Overbelly was first performed at Smith’s Hill High School on March 4, 2010, with the following cast:

Jesse Martin-Allen    Punter Overbelly
Lauren Bezzina   Narelle Overbelly
Nina Blazeska   Nurse & Punter 1
Sarah Humphreys   Doctor & Punter 2
Isabel Crawford   Pizza Delivery Guy & Constable Him
Dimi Havadjia   Overbelly Junior
Callum Braithwaite   Overbelly

Thea Stephenson   Prue (primary school) & Sevvy
Affrica Handley   Prue (high school) & Punter 3
Solange Handley   Prue Purethought
Hannah O’Keefe   Jane (primary school) & Kid 1
Tess Ferguson-Hook   Jane (high school) & Punter 4
Meg Behl-Shanks   Jemima (primary school) & Kid 2
Jamaya Masters   Jemima Sycophant
Harry Needham   Johnny (primary school) & Kid 3
Tyler Heycott   Johnny Halfwit
Lily Primmer   Indigo (primary school)
Rosie McLean   Indigo (high school) & Punter 5

Brianna Watts   Miss Bridget & T.B.C.
Matt Harrington   Mr Butler & Judge You

Cassandra Yuen   Angel
Brooke Rayner   Imp
Genevieve Kennard   Elfin

Nathan Johnston   Simon Sycophant
Morgan Legg   Simone Sycophant

Matt Kusi-Appauh   Sol
Jenna Owen   Sal
Paul Stramare   Don Smallgoods
Andriana Babic   Donna Smallgoods

Angela Di Giorgio   Tracy Rickshaw
Riley Boughton   Doctor Lipbalm
Christie Woodhouse-Whittaker   Ingenue Petite
Deepak Karunakaran   Detective Me
Patrick Davis   Axeman, Constable She
OVERBELLY CHARACTERS (in order of appearance)

PUNTER   Overbelly’s father
NARELLE  Overbelly’s mother
NURSE
DOCTOR
PIZZA DELIVERY GUY

THE CHILDREN (All played by 2-3 actors – primary school and high school)

PRUE     Brainiac, becomes Prue Purethought (3 actors)
JANE     Smart and a bit of a try hard
JEMIMA   Adorable, the real love interest
JOHNNY   Idiot, but cunning
INDIGO   Bit alternative
OVERBELLY Male, played by two actors (JUNIOR & OVER.)

MISS BRIDGET Primary School teacher
MR BUTLER High School teacher
AXEMAN   High School student, plays guitar

ANGEL    Female – Overbelly’s guardian angel
IMP      Female – Angel’s helper
ELFIN    Female – Angel’s helper

SIMON SYCOPHANT Soon to be NSW Premier
SIMONE SYCOPHANT His trophy wife

SOL      Male – Don’s thug
SAL      Female – Don’s thug
DON SMALLGOOD Godfather
DONNA SMALLGOOD His whinging daughter

TRACY RICKSHAW A Blatant Affair reporter
DOCTOR LIPBALM Psychiatrist (always applying lip gloss)

MADDI    Stage manager

INGENUE PETITE Nightclub singer and temptress

DETECTIVE ME Male Detective
CONSTABLE SHE Male Constable
CONSTABLE HIM Female Constable

JUDGE YOU Judge (who thinks he’s a homeboy)

PUNTERS, KIDS, CASINO ATTENDANTS, HORSES, WAITERS, DANCERS
ACT ONE

Darkness. ‘It’s a Jungle Out There’ by Burkhard Dullwitz plays. At the end, a voice-over begins playing.

V/O Good evening and welcome to tonight’s performance. I am your voice-over with a solemn, yet sultry intonation so synonymous with modern gangster reportage. Tonight we revisit the legend of gambling kingpin, Overbelly, going back to a time when criminals were anti-heroes and audiences didn’t leave their mobile phones on in the theatre. We begin at the beginning, when the legend was born. Anything else would be postmodern; whatever that is. Ribbit Up Productions presents ‘Overbelly’.

Sounds of a mother screaming can be heard. The curtain opens to a maternity ward. PUNTER & MARCIA OVERBELLY, NURSE & DOCTOR are visible. OVERBELLY JUNIOR is concealed, awaiting delivery.

NARELLE Get me drugs!

DOCTOR That’s it, Narelle, one last push.

NURSE He’s almost out. Breathe in, breathe out.

PUNTER You can do it, Narelle, come on!

NARELLE I’m hungry, get me something to eat!

DOCTOR How can you even dream of food at a time like this?

NARELLE The baby, I’ve gotta feed the baby.

NURSE The baby’s doing fine, Mrs Overbelly; breathe in, breathe out.

PUNTER I could lob you some chips.

NARELLE Chips! I need food, lasagne, moussaka, spaghetti marinara-

ALL (Singing) Lasagne, moussaka, spaghetti marinara.

DOCTOR I’m worried about her, Nurse.

NURSE What should we do, Doctor, get her singing lessons?

DOCTOR No, a woman in her condition? Get the food!

A door flies open, PIZZA DELIVERY GUY enters.

PIZZA Somebody order pizza?
PUNTER That was quick.

PIZZA That’s six bucks.

PUNTER Toss you for it. Heads, twelve dollars, tails it’s free.

NARELLE Punter Overbelly, do ya have to gamble, I’m having a baby here!

DOCTOR & NURSE She’s having a baby!

PUNTER What do ya say?

PIZZA You’ve got yourself a bet, sucker.

DOCTOR I won’t have gambling, this is a delivery ward, not a casino!

PUNTER Take it easy, Doc, it’s a sure thing.

NARELLE Where’s my pizza!

NURSE Calm yourself, Mrs Overbelly; breathe in, breathe out.

NARELLE Give the yoga a rest, mung bean!

DOCTOR (To PIZZA) And where’s your gown and mask?

PIZZA Ooh, fancy dress, I love a masquerade!

DOCTOR The germs, the microbes, I need to sterilise!

NARELLE It had better be pan fried, that thin and crispy stuff’s for weight watchers.

NURSE Just take another breath-

DOCTOR Why? That’ll only mean she’ll talk more.

NURSE (Offering something like smelling salts) Here, Mrs Overbelly, this’ll help you with the pain.

DOCTOR grabs the salts and sniffs.

DOCTOR (High-pitched voice) Thanks. I needed that.

PUNTER Heads or tails?

PIZZA Who said you were the tosser?

PUNTER I’m a good tosser. Trust me.
PUNTER tosses the coin.

PIZZA Heads!

PUNTER It’s tails! Thanks for the pizza.

PIZZA Where am I gonna get six bucks for a pizza?

PUNTER Bet with your head, not over it. Now, scram!

Exit PIZZA DELIVERY GUY.

NARELLE Hello? Anybody remember me, I’m starving to death here.

NURSE And breathe out. Doctor!

DOCTOR Yes, Nurse?

NURSE It’s a boy, a baby boy.

DOCTOR I’ve never seen one so big. I think I’m going to faint.

DOCTOR sniffs the salts.

That’s better.

PUNTER Where’s me son?

OVERBELLY JUNIOR is revealed, looking all cute.

JUNIOR Ta-da!

NARELLE Food! He’ll need food!

JUNIOR Yum-yum.

NURSE That’s where you come in, Mrs Overbelly. You see if you just-

NARELLE No, start him on the pizza, he’ll thank me for it later.

PUNTER (Picking up OVERBELLY) Top effort, love, delivery time 6.59, and me money was on seven o’clock in the office sweep. Winners are grinners, son.

Exit NURSE, DOCTOR & NARELLE. The Overbelly house. PUNTER cradles OVERBELLY JUNIOR and a form guide. Races can be heard on the television.

JUNIOR What are you gonna teach me today, Daddy?
PUNTER I’m gonna learn ya something that’ll set you in good stead for the rest of your life, son.

JUNIOR What’s that?

PUNTER This, me boy, is a form guide and it’s like money in your hands.

NARELLE (Off) Are youse two ready for brunch?

PUNTER Hold up, Narelle, we just had morning tea.

JUNIOR I’m hungry, Daddy.

PUNTER You’re always hungry, Junior, you’re gonna turn into a porky. And, mark my words, girls don’t like porkies.

JUNIOR Oh girls, yuck!

PUNTER You’ll change your mind one day. Now look at this. This guide tells you about all the horses that are racing at Warwick Farm this arvo.

JUNIOR Why do horsies race, Daddy?

PUNTER It’s in their blood, Junior, they call it the sport of kings and you wanna be a king, doncha?

JUNIOR I wanna be a Burger King.

NARELLE (Off) You want French fries, fritters or fish?

PUNTER & No Fish!

JUNIOR I want a Whopper!

PUNTER You’ll get a smack on your Whopper in a moment; now look and learn. The first race is the Don Smallgoods Handicap and you could back one horse to win, that’s on the nose, like your mother. But betting on the nose is for losers. We want to take a trifecta; that’s where you pick horses to finish first, second and third in the race. More risk, but more reward.

NARELLE (Off) Here comes brunch!

PUNTER Quick son, your mother’s coming. Give me that remote and hide the form guide!

The sound of the races is now replaced by the sound of The Simpsons. Enter NARELLE with a heaped plate of food.

NARELLE And what are you boys up to?
JUNIOR Daddy was just showing me the for-

PUNTER Four new digital channels on the TV. And wouldn’t you know it, another bloody episode of The Simpsons.

JUNIOR Mmm…Simpsons.

NARELLE That Homer’s a good role model, he really knows how to eat. Dig in boys, before it gets cold.

PUNTER What a great spread. Now make yourself scarce, this is a boys’ day.

NARELLE But how will I know if Junior eats all of his French fries and fritters?

PUNTER You can listen to him munch when you stick your ear to the door.

NARELLE I never stick my ear to the door.

PUNTER Then why is it covered in wax?

NARELLE That was Jorge, the travelling salesman I told you about. He’s into wax Beat. and leather.

JUNIOR What’s for lunch?

NARELLE Burgers.

JUNIOR Burgers? I’m loving it, Mum.

NARELLE And I’m loving you, Junior. See you in a bit when that tummy starts to rumble again.

JUNIOR I’ve got a tiger in my tummy.

PUNTER Eat up, son, maybe he’ll go into hibernation.

Exit NARELLE. PUNTER changes the television back to the races and recovers the form guide.

Okay, what do we have here? I reckon we’ll take Blackball, Poker Night and Bombay.

JUNIOR What are you doing, Daddy?

PUNTER Lad, with me new Foxtel Sportsbet remote I can turn my TV into a TAB. Two hundred, there she goes.

NARELLE (Off) Two hundred!
PUNTER Quick, son!

PUNTER & OVERBELLY change the channel and hide the form guide. Enter NARELLE.

NARELLE What's that I heard about two hundred, there she goes?

JUNIOR Daddy just made a-

PUNTER -a comment saying how great it is that The Simpsons have reached one million episodes.

JUNIOR What's that smell, Mummy?

NARELLE The burgers! The burgers are burning.

Exit NARELLE. PUNTER & OVERBELLY change the channel and get out the form guide. They listen to the call.

PUNTER Good diversion, son, you’re learning Now pay attention, this is our race. Go you good thing! Go, go, go! Yes!

JUNIOR Yay!

PUNTER That’s over ten thousand bucks we’ve won. You little beauty!

PUNTER & OVERBELLY hear NARELLE coming and change the channel and hide the form guide. Enter NARELLE, carrying a plate of burgers.

NARELLE What are youse two so excited about?

JUNIOR Burgers!

PUNTER And I'm just pleased to see your pretty face.

NARELLE Oh, Punter.

PUNTER And here’s five bucks, go and buy yourself something nice.

NARELLE I got you, Punter, and that’s all I’ll ever need.

PUNTER Well I need a beer, have you got a cold one in the Kelvinator?

NARELLE Back in a jiffy, you big lovable lug.

Exit NARELLE.

JUNIOR Daddy, why didn’t you tell Mum we’d won that money?

