

# DISHLICKERS

A MUSICAL  
BY  
DORIAN MODE

MUSIC, LYRICS, BOOK,  
ORCHESTRATIONS

DORIAN MODE

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ORiGiN™  
Theatrical

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Thank you for taking the time to read this.

ACT I

SCENE 1

EXT. GOSFORD SHOWGROUND DOG TRACK - NIGHT

We see three men studying the form-guide at the track, whilst sucking on beers. LORRY HARRIGAN (late 50's, blue singlet, flanno, shorts, work-boots), BEER BOTTLE (50s, high-viz aesthetic) and SHOWBAGS (50s, Cronulla Sharks jersey, trackies, thongs).

SHOWBAGS

Bottle and I cleaned up on your pooch last week. Made three-hundred smackers. What's he running in tonight, Loz?

LORRY

You've missed him. He's just run. Yeah, I had a feeling in me waters he'd at least place.

BEER BOTTLE

Missed him? Bigger! Stayed in the pub, too long. But we were smashing it on the pokes. Three jackpots between us.

SHOWBAGS

Mate, that dog'a yours is the fastest thing I've seen on four legs on this track for a long, long time. He won by a country *mile*. Were is he, anyway?

LORRY

I'm waiting for the steward to bring him over. He gets a schmacko when he wins. What's yer pick of the puppies tonight, Showbags?

SHOWBAGS

Injet Robbie. Manny's Boy is good value, too at three to one.

BEER BOTTLE

Loz, ever thought about racing him for the big money? Bags and I were talking about it at the fishing club the other night.

LORRY

(shrugs)

Never really considered it. How'd you think he'd go?

SHOWBAGS

Mate, he'd shit it in. Wouldn't he, Bottle?

BEER BOTTLE

(nodding)

Yep. He'd shit it in, Loz. That pooch of yours is the Phar Lap of dishlickers, fair dinkum.

LORRY

Reckon??

BEER BOTTLE

Mate, forget bloody Gosford! You need to race him in the Big Smoke?

LORRY

Sydney? Wentworth Park?

BEER BOTTLE

Nah, Sandown, mate. Melbourne. That's where the big coin is.

LORRY

*Melbourne?* Long way.

GRAHAM (30s, three-day-growth, collar, dressed in a one-piece dog suit) enters the stage with a steward holding him on a leash. Graham is wearing a cage-muzzle.

The steward exits.

GRAHAM

How much did yer have on me this time, Loz?

LORRY

(winks)

A few quiet shillings, mate.

Lorry pats Graham on the head and gives him a treat.

SHOWBAGS

We had a few dollars on yer the other night, too. You ran like the clappers, champion. Well done!

GRAHAM

(incredulous)

Of course. I'm a trained athlete.

Graham stretches his hamstrings like a prize-fighter.

LORRY

(to Graham)

The boys reckon we should step up to the Big Smoke, Graham. What do you reckon, Champ? We've only ever raced you at Gosford. How'd you think you'd go in the city? Could ya handle the pressure?

GRAHAM

(thinking)

Maybe. What sort of dollars would we be lookin' at?

BEER BOTTLE

Well, the Superdog series pays the big money.

Graham thinks some more.

SHOWBAGS

(to Lorry)

First prize is three-hundred and fifty thousand.

GRAHAM

(whistles)

That's a lot of Smackos.

SHOWBAGS

(nodding)

Hellva lot of smackers.

LORRY

No he means "Smackos". Graham loves Smackos.

GRAHAM

(soto voce)

I could *kill* for a Smacko.

SHOWBAGS

(To Lorry)

Loz, that puppie's a fair dinkum pocket-rocket. It's time to start thinkin' about movin' up to the city.

LORRY

Movin' up to the city??

BEER BOTTLE

Wanna be wasting him in the boon docks for the rest of yer life? Time to cash in, Loz.

LORRY

Do you really think he could go all the way?

SHOWBAGS

Loz, trust me. That little puppy'a yours could win Sandown running backwards.

