Also, the next village up the coast, New Ashton ..... they don't have a blacksmith either, and their shopkeeper, Jim Jones, will be after your goods too.

MICK

Thanks, Mr Green. I'll do my best. Just give me a week or so, to get my bit of forge built, up at my place.

Mr Green smiles nods and walks off. Mick looks pleased and hopeful as he walks back towards his house.

10

EXT. VILLAGE GREEN - DAY

10

The seven fencible regiment soldiers are standing in a line at attention. Mick walks across the green towards them.

MICK

Good morning men. I'm glad to see you here. I'm sure you already know that I have been appointed your new captain. I'm Captain Milligan. I'll be working with you to build up your individual strengths and skills and to ensure we are an efficient fighting battalion in case of attack. The idea is that, not only do we defend ourselves locally, but we come to the aid of any other villages in the district who may need our help. I believe that there is a neighbouring friendly settlement of Maori people, here, but, as you all know, there is still repeated incursion and attacks on European immigrants, as well as local Maori people, from hostile Maori tribes.

Mick walks slowly along the line of his soldiers and as he does, each one freezes and stares mid horizon. Mick has to battle a hopeless feeling as he inspects them. He stops walking and turns back to them.

MICK (CONT'D)

Right, then men. We'll start with exercises. Take your jackets off and hang them on the bushes over there. Roll up your sleeves and we'll start with a run. Corporal, what's your name please?

CORPORAL EVANS

Evans, Sir. (Saluting)

MICK

Right then Evans. Can you lead off along that track please?

CORPORAL EVANS

Yes, sir. (Turns to the men who have been taking their jackets off)  
Right then, men! About turn! On the double.... Run!

The soldiers run off. Mick heaves a sigh at them, rolls his eyes and then follows them, at a run, too.

11 EXT. OUT IN THE BAY - DAY

11

Mick is standing in his small boat and is sighting along a shot gun at the fish, in the water below.

There is a fishing canoe of Maori people, nearby. They paddle up to near MICK, and then they stop and stare impassively at this apparent madman.

MICK fires at a very big fish, hits it, drops the gun and gleefully scoops the fish out of the water with a net, muttering to himself and the fish. As he satisfiedly empties the net into the bottom of his boat, he becomes aware of the Maoris staring at him. Mick stands up

MICK  
Good Morning to ya! Fishing!

He turns, grabs and holds up his prize

The six Maori fishermen look uneasily amongst themselves and then at this nutter. They then turn and paddle away.

12

EXT. MICK'S HOUSE/YARD - DAY

12

MICK sweeps the last of the muck from inside his house's lean-to and grabs hold of the wheelbarrow. Whistling a tune, he sets off down the track for the beach. MICK enjoys listening to the tui and looks interestedly around at the tree ferns and the plants. He arrives at the beach, at his previous belongings pile. All that is there, now, is his anvil, under the net. MICK manages, manfully, to wrestle the anvil into his barrow. He chucks the net on top of it and sets back up the beach, with a smile on his face.

13

EXT. MICK'S HOUSE/FIELD BEHIND - DAY

13

MICK is planting seeds down the final end of a row. He goes down the row kicking the soil back into the furrow and then stamping it down. MICK goes to the house and comes back with a bucket, which he fills from a pump/tap. He waters the row he has just planted and stands back looking, in satisfaction.

14

EXT. OUT IN THE BAY - DAY

14

Mick is on his boat, again, fishing with his shotgun. As he stands, aiming at a fish, two boats of Maoris come up to his boat and stare, fascinatedly, at Mick's technique. When he manages to catch a fish, as he lands it, the Maori all cheer him and bang their paddles on the sides of their canoes.

Mick looks around bashfully, at his audience. A handsome, older man, in a more elaborate costume stands up in his canoe.

CHIEF TUI

We applaud your fishing ways,  
pakeha!

MICK

Thank You..... What's a pakeha?

CHIEF TUI

Um ... stranger ... ummm .... not  
Maori.

MICK

Well, I am called Mick.

CHIEF TUI

From the land called England?