PUNTER It’s better that way. Trust me.
‘It’s a Jungle Out There’ by Burkhart Dullwitz plays. At the end, a voice-over begins playing.

V/O Overbelly had learnt the first rule of gambling from his father; winning is everything, and he took that lesson and ran with it to where I first met him, primary school.

Primary School. The sounds of kids playing can be heard. There is a teacher’s desk on stage and a sign up reading ‘Spelling Bee Today’. Enter OVERBELLY JUNIOR, now a little older and a little fatter. He sidles up to the desk and sneakily opens the drawer. He pulls out a list of the spelling words for today’s competition and looks at it for a few moments. Enter PRUE, JEMIMA, JOHNNY, JANE & INDIGO. JUNIOR hurriedly replaces the list.

PRUE Overbelly! What are you doing there?
JUNIOR I was just looking for something to eat, Prue.
JANE But we just had recess.
JOHNNY Jane, cold milk and cookies isn’t enough for a fat boy.
JEMIMA Don’t be so mean, Johnny. Overbelly has just got big bones.
JOHNNY Yeah, Jemima, T-Bones, pork bones, fat bones.
JUNIOR Mum says I’ve got a low metabolism.
JOHNNY You’ve got a low gut.
INDIGO And you’ve got a low IQ, stick your fingers in your ears to stop your brain from falling out.
PRUE I’m sorry, but I’m going to have to tell on you to Miss Bridget.
JUNIOR Please don’t tell, I’ll get in trouble.
PRUE Then that will be a lesson learnt.
JEMIMA Lay off him, Prue, he’s hungry, not a crook.
JANE Exercise is what you need, Overbelly, it’s food for the brain.
JOHNNY Hey, I exercise a lot and I’m not brainy.
INDIGO Playing Wii Guitar Hero four hours a day doesn’t count.
JANE Don’t be a dobber, Prue.
JOHNNY  A dibby dibby dobber.

INDIGO  Oh, that’s so smart.

JOHNNY  You think?

JANE   Indigo’s making fun of you, Johnny. That’s what happens when you come from Woo-town.

JEMIMA Would you guys keep it down, I’ve got to study for the spelling bee.

INDIGO  What’s the point?

JANE   Yeah, Prue always wins.

PRUE   That’s because I stick a post-it note on my wall for every new word I learn.

INDIGO  (Mocking) That’s because I stick a post-it note on my wall for every new word I learn.

ALL (sans Snap! PRUE) Snap!

PRUE   Ha ha, very amusing. I’m going to get Miss Bridget.

JUNIOR Prue, wait! Beat. Bet I can beat you in the spelling bee!

PRUE   What?

JANE   Overbelly, don’t be stupid.

JOHNNY  Yeah, that’s my job.

PRUE   You think you can beat me in the spelling bee?

JEMIMA Why not, he may be plump, but he’s not a dunce.

PRUE   Jemima, I don’t know how strong your memory is, but I’ve won every spelling bee since kindy.

JANE   I beg your pardon, I won once.

PRUE   When I was sick. Let’s face it, you’re just Second Place Jane.

INDIGO  And you are such a try hard.

PRUE   Thanks for the compliment.

JUNIOR Prue, if I beat you then you don’t tell on me to Miss Bridget.
PRUE And if I beat you, as predicted?
JUNIOR Then I'll give you all my lunch money for a week.
JOHNNY You could buy the canteen with that much money.
JEMIMA Don't do it, Overbelly.
INDIGO I'll put my money in, too.
JANE Why not, me three.
JOHNNY Me Tarzan, you Janey-baby.
JANE Huh?
INDIGO Oh, isn’t that cute, Johnny’s got a crush on Jane.
JOHNNY Do not.
JANE Why not?
JOHNNY Alright, do too.

*They giggle.*

JUNIOR You’re not going to put your lunch money in, are you, Jem?
JEMIMA No, count me out, I don’t like bets. But I hope you win.
PRUE Fat chance. Get it?

*Enter MISS BRIDGET.*

MISS Alright boys and girls, recess is finished, so I suppose we’d better get this bloody spelling bee over for another year.
PRUE I hope the words are nice and tough, Miss Bridget, last year was too easy.
MISS I’ll start them simple, Prue, so that everybody has a chance to feel intellectually empowered before they lose. Now, who’s gonna go first?

*They all look at OVERBELLY.*

JUNIOR I’ll do it, Miss Bridget.
MISS Good one, Overbelly, here’s your first word. Pig, if you eat too fast you look like a pig. Pig.
JUNIOR  P-i-g. Pig.

MISS  That’s correct. Jane? Your first word is alimony. My ex-husband pays me a lot of alimony.

JANE  I’ve never heard of that before!

MISS  That’s what he said. Alimony. Now all he does is moan.

JANE  A-l-l-e-y-

MISS  No, a-l-i-m-o-n-y, like ali-money, but without the ‘e’ and, from his point of view, the money. You’ll learn about that when you’re older, particularly when, here’s your word, Indigo, particularly when you take him to court. Court.

INDIGO  Easy. C-a-u-g-h-t. Caught.

MISS  Unfortunately no, though I think you might wind up in front of the judge at some point in your life, Indigo, but the correct spelling is c-o-u-r-t. Of course it needn’t have ended up there, Jemima, if only I hadn’t caught him with that little piece of crumpet. Caught.

JEMIMA  Didn’t we just have that, c-o-u-r-t?

MISS  Wrong, Jemima, but don’t worry, there’s always Centrelink. Prue? Your word. Superannuation. I’ve even been granted access to his superannuation. Super-

PRUE  S-u-p-e-r-a-n-n-u-a-t-i-o-n.

JANE  Show off.

MISS  I like a show off, Jane. I know teachers shouldn’t play favourites, but we do. Now Johnny, here’s your word. Crisp. If I get my hands on that crumpet, I’m gonna burn it to a crisp. Crisp.

JOHNNY  I know that one, I’m gonna make the second round! K-r-i-s-p. Krisp, like Krispy Kremes!

PRUE  Four down, three to go, goofball.

JOHNNY  But I’ve see it on their signs!

MISS  And maybe you’ll work there one day, too, Beat. if you’re lucky.

JUNIOR  Just you and me left, Prue.

PRUE  Bring it on, loser.
MISS Round Two. Congratulations on reaching this far, Overbelly, maybe you can win.

MISS & Yeah, right!

PRUE What?

MISS Oh, you’re looking all discombobulated. Discombobulated.

JUNIOR D-i-s-c-o-m-b-o-b-u-l-a-t-e-d. Discombobulated.

MISS No, unfortunately it’s – oh, shish-kebobs, you got it right.

INDIGO Whoa, Overbelly.

JANE Way to go.

JOHNNY Dude, you rock!

JEMIMA You’re so good, Overbelly, even if you don’t win, you’ll be my hero.

MISS He’s no hero, Jemima, unless there’s one called Fatman. Now, here’s your word, Prue, and you had better get it right to save us both an embarrassment. Embarrassment.

PRUE E-m-b-a, is it two r’s and one s or one r and two s’s? Um, is that my phone I hear ringing?

PRUE pulls out her mobile and checks it.

Just a second. Embarrassment. Where is it?

INDIGO Miss, she’s looking up dictionary.com on her IPhone!

PRUE Am not!

JANE (Seizing the phone) Are too! You’re a cheat!

JOHNNY I wish I had have thought of that.

MISS Prue, Prue, Prue. I’m very disappointed in you, Prue.

PRUE Miss, it was a message from my mother!

MISS As if. I’m afraid that makes Overbelly the winner.

PRUE But, Miss, I caught him in your drawer before the start of class!

MISS My drawer? But that’s where I keep the spelling bee list.
JUNIOR And your cigarettes.

MISS My what? I don’t smoke, teachers don’t smoke.

JUNIOR I’m sure Mr Cane would like to know about this.

MISS The principal? Oh, there’s no need to tell the principal. What’s say we all just keep quiet about this. (Rummaging through her drawer) Overbelly, you win, I’m going out to the car-park for a-

JUNIOR (Producing a cigarette packet) Looking for these?

MISS Yes, I’ll have to put them in the bin, right next to the car park. Children, I’ll be back in five minutes. Better make that ten, Miss Bridget’s feeling a little stressed.

Exit MISS BRIDGET.

JEMIMA I can’t believe you won.

JUNIOR Sometimes you just get lucky.

JEMIMA What Prue said wasn’t true, was it?

JUNIOR No.

JEMIMA You wouldn’t lie to me, would you?

JUNIOR Trust me. I’d never lie to you, Jemima, I promise. Now pay up, guys.

Lights fade on OVERBELLY accepting the lunch money with a sly grin on his face. ‘It’s a Jungle Out There’ by Burkhart Dullwitz plays. At the end, a voice-over begins playing.

V/O Overbelly had discovered the power of trust and he was soon to realise that just because you made promises didn’t mean that you had to keep them. And that was a lesson I learnt when I dated him in high school.

Lights up. Lunch time at high school. OVERBELLY is sitting with JEMIMA, PRUE, JANE & INDIGO. AXEMAN is also there, strumming ballads on a guitar. There are some Year 7 students lined up at the canteen. JOHNNY is hanging around them.

JANE That test was so brutal. I mean, I studied until 5am and I still couldn’t answer half of the questions.

PRUE Jane, maybe you shouldn’t leave important things like study until the last moment. My time management plan always enables me to keep one step ahead of assessment tasks.
JANE Yeah, but you've gotta have a life, Prue.

PRUE Are you implying that I don't have a life?

INDIGO Oh, would you quit arguing, guys. Two periods 'til freedom, twenty four hours until the Soundwave Music Festival. Jane's Addiction's playing.

JANE Jane's Addiction!

PRUE Addicted to what, I'd like to know, Indigo.

INDIGO So I take it Miss Boring's not going?

PRUE Oh, please, the thought of spending a couple of days at a concert with a herd of unwashed losers and lining up for two hours to use a filthy Porta-loo does not appeal.

INDIGO It doesn't matter whether it appeals to you or not; they've got a dag meter at the gates, specifically designed to stop try-hards like you Beat. and parents.

JANE If it wasn't for my parents, I could go to Soundwave.

JOHNNY now approaches the Year 7s.

JOHNNY Hey, sevvy, borrow me a dollar. Yeah cool, thanks. Hey, what's that, you got two dollars? Hey, I'll borrow that, too. Yeah, alright, cool. Whatcha getting? Nothing? Hey, where're you going? I'll mind the place for ya. Oi, sevvy, you're standing in my spot. No, I don't see a sign where it says Year 7's only. You're not trying to be rude, are you? Just for that I'll let you borrow me that five dollar note you have there. And you, girl with the ten bucks, you a friend of hers? Borrow me the tenner and I'll forget she ever insulted me.

INDIGO Listen Jane, I heard on Triple J there's still a few tickets left.

JANE Sorry, Indigo, I can't afford it. As usual, I'm going to be stuck on the family camping trip getting back to nature.

INDIGO You don't have to go camping, you can do that in the Porta-loos.

JOHNNY Hey you, yeah you. Hey, like, I'm really hungry, you wouldn't be able to borrow me some- hey, you got a twenty dollar note. Yeah, I can change that, yeah.

Enter MR BUTLER.

Oh man, wait up, here comes Mr Butler. Don't say anything.

BUTLER Never fear, Mr Butler's here. Now, everybody behind that line. Move it! There's a line there and it's there for a good reason. You wouldn't step over
the line on a railway platform, would you? No, because then you could fall on the tracks and a train could come along and somebody would have to spend the next two hours cleaning you up. Do I look like a cleaner? No, I most certainly do not. But this is my platform and I am the train. Here I come, toot-toot. All behind the line, chugga-chugga, chugga-chugga, toot-toot—Johnny Halfwit, you’ve got your foot on my line!

JOHNNY Your line?

BUTLER That’s right, I own it. And you’re also in the wrong queue.

JOHNNY The others are moving so slowly, Mr Butler.

BUTLER My heart bleeds for you or it would if could actually give a hoot. Now, scoot.