Graham mimes running backwards, before busting into Michael Jackson type moon-dance moves.

LORRY

(thinking)

Maybe you're right...



Lorry nods, considers Graham and thinks.

LORRY (cont'd)  
(sings)

"MOVIN' UP TO THE CITY"

I'M SITTING HERE IN A GOSFORD PARK  
PICKIN' ALL THE PUPPIES JUST AS SOON AS IT'S DARK  
SICK'A PICKIN' PUPPIES FOR NO REAL REASON  
HOPE I'M NOT HERE PICKIN' FOR ANOTHER DAMN SEASON  
GUESS I'M KILLIN' TIME  
WITH NOTHIN' TO LOSE  
PICKIN' ALL THE PUPPIES AND A SUCKIN' ON BOOZE

I DON'T DIG THIS TRACK ONE BIT  
HAD ENOUGH OF THIS COUNTRY SHIT!  
I'M MOVIN UP TO THE CITY  
(ENSEMBLE - INCLUDING GRAHAM) HE'S MOVIN UP TO THE CITY

I'M SICK AND TIRED OF RUSTIC CHARM  
SICK'A THE COUNTRY, SICK OF THE FARM  
THE CITY'S MIGHT PRETTY WHILE YOUR CHEWIN ON CUD  
OR BREAKIN YOUR BUTT WITH A MUTT IN THE MUD  
SICK'A KILLIN TIME  
FOREVER IT SEEMS  
TIME TO DIP MY CUP INTO A BUCKET OF DREAMS

I DON'T DIG THIS TRACK ONE BIT  
HAD ENOUGH OF THIS COUNTRY SHIT!  
I'M MOVIN UP TO THE CITY  
(ENSEMBLE) HE'S MOVIN UP TO THE CITY

Instrumental break as the cast dance their hearts out.

I'M SICK AND TIRED OF RUSTIC CHARM  
SICK'A THE COUNTRY, SICK OF THE FARM  
THE CITY'S MIGHT PRETTY WHILE YOUR CHEWIN ON CUD  
OR BREAKIN YOUR BUTT WITH A MUTT IN THE MUD  
SICK'A KILLIN TIME  
FOREVER IT SEEMS  
TIME TO DIP MY CUP INTO A BUCKET OF DREAMS

I DON'T DIG THIS TRACK ONE BIT  
HAD ENOUGH OF THIS COUNTRY SHIT!

I'M MOVIN UP TO THE CITY  
(ENSEMBLE) HE'S MOVIN UP TO THE CITY

The dog track breaks away as we...

TRANSITION TO:

INT. HARRIGAN FAMILY HOME GOSFORD - LATER

The music continues softly on the piano as the stage is transformed into a family home.

Lorry sits in his timeworn Jason Recliner in front of the telly, which flashes in front of the cast, centre-stage - a lighting effect.

We see greyhound paraphernalia all over the stage. A sign reads A HOUSE IS NOT A HOME WITHOUT A GREYHOUND.

Lorry's two sons enter and sit on the oversized 80s lounge watching TV with Lorry. GARY (late 20s, intelligent-looking) is reading a text book and WARWICK (early 20s, high-viz) is reading a tabloid newspaper.

LORRY

Good to see the rain has finally stopped, luv.

SANDY (O.S.)

You know what that means but.

LORRY

(to Sandy offstage)

No what?

SANDY (O.S.)

Slugs.

LORRY

(to the boys, nodding)

Slugs.

SANDY (O.S.)

Me garden will be full of slugs. You watch.

SANDY HARRIGAN (50s, bottle blond, aging pig-shooting chick aesthetic) enters with Lorry's dinner on a tray. It looks bland, indeed.

LORRY

Now, what *masterpiece* have you made us tonight, luv?

SANDY  
(proudly)  
Pork Chops Italiano. Andy shot the feral himself. So it's fresh.

LORRY  
Yum-o!

Graham, sits in a chair, reading the form-guide while drinking a glass of blue water with a cocktail umbrella in it.

