|  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- |
| Timecode | Char | Line |
|  | ANA | Damien. |
|  | DAMIEN | Hi. Anna? |
|  | ANA | (correcting him) Ana. |
|  | DAMIEN | You - you want a drink? |
|  | ANA | Ok. Vodka. |
|  | DAMIEN | Just vodka? |
|  | BARTENDER | It’s six, mate. Fancy drink. |
|  | CRAIG | Fuckin’ piece o’shit, Damo. |
|  | CRAIG | And by the way - Cindy says...fuck you. |
|  | BARTENDER | Consider it on your tab, mate. The one that’s closed. It’s open again - just this once. |
|  | DAMIEN | Thanks, mate. |
|  | CRAIG | (clocks Ana too) Hey, I’ll toss ya a coupla bucks, if you send your new girlfriend out the back for a minute! |
|  | ANA | Thank you. But if you have no money - how will you pay me? |
|  | DAMIEN | Er - the idea is you make money - we make money together. I already have our first client. Easy peasy. |
|  | ANA | You do this before? |
|  | DAMIEN | Yes not really no. Do you understand that you can’t talk about this? To anyone? |
|  | ANA | Yes. |
|  | DAMIEN | As in “trade secrets”...? This is a very important part of the deal. |
|  | ANA | Secret. |
|  | DAMIEN | Yes. |
|  | ANA | No tax. |
|  | DAMIEN | (surprised) That’s...right. My place is just next door. I’ll show you what you need to know, all the little tips and tricks, and tomorrow we start. Easy peasy. Anybody asks, I’m interviewing for an “assistant”. |
|  | ANA | My mother is KGB. |
|  | ANA | (unflinching) And grandmother. |
|  | ANA | (motioning to the house) Here? |
|  | DAMIEN | Yup. |
|  | DAMIEN | You’ll be gorgeous. |
|  | DAMIEN | - fine - great! I meant - |
|  | MOTHER | Oh thank Christ! |
|  | MOTHER | It’s a bloody bloodbath!!! |
|  | MOTHER | Well at least you get to leave. |
|  | CINDY | Damien! You FUCK! What are you doing here?! I told you to stay the fuck away from my street! |
|  | DAMIEN | Cindy - I was - |
|  | CRAIG | Oh look! It’s Mail-order SLIDE! HAAAA! |
|  | CINDY | Just fuck off you fuckwit, I don’t give a fucking shit! But until you transfer the unit, I’m gonna fucking make your life...like...like... |
|  | DAMIEN | Hell? |
|  | CINDY | Yeah! |
|  | DAMIEN | Too late. |
|  | CINDY | AND - tell AUNTIE fucking MOTTIE, I want the Thermomix back - cause, frankly, don’t give a shit what charity-piss-up she makes the fungh-gay risotto for - I want the world’s smallest, smartest kitchen back where I can SELL it!!! |
|  | DAMIEN | Cindy - it was a gift! |
|  | CINDY | Not from me it wasn’t. Stop bullying me, Damien! |
|  | DAMIEN | You know what...? I’ll sign. |
|  | DAMIEN | I’ll do it now. I know the papers live in your bag. |
|  | CINDY | (softer) Are...are you serious? Damo? |
|  | DAMIEN | (to Ana) You can go - oh wait - |
|  | DAMIEN | ...for your time... |
|  | ANA | Drink? |
|  | DAMIEN | What? |
|  | ANA | Vodka. |
|  | ANA | Just vodka. |
|  | ANA | [SPEAKS RUSSIAN] !!! |
|  | DAMIEN | What’s that? |
|  | ANA | Cheers and hope they drown in village shit pit on way to graveyard. |
|  | DAMIEN | Ahm... I don’t think they - go - to - graveyard... |
|  | ANA | (darkly) They will. (then) Very powerful curse. |
|  | DAMIEN | Sorry I can’t offer you a job. I would. You were great. There’s just... no job. For either of us. |
|  | CRAIG | Hey, cunt. Don’t looks so sad. It’s what we call a loosing streak. Job, wife, apartment, dignity... It’s a real shitty hand is all. But then again - I bet you couldn’t play a decent round if ya had a pack of aces shoved up ya crack! |
|  | DAMIEN | (with icy steel) Hey Craig! You’re on. |
|  | DAMIEN | (choaking) RUN!!! |
|  | DAMIEN | What the...-?! |
|  | ANA | I told you. My mother is KGB. |
|  | DAMIEN | Right... and so are you?! |
|  | ANA | No. |
|  | ANA | - I can’t talk about it. |
|  | DAMIEN | So... wait... wait a minute... why did you answer my [ad] -...?! |
|  | DAMIEN | HOLY SHIT! |
|  | ANA | Trade secrets. |
|  | DAMIEN | Of course. |
|  | ANA | (casually) Who knows... Maybe I’m interviewing for an assistant... |
|  | ANA | Easy peasy. |