JOHNNY What’s the point of being a senior if you have to wait ‘til the sevvies get served?

BUTLER Because the Year Sevens are our future, they are the dreams upon which our hopes are built.

JOHNNY I was in Year Seven once!

BUTLER And you’re what happens when we fail. So, we must look after the younger generation. I call them Generation A; we reached the end of the alphabet with you, obz. Hold on. Young lady, have you been crying? And you?

*The Year 7s look at JOHNNO, then shake their heads.*

You can tell me. Has Halfwit been hassling you? Ooh, that’s alliteration. Do you know what alliteration is, girls?

*The Year 7s shake their heads, except for KID 3.*

KID 3 Hey, I’m not a girl!

BUTLER That’s pitiful, you should pay more attention in English. If you don’t find every word that comes out of my mouth an inspiration then there must be something wrong with you. Now, I can’t stand here babbling all day, I need to enforce the line. Toot-toot, all behind the line, chugga-chugga, all behind the line, chugga-chugga.

*Exit MR BUTLER.*

JOHNNY Hey, you did well, but I’ve lost my appetite.

KID 1 What about our money?
JOHNNY   Money, what money?
KID 2    That money in your hand.
KID 3    You were gonna get me change.
JOHNNY   And I will, I’ve just gotta see a mate. Just stay here, huh? I’ll be back in a mo. Don’t worry, I’ll remember you, I never forget a face.

JOHNNY *leaves the Year 7s and counts ‘his’ money.*
JEMIMA  We’re going to Soundwave, aren’t we, O?
OVER.   Ah-
JANE    Jemima, your parents are letting you go to Soundwave?
JEMIMA  It’s a special treat to celebrate our ten month anniversary. Mum gave O the money to get the tickets last week-
OVER.   Yeah, about that-
JEMIMA  And Dad gave him a hundred bucks for spending money.
JANE    A hundred dollars? Did he break into the campaign funds?
INDIGO  Mister Popularity himself.
JEMIMA  No, I think it’s all about trust.
PRUE    More likely he wants Overbelly’s vote if he’s premier in the years to come.
JEMIMA  Not everything’s about votes, Prue. My parents are teaching me the value of money, so it’s sort of my birthday, Christmas and anniversary present all rolled into one. They really love O, like he was their son.
OVER.   Ah, babe?
JEMIMA  Life is so cool, sometimes, and Soundwave, that’s the coolest.
PRUE    Oh please, I’m going to work on my calculus.
INDIGO  Wet your cactus?
PRUE    I’ll wet your cactus some day.
PRUE *exits.*
OVER.   Jem, I can’t make it tomorrow.
JEMIMA Yeah, good joke.

OVER. No, I mean it, something’s come up.

JEMIMA Something’s come up? What’s more important than Soundwave Beat and me?

OVER. Nothing. You know that. It’s only for tomorrow, we can still make the Sunday show.

JEMIMA But Jane’s Addiction’s playing tomorrow.

OVER. So, take Jane, der.

JEMIMA But this was supposed to be our first festival.

OVER. And it will be, on Sunday.

JANE I’ll go on Saturday. Dad’ll take some convincing, but convincing is what I do well.

OVER. See? Problem solved. You, Indigo and Jane can all go together.

INDIGO Cool!

JEMIMA I suppose so.

OVER. I’ll be thinking of you just as much as you’ll be thinking ‘bout me.

JEMIMA How am I going to get the spending money?

OVER. Is that all you can think of, money?

JEMIMA No, you know that’s not true.

OVER. I’ll bring it on Sunday, I’m sure the girls can fix you up until then.

JEMIMA You promise?

OVER. Hey, have I ever broken a promise?

OVERBELLY JUNIOR & YOUNG JEMIMA enter, appearing in flashback.

JEMIMA You wouldn’t lie to me, would you?

JUNIOR Trust me. I’d never lie to you, Jemima, I promise.

Exit OVERBELLY JUNIOR & YOUNG JEMIMA.
(To OVERBELLY) Love you.

OVER. Love you.

JOHNNY Make me spew. Oi, Axeman, are you still playing love songs? Ballads are for losers.

AXEMAN Hey, Johnny, can’t the man have a soft song?

JEMIMA Thanks, Axeman. Come on, guys, let’s plan what we’re gonna wear tomorrow.

INDIGO Jemima, you are such a girl.

JEMIMA, JANE & INDIGO move to the canteen.

OVER. Well?

JOHNNY Got it. Thirty eight bucks, easy as taking candy from a sevvy.

OVER. And with the hundred bucks that Jem’s dad gave me in the kitty, I’d say we’ve got more than enough to place a few bets tomorrow.

JOHNNY You sure you’ve cracked your father’s Sportsbet account?

OVER. Six digit code, P-U-N-T-E-R, what a moron.

They shake hands. Freeze. ‘It’s a Jungle Out There’ by Burkhard Dullwitz plays. At the end, a voice-over begins playing.

V/O Overbelly never showed up to the Soundwave Festival and that one hundred dollars also vanished. Although I still loved him, the relationship ended, because in the year ahead, Overbelly soon found a new girlfriend, the race track.

Lights up. The Track. There is an assortment of colourful identities, jockeys and horses wandering across and about the stage. A sign up reads ‘Angel’s Bookmaking’ beneath which are ANGEL, wearing P-plate wings, and IMP & ELFIN, who wear L-plate wings. The sound of races can be heard. Enter OVERBELLY & JOHNNY.

JOHNNY Angel’s Bookmaking! Sounds like lady luck to me!

IMP Race Five off in one minute, place your bets.

ELFIN Best odds here, gotta be in it to win it.

OVER. How much have you got left?

JOHNNY Down to the last thousand, but I’ve heard the late mail on a horse called Mister Fairchild.
OVER. Who gave you the tip?

JOHNNY Sol and Sal.

OVER. Not *the* Sol and Sal? As in, the Sol and Sal connected to Don Smallgoods? From the mob?

JOHNNY It’s cool. I even phoned in a side bet with Sol for an extra grand.

OVER. Behind my back?

JOHNNY Watching your back, Overbelly, these guys are the big show. Now, Mister Fairchild, a thousand bucks on the nose?

IMP They’re at the starting gate, bets closing for Race Five.

ELFIN Last chance to get your money on.

OVER. Alright, but I’m only in for a hundred.

JOHNNY Fair enough, but remember, he who speculates, accumulates.

OVERBELLY & JOHNNY *place their bets with IMP & ELFIN. The race call is now heard. They both lose.*

Damn it! Overbelly, lend me a grand?

OVER. Yeah right, you just lost a grand.

JOHNNY I’m gonna lose more than that if I don’t come up with some cash for Sol. I still owe him for that side bet.

OVER. Well, that’s brilliant.

JOHNNY And he sort of implied that if I don’t pay him then something could happen that might be dangerous to my health.

OVER. Your health?

JOHNNY Like he might try and fit me with some new concrete shoes for when I go swimming.

OVER. You don’t swim.

JOHNNY He said he’d teach me.

_Suddenly everything stops, the races, the movement, everything except OVERBELLY, ANGEL, IMP & ELFIN._
ANGEL Hey buddy?

IMP Buddy, buddy, buddy.

ELFIN Come in, sucker.

OVER. Hey Johnny, what's going on? What's happening?

ANGEL He can’t hear you.

ELFIN Hey Johnny, what’s going on?

IMP What’s happening, Johnny?

ANGEL You mind if I give you a tip?

OVER. Who the hell are you?

ELFIN Who the hell is she, Johnny?

IMP Johnny, I gots to know!

IMP & ELFIN She said, do you mind if she gives you a tip?

OVER. No, I-

ANGEL You don’t see the monkeys in the room, do you?

OVER. Monkeys?

ANGEL The monkeys in the room. Imp, Elfin, show him the monkeys.

IMP & ELFIN begin acting and screeching like monkeys.

ANGEL Everybody loves monkeys, they’re so cute. They like to scratch and screech and stare. But they don’t like being locked up, being caged and tamed and mimicked. So when they escape, and they do, they act like man’s best friend, and we let them hop onto our backs-

IMP & ELFIN leap onto OVERBELLY’S & JOHNNY’S backs.

-and then they become bad monkeys.

OVER. I don’t get your point.

ANGEL Let’s call this monkey ‘gambling’ and this monkey ‘power’. They let you think you’re in control, but it’s not long before you’re chasing the payout that never comes.
ANGEL, IMP & ELFIN produce bananas.

Go on, take a bite. It’s alluring, it’s glittering.

OVERBELLY & JUNIOR try to bite the bananas, but they’re held beyond their reach.

And it’s as ungraspable as a coherent definition of postmodernism. But you can’t stop chasing it until you begin to wonder, am I leading the monkey or is it leading me?

IMP & ELFIN screech triumphantly.

OVER. Great speech, but what’s this got to do with me?

ANGEL You’re soul is doomed, Overbelly, and there’s only one way to remove the monkey from your back.

Enter JEMIMA, SIMON & SIMONE.

OVER. Jem!

ANGEL She can’t hear you.

JEMIMA But Dad, I still love him.

ELFIN Oh, she still loves you.

IMP Isn’t that cute?

SIMON Speak to your mother.

JEMIMA Mum-

SIMONE Speak to your father.

JEMIMA Dad-

SIMON Look Jemima, the election’s coming up and I can’t afford to have my daughter woopty-doing with gamblers and lowlifes.

OVER. Lowlife!

JEMIMA But Dad-

SIMON Simon says, talk to the hand.

SIMONE Are you calling me ‘the hand’. I’ll give you the hand!

SIMON Ooh, kooky, have to catch me first.
Exit SIMON & SIMONE.

JEMIMA Maybe they’re right. He never did keep his promise.

Exit JEMIMA.

OVER. (Sarcastic) Thanks, I needed to see that. Tell me again, why are you bothering with me?

ANGEL I’m your angel, it’s my job; and I’m itching to get off these P-plate wings.

OVER. Here’s some news for you, Angel, I’m not addicted to gambling or power and I don’t have a monkey on my back-

IMP & ELFIN cut him off by stuffing their bananas into his and JOHNNY’S gobs. They freeze.

IMP You’ve got your work cut out with this one, boss.

ELFIN You’ll never get your full angel’s wings by saving Overbelly.

ANGEL You wanna bet?

ANGEL, IMP & ELFIN return to their previous places. OVERBELLY & JOHNNY unfreeze. Enter SAL & SOL.

SOL Hey Sal, would you look at that?

SAL It’s Johnny-boy, Sol.

SOL Johnny-boy, I’ve been meaning to catch up with you. I think you may have something that belongs to me.

JOHNNY Hey, Sol, how’re you going?

SAL I could think of a thousand things’d make him better.

SOL A thousand things that’d make you feel better, capiche?

JOHNNY I was just going to-

OVER. Look at this, a double act, you two should be in the movies. (To SOL) Hey, that’s disgusting, you get a little sauce on your shirt?

SOL Huh?

OVERBELLY does the old trick to SOL, pushing him away.

JOHNNY (To SAL) Watch out!
SAL      What?

JOHNNY does the other old trick on SAL and pushes her out of the way. Exit JOHNNY. SOL pulls out a gun, SAL pulls out a notebook and starts drawing.

SOL      Sal, what're ya doing?

SAL      I'm drawing my weapon.

SOL      Get out of it! Go after him, already!

SAL exits, chasing after JOHNNY. SOL grabs OVERBELLY.

      And you, I think Don Smallgoods might want to have a word with you.

SOL & OVERBELLY exit. Lights down. The Smallgoods’ house. DON & DONNA are talking.

DON      Sweetheart, when you gonna stop moping around, you look like the Cheshire cat that’s just licked the curdled cream.

DONNA    Here’s an idea, Father, why don’t you just rack off?

DON      That the way you talk to me, in my own house? I got politicians want to shine my shoes and you wanna give me lip?

DONNA    Beats watching The Simpsons.

DON      Honey, why don’t you go and see your friends?

DONNA    They’ve all got boyfriends, make me to wanna stick my fingers down my throat and projectile vomit when they go kissy-kissy.