GRAHAM  
(reading form guide, drinking)  
Save the bones for me, boys.

Lorry notices the drink.

LORRY  
Graham, you haven't been drinking from the toilet, again, have you mate?

GRAHAM  
(looking guilty)  
Why...why do you ask?

LORRY  
Mate, that blue water's not safe for dogs to drink. You know that, right?

GRAHAM  
(looking at glass)  
You mean it's not an energy drink?

SANDY  
Energy drink?? It's to disguise the toilet water.

WARWICK  
In other words: to hide our shit.

SANDY  
Language.

GRAHAM  
What is it with you people and hiding your shit? Shit is a beautiful thing. Liberate the turd, I say!

SANDY  
Language, Graham.

GRAHAM

Sorry, Sandy. (to boys) Hey, I see here Barney's Little Helper placed at Dapto. I'm surprised. He's really let himself go, that bloke. Ever since the family got Netflix.

WARWICK  
(from corner of his mouth)  
He's on the gear.

GRAHAM  
Really?

WARWICK  
They all are. That's why you can never win the big ones. Like at Wentworth Park.

LORRY  
(thinking, worried)  
Reckon?

WARWICK  
Course.

GARY  
(emphatically)  
Not true. We're testing all the time.

LORRY  
Really?

Sandy returns with her own meal on a tray and sits.

GARY  
"Trust me I'm a doctor."

WARWICK  
You're a bloody vet.

GARY  
(angrily)  
Same thing.

LORRY  
My boy "the doctor", eh? Dr Harrigan. Who would'a thought it?

SANDY  
(indicating Warwick)  
Not that there's anything wrong with being a gyprocker. Isn't that right, Father?

LORRY  
(catching on)

Oh oh yes yes, of course, luv Hey, look at me. I'm a truck driver and the happiest bloke in Gosford.

SANDY

And I'm a professional dog groomer. And no one's happier than me.

LORRY

*Celebrity* dog groomer.

SANDY

Ha ha. True. That Julie from *Masterchef* has the nicest French poodle.

GRAHAM

Is she single?

The Graham pulls out a pocket mirror and checks his face.

SANDY

I'll ask.

GRAHAM

French poodle, eh? Does she have an accent?

LORRY

(stands)

Okay family. I'd like to make a special announcement. (clears his throat) I've made an important decision today. And I spose it affects all of ewes.

WARWICK

We're going paint-balling!

LORRY

No.

GARY

We are buying a bigger tinnie!

LORRY

No no. We might but. If it all works out.

SANDY

What's is it, luv?

LORRY

(excitedly)

We're racing Graham in Melbourne for the *Super Dog Series*!

SANDY

Have you been talking to those two pelicans, Showbags and Beer Bottle, again?

LORRY

So?

SANDY

So?? So??? One win at Gosford and they think Graham's Phar Lap.

GRAHAM

(aside)

I *am* fast. But I thought it was the energy drinks.

LORRY

He *is* fast.

SANDY

Lorry, we don't have the capital or the cattle to race for big money.

GRAHAM

(aside)

Cattle? Is that an oblique reference to me?

SANDY

We don't even have the coin to get the bloody tinnie's outboard fixed, luv.

GARY

Mum's right, Dad. It's thousands of dollars in accommodation, special flights, kennels. A couple of my clients race interstate. It's a whole other ball game. And is Graham really up for it? He might run okay at Gosford but the whole thing could be a waste of good money.

GRAHAM

(angrily)

I *am* in the room.

WARWICK

One thing I know. He's the fastest greyhound we've *ever* bred. Isn't that right, Dad?

LORRY

Sure is, son.

GRAHAM

(confused)

So you're definitely saying it's *not* the energy drinks?

WARWICK

Graham, it's dunny water!

GRAHAM

(thinking, soto voce)  
So I *am* really fast?

LORRY

Should'a seen him fly at Gosford last night. Could have run the last 100 metres backwards.

Graham starts jogging around the stage - behind the furniture etc backwards.

