

AN OUTBACK INVITATION

by  
TERRY COMER

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EXT. THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK. DAY.

A cottage sits in splendid isolation somewhere in South Australia.

The cottage is typical outback Australian, wooden frame, corrugated roof.

INT. COTTAGE. SAME TIME.

Inside the cottage is sparsely furnished with old furniture, a large fridge is prominent, it is nevertheless spic and span, very tidy with not a thing out of place.

A young, good looking man, TERRY, dressed in shirt, tie and suit trousers is busy unpacking boxes of his belongings.

There are lots of books, a Teddy Bear, college scarf, old fashioned tennis racquets etc.

Terry takes a book out of one of the boxes, leafs through the pages, smiles to himself.

SFX: A phone starts to ring.

He hurries across to the 'phone.

Picks it up.

TERRY  
(well spoken,  
English accent)  
Hallo. Terry Spencer.

We hear but don't see the caller.

MERV (O.S THROUGHOUT)  
(Heavy Australian  
accent)  
G'Day, Terry, it's Merv Tunkle  
here, your next door neighbour.

TERRY  
(slightly taken  
aback)  
Oh, hallo. Merv is it? Merv, I  
didn't know I had any neighbours.

MERV  
Yes, Tezza. Don't mind if I call  
you Tezza do you?

TERRY  
No, no, of course not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Terry starts to walk around the room with the cordless phone in his hand.

MERV

Yea, I'm just down the road, mate. Twenty click or so. And as you're new to the area, Tezza, I'd like to invite you to a party I'm giving in you honour.

Terry continues to walk around the room.

Walks over to the window and looks out.

Sees nothing but scrub. For miles.

TERRY

Well, that's very nice of you, Merv, what kind of party is it?

MERV

Oh you know, typical Aussie. A couple of beers when you get here.

EXT. MERV'S HOMESTEAD.

Terry is standing on the patio of a beautifully appointed Homestead. Picket fence, lush lawns, full size swimming pool.

He is dressed casually in shorts and a t-shirt drinking a schooner of Coopers from a chilled glass.

MERV

I'll put on a few sausos.

There are a selection of gourmet sausages cooking on a top-of-the-range Weber.

On the hot plate there are also the ubiquitous hamburgers, corn on the cob, green and red peppers.

MERV (CONT'D)

While they're cooking there'll be a bit of sex.

EXT. SAME.

Terry is sitting on a designer garden chair with a beautiful Australian blonde on his knee.

She's making a fuss of him and it's obviously on for the two of them.

INT. TERRY'S PLACE.

Terry is standing by the window, a huge smile on his face.

TERRY

Sounds great.

MERV

Yea and then I'll put some steaks on....

EXT. MERV'S PLACE.

Terry is turning over a huge sirloin; the grill is choc-a-bloc with other wonderful-looking steaks - t bone, rump, eye fillet.

On the table next to the BBQ there's a bowl full of crispy lettuce, tomatoes, peppers.

MERV

A couple of lobster tails.

A female hand places two giant lobster tails on to the BBQ.

MERV (CONT'D)

Open some wine.

We see a bottle of Grange Hermitage being opened and then carefully poured.

MERV (CONT'D)

Bit more sex.

Terry is sitting on the same chair.

The beautiful blonde has been joined by an equally stunning brunette.

They are both pampering him unmercifully.

INT. TERRY'S PLACE.

Terry is now standing there with his tie off, top buttons of the shirt undone, sweat on his brow and a huge smile on his face.

MERV

After that we'll probably cool down with a dip in the pool.

EXT. MERV'S LUXURIOUS SWIMMING POOL.

The pool is of the infinity design.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pool side there are striped deck chairs, cain furniture, parasols.

A waiter in a tuxedo is walking around with a tray full of drinks.

Terry is in the water frolicking with the two girls, splashing and ducking each other and generally having a great time.

MERV

Then I'll open the Port.

Shot of a bottle of vintage port being opened and then poured.

MERV (CONT'D)

Put out some cheese.

Shot of a selection of the most mouth watering cheeses.

MERV (CONT'D)

And then have a bit more sex.

Terry is being fed grapes by the two beautiful young women.

They are joined by a stunning ginger haired beauty who tempts Terry with a biscuit covered in creamy Gorgonzola.

She takes a bite, licks her lips, pops it in to Terry's mouth.

INT.TERRY'S PLACE - SAME TIME

Terry stands there with a huge smile on his face like the cat who has swallowed the cream.

TERRY

Wow. Sounds great, Merv. Really great. How many people are going to be there?

MERV

Oh, just you and me, Tezza, just you and me.

There is a long silence as Terry's huge smile turns in to a look of dismay as he gradually realises what has been said.

He swallows heavily.

TERRY

Ah, well, the thing is, Merv, I'm busy that day, something I just can't get out of.

EXT. MERV'S PLACE - SAME TIME

Merv's place is an absolute hovel.

The garden is bereft of grass; it's just scorched earth.

The swimming pool is an above ground plastic monstrosity with an inch of rain water in it.

The BBQ is brick, falling down, burn marks all over all over.

There are squashed beer cans all over the place.

Boxes of the cheapest plonk are stacked next to the BBQ.

A wreck of a car sits in splendid isolation.

A mangy cat sits sunning itself.

An even mangier dog is examining itself for fleas.

And there stands Merv, the most tatoed, hairiest-arsed biker you have ever seen.

He's dressed in full leather. Sleeves torn at the shoulders.

A nose ring, ear ring and tongue stud adorn his face.

In his hand he is holding a huge mobile phone (the size of the originals).

He speaks into it

MERV

Haven't told you what day it is yet, Tezza.

SFX: A gulp, the click of a phone being put back in to its cradle followed by a disconnected tone.

Merv looks quizically at his mobile.

MERV (CONT'D)

Tezza?

FADE OUT