MICK

No ... from Ireland. It's smaller  
and poorer, but it's near to  
England.

CHIEF TUI

Hum .... well, I am Chief Tui. Our  
clan lives next to your village. We  
have heard you were to come. You  
are the gunsmith, huh?

MICK

Well, yes and general ironsmith, as  
well.

The chief nods and signals to his men to turn and start to pull away.

CHIEF TUI

Well then, if you miss the fish  
with that,

The chief points to the gun.

CHIEF TUI (CONT'D)

You can perhaps try hitting them  
with your hammer.....?



He smiles, waves and leaves. Mick smiles back and waves.

15

EXT. OUTSIDE CHAPEL - DAY

15

Mick comes out of the door, along with the rest of the congregation. He shakes the hand of Reverend Hamilton and turns to set out down the path, when another man hurries up to him.

GREEN

(Calling out from behind Mick) Mr. Milligan!

Mick turns around, smiles and holds out his hand. They shake.

MICK

Good Morning to you, Sir.

GREEN

Just wondering how my order is coming on, then.....

MICK

The forge is finished tomorrow, Sir, and yours will be my first job of work.

GREEN

Very good. Drop by any time with them, then.

MICK

I will, indeed, Mr. Green, and thank you for being my first customer.

Hargreaves turns to join his wife, who is standing near the entrance.

Mick smiles and walks away.

16

EXT. ON A FOOTPATH IN THE WOODS - DAY

16

MICK is collecting twigs and stacking them in a pile, by the track. He looks up as Chief Tui comes along with a couple of his men.

MICK  
Hello, Chief Tui!

CHIEF TUI  
Kia ora, Mick. When are you going fishing, again?

MICK  
I was thinking of taking the boat out again, tomorrow.

CHIEF TUI  
Well, forget the boat, but we will meet you, on the beach at sun up. You must show us this gun fishing of yours. My men are most interested.

MICK  
I would be delighted to show you, Chief.

The chief walks off, with his men. Mick calls after them.

MICK (CONT'D)  
Until tomorrow then.

17

EXT. OUT IN THE BAY - DAY

17

There are two Maori canoes, with Mick and Chief Tui, together in one. Mick is standing and he fires at a fish. He misses and all the men groan. He reloads and, aiming more carefully, fires, again. He misses. The men all groan: they are looking a bit bored and have obviously been here for some time. Mick reloads and, this time, hits a fish. The men all applaud, by shouting and hitting their paddles on the sides of the canoe and it rocks. Mick overbalances and falls in, going under, with his gun. The Maori people sit quietly and look to see if he re-emerges.

When Mick surfaces, they help to haul him back into the canoe. Mick's shoulder is bleeding.

CHIEF TUI

Your shoulder is broken?

MICK

Oh, no! I should think it's just a bit of a gouge, as I struck it on your rocks, there. I can still move it.

CHIEF TUI

I will send one of my women to bind it. You do not want sickness, or you cannot make guns.

MICK

Oh, I don't think I'll be making that many gu....

CHIEF TUI

...Enough! We go back to the women.

Tui signals to his men to paddle back and they return to the beach, where there are some Maori women skinning fish and putting them on sticks for roasting over a fire. Tui goes over and speaks to a young woman who gets some cloth out of a bag, and tears it into two strips. The young woman wets one strip in a pan of water and comes over to Mick, who is sitting on a rock, near the fire.

WOMAN

My name is Annah. You are the gunsmith with an injured shoulder?

MICK

Yes, I'm Mick, hello.

Mick is obviously attracted by Annah's beauty

ANNAH

Good morning, Mick. Here....

She leans over, undoes his shirt, partially, and swabs at the blood on his left shoulder.

ANNAH (CONT'D)

Ah! It is only a surface wound

She looks up at him and smiles in gentle irony  
You will live to conquer some poor  
fish again.

18

EXT. MICK'S HOUSE/YARD - DAY

18

Mick and another young man are carrying a beam across Mick's yard towards a shed.

MICK

It's good of you to come, Connor.  
The work should only be half a  
day's do, but I'll pay you a whole  
day, as I know how these things eat  
into a whole day and a carpenter's  
a valuable man!