SANDY

(to Warwick)

Lorry, we can't afford to service the gearbox for the truck and you-

LORRY

Listen luv, I've dreamed of this all me life. Just never had the cattle.

GRAHAM

(aside)

I think it's clear I'm the "cattle".

Suddenly, we hear a mobile ring (O.S). The ringtone is the sound of a dog barking. Lorry fishes in his pocket.

LORRY

Hellooo...? G'day Showbags! *Maaate*, I was just tellin the family about the Super Dog Series at Sandown and...the...the...ABC? (stands up - moves towards the telly) Mate, I don't even know if this TV gets the ABC. Is that channel 2? What? *Four Corners*? What's that, mate? Is that like *The Block*? *Current Affairs*...?

SANDY

No that's Channel Nine, *Current Affair*. (to the boys) I never miss it. It's good to be across important issues. Last night was all about buying the right bra. You'd be surprised how many women are wearing the wrong bra for their cup-size.

WARWICK

(To Gary, winking)

Yeah, it was great television! More boobs than *Game of Thrones*.

SANDY

Language! Now, take me for instance. I'm normally a C-cup but since having kids I-

LORRY

(to Gary)

Gary, do we have the ABC on this telly?

GARY

(stands)

Let me check.

WARWICK

That's that government station. Remember, we watched it once with those bush fires. Black Wednesday. Or was it Black Thursday?

SANDY

Red Friday.

The stage-lights dim and the orchestra plays a SOUR MELODY.

We see the family in the flickering light of the TV, open-mouthed.

Graham drops his chew.

Sandy leads Graham offstage, hiding his face from the TV.

Lights up.

Lorry jumps up from his big chair.

LORRY

Those stupid *pricks!*

SANDY (O.S.)

Language, father!

LORRY

Don't you see what those live-baiters have done, Sandy? Now we're all tarred with the same brush!

SANDY

Ahh, it'll blow over. It's one rogue element. It's not like they can shut down an entire industry.

GARY

Mum's right, Dad. It'll blow over. Forget about it.

WARWICK

Blow over? *Blow over??!* We won't be able to walk Graham down the street without people thinking we're live-baiters and dog killers.

SANDY

City people! They should see me brother Andy hunting feral pigs? Gary's right. It'll blow over.

LORRY

(incensed)

Were you watching the same program? This will have a ripple effect through the entire industry. Be honest. What were you *really* thinking watching that, Sandy?



SANDY

Truly? I was thinking that that snotty-nosed presenter wasn't a *patch* on Tracey Grimshaw. (to Gary) Tracey's lost weight again, too. (winks) Jenny Craig. Big feature in *New Idea* about it.

GARY

You were on Jenny Craig for a while, Mum, weren't you?

SANDY

Lost five kilos.

WARWICK

Why'd you stop?

LORRY

(exacerbated)

Now we're talking about diets!

SANDY

Well, that's what I expect from a decent current affairs show, Lorry. I'm interested in diets. Diets and bras. Okay?

Warwick jumps fto his feet.

WARWICK

(slapping his head)

Dad, I just remembered!

LORRY

What son?

WARWICK

It's the ABC.

GARY

So?

WARWICK

The A-B-C!!

LORRY

What's your point, son?

WARWICK

*Hellooo??* Who watches the ABC?

They all come to the same realisation one by one before detonating with laughter, relieved.

LORRY  
(epiphany)

Of course! It's just those bloody culture vultures that watch the ABC.

SANDY

Aside from Landline, no one watches the ABC in the bush, I'll tell ya that right now.

LORRY

True. Alan Jones and Hallsy say the ABC represents 1% of the population.

SANDY

(winks)

No red-blooded pig shootin' bush gal would be caught dead watchin the ABC.

LORRY

Geeze, that takes me back. That's were we first met. Pig shootin' in Dunedoo. Remember?

SANDY

It was romantic.

LORRY

Yer Mum was a top sort then, too, boys.

WARWICK

Ahh, too much information.

LORRY

Cover girl.

WARWICK/GARY

Cover girl??