DON      Kissy-kissy? Cuddle cakes, have you been taking your tablets?

DONNA    Of course I’ve been taking the dumb tablets. Ain’t you seen how happy I’ve become?

DON      Donna-

DONNA    I’m going to the mall. I’m gonna get me a Boost Juice.

Enter SOL & SAL with OVERBELLY. DONNA smiles when she sees OVERBELLY.

      Who’s that?

DON      That’s Sal and Sol, you’ve met them before.

DONNA    No, the one between them, who’s the hunk?
DON Just a business associate.

DONNA Ain’t you gonna, like, introduce me?

DON What, you like him, you got the hots?

DONNA Uh, like, no.

DON Then you’re gonna have to go, sweetheart, we have some business here. Your mother never interfered with business, it’s not for the woman to be involved.

DONNA Sal’s a woman.

DON You’re kidding? Sal, you needs an operation.

SAL What, Don Smallgoods?

DON My daughter wants you to become a man. See what I do for you, cutey? Now, scoot.

Exit DONNA.

What’s this about?

SOL This is Overbelly, that associate of Halfwit’s I was telling you about.

DON Halfwit? Refresh me.

SAL That guy down at the track who owes us fifty thousand clams.

DON Fifty thousand clams! You can make a lot of clam chowder with that.

OVER. Johnny told me you were only into him for a thousand.

DON Whatta we got here, fat boy with a big mouth? Speak only when spoken to, tubby, or I’ll have your tongue removed and turned into a slushie.

OVER. He said it was only a thousand dollars.

DON Do I look like a man who would snuff some punk for a thousand bucks?

SAL There was Lefty Johnson, boss.

OVER. What? Was he left handed?

SOL No, he was a left hand. That’s all that was left of him after a meeting with the don.
SAL And then there was Jimmy No-Nose.

OVER. I hate to ask.

DON I caught him sniffing around. But you’ve heard enough, already. Sal, Sol, go and have a sandwich, you’re gonna have to wait to lubricate the goldfish.

Exit SAL & SOL.

Name’s Overbelly, right?

OVER. Right.

DON Of course, I’m right. I never say anything when I’m not right. Except for this one time I propositioned a woman. It was only later that I realised she had an Adam’s Apple.

OVER. Ooo…

DON What was I to know? I was young, impetuous, I made a mistake, we all make mistakes. Just like you and your friendship with that Halfwit trash.

OVER. Johnny? I’ve known him since school.

DON School’s out, time to grow up, be a man. I’ve been hearing some good things about you, Overbelly. And I’m always on the lookout for a man who can throw a straight dice.

OVER. You’re offering me a job?

DON I’m offering you an opportunity, is what it is. I’ve got an interest in poker machines. And I need someone on the ground floor, somebody to be my eyes and ears. Could be a lot of money in it if my interest is of interest to you.

OVER. Sure.

DON There’s only one small snag.

OVER. Yeah?

DON The thing is I need some start-up money, a down payment of sorts. It’s only a little sum, fifty thousand dollars. And I appear to be a little short.

OVER. I don’t have fifty thousand dollars.

DON No, but might it be possible that you have some idea as to where I can put my hands on that kind of lettuce?

OVER. You’re talking about Johnny.
DON  I'm talking about a small time fish that's swimming with the sharks. And you know what happens to fish that swim with sharks? Gobble, gobble.

OVER.  I can talk to him, but what happens if he doesn't have the cash?
DON  Then you have a choice, in which tank do you wanna swim?
OVER.  You're asking me to-
DON  I'm asking you to talk to this Halfwit and, if he don't have my money, maybe he has a little accident, from which he don't recover. Think about it.
OVER.  I will.
DON  Now, there's one other service I need you to do. My daughter needs a date to the opening of Jackpot City on Saturday night.
OVER.  The casino?
DON  Would you mind? It would fill me with emotion to see her happy.
OVER.  Sure, Don Smallgoods.
DON  Call me Don, is good. Huh, am I a funny guy or what? Let me tell you the one where three bars walk into a halfwit.

Saturday night outside the casino. TRACY is interviewing guests on the red carpet.

TRACY  Welcome to Tonight Today's special presentation of the Gala Opening of Jackpot City. I'm Tracy Rickshaw, here on the red carpet to get a few words from our celebrities here tonight. And I can just make out the leader of the Liberal Party, Simon Sycophant-

Enter SIMON, SIMONE & JEMIMA.

JEMIMA  I don't care what you say, I'm not wearing it!
SIMON  What's the big deal? It'll be funny.
JEMIMA  I don't want to look stupid.
SIMONE  Jemima, Sycophant women have a duty to look stupid. Look at me, I'm wearing Supré. All because they wrote out a fat check to your father's campaign.
JEMIMA  But Dad-
SIMON  Uh-huh, there's a lot of influential votes in that room tonight, Jemima, and Simon says, you're wearing it.
TRACY  Mr Sycophant, an exciting evening for all concerned?

SIMON  Jackpot City’s going to put a lot of money into the state’s coffers, Tracy, so it’s important to celebrate in style.

TRACY  And speaking of style, Simone, you’re looking ultra hip tonight.

SIMONE  Hip as kryptonite. Straight off the rack at Supré; ‘cause I’m wild at heart.

Exit SIMON, SIMONE & JEMIMA. Enter LIPBALM.

TRACY  And here’s Doctor Lipbalm, Chief Medical Officer at Jackpot City.

LIPBALM  (Applying gloss) Permit me to correct you, strange looking lady with a questionable object in her hand, I am Doctor Lipbalm, the Head Psychiatrist-

TRACY  Doctor, why does the casino have a psychiatric department?

LIPBALM  It’s a tall building, someone needs to talk down Jackpot’s crackpots. The only jumping we want them to do is on a stool in front of a poker machine.

Exit LIPBALM. Enter PRUE.

TRACY  Prue Purethought, president of the Society for the Cleanliness of Urban Municipalities-

PRUE  SCUM, dear, just call it SCUM-

TRACY  Well scum, I didn’t expect you to be here at the opening.

PRUE  I didn’t expect there to be another casino in Sydney so soon, Tracy. Did you know New South Wales has ten percent of the world’s poker machines and that, Australia-wide, people are losing over thirty billion dollars a year to gambling?

TRACY  Thanks for the sermon, Ms Purethought-

PRUE  And that the biggest winner out of casinos is the State Government?

TRACY  I guess someone’s got to pay for health and education.

PRUE  Who, the problem gamblers?

TRACY  Don Smallgoods, part owner of Jackpot City, perhaps you would like to answer that question?

DON  Tracy, what Ms Purethought said is a fallacy-
LIPBALM  A fallacy?

DON  There is no such thing as a problem gambler, just gamblers with a problem; they ain’t lucky.

PRUE  You’re feeding off society’s victims!

DON  Everybody’s got a choice, Purethought, and my choice is to take my beautiful daughter inside to meet her new beau, Overbelly. You wanna watch that boy, Tracy, one day he’ll run the place. But right now I’m freezing my butt cakes here and this place ain’t gonna open itself.

TRACY  Ooh, I’d love to be a fly on the wall tonight, and thanks to the power of theatre, tonight you can be. Open those curtains!

Exit ALL. Inside the casino. The curtains open to reveal games, poker machines, attendants, punters etc. Music is playing. Characters enter and exit where appropriate throughout this scene.

NARELLE  Punter, this place is amazing, I could even let you have the odd flutter if you bring me here on special occasions.

PUNTER  Might even put down the Sportsbet remote once in a while to come to this place.

NARELLE  Sportsbet remote?

PUNTER  It’s just a high def. brand name, Narelle, don’t get your hair in a hissy.

OVER.  There she is, Mum, that’s Donna, the girl I was talking to you about.

NARELLE  Yikes, she’s got a smile that could freeze ice.

DON  Overbelly, how is the man of the moment? I know someone special who’s been looking forward to seeing you.

DONNA  Don’t be an embarrassment, Father.

DON  And this must be your lovely family, the name’s Don Smallgoods.

PUNTER  Is Don, is good.

DON  Huh, I don’t get it.

NARELLE  They make meat products, processed ham, chicken, pepperoni-

DON  Who does?

PUNTER  Don Smallgoods.
DON  That’s me.

NARELLE  Huh?

DON  I’m just having a josh with you, Mrs Belly. I’m a funny guy.

NARELLE  If you insist.

DON  Say, why don’t we leave the kids to talk. Mr Belly-

PUNTER  Punter.

DON  Punter, I once had a bookmaker who liked a punt.

PUNTER  What happened to him?

DON  He had an accident with a printing press, now he’s just a book.

NARELLE  Oh look, there’s the buffet. My baby boy needs something to eat.

OVER.  Mum…

PUNTER  Leave him be, Narelle, he’s an adult now.

NARELLE  What, adults don’t eat?

NARELLE  exits to the buffet.

DON  Let me show you the tables, Punter.

PUNTER & DON  go to the gaming tables.

OVER.  You look beautiful tonight, Donna.

DONNA  Ah, you’re just saying that.

OVER.  Not at all. Trust me. Now, you wanna play some roulette or poker?

DONNA  No.

OVER.  Wanna get something to eat?

DONNA  No. Let’s get enbevulated.

OVER.  But I don’t drink.

DONNA  You do now, ‘cause you do as you’re told. Otherwise you so totally won’t keep daddy’s girl happy.

OVER.  Bottoms up.
DONNA & OVERBELLY go to the bar. Enter SIMON & SIMONE.

SIMON Don Smallgoods!

DON Simon Cycle-Pants.

SIMONE Sycophant.

DON Yes he is and Simone, I must say you look a million dollars. Where did you get that dress?

SIMONE From Supré, I’m their clotheshorse.

DON Giddy up! Now, here’s some chips, go and enjoy the tables, my treat.

SIMONE Ooh, gambling. Luck be a lady tonight.

SIMONE goes to play on the tables.

SIMON Opening night at last, congratulations.

DON Congratulations to you, also, being my silent partner in the casino.

SIMON Simon says that silent’s the way I want it to stay. With the government’s promise to sell off NSW Lotteries, I’ve gotta look after number one. The public’s happy to have a new casino to fund the schools and hospitals, but I don’t know whether they’d like their future Premier Sycophant, making a profit out of it himself.

DON I understand one thousand percent. Now are you gonna make a speech to open this thing or what? (Calling) Maddi, give the man a microphone.

Enter MADDI, who hands a microphone to SIMON.

MADDI Here you are, Mister Sycophant.

SIMON Ladies and gentlemen, it’s a great pleasure to welcome you tonight to the grand opening of Jackpot City and don’t worry, I’m not going to bore you with a long speech. I know the feeling of being trapped while some buffoon goes on and on, full of their own importance. That’s right, I once listened to the captains’ speeches too. Instead, I’ve organised a lucky door prize competition where the winner gets to Snog a Frog!

Enter JEMIMA, dressed in a frog suit.

Get out those raffle tickets that you received at the door and, Maddi, if you’d give me a pen and paper so I can draw the lucky number?
MADDI gives SIMON a pad and pen, and then exits. SIMON draws the number.

And the winner is…number fifty six!

OVER. Bingo!

DONNA You kiss that frog and you is dead!

DON Oh, lighten up, Donna, let the man snog his frog. This ain’t no fairytale, she ain’t gonna turn into no princess.

DONNA She better not, I’m his princess!

OVER. Let me get this over with, I’ll be right back.

SIMON Everybody! (Starting a chant) Snog a frog, snog a frog etc.

OVERBELLY goes over to JEMIMA and they recognise each other.

OVER. Jemima?

JEMIMA Overbelly?

SIMONE Overbelly, let go of that frog!

SIMON pulls the two of them part.

SIMON What are you doing here?

DON He’s with me, he’s dating my daughter.

SIMON He used to date mine!

DON This is uncomfortable.

OVER. If there’s anything you need.

SIMONE Jemima, go and change.

JEMIMA But, Overbelly!

SIMON Simon says, do it.