CONNOR

Thanks a mill, Mick, I...

MICK

...I'll just get the keys off this  
hook and...

In reaching up, he accidentally drops his end of the beam,  
and therefore, Connor loses his grip and the beam lands on  
Connor's foot and bounces off. He falls to the floor

CONNOR

Agh! Agh! You crazy loon! Holy  
Mother of God! Are you trying to  
cripple me, then?!

Mick races over to inspect poor Connor's foot, with great  
concern.

MICK

Oh, I'm so sorry, Connor. I do get  
a bit absent minded, when I'm not  
in the forge. My father thought it  
were the fumes 'cos I were in there  
with him from an early age, and  
they can affect you that way.

Connor, rocking about, with pain

CONNOR

For crying out loud man, I'm not  
bothered about your fumey brain,  
it's my foot I'm bothered about.

Next shot, Mick is wheelbarrowing Connor down to the village  
and we see him apologizing over again to Connor, who angrily  
dismisses him with a wave.

19

INT. GENERAL STORE - DAY

19

Mick comes into the store with a net full of pans, etc. Mr. Green is behind the counter and there are two women, talking together, on the floor and one other rootling in a barrel. They all stop and stare, in a not very friendly manner.

MICK

(To everyone) Good Morning to you!

The women return this greeting with slight, starchy nods and no smiles.

GREEN

(Unsmilingly) Good Morning, Mr. Milligan ... Ah, the goods, thank you .... What price do you charge?

MICK

Well, I was thinking fifty cents? Does that seem reasonable to you, then?

Green sniffs, disparagingly.

GREEN

I suppose it will do.

He takes the load off Mick and takes them through a back door.

One of the women speaks

WOMAN

Was it you, Mr. Milligan, who damaged the foot of poor Mr. O'Flaherty?

MICK

Well, I did drop my end, by accident, but I do hope it's not bro....

WOMAN

(Sniffs) Oh, it'll mend, I suppose.

She goes out with her friend and the other woman who has been staring, open mouthed, hastily resumes her barrel rootling.

Mick stands waiting, a bit depressed.

20

EXT. VILLAGE GREEN/PADDOCK AND NEARBY PIG PEN - DAY

20

The church bell is frantically ringing as a raiding party of bandits is helping itself to the villagers' stock. Three raiders are seated on horseback with halters of two other horses in each of their hands and kicking their own steeds to ride off from the paddock with these nine horses. Five other raiders are wheelbarrowing young porkers out of the nearby house's sty. Two other raiders are kneeling, to defend their gang, by firing rifles at the villagers who are coming out of their houses and running down the lane towards the village green and paddock, with cries of outrage.

Mick arrives, at the village lane from a ninety degree angle, where the track to his house joins the village lane. He is running with three rifles, sees his fencibles and calls them to him.

MICK  
Fencibles! Fencibles!

They arrive, all but one of them, without their guns. One of them is in his nightdress with no shoes and the others in half dress.

MICK (CONT'D)  
Where's your guns and bayonets?!  
For God's sake, men, where's your  
guns?!

Muttering of excuses from men. Mick gives out his other two guns.

MICK (CONT'D)  
(Calmly, loudly and quickly)  
We'll give covering fire, and when  
the shooters are down, you others  
come out from cover, grab the  
bastards and get the stock off  
them! Follow me!

He runs a little forward, hides behind a house's porch pillars and bannisters, and points at where the other shooters are to hide. The unarmed fencibles also hide.

Mick shoots at the raiders' shooters and hits one. One of the other fencible shooters shoots a chicken which flies into the air with a squawk, and feathers flying out, before dropping. The other fencible shooter shoots a barrel stave, from where the bullet ricochets off and mildly wings one of the hiding fencibles.

Mick manages to shoot the other raiders' shooter, fixes the bayonet he has brought and then roars.



MICK (CONT'D)

Charge!