LORRY

(opening magazine)

Yep still got the magazine somewhere. Now where did I put it? Was only looking at it the other day. Ah, here it is. *Bacon Busters*. The centrefold section. *Bores and Babes*. Your Mum was *Miss November*. Had it enlarged as a poster in me garage at the time. Had it laminated.

Lorry shows the boys (and audience) a poster of a bikini-clad woman cradling a rifle, straddling a dead feral pig.

GARY

Wow! You never told us that, Mum!

LORRY

She was a crack shot with a twenty-two, your Mum.

SANDY  
(arching an eyebrow)  
Was?

LORRY  
(winks)  
Still are. She was a wild hard drinking bush gal when I met her. But I've tamed her somewhat.

Sandy offers Lorry a wry, coquettish smile.

LORRY (cont'd)  
(sings)

"SANDY"

SANDY  
MY EVER-FERAL SANDY  
SHE IS ROUGH BUT HANDY  
WITH A .22  
I THINK THAT GIRL SHE UNDERSTANDS ME  
MY VODKA-SCULLING SANDY  
AND SANDY COMES IN HANDY  
WHEN YOU'RE IN A BLUE

SANDY  
HER MODUS OPERANDI  
IS TO SCULL A BRANDY  
AND A VODKA CHASER, TOO  
BUT WHEN I STOP THE UTE IT'S HANDY  
FOR MY VODKA-SCULLING SANDY  
CAUSE SANDY'S NONE TO DANDY  
WHEN SHE HAS TO SPEW

SHE LIKES PIG SHOOTING AND  
STRONG HOME BREW  
SCULLING CONTESTS  
AND POPPING ROOS  
SHE HATES LEFTIES  
SHE HATES GREENIES  
SHE LIKES GUNS AND HIGH BIKINIS

OH SANDY  
MY EVER FERAL SANDY  
AND HER BROTHER ANDY  
HE'S A FERAL TOO  
HE LIKES TO VENT HIS RAGES

BY FIGHTING BLOKES IN CAGES  
WHILE SANDY OFTEN WAGES  
A LAZY DOLLAR TOO

(INSTRUMENTAL BREAK)

SHE'S NOT ONE FOR SOCIAL GRACES  
LIKES TO BURP IN PUBLIC PLACES  
LIFTS HER LEG TO FART IN CHURCHES  
AT MELBOURNE CUP  
SHE'S DRUNK AND LURCHES

SANDY  
MY EVER-FERAL SANDY  
VODKA MAKES HER RANDY  
SO I NEED TO GET HER HOME  
SHE COOKS A GOURMET MEAL, MY SANDY  
CHOPS 'ITALIANDI'  
WITH TOMATOES FROM A CAN  
DEMAND TO BE IN ROME

SHE'S MY EVER FERAL GAL FROM DUNEDOO  
AND BEFORE SHE PASSES OUT  
SHE'S FUNNY TOO  
OH SANDY  
OH SANDY MINE  
SHE'S MY EVER FERAL GAL FROM DUNEDOO  
AND WHEN SHE SHOOTS PIG  
SHE EATS IT TOO  
OH SANDY  
SANDY MINE

The lights fade on stage right as we bring up lights on stage left and ...

TRANSITION TO:

INT. FELICITY BLISS'S FLAT GOSFORD - EVENING

We see a modest student flat. The decor can best be described as 'early milk-crate'. We see peTA signs and animal rights paraphernalia over the set. And shelves and shelves of books.

FELICITY (20s, computer tan, Greenpeace aesthetic) reads Dostoevsky with the sound down on the TV.

LOLITA (20s, prissy, dressed in one-piece dog suit) sits at her feet while also reading, Dostoevsky.

We hear WHALE VOCALISATIONS as Felicity's mobile rings.

FELICITY

(answering phone)

Hello Terry. Oh, nothing. Just reading. What? What?? *Four Corners*? I'll switch it over now. God, who watches commercial television? It's ABC or SBS or nothing...

We hear the same sour melody we hear from the previous scene.