JEMIMA I hate you, father.

SIMONE Jemima, don’t say such a thing Beat. in public.

Exit JEMIMA.

SIMON Yes, petal.

Exit SIMONE & SIMON. Enter LIPBALM.

DON Let’s get some entertainment happening here. Ladies and gentlemen, straight off the plane from Las Vegas, I give you the one, the only, Ingenue Petite!

Enter INGENUE who begins her song and dance routine.

INGENUE Coming down under where the big boys play,
Looking for a man who can make it pay.
There’s so many sharks and gangsters too,
But anything’s okay if I can be with you.
There’s so many winners, but only one for me.
I’m taking a chance to let you inside, so that you can set me free,
‘Cause tonight is the night, tonight is the night,
Tonight is the night, I’ll get my man.

Played my games on the roulette wheel,
Count my chips and the pots I steal.
I’ve played blackjack and slot machines,
But I need a man to call me his queen.
There’s so many winners, but only one for me.
I’m taking a chance to let you inside, so that you can set me free,
‘Cause tonight is the night, tonight is the night,
Tonight is the night, I’ll get my man.

I’ve been to Vegas, Monte Carlo too
Now I’m in Sydney looking straight at you.
I’ve conquered the heights of stardom and fame,
Waiting for you to scream out my name.
There’s so many winners, but only one for me.
I’m taking a chance to let you inside, so that you can set me free,
‘Cause tonight is the night, tonight is the night,
Tonight is the night, I’ll get my man.

DON Ladies and gentlemen, Ingenue Petite!

Enter NARELLE holding a chicken leg.

NARELLE Did I miss something?

PUNTER Just the best set of lungs I’ve ever heard.

LIPBALM You hear her lungs? (To NARELLE) And why are you waving that thing in front of my lips?

LIPBALM takes a bite out of the chicken leg.
Hmm, funny, tastes like fish.

PUNTER No fish!

LIPBALM Obviously not, it’s brain food. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I must gloss.

Exit LIPBALM.

NARELLE Who was that strange man, Punter?

PUNTER Beats me, Narelle, but I think he was having a go.

NARELLE And he bit my chook. Don’t try to stop me, Punter, I’m going to rip that foreigner a new freckle!

PUNTER Narelle!

They exit.

DON Ingenue Petite, may I welcome you to our wonderful country.

INGENUE So this is Australia, where IQ stands for illiterate queer folk.

DON Oh, you make a josh.

INGENUE The only josh I make is one who I can hustle his money out of.

DON I don’t get you.

INGENUE You and the United States police, sugar. Who’s that? Looks like she just sucked a lemon.

DON This-

DONNA Are you talking to me?

INGENUE Not if I don’t have to, life’s too short.

DON This is my daughter, she’s a big fan.

INGENUE Alright, I can make nice. Name’s Ingenue.

DONNA Donna.

INGENUE I get it, the first thing your father saw after you were born was a kebab shop. And look at you, you’ve even got your own pig on a spit.

DONNA I don’t think you have no idea who you is talking to.
INGENUE Not if you don’t speak English, you’ve got more double negatives in there than a maths class. So, who’s the blimp, is this your date?

OVER. I’m Overbelly-

INGENUE Honey, you’re so fat they could send a cameraman up in you to take aerial footage of the football.

OVER. And you’re so short I’m amazed you can see me from down there.

INGENUE Your dingo wings are so big you wanna be on the lookout for Lindy Chamberlain.

OVER. And there’s enough hot air coming out of you that you could be field tested on Mythbusters.

INGENUE Finally, someone with guts – metaphorically.

DON He’s got more than that; I’m about to give Overbelly here the full control of my poker machine licences across the whole of New South Wales.

DONNA But Daddy, he hasn’t even kissed me yet.

DON All good things in time, sweetheart. Overbelly knows on which side his bread is buttered.

INGENUE Why don’t you stick some butter on your face, maybe he’ll lick it off?

DONNA Excuse me, like, who do you think you are?

INGENUE I’m the major league, kid, and I ain’t got time for minors. Stick a drink in that mouth, you look like a mullet on dry land. Explains your hair, too.

DONNA I think I’ll go and powder my nose.

Exit DONNA. DON starts drawing up the poker machine contract on a toilet roll.

OVER. What are you doing?

DON Drawing up the contract.

OVER. That’s the contract?

DON It’s a clean slate, is what it is, perfect for any job. Now, if I’m gonna give you these poker machines, you gotta look after my little girl, right?

OVER. You can bet your life on it, Don. Trust me.

DON It’s you who’s betting your life on it. Sign here.
OVERBELLY signs the toilet roll.

You’re a lucky boy, Overbelly, bum to big time player so quick. Just don’t forget that other service you have to do for your Don. That accident.

OVER. I won’t.

DON Sooner rather than later. Now I’m gonna check on Donna.

INGENUE But she’s in the little girls’ room.

DON Ah, forget about it, ain’t nothing I ain’t seen before.

Exit DON.

INGENUE So, the big man’s a big man?

OVER. I’m on my way up.

INGENUE That’s what I like to hear. And maybe I have a plan that can give you a hand to get to the top. Would like me to give you a hand?

OVER. Absolutely.

INGENUE You’re not really serious about that kebab thing, are ya?

OVER. She’s just a step on the ladder. Though there is this other woman.

INGENUE And what’s her name?

OVER. Jem.

INGENUE Honey, where we’re going there’ll be gems for breakfast, lunch and dinner. What’s say we bust this place?

OVER. You wanna play poker?

INGENUE No, I wanna play with you.

‘Let’s Get Rich’ begins playing. INGENUE & OVERBELLY sing. Montage. Various gamblers place bets and lose money, their desperation getting worse throughout. Eventually, they are attacked by the poker machines. The effect should be overwhelming as if gambling has come alive and is taking over. The poker machines dance behind the two singers, encroaching upon the audience as the song ends. INGENUE & OVERBELLY celebrate their crushing success.

OVER. & INGENUE Join me on the road to the Holy Grail, The two of us combined we can hardly fail. The jackpot’s in our reach, the glory’s in our grasp I’ve got what you need to leave behind the past
Let’s get rich, pokie rich,
Let’s get rich, pokie rich.
Yeah let’s get rich and make some green,
Crush everybody and live our dreams.

Take me by the hand and walk the golden road,
Picking off the fruits from the seeds we’ve sown.
Our destiny is now, brush away the fears,
Success is in our reach, let’s swim in all their tears.
Let’s get rich, pokie rich,
Let’s get rich, pokie rich.
Yeah let’s get rich and make some green,
Crush everybody and live our dreams.

Lights cut at the end of the song. Curtain closes. ‘It’s a Jungle Out There’ by Burkhard Dullwitz plays. At the end, a voice-over begins playing.

V/O Overbelly had his poker machines, had the fame and the glamour puss, but there was one thing left he had to do to seal the deal. He had to totally remove the past.

The track. JOHNNY is on stage, following the races. Behind him, ANGEL, IMP & ELFIN are at their bookmaking station. A race call can be heard. Other punters look on anxiously. They all lose and rip up their tickets when Break The Habit wins.

PUNTERS Break the habit? No way!

PUNTER 1 The pension.

PUNTER 2 My severance pay.

PUNTER 3 Fortnightly New Start Allowance.

PUNTER 4 My performance bonus.

PUNTER 5 My inheritance.

PUNTER 1 My anniversary.

PUNTER 2 The family holiday.

PUNTER 3 Food, shelter.

PUNTER 4 The mortgage and credit card.

PUNTER 5 My son’s birthday present.

PUNTER 1 If only I could catch some luck.

PUNTER 2 If only I could get the inside mail.
PUNTER 3  If only the jockeys weren’t on the take.

PUNTER 4  If only I had some more cash.

PUNTER 5  If only I could catch a break.

Enter PRUE.

PRUE  If only you people would wake up to yourselves!

PUNTER 1  It’d be hard to sleep with you yakking.

PRUE  Gambling is the instrument of evil and you’re paying the piper for your weakness.

PUNTER 2  Hey why don’t you sing your song somewhere else, some people here are trying to place bets.

PUNTER 3  And last time I looked, placing a bet wasn’t illegal.

PRUE  That’s only because we have a weak government who relies on the income. It’s illegal in China.

PUNTER 4  Oh, looks like we’ve got ourselves a commie.

PUNTER 3  Probably doesn’t like sport.

PUNTER 1  Probably doesn’t like horses.

PUNTER 5  Probably doesn’t like a fair go.

ALL  Probably doesn’t like Australia!

PUNTER 4  Hey, I didn’t like Australia, Nicole Kidman was rubbish.

PRUE  Not that Australia, our Australia. But you people would bet on two flies climbing up a wall against two raindrops sliding down a window.

PUNTER 2  What are the odds?

PUNTER 1  Who’s the favourite?

PUNTER 5  Can you go each way?

PUNTER 3  Who’s riding the flies?

PRUE  No, you’ve got it all wrong, I’m not from the TAB, I’m from Scum.

PUNTER 4  I’ve heard of them, Short Cut to Unlimited Money.
ALL We want unlimited money! We want a short cut!
PRUE You’re dreaming!
ALL The Australian Dream!
PRUE You people are ravenous animals. Let me be, I want to go home!
ALL Follow her, follow the scum!

PUNTERS chase PRUE off and they all exit, passed by OVERBELLY, who enters. Another race is about to begin and the call can be heard.

JOHNNY Overbelly, I haven’t seen you in yonks. What’s cracking?
OVER. Bit of this, bit of that.
JOHNNY I heard you were moving into the big time; cut a deal with Smallgoods.
OVER. I’ve been doing a bit of business, yeah.
JOHNNY Making any money?
OVER. Win some, lose some. Keeping the wolves from the door.
JOHNNY I wish I was; everywhere I look there’s someone after me for money. I bet the Don sent you to shake me down for a lousy thousand?
OVER. He might have said something.
JOHNNY Stuff him, for ten thousand, he can wait.
OVER. He’s not gonna wait for fifty thousand, though.
JOHNNY You know about that? I was going to tell you, O, I just didn’t want to get you involved.
OVER. Well, I’m involved now. Where’s the money, Johnny?
JOHNNY It’s gone, I don’t have it. Beat. And even if I did, I wouldn’t give it up to that goon; he can rot in Hell.
OVER. That’s what you want me to say, is it?
JOHNNY Don’t put it like that, but you can square it with him, can’t you, O, for old time’s sake?
OVER. Yeah I guess, I’ll see what I can do for an old friend. Trust me.
JOHNNY  Friends, yeah that’s right, friends.

JOHNNY  holds out his hand to shake. OVERBELLY accepts it after a short pause. The volume of the race call begins to increase.

OVER.  To friendship. Now what are you betting on here?

JOHNNY  Number Six, Life’s Short, on the nose, buddy. And there she is, leading coming round the last corner.

OVER.  You always did like to go all in, Johnny.

JOHNNY  All or nothing. Go Life’s Short, go! She’s gonna do it!

OVER.  There’s only one problem with all in.

JOHNNY  (Distracted) Huh, what’s that?

OVER.  Sometimes you lose.

OVERBELLY  pushes JOHNNY into the oncoming horses. Lights and sound cut instantly. IMP & ELFIN make insane monkey noises.

Darkness. ‘It’s a Jungle Out There’ by Burkhard Dullwitz plays. At the end, a voice-over begins playing.

V/O  Overbelly had done the Don’s dirty work, but he’d also gone behind his back with Ingenue. And the two of them were taking their formula for success all the way to the bank. And the new Premier, Simon Sycophant, was none too happy.

Lights up. Doctor Lipbalm’s office. There are two high-backed swivel chairs not facing the audience. LIPBALM is sitting on one, DONNA is on the other. Enter OVERBELLY.

OVER.  Doctor Lipbalm!

LIPBALM  (Turning in his chair) How did you know where to find me?

OVER.  You’re in the penthouse.

LIPBALM  Can’t you see I’m in the middle of a session? How did you get in here?

OVER.  Through the door.