The fencibles charge out from cover, watched by the villagers and accompanied by some of the younger village men. The horses are long gone by now, but havoc ensues as the villagers jump onto the pig-stealing raiders who leave go of the pigs. But then the villagers leave go of the raiders to catch the pigs, upon which opportunity, the thieves run off. The villagers are left with one pig and all of the raiders having escaped, apart from the two who have been shot.

21

EXT. VILLAGE GREEN - DAY

21

The fencibles, in uniform, are in a line. The Colonel has just finished his inspection and looks stern. Mick is standing just behind him, off to one side, at attention.

COLONEL

At ease! .....Dismissed!

The men walk away a bit apprehensively, glancing furtively at the Colonel, who doesn't seem happy, and at Mick. The Colonel turns to Mick

COLONEL (CONT'D)

Captain Milligan, I believe your house is in that direction? I will accompany you on your walk back.

MICK

Yes, Sir! Certainly, Sir!

Mick salutes and turns to join the colonel in the walk to Mick's house.

COLONEL

I believe that you understand the seriousness of your responsibilities, here?

A while, later and further along the track and nearly approaching Mick's home

COLONEL (CONT'D)

..... and, of course, you know that the holding of this house, land, and all of its appurtenances is at the absolute discretion of her Majesty's government?

MICK

Yes, Sir! I.....

COLONEL

...And if you are not up to the job, there will be other officers who are.

MICK

We had only had two meetings, Sir, and....

COLONEL

Then have the meetings fortnightly, instead of monthly!

He salutes and half turns away

COLONEL (CONT'D)

Good day, Sir!

Mick salutes, in return.

MICK

Yes, Sir! Good day, Sir!

22

EXT. TRACK IN BUSH - DAY

22

Mick is walking along a track, in the bush, with an axe, whistling. A settler comes towards him, also with an axe, and a big bundle of firewood tied up on his back.

MAN

Mick, isn't it? I'm Donald. Here, let me shake your hand.

They shake hands

You shot both of those thieving Maori, yourself, didn't you? Well done! Our lads aren't much shakes, but I'm sure you'll soon sort them out!

MICK

Thanks, Donald. I'll certainly do my best. They'll just be a bit rusty, I'm thinking.

DONALD

Well, got to get back to the work. Good luck with your settling in.

MICK

Thanks, Donald. Is Connor's foot better?

DONALD

Yes, Doc Smith, from over the way, popped in and said it's only a sprain.

MICK

Well, please give him my apologies, again and say I'm glad it's improving, Donald.

DONALD

I will that, man.

Donald nods his head and strides off. Mick decides to leave the track, in search of firewood and wanders into the bush, having a look at the sky, as he does, for navigation.

Mick wanders for a while, having a look at the strange plants. Eventually, when he has found some old branches and just started picking them up and chopping off the small branches from them, he hears girlish laughter and shrieks. Mick goes to see what the problem is.

Suddenly, through the trees, Mick sees some girls from the adjacent Maori village, bathing. Some are in the water and some out, cleaning themselves. Some are naked, and some have a small under loincloth.

Mick sees Annah crouched by the edge of the pool. She is splashing her girlfriends and they are shrieking. She then gets up, laughingly, throws off her top, and dives in.

Mick is entranced. Annah is, indeed, very beautiful. He then remembers that he is spying on young women, and hastily leaves.

23

EXT. VILLAGE GREEN - DAY

23

The fencibles are lined up in full uniform, looking tense and Mick is looking a bit hopeless.

MICK

Right, well, then, we'll do it again. I know that none of you, except Corporal Evans have seen active service, but you must get and keep in practise, for when duty calls, lads.

Mick addresses a short, fat man  
Hodgson, isn't it?

The man salutes, smartly  
Yes, Sir!

MICK (CONT'D)

Why does it take you so long to fix your bayonet?

HODGSON

I don't know, Sir. It won't slide in proper, Sir!

Mick puts out his hand for Hodgson's gun, who hands it over.  
Mick inspects the barrel.

MICK

Ah, it's bad casting.

He shows it to Hodgson.

MICK (CONT'D)

Take a file to this bit here, where the catch meets the holding ring, under the barrel. Don't file too far....just till the bayonet slides in OK.