As the TV flickers, Lolita cries, comforted by Felicity.

TRANSITION TO:

EXT. GOSFORD SHOWGROUND - NIGHT

It's dog racing night at Gosford Showground. Any and all extras are on stage looking like busy punters.

We hear an ANNOUNCER CALL A RACE.

Lorry, Showbags, Bottle and Graham enter the stage. Graham is wearing a cage-muzzle.

BEER BOTTLE

Good to see the rain has finally stopped.

LORRY

You know what that means but.

SHOWBAGS

What?

LORRY

Slugs.

They all nod, pensively.

SHOWBAGS

Mate, did you hear. Since *Four Corners*, Baird is launching an inquiry into the industry.

LORRY

Mate, those live baiters have really let us all down. That bloody Lionel is one of them.

SHOWBAGS

(pointing)

Yeah, saw him earlier. He's racing Tyson in the 4th. I'm told (lowers his voice) for the right "price", he'll make your dog disappear.

GRAHAM  
(alarmed)  
What does that mean? Disappear??

BEER BOTTLE  
(winks)  
You know, The Big Sleep.

GRAHAM  
Isn't that a movie with Humphrey Bogart?

LORRY  
How do you know that?

GRAHAM  
Sandy watches a lot of daytime television.

BEER BOTTLE  
Look out here he comes!

LIONEL (60s) comb-over and cheap clothes, walks over. With him is TYSON, (20s, angry tattooed skinhead) He too has a muzzle-cage. Tyson sneers at Graham. Graham sneers back.

LORRY  
G'day Lionel. Did you hear there's going to be an enquiry after that *Four Corners* turnout?

LIONEL  
Bloody Greenies! They're gunner ruin it for *everyone*.

LORRY  
(looking askance at the boys)  
Only for live baiters and dog killers.

The boys nod.

LIONEL  
Mate, face facts. Live-baiting is all about the winning edge.

LORRY  
Dog racing is all about getting together with yer sons an' that and (nodding at Showbags and Bottle) yer mates. Its about family.

LIONEL  
*Family*? What *are* you smoking, Harrigan? It's about *money*. It always has been. And always will be. Gambling is the bedrock of the sport.

LORRY

(heatedly)

It's about being part of a community of like-minded people. Greyhound people.

LIONEL

Well, a little birdy tells me you're running that mangy mutt'a yours at Sandown, this year?

LORRY

So?

Lionel laughs out loud.

LIONEL

You don't think that flea-bag of yours is gunner win the Super Dog Series without live-baiting do you? You gotta blood 'im, Harrigan.

GRAHAM

(aside)

Is he referring to me? Fleas? Sandy has a dog grooming business. I'm one of the best smelling greyhounds this side of-

LORRY

Listen, Lionel! My father raced dogs. And *his* father before him. We did it clean. Without doping, live baiting, or killing dud dogs. It's people like you, Lionel, that have dragged our sport into the gutter! The public despise us, thanks to people like you.

Lionel gets in Lorry's face.

LIONEL

Yeah, well when you want to compete at Sandown. When you want your dog to have the winning edge, come and see me. They all do in the end - sooner or later.

Lionel sings, with Tyson joining in with a harmony on the bridge.

"BAIT SONG"

RABBITS AND POSSUMS

AND KILL EM AND TOSS EM

AND POP EM INTO THE BIN

TIE EM TO A STICK

THAT'LL DO THE TRICK

BETTER BACK IT QUICKER THAN OLD GUNSIN

POSSUMS AND PIGLETS

LET'S SHAKE IT AND JIGGLE IT

AND SEND IT AROUND AGAIN

LOOK IT IN THE EYE

LET IT SLOWLY DIE

LET THOSE DOGGIES FLY AROUND THE TRACK AGAIN

AND IF YOUR POOCH  
IS RUNNING LIKE A MOOCH  
AND THEN YOU NEVER FIND HIM OUT OF BED  
JUST COME WITH ME  
I'LL TIE HIM TO A TREE  
AND THEN I'LL PUT A BULLET IN HIS HEAD!