LIPBALM  How did you know my name?

OVER.  It’s smeared all over your face.

LIPBALM  Do you think I have unnaturally large lips?
OVER.  No, they’re quite normal.

LIPBALM  Normal? What do you know about normal? You wouldn’t be here if you knew anything about normal.

OVER.  Well I-

LIPBALM  I have been told my lips are quite feminine. I used to do lip modelling for the glossy magazines when I was a boy, my mother was quite proud of my lips.

OVER.  Doctor, I think I’m on the run!

LIPBALM  You think you’re on the run? What do I look like, a proctologist to you?

OVER.  Doctor Lipbalm, I’ve just killed my best friend!

LIPBALM  Oh my God!

OVER.  I know.

LIPBALM  I’m developing a cold sore on my upper lip; more gloss!

OVER.  Would you forget about your lips for a minute and concentrate on me?

LIPBALM  Alright, be patient. Beat. What, you’re not laughing at that joke, goes down a storm in conventions in Switzerland. Boy, tough crowd.

OVER.  I’ve just murdered a friend of mine.

LIPBALM  So, now you get to the point, been here five minutes, that’s two hundred dollars by the way, I don’t do half hours. Well, you killed a man, you should go on the run.

OVER.  I am on the run.

LIPBALM  Then see a proctologist.

OVER.  Doctor Lipbalm!

LIPBALM  Alright, I’ll do a test. Cost you an extra fifty bucks, but it’s only money, right?

OVER.  Right.

LIPBALM  Only money? Who do you think pays for these lips!

OVER.  Doctor, the test?
LIPBALM   You wanna test my lips? Pinch ‘em, pull ‘em, poke ‘em, you won’t find no Botox here.

OVER.   I’m leaving.

LIPBALM   Would you say that you’re pre-occupied with success?

OVER.   Is this the test?

LIPBALM   It ain’t ‘The Simpsons’. Answer the question.

OVER.   Yes, I like success.

LIPBALM   Success with women? Or men, I don’t mind, bat or bowl, head or tails it really doesn’t matter to me.

OVER.   There’s one woman I’ve known ever since I can remember.

LIPBALM   Childhood sweetheart? Come here, lie down on my couch.

OVER.   Yeah, Jemima, s’pose you could say that. Thing is I ran into her the other night when I was on a date with Number Two.

LIPBALM   Number Two? Sounds like something you do in a bathroom.

OVER.   She’s my boss’ daughter. And I only went out with her in the first place so I could get closer to the old man.

LIPBALM   You find older men attractive?

OVER.   No, to get into his money. And now I’ve got more money than I know what to do with. It won’t be long before I’m putting him out of business.

LIPBALM   And now you don’t want to go out with Number One because you acquainted yourself with Number Two?

OVER.   Yes, but then I also discovered Ingenue.

LIPBALM   Ingenue? You discovered an eggplant?

OVER.   She’s a nightclub singer and we’ve been seeing a lot of one another.

LIPBALM   Three girlfriends! It’s people like you that stop me from getting a date.

OVER.   She’s kinda my lucky charm.

LIPBALM   There’s no such thing as luck, do you think these lips are the result of luck? No, they’re a result of my gene pool. Like smart babies come from smart parents. Speaking of which, tell me about your parents.
Enter NARELLE with a plate of food.

NARELLE There you are, Overbelly, I’ve been looking all over town for you.

OVER. Ma, what are you doing here?

NARELLE I thought you might be hungry. I brought you some Chicken Rendang.

OVER. Chicken Rendang? Mmm.

LIPBALM Chicken Rendang? Mrs Belly, can’t you see I’m in the middle of a session here?

NARELLE But I had to bring something for my growing boy.

LIPBALM If he grew any more the world would collapse. Now do us all a favour and stop feeding him.

NARELLE But I’m his mother.

LIPBALM You’re a weak and indulgent mother who needs to find something else to live her life through. Now leave!

NARELLE pouts and exits.

Sheesh, well after seeing her, we can rule out an Oedipus complex. My diagnosis is that you have Inferiority God Syndrome, a spoilt little fat boy who compensates by making a lot of money, treading on innocent people, killing your best friend, and dipping your hand into the babe pool a little too often.

OVER. I know, Doc, but what do I do?

LIPBALM Live it up, and let me in on your secret.

There is a sudden knock on the door.

ME (Off) Overbelly, this is the police, we know you’re in there. Come on out with your hands up.

SHE (Off) The door’s locked.

ME (Off) Shoot it down. I’ll find an alternative entrance. Hut, hut, hut…

OVER. What do I do, Doc?

LIPBALM You can give me the phone numbers of those women for a start.

The sound of gunshots is heard, the door doesn’t budge.

HIM (Off) Get the rocket launcher!
OVER. Doc, we’ll be blown to smithereens!

LIPBALM My lips, I’m nearly out of gloss!

SHE (Off) Initiate sequence.

HIM (Off) Begin the count, rocket launcher in ten, nine, etc.

ME appears through a window.

ME Stop the count. Overbelly, I’m Senior Detective Me…

SHE & HIM barge through the door.

LIPBALM Who are they?

ME That’s not they, that’s She-

SHE Constable She and I’m with Him.

OVER. Her?

HIM No, Him, Constable Him.

ME This is the end of the line, Overbelly.

OVER. Aren’t you going to read me my rights?

ME Creeps like you don’t have any rights. Cuff him.

SHE starts to cuff HIM.

HIM Why are you cuffing me?

SHE I’m not cuffing me!

ME What’s Him doing, She? I told you to cuff him!

SHE Who?

HIM Not who, you. My father, Judge You.

OVER. Would somebody just cuff me?

ME Why would she cuff me? Smart one, eh? Well, take a good look around, Overbelly, this is the last taste of freedom you’re gonna have for quite a stretch. Alright, move him out.

HIM Hey, get your hands off me!
SHE I’m not touching him!

HIM You’re going to push me off the stage!

SHE What stage, I’ve suspended disbelief!

HIM & SHE Very po-mo.

ME I’ll suspend you in a moment!

HIM Leave my father out of this!

ME Get going!

HIM & SHE escort OVERBELLY through the door.

I hope we haven’t inconvenienced you, doctor. Please, continue with your session.

Exit ME, back through the window.

LIPBALM Now, you were talking about this love of your life?

The high-backed chair revolves to reveal DONNA.

DONNA I love him, *Beat.* and now he must die!

Lights down. Police Station. OVERBELLY is pushed into a room by ME where DON & SIMON are waiting.

ME Here’s the suspect, Premier Sycophant.

SIMON Okay, just take off the cuffs and shut the door on your way out. I’ll take it from here.

ME You’re not a police officer, Premier, rules say I stay in the room.

SIMON Then sit in the corner like a good little detective and make yourself discreet.

ME goes to the corner and puts on his iPod. During this scene, he sporadically dances and sings.

Okay, I’ve been waiting to deal with you, punk, mister gangster himself on a first degree murder charge, and there’s no chance you’re going to escape.
DON  Don’t be so hasty, Cycle Pants. I know in my heart he’s a good boy. So. May I suggest that perhaps you owe me a favour or two, maybe the charge can be downgraded to manslaughter?

SIMON  No chance, Don, he’s going down for this. People are playing more pokies than ever before, it’s impacting on our sale price for NSW Lotteries and worse, he’s not sharing all that poker machine profit with his friends.

DON  Really? You forgotten to wet my whistle, you been making a little spaghetti on the side?

OVER.  Don, it’s not true, I promise.

DON  ’Cause if it is true, you’re gonna take a swim in concrete flippers.

OVER.  Hey, I’m not taking a swim and I’m not going to gaol.

DON  Still got that famous sense of humour. What do you think, Simon, is he still a funny man or what?

SIMON  He’s a joker.

OVER.  Look, you told me to kill Johnny and I know there’s something shady about your involvement in Jackpot City.

DON  Next he’ll make a connection between the two of us.

SIMON  Like we’re joined at the hip.

DON  Like we’re the umbilical brothers. He’s cracking me up. If he wasn’t going out with my baby I’d shoot him right now.

A door flies open. HIM and SHE appear and scamper across the stage.

HIM & SHE  Look out, everybody! There’s a crazy, raving, barmy, nutty, mad, insane girl on the loose!

Exit HIM & SHE through another door. SOL & SAL enter from the first door.

SOL  Don Smallgoods, it’s your daughter.

SAL  (Ominous) Donna.

DON  Let me see her and Sal, Sol, if Overbelly comes through this door without my permission, you have permission to L.T.G.

SOL  It’s go time!

Exit SOL & SAL. DON stands by the open door.
DON  Sweetheart, how many times I gotta tell you, business ain’t for the woman’s eyes.

DONNA  (Off) He doesn’t love me, Daddy. He’s been schmoozing around with Ingenue Petite and he’s still in love with his first girlfriend! I want you to kill him, Daddy, I want him dead.

DONNA pokes her head in the door.

Overbelly, I want you, I need you, I love you.

DON holds her back and then puts her outside. He closes the door.

DON  You lied to me, Overbelly.

OVER.  I-

DON & SIMON pull out revolvers and aim them at OVERBELLY. At that moment, ME begins singing ‘I Say A Little Prayer For You’ loudly and dances.

DON  Premier Simon, I think it’s time we removed this unpleasant growth. You broke my daughter’s heart and now I’m gonna break yours.

SIMON  Allow me, Don, you aren’t the only one with a daughter whose heart’s been broken by this loser.

DON  Be my guest.

SIMON  Simon says it’s time to say your prayers, Overbelly.

Just as SIMON fires, OVERBELLY jumps up and takes the shot on his belly. The bullet ricochets around the room and all watch its progress. Suddenly, the door opens and JEMIMA enters.

JEMIMA  Daddy? Overbelly?

The bullet strikes JEMIMA and she falls, dead.

OVER.  Jemima!

OVERBELLY grabs ME’S gun and begins to back out of the room and exits. Gunshots can be heard off. Enter SOL & SAL.

SOL  Got him, Boss.

SAL  Twice.

Lights cut. ‘It’s a Jungle Out There’ by Burkhard Dullwitz plays. Curtain.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

Limbo. Curtain open to reveal ANGEL, seemingly suspended in mid-air amongst the clouds. IMP & ELFIN are busily cleaning up. ANGEL is singing some heaven-related song.

IMP Can we stop now?

ELFIN What do we have to do all this cleaning for, anyway?

ANGEL There is a special guest arriving.

IMP And who’s that?

ANGEL All will be revealed shortly.

ELFIN It must be somebody important.

IMP Or somebody really bad. Not everybody gets the royal treatment.

ELFIN Usually it’s just like check-in at Mascot, long queues and metal detectors.

ANGEL Do you two want to go back to angel school?

IMP Look who’s getting grumpy now.

ELFIN Get your P-plate wings and you think you’re the bee’s knees.

IMP Flying around with your holier-than-thou attitude.

ELFIN La-de-da, look at me, I can fly.

IMP If I save a soul I’m off my P-plates.

ANGEL Be quiet, he’s coming.

OVERBELLY appears next to ANGEL, now dressed in a white gown.

OVER. Holy goldfish!

IMP & ELFIN Don’t look down!

OVERBELLY looks down and gets a fright from the height.

ANGEL They told you not to look down.

OVER. Where am I, anyway?
ANGEL You're in Limbo.

ELFIN Not quite (Signalling) up there.

IMP (Signalling) And not quite down there.

ANGEL Would you two just shush up!

IMP & ELFIN Sorry!

OVER. Hey, I'm not fat any more! I should die more often. And some angel you turned out to be, you let me walk into an ambush with Smallgoods and Sycophant and get myself killed by his goons.

ANGEL We all have choices to make and I gave you a choice. It was up to you to choose the path you followed.

OVER. But your sense of timing is lousy. I had power, I had money from the pokies, I even had the hot chick!

ANGEL You had a monkey on your back.

OVER. You still going on about that monkey? Monkey schmonkey, maybe I liked taking the monkey for a ride.