Mick hands the gun back over to Hodgson.

HODGSON

Yes, Sir. Thank you, Sir!

MICK

Oh, that's enough Arms training for today ..... Corporal! Physical exercise, if you please.

CORPORAL EVANS

(Saluting)Yes, Sir! (To the men).

Coats and shirts off! Follow me, in  
circuit!

Mick and his men strip off their coats and shirts and start following Corporal Evans at a jog around the green. Mick brings up the rear. His torso and arms are very developed, as befits a blacksmith.

There is a quiet tittering from the bushes, which the men do not hear. Annah and her friends have been watching and Annah smiles appreciatively, in the direction of Mick and then looks sideways to smile at her friends.

24

INT. NZ/NEW RICHMOND/MAYOR'S HOUSE - DAY

24

The door opens and the mayor's wife smiles out at Mick, who is clad in his best suit. She ushers him in to the sitting room where there are two other middle-aged ladies, in their visiting clothes.

MRS. DRUMMOND

Mr Milligan! How good of you to come! Do come in!

She takes his hat and puts it on a stand chair.

MRS. DRUMMOND (CONT'D)

Now this is Mrs. Hamilton. Of course you know her husband, the Minister. This is Mrs. Green and this is our school mistress, Mrs. Kennedy.

MICK

Good day ... Good day to you ...  
Good day.

He shakes hands all around and then down a little stiffly in the chair he is directed to. The ladies all look at him a little hungrily. Mick has no idea why.

Mrs. Drummond hands him a tea cup and saucer and proceeds to pour out the tea for him. She offers him milk and sugar which he takes. She then offers him a side plate and offers him a largeish, individual cake, with lots of cream on top, which he also takes, so that he has the cup in one hand and the plate in the other hand, with no hands spare to eat with. Mick looks around, but there is no occasional table within reach, and so he puts the plate of cake on his leg, and proceeds to stir the sugar in his cup of tea. The plate falls off his leg onto the floor, cream side down. Mick goes to try and catch the cake, but his cup of tea falls over and slops over the gown of the woman next to him, Mrs. Hamilton, who rises, tutting, a bit angrily, manages, however, to control herself and sits down mopping at her gown with her napkin. She half smiles and half grimaces at Mick.

Mick looking at the cream cake and speaking to Mrs. Drummond

MICK (CONT'D)

Oh, Mother of God! Sorry ... Sorry!

Mick looking at the wet stain and speaking to Mrs. Hamilton

MICK (CONT'D)

Oh, No! Sorry again ... Oh, I really am! ... Yunno ... Sorry!



He picks up the cake and puts it on the plate and puts the plate on the floor. He rights his cup in its saucer and puts that on the floor, too.

MRS. DRUMMOND  
Never mind, Mr. Milligan. Just eat your cake.

Mick obediently picks the plate up again, and takes a biggish bite.

MRS. DRUMMOND (CONT'D)  
So you have immigrated from Ireland, I hear?

Mick nods, with his mouthful.

MRS HAMILTON  
(Rapid fire follow up) And you'll be wanting to build up your blacksmithying, of course?

Mick, still with mouthful, nods, again.

MRS. GREEN  
(More rapid fire build up) And was your father in trade?

Mick still nods

MRS KENNEDY  
I suppose you'll be in a mind to start a family, one of these days?

Mick manages to swallow the mouthful of cake

MICK  
God willing, Ma'am .....

Mrs. Drummond indicates that he is to take another bite of the cake, which he obediently does.

MRS. DRUMMOND  
It's always a good thing that you know the family of a possible bride...

Mick with full mouth nods

MICK  
Um ... ummm

MRS. HAMILTON  
So regular visits with good families is vital .... do you think?

MICK

Looking desperate and 'got at',  
chews his cake and nods,  
despairingly.

25

I/E MICK'S HOUSE/YARD - DAY

25

There is the sound of metallic hammering from the forge's shed, this is followed by a hiss, and Mick steps out with a dripping horse shoe and puts it in the sun, on a bench.