KITTENS AND CHICKENS  
AND BUDGIES THAT SICKENS  
AND GUINEA PIGS QUICKEN YOUR HOUND  
GOTTA KEEP IT REAL  
GOTTA HEAR IT SQUEAL  
GOTTA GET A LITTLE BLOOD IN THAT SOUND

(INSTRUMENTAL BREAK - LIONEL AND TYSON DANCE)

AND IF YOUR MUTT  
IS RUNNING WITH A GUT  
AND NOW HE'S GOT A LITTLE MIDDLE AGE SPREAD  
COME WITH ME  
I'LL TAKE HIM TO THE SEA  
AND THEN I'LL STUFF HIM IN A SACK WITH LEAD!

BOXES OF FOXES  
AND WOMBATS AND SUGAR BATS  
WATER RATS ARE RENOWNED  
GOTTA KEEP IT REAL  
GOTTA HEAR IT SQUEAL  
GOTTA KEEP GOTTA KEEP EM MEAN  
GOTTA LET IT SCREAM  
GOTTA KEEP GOTTA KEEP IT REAL  
GOTTA HEAR IT SQUEAL  
GOTTA GET A LITTLE BLOOD IN THAT SOUND

The backstage fades to black as we...

TRANSITION TO:

EXT. WAMBERAL BEACH - DAY

We hear a SEASCAPE as Warwick walks along the beachfront stage.

WARWICK  
(to Graham O.S.)



Graham, just clam down, mate. I know you're excited. But remember, *don't* drink the sea water. You know what happens!

Graham enters stage-right with a dead bird in his mouth. He drops it at Warwick's feet.

GRAHAM

What do you mean don't drink the sea water?

WARWICK

Remember what happened last time. Seawater goes straight through you, mate. The car stunk like Satan's arsehole for a week.

GRAHAM

I thought it was Sandy's leftover Burrito that went through me.

WARWICK

No, it was from drinking seawater, mate.

Felicity and Lolita enter stage-left.

Warwick immediately sniffs Lolita's rear end. Lolita is slightly flattered but annoyed.

WARWICK (cont'd)

Graham, stop doing that. Sorry. He gets excited at the beach.

GRAHAM

(sniffing, aside)

I just love arseholes.

LOLITA

(to Warwick)

It's a dog thing. Don't worry about it.

GRAHAM

Hi, I'm Graham but my stage name is *Kinky Boots*. I'm a legend in racing circles. You may have heard about me. Tell me about yourself. What star-sign are you, darling?

Warwick throws a tennis-ball into the wings.

GRAHAM (cont'd)

Balls!!!

Graham tears off-stage after it.

Lolita causally follows.

Felicity and Warwick chat but are both distracted by their manic greyhounds. They look beyond the audience - into the imaginary distance without looking at each other

FELICITY

(looking ahead)

Hi, I'm Felicity. And that's my greyhound, Lolita.

WARWICK

(looking ahead)

I'm Warwick. (points) That idiot drinking seawater over there is, Graham.

FELICITY

They love the beach, don't they? I love seeing them run free. Free as nature intended.

WARWICK

Yeah it's Graham's favourite thing in the world - aside from turds. Wamby is great for dogs, isn't it? Only beach on the Coast they can run free. So what got you into greyhounds?

FELICITY

She's a rescue dog.

WARWICK

(distracted)

Graham don't drink the seawater!

GRAHAM (O.S.)

But I'm *thirsty*, Warwick!

FELICITY

I work for peTA.

WARWICK

Peter? I worked for Peter for years. I saw Peter at the track on Chewsdee night?

FELICITY

Yes. And we'll all be there for the next meeting. Will be huge, I reckon. Since *Four Corners*.

WARWICK

Yeah, should be a big night. We all need to stand together.

FELICITY

I agree. Lolita, come away from that dead seagull.

LOLITA (O.S.)

It might be still alive. Shall we call WIRES?

WARWICK

How long have you worked for Peter?

FELICITY