ANGEL Maybe you like being dead; along with Johnny and Jemima.

OVER. I wished she'd never walked through that door.

ANGEL And maybe you liked destroying those people with the poker machine bug you unleashed upon their lives.

OVER. Hey, you're talking about me having choices, each and every one of those gamblers had a choice, too.

ANGEL Humans are weak, always looking for the easy option. You offered them a quick fix, a release, and now they're hooked.

OVER. They dug their own holes.

ANGEL And now they're digging yours.

OVER. What do you mean?

ANGEL Today is your funeral, should be fun. But I'll offer you one last choice; be buried and go to a dark place where all the pain that you have inflicted upon humans will return upon you one hundred times over.

OVER. Or?
ANGEL  Or climb out of your hole and, in turn, help humans to climb out of theirs.

OVER.  Is that even possible?

ANGEL  Everything's possible if you believe, even weight loss.

OVER.  So, what, I just climb out of the grave and, ta-da, problem solved? They'll never believe it.

ANGEL  You need to make them believe you, and make them quit the pokies.

OVER.  That'll take a miracle.

ANGEL  A miracle is what you're being offered. But it will only come true if you truly believe that what you did before was wrong.

OVER.  And how am I gonna know that?

ANGEL  Riddle me this; what prize is cut and shaped from the ground, and can only talk without making a sound?

IMP  What prize is cut and shaped from the ground-

ELFIN  And can only talk without making a sound?

ANGEL  Solve the riddle and you will redeem your soul.

OVER.  Huh?

IMP  He'll never get it.

ELFIN  No chance.

ANGEL  You'd better move fast, Overbelly, you wouldn't want your funeral to start without you.

The curtains close. Enter CAST, dressed in black, in a funeral procession, through the audience. Four pallbearers are carrying a coffin down the centre aisle. A dirge is playing. OVERBELLY comes through the curtain, removes his gown and hops into the coffin. The music then changes to a celebration, a ragtime, 'When the Saints go Marching In'. The cast throw off their blacks to reveal party clothes and release poppers and streamers.

TRACY  I'm Tracy Rickshaw from Tonight Today, joining you tonight from the streets of Sydney where unparalleled scenes of happiness and jubilation have erupted to celebrate the passing of one-time gambling kingpin, Overbelly. (To a passerby) Tell me, Miss, what does this mean to you?
CROWD 1  I’m so happy; my family can eat solid food again!

CROWD 2  Now I can cheat on the pokies and walk out with my kneecaps intact!

CROWD 3  I’m gonna have a PFD.

TRACY  A PFD?

CROWD 3  A pokie-free day. I’m gonna hurry home to hubby and ask him to forgive me for all the late nights, liquid lunches and lean cuisines.

TRACY  And you, Sir? What does the death of Overbelly mean to you?

CROWD 4  Somebody died? I thought this was a party. Oh, man, I need something to munch on.

TRACY  Here’s Premier Simon Psychoman and his lovely wife, Simone. Premier, you must have mixed feelings today?

SIMON  Yes, Tracy, we’ve come to bury the man who ended my daughter’s life. And that’s an occasion for celebration.

SIMONE  A diamond-studded occasion, ‘cause diamonds are a girl’s best friend.

SIMON  And dogs are a man’s best friend.

SIMONE  I’m your best friend, Simone.

TRACY  So logically that makes you a dog. Beat. No offence.

SIMONE  None taken. Now that Simon’s premier, it’s no more Supré for me, this lady is wearing the latest from Sass and Bidet.

TRACY  Sass and Bidet? Must be their bathroom collection. But the big question today is, what will happen to all of Overbelly’s money and the ownership of his poker machines? Prue Purethought, President of SCUM-

PRUE  I’ve never been one to say I told you so, Tracy, but I told you so. And now scum like myself and my associates firmly believe that all of Overbelly’s assets should be transferred into state revenue-

SIMON  Top idea, Prue, we can put the pokies into NSW Lotteries, maybe we won’t have to sell it off after all.

PRUE  So the State Government can become the new Overbelly? Bringing misery into everybody’s lives? Putting the kittens in charge of the cream?

SIMON  Oh don’t be stupid, Prue, we already do it with the Lotto, Powerball and Scratchies.
PRUE How about putting the money where the proceeds can be used for the benefit of all? Like hospitals and schools?

SIMONE At least then you’ll be seen to be doing something, darling. And being seen is being beautiful.

SIMON Yeah, we could pump truckloads of money into schools and give them buildings they don’t want.

PRUE Why don’t you ask the people what they want?

SIMON I did do that, Purethought, it was called an election.

PRUE Yes, but you’ve just taken a dive in the opinion polls.

SIMONE Everything droops when you get older, even opinion polls.

SIMON And Simon says I will be here at the next election.

PRUE Not if I can help it.

SIMONE The only thing you could help with is getting a beached whale back in the water. One look at you would make them realise their life isn’t as bad as they think. Nothing personal.

TRACY (Quickly) Don Smallgoods, the loss of Overbelly must be good for business?

SAL Oh watch out, Sol, we got a comedian here.

SOL She’s like Bozo the Clown, Sal, certainly got the hair for it.

TRACY I was hoping to speak to Don Smallgoods about how the loss of Overbelly-

SAL Who’s lost? He’s right up there.

TRACY How the loss of Overbelly might be good for his business.

SOL Don’t ever talk about the Don’s business in public.

SAL It might be bad for your health.

TRACY Bad for my health?

SOL Don’s Smallgoods.

SAL Processed meat.

SOL Salami, pepperoni, mascarpone-
SAL That ain’t meat.

SOL It’s processed.

TRACY Doesn’t eating processed meat lead to cancer?

SOL There’s no medical evidence for that!

SAL No scientifical proof!

DON Sol, Sal, forget about it, already. Now, Rickshaw, why are you disturbing me on this day of all days?

SOL Can’t you see he’s in mourning?

TRACY But, you’re dressed in white.

DON That’s what I always wear in the morning.

SOL & SAL Bada-bing!

DON You know, you should talk to my daughter, she’s the love of my life-

DONNA And the next love of my life who plays the field whilst dating me gets to play the old toaster in the bathtub trick.

DON Not that we’re implying that this is how you can dispense with a man.

DONNA It’s quick and simple, though hard to clean the hair out of the plughole.

DON Poopsie, don’t talk that way, we’re at a funeral, I don’t wanna get depressed.

DONNA Sorry, Papa.

DON It’s bad enough that I’ve got a camera in my face when I’m all dressed in white; I look like one of those giant pandas at the zoo. You know the ones, Funi and Yin-Yang.

ME I’ll take care of this, Mr Smallgoods. Excuse me, Rickshaw, I’m Senior Detective Me and I’ll have to ask you to move the media circus along. I believe you’re causing an affray.

HIM & SHE begin to arrest TRACY.

TRACY Stop manhandling me!

ME I haven’t touched you.
TRACY No, him.
SHE I’m not Him, I’m She-
HIM I’m Him, and I’m sick of maggots like you making fun of my name.
ME Don’t worry, Him, She can take care of her.
SHE Alright, Rickshaw, I think it’s high time that you took a ride in the paddy wagon with Him and me.
ME I’m not riding in the back of a paddy wagon.
HIM I think She meant her, sir.
TRACY You’re not getting me in the back of a paddy wagon.
ME That’s what I’ve been trying to tell him.
HIM It was She’s idea.
SHE Don’t try to blame me.
ME I’ve got nothing to do with this, blame Him.
TRACY Hold on Senior Detective, this is police brutality. You should be ashamed.
HIM Why should my father-
SHE Judge You-
HIM -be ashamed? He’s been on the bench for twenty years and then she comes along-
SHE I never said a word!
HIM Trying to spread rumours that my father likes to cross-dress just to offend me!
ME I’m not offended, I like a bit of cross-dressing myself.
TRACY This is getting out of hand.
ME I’ll say it is, have you seen the prices at Supré?
PUNTER Don Smallgoods!
SAL Oh look, it’s the father of the died.
PUNTER  I wanna word with you about my son’s poker machines.

DON  What poker machines? Those are my poker machines now.

PUNTER  Says who? All of Overbelly’s estate goes back to the family, and I’m family and you’re not.

DON  He was like a son to me.

PUNTER  He was my son! And I demand you hand back those pokies, pronto.

DON  Sol, the contract.

SOL passes DON the toilet roll contract.

PUNTER  That’s not a contract, that’s a bog roll!

DON  It’s three ply, perfect for any occasion.

PUNTER  That’ll never hold up in court.

SOL & SAL begin wrapping the toilet roll around PUNTER.

DON  Not if it gets wet. But if you look down past the fine print beneath the super fine print, past the little pictures of horsies to the ultra fine print, you can just make out a clause that states, in the case Overbelly’s death, all poker machines revert to their original owner, and that would be me.

SAL  Looks like someone needs their mummy.

PUNTER  But they’re my poker machines!

INGENUE  Hey, good looking, looks like you’re all tied up. Want me to unravel you?

PUNTER  I-

INGENUE  I’m looking for a husband.

PUNTER  I’m married.

INGENUE  Looks like I found one. You’re a lucky guy, you get to spend some time with the centre of attention.

*The coffin begins to open.*

PUNTER  Ah, I don’t think so.

INGENUE  Huh?
OVERBELLY rises from it. INGENUE faints into PUNTER’s arms.

CROWD 1 It’s a vision, my saviour, it’s pokie man!

CROWD 2 It’s the ghost of gambling past!

CROWD 3 It’s the phantom of the Whopper!

CROWD 4 I’m hallucinating. What was in that Chicken Rendang?

NARELLE Son, you look like a skeleton!

SIMONE It’s the undead that killed Jemima!

DONNA *(Holding up a toaster)* If he ain’t dead now, he soon will be; who’s got a power point where I can plug this in?

NARELLE Give me that toaster!

DONNA What for?

NARELLE My son, he’s fading away; I got a sandwich here that needs toasting!

SIMONE Overbelly!

SIMONE rushes at OVERBELLY, but is halted by NARELLE, who’s brandishing a squirt bottle of sauce.

NARELLE Back off, Mrs Psycho-putz, or I’ll squirt you full of sauce!

SIMONE You wouldn’t do that, it would clash with my opals!

NARELLE Just try me. Nobody puts a hand on his bones until he’s had a good feed.

OVER. Mum, it’s okay, I’m not dead, I never was.

ALL What?

OVER. I was merely unconscious, my head took a bump on this goldfish bowl. I only just woke up.

SOL But we shot you, twice.

SAL Off the record.

OVER. Got me good in the gluteus maximus. Look, I even kept the two bullets; one for each butt cheek.
NARELLE  I can’t plug this toaster in, you’ll just have to eat it plain.

She stuffs a sandwich into his mouth.

(To PUNTER) And don’t you look so smug about holding that hussy!

PRUE  There’s something smelly about all of this. I smell a whiff of tomfoolery. Is there a doctor in the house?

DOCTOR  I’m a doctor and I’ve got the stethoscope to prove it.

NURSE  He even took the hypocrite’s oath.

DOCTOR  What do you need?

PRUE  This man says he survived two bullet wounds to the buttocks, is that possible?

DOCTOR  I’ll have to perform a posterior examination.

NURSE  Careful, doctor, breathe in, breathe out, breathe in, breathe out.

OVER.  Mum, what is in that sauce?

The sound of a foghorn can be heard.

DOCTOR  (To NURSE) I wish you hadn’t told me to breathe in.

NURSE  Doctor!

DOCTOR  faints into ME’S arms.

OVER.  There’s no tomfoolery to it; I survived by eating my own body fat. Look at me; I’m down to a medium. And I didn’t kill Jemima; it was a frame, a stitch-up, I’ve even got a witness to prove it, Detective Me.

SIMON  Him?

SHE  Not Him, Me!

SIMON  Well Me, what exactly did you see? And I’d be careful to answer very honestly; your whole career might be swinging on this.

ME  That’s alright, sir, I’ve made an entire career out of swinging.

SIMON  Detective Me!