He hears a step behind him and he turns to find Annah holding a bundle in a cloth.

ANNAH

Good Morning, Mick

MICK

(A bit shyly) Oh ..... good Morning to you .... Annah.

ANNAH

How is your fishing going?

MICK

I haven't been out since the last....

ANNAH

... and the shoulder?

MICK

Oh, it's grand .... just fine, yunno ... uhh ... thanks again for that, you know.

ANNAH

It was nothing.

MICK

Why is your English better than mine and I'm a Briton?

Annah laughs.

ANNAH

Oh, that? I was nursemaid to Wairapu's mayor's daughter for five years ..... You pick up quite a lot, especially when his wife was a school mistress, as well.

MICK

Well, you have the lovely English

ANNAH

(Curtseying) Thank you kind Sir, but would you have time to fix a fair maid's mother's pan?

She gets it out of the cloth and exhibits the broken handle

MICK  
Yes, yes, of course.

26

EXT. NZ/BEACH - DAY

26

Mick is getting into one of two Maori canoes, along with Chief Tui. The chief faces down his row of men and Mick stands next to him, as the other canoe pushes off.

Tui turns to Mick.

TUI

If you are to be one of us regular fishermen, then you must be a regular oarsman, too.

He gestures to the seat in front of himself.

TUI (CONT'D)

Sit! ..... Paddle!

Mick sits and takes up a paddle. The Maori push the canoe out into the bay and start paddling, all except Mick who is trying to row with his paddle. This causes a shout of warning from the rear as he bashes his paddle against that of the paddler behind him. Mick tries again and the same happens, this time with Maori laughter. Mick glances over his shoulder mystifiedly, as the canoe continues.

TUI (CONT'D)

I think your people call it rowing ..... you are supposed to be paddling.

Tui demonstrates

TUI (CONT'D)

Here! Push straight down and pull ... straight down the side of yourself .... Go on! And again...

Mick paddles in quick motion, the canoe surges forward with a roar of objection and laughter from behind him with shouts of

MEN

Too quick! Too quick!

TUI

Er ... and .... of course ..... the man at the front sets the speed ..... but we are going fishing ... not to battle!

MICK

Ahh! Sorry!

He half turns and shouts over his shoulder.

MICK (CONT'D)  
Sorry, Mates!

Tui smiles and the two canoes head out to sea, in  
synchronized paddling.

27

I/E MICK'S HOUSE/YARD - DAY

27

Mick arrives into his yard, whistling and pushing a barrow containing a small crate. He goes up to a small paddock which contains a little half shed lean to, he opens the gate and barrows in the crate, while speaking softly to the crate's occupant.

MICK

Nearly home now, me darling! In  
your own little home that I've  
built for you with me own hands, me  
darling.

Mick starts to manhandle the crate out of the barrow, accompanied by loud "wheeeeping" noises.

MICK (CONT'D)

Och, och, ma lady! You're here,  
now, and you can have a grand big  
dinner of oats and potatoes ....  
you can that!

He grabs a crow bar, nearby and levers off the couple of fasteners, so that the side of the small crate falls to the floor. He steps back and the young porker dashes out of the crate and vanishes around the back of the shelter.

MICK (CONT'D)

(Softly calling the pig)  
Mildred! Mildred! Come on, me  
little darling!

Mick goes out of the small paddock and returns carrying a big bundle of straw and a bucket of mash. He dumps the straw in the shelter, strewing it about a bit, and he empties the mash of wet corn and chopped potatoes into a flat tray type dish on the floor.

MICK (CONT'D)

(Softly)  
Mildred! Mildred! Cooeee!

The pig does not emerge, so Mick dribbles some remaining mash from in the bucket, leading from the food dish to all the way behind the shelter. Mildred arrives eating and snorkling her way along the food dribble line. Mick smiles, in satisfaction.

28

EXT. THE BUSH - DAY

28

Mick has his gun up and is sighting along the barrel, quite low down. He follows a bird with the barrel and suddenly sees Annah, across the glade picking fruit. Mick quickly lowers the barrel and breaks it; holding the barrel over his arm. He walks towards Annah.

MICK

Annah! Is that you, Annah?

Annah turns round fully and we see that it is her. She has a pretty red dress on and is holding a woven bowl of yellow berries.

ANNAH

Oh, Good Morning, Mr. Milligan.

MICK

Oh, it's Mick! Please call me Mick!

Annah smiles

ANNAH

Then Mick it is.

She resumes picking her berries

MICK

What are you picking?

ANNAH

Karaka berries.

MICK

What do you use them for?

ANNAH

Oh, just stewing and eating as a pudding, or we cook them with pig.

MICK

I've just bought a porker..... to breed from when she is old enough. She is called Mildred.

ANNAH

And how are you going to eat someone called Mildred's babies?

MICK

Oohh .... hopefully with apple sauce ..... I'm not naming the piglets, though ... I'm not such a wazzack!



ANNAH

Well, thank goodness for that!  
..... I must go, now My Mother is  
waiting for me.

She turns to go

ANNAH (CONT'D)

Good bye, Mick

She walks away and Mick calls after her.

MICK

Bye, Annah!

29

EXT. MICK'S HOUSE/FIELD BEHIND - DAY

29

Mick is putting seed potatoes into the troughs which he has created and is kicking and stamping the adjacent ridges of earth on top of them.

Mick hears a noise and looks up. A man on a cart is just pulling up, on the track outside Mick's house. Mick waves and calls out

MICK

Hello! Mr. Macpherson! Over here!

Mick strides out of the small field and goes to join the man. Mick shakes the man's hand.

MICK (CONT'D)

Thanks for coming.

MR. MACPHERSON

Well, Bertie's got to get out and meet the girls, now and then.

MICK

\$2.00 wasn't it for coverage?

Mick gets the money out and gives it to Mr. Macpherson

MICK (CONT'D)

Mildred's all ready. She's over here.

Mick points to the gate in the next door small paddock.

MICK (CONT'D)

Do you use a board, for Bertie, then?

MACPHERSON

No, I run a lead through his nose ring. You ringing Mildred, then?

MICK

Oh, no! She's not fierce and all of her pleasure in life is rootling...and she finds food, as well. I couldn't do that to her. I'll just move her with a pig board.

Macpherson starts to check the latch on the crate in his cart, and gets out two planks.

MACPHERSON

Look, put these planks as a ramp to the floor and we'll drag the crate gently down onto the floor. You then open the crate, slowly, like, and I will reach in and take hold of Bertie's lead. You then get that gate open, right?

MICK

I will that, Mr. Macpherson

They both manage to manhandle Bertie the boar into Mildred the sow's paddock. They stand leaning on the paddock rail, watching the two pigs, as the sun starts to sink.

30

EXT. NZ/NEW RICHMOND/VILLAGE GREEN - DAY

30

The fencibles are lined up for inspection and Mick is walking onto the green, towards them. There are only six soldiers and two of the soldiers do not have jackets. They do, however, have their guns.

CORPORAL EVANS

Eyes front! Attention! Present arms!

The men carry out these manoeuvres

MICK

Thank you Corporal. Can you tell me where Smith has gone to, please?

EVANS

Down with flu, Sir!

Mick walks along the line. He stops at the first man without a jacket.

MICK

Where is your jacket, Hargreaves?

HARGRAVES

Got ruined in the skirmish, the other day, Sir.

MICK

Does the army board not issue new jackets?

EVANS

Have to be requisitioned, Sir!

MICK

Can you get onto that, please, Evans?

Mick draws level with the other man

MICK (CONT'D)

Same problem for you, Garner?

GARNER

Yes, Sir!

MICK

Make that two, Evans.

EVANS

(Saluting) Yes, Sir!

Mick arrives at the final soldier

MICK  
Is your wife better, now, Richards?

RICHARDS  
Yes, Sir. She's about the place.

MICK  
And the baby?

RICHARDS  
Oh, she's louder than the lot of  
us!

MICK  
That's good then! OK, Evans. We'll  
have physical jerks, today.

They start to take jackets and shirts off.