ME  It’s just a swing to the left and then a swing to the right. With my hands on my hips, I’m outta sight!
SIMON This is your witness?

OVER. It doesn't matter, Sillyman, I'll say it in public. The people that shot me and killed Jemima were-

SIMON Careful what you say, Overbelly, there's still a charge hanging over your head for Johnny Halfwit.

DON Sol, Sal, take care of this situation.

OVER. What?

SIMON Him, She, arrest that man!

HIM, SHE, SOL & SAL rush towards OVERBELLY with their guns literally drawn, but bump into each other. It's love at first sight.

HIM (To SOL) After you.

SAL (To SHE) I insist, you first.

SHE (To SAL) I like your gun, it's postmodern.

SOL (To HIM) You can really draw a weapon.

‘Love is in the Air’ plays briefly and they dance. The music cuts suddenly. They move towards OVERBELLY.

TRACY Stop, goons, stop. Overbelly, if you know what you say you know, this story could make me massive, hell, I could even be on Celebrity Masterchef. So, for your exclusive, I'm prepared to offer you The Big Cheque.

Enter THE BIG CZECH, dressed in velvet.

CZECH Nazdar, I am zee Big Czech, zee velvet revolution.

TRACY Not you, Big Czech, this Big Cheque.

TRACY reveals a Big Cheque.

ALL The Big Cheque!

OVER. The Big Cheque!

TRACY Ka-ching!

Darkness. ‘It's a Jungle Out There’ by Burkhard Dullwitz plays. At the end, a voice-over begins playing.
V/O  It was time for Overbelly to spill his guts, again, to make his confession and an offer to the Australian public they couldn’t refuse. But first, he had to confront his ghosts.

Lights down. The Green Room. Lights up. OVERBELLY is getting ready to go on air for his interview. Enter INGENUE.

INGENUE  Overbelly, thank god I caught you in time.

OVER.  Ingenue, what are you doing here?

INGENUE  Just trying to stop you making the biggest mistake of your life. If you go on air tonight and spill the beans about the Don, he’s going to rip out your intestines and turn them into cannelloni.

OVER.  After I tell the Australian public what he’s done, he’s going to be in for a long stay at Long Bay being babysat by a boyfriend named Bubba.

INGENUE  You think he can’t reach you from gaol?

OVER.  My story has to be heard.

INGENUE  What about our story? Now you’re awake again we can go back to riding the poker machine wave. You remember, the golden road to the Holy Grail and living our dreams? You did like living your dreams, didn’t you?

OVER.  Yeah, but I got new dreams now, my priorities have changed.

INGENUE  I understand, priorities change, just so long as you still got me at the top of your list.

OVER.  Meaning?

INGENUE  I mean, I ain’t getting any younger and it won’t be long before I’m howling at the moon like a cougar.

OVER.  I’m not with you.

INGENUE  But you could be, forever. Overbelly, I want you to make an honest woman out of me.

OVER.  You want me to marry you?

During the following, cast members bring out the mentioned items and act out the roles. OVERBELLY can see them, but INGENUE cannot.

INGENUE  I want it all. I want the fancy house with the white picket fence, with the rose bushes blooming out the front like a little cherub’s cheek on a cold winter’s day. I want to kiss you before you go off to work and then wave at the postman, the garbage man, the milk man, the handyman-
OVER. I get the idea.

INGENUE Proud in the knowledge that for the first time in my life I'm a one man woman. And when you get home from work, I want to rush out to greet you with our Labrador, Kevin and hold you while the front door opens and our children walk out to welcome you home one by one.

The primary school students now appear as their children.

OVER. It all sounds so perfect.

INGENUE It could be, all you gotta do is ask me one question.

OVER. I will! Ingenue, will you - how many children are we having?

*Horror Sound f/x plays. The last child appears. It is JOHNNY, all battered and bleeding. For OVERBELLY, it is his Banquo's Ghost moment. He moves towards OVERBELLY.*

INGENUE As many as you want, darling. Just don’t spill the beans-

OVER. But so big and so, Beat. Johnny?

INGENUE Overbelly? What are you looking at?

OVER. That which might appal the devil.

INGENUE I can’t see a thing. Are you, like, having a relapse?

OVER. The time has been that when the brains were out, the man would die, and there an end.

JOHNNY It will have blood they say, blood will have blood.

JOHNNY moves to strangle OVERBELLY, who drops to his knees.

OVER. Johnny, I'm sorry, forgive me!

*The music cuts. JOHNNY smiles and exits.*

INGENUE Who’s Johnny? Honey, I think you need to see a doctor.

OVER. Doctor Lipbalm!

INGENUE That freak?

OVER. He’s at the TV studio, he’s doing the interview with me and Rickshaw. I’ve gotta go, Ingenue, there are some things that I’ve just gotta put right.
INGENUE Don’t do the interview, Overbelly, they’ll kill you if you do.

OVER. They’ve tried once and failed. But don’t worry, I’ve got protection.

Exit OVERBELLY.

INGENUE That’s what they all say.

Exit INGENUE. The theme for Tonight Today plays. TRACY, OVERBELLY & LIPBALM are on set.

TRACY Hmm, yes, fascinating stuff. And to view more on that exposé of the teenager that mistook his head for a tenpin bowling ball, go to our website where you can also see exclusive footage of him rolling himself down the alley for a strike. You can also vote in our online poll, ‘Should Overbelly be locked up for life?’ But speak of the devil, and he is one, here’s Overbelly-

OVER. Hi, Tracy.

TRACY And Doctor Lipbalm, Doctor, thanks for joining us.

LIPBALM Joining you, what do you think you are, Siamese twins?

TRACY Now Overbelly, we heard that tall tale this afternoon about you supposedly cheating death with the dual buttock theory and the total fat diet-

OVER. I lost twenty five kilos in just two weeks, Tracy.

LIPBALM And I’m about to publish those results in my new book, ‘Eat Yourself’. Catchy title, ja?

TRACY On the night in question at the police station, you were under arrest for the murder of Johnny Halfwit?

OVER. That’s what they told me, yes.

TRACY And what do you have to say to those allegations now as they fester in the soil of uncertainty?

OVER. I’ve confronted my demons, Tracy. Johnny was a good friend, but it’s time to let the dead bury their dead and leave it to the court.

YOUNG JEMIMA, YOUNG INDIGO & MISS BRIDGET appear. Only OVERBELLY can see them.

INDIGO C-a-u-g-h-t?

JEMIMA C-o-u-r-t.

MISS Correct, maybe there’s still hope for you yet, Jemima.
YOUNG JEMIMA, YOUNG INDIGO & MISS BRIDGET vanish.

OVER.  Jemima!

TRACY  Ah yes, Jemima Sycophant-

OVER.  Jemima, I just saw her.

LIPBALM  An hallucination, a side effect from your rapid weight loss.

TRACY  Overbelly, do you really expect our viewers to believe that you’re channelling the spirits of the dead? Is that what you’re saying?

OVER.  I don’t know-

SIMON appears to double the following line.

OVER. & SIMON  In these cases, you have to be careful what you say.

OVER.  I’m confused.

TRACY  Confused?

LIPBALM  Confusion as a result of amnesia caused by a deprivation of oxygen to the brain due to a high fat diet.

TRACY  You have medical evidence for that, Doctor Lipbalm?

LIPBALM  Ah ja, I watch Crime Scene Investigation. They had a similar case in Episode 9 of Season 4, it’s a good show. Though I don’t know what it is with these endless spin-offs. I mean, CSI: Miami, what’s that all about? David Caruso just doesn’t cut it for me, he’s a redhead, and I know redheads are hot, but still, the man never smiles, if you saw his face when you woke up in the morning you’d be buying a one way ticket to the roof of Jackpot City.

TRACY  Mr Overbelly, what happened that night at the police station?

OVER.  The doctor must be right, I’ve forgotten everything; everything except for one thing. I know I did not kill Jemima Sycophant.

TRACY  I’m sorry, Overbelly, but that story doesn’t wash.

LIPBALM  Neither do you, by the smell of you.

TRACY  You’re a gangster, a killer, a brute-

LIPBALM  All because I said you stink? Baby, you should try some Brut 33. Sheesh, open a window.
TRACY A criminal, a hoodlum, a thug. And what’s worse is that you’ve lost your memory after we gave you The Big Cheque.

OVER. Alright, I’m all those things and more, I’ve done some terrible things in my life trying to rise above the cesspool of mediocrity, but I’m something else as well, Beat. I’m sorry. And just to prove how sorry I am, I’m giving back The Big Cheque.

TRACY Wow, an apology with a financial restitution, I’m impressed.

OVER. But there’s more-

TRACY & LIPBALM More?

OVER. Yes, Doc, Tracy, good people of Australia. I’m turning over a new leaf; I’ve decided to use my forces of evil for the forces of good. I’d like to make an offer to everyone that I’ve hurt and kept drowning in the river of reliance.

LIPBALM Not the ocean of obsession?

TRACY Or the stream of insolvency?

OVER. Not even the creek of compulsion. People, here’s my offer. As it stands, when you play one of my pokies it only pays back 87%. Anyway, I’m going to reverse that to repay all the money that I’ve taken from all you good people out there in clubland. Just register with a six digit pin to play and, for one punter, there will be an even greater prize, the greatest prize ever known.

TRACY The greatest prize ever, what will it be?

OVER. I can’t release the details at this stage, Tracy, but I can assure you that the likes of it have never been seen before. And when the prize is revealed, I’ll tell the public what really happened that night at the police station.

TRACY That’s incredible! And do you know what, for such a scoop I’m prepared to give you back The Big Cheque.

Enter THE BIG CZECH who begins hugging OVERBELLY drunkenly.

OVER. Get her off me!

CZECH I’ve had four Slivovitz; hubba hubba!

THE BIG CZECH drags OVERBELLY off stage.

LIPBALM It’s Czech mate!
TRACY And the results of our online poll are in; ninety six percent of our viewers think you should walk free. Only four people voted against.

_Lights down on the TV studio. Lights up on PRUE, who’s holding a laptop._

PRUE Guarantee the public a payout and they let you walk free? Somebody should remind Mr Overbelly that you can’t get away with murder!

_Lights down on PRUE and up on INGENUE, who’s holding a laptop._

INGENUE He’s giving back all the money? What about my dreams, my house, my dog, his kids? If he’s gonna pay it all out then it’s time for him to be paid back.

_Lights down on INGENUE and up on SIMONE & SIMON, who’s holding a laptop._

SIMONE Are you going to do more about this than vote? Some premier you turned into. How can you let the killer of our daughter go scot-free?

SIMON Who cares about that, NSW Lotteries will be ruined and the only game that will be played at the casino are his poker machines!

SIMONE So what, the government loses a little money that they would have spent on health and education. As for the casino, let Don Smallgoods and his silent partner worry about that.

SIMON There’s something I haven’t told you, Simmy, I’m the silent partner. And I was there that night Jemima got shot, they could get me as an accessory.

SIMONE An accessory, who’d want to wear you?

SIMON If the casino goes bankrupt, so do we. No more Sass and Bidet, it’ll be strictly Supré.

SIMONE Supré! They have nothing to match with my pearls!

SIMON I’ll ring She and Him, they know how to TCB.

SIMONE Simone says, Get Overbelly.

_Lights down on SIMON & SIMONE and up on SAL, SOL, DON & DONNA, who’s holding a laptop._

DONNA I feel like I’m in Year 10, this keypad’s too small for my fingers.

DON Look, you’ve cast your vote, forget about it.

SOL I don’t like the look of this, boss.

SAL It’s got kind of a fishy smell.
DON I’ll say it does, if Overbelly speaks, I’ll go up the river on a charge of murder one.

DONNA But Daddy, Overbelly, he didn’t die.

DON No, but for attempted murder I’ll go downtown and that’s a long stretch that I don’t wanna do.

SAL I’ll say it’s a stretch, first you go up the river and then you go downtown.

SOL You’ll get exhausted.

DON Not if you get Overbelly. Donna, go with them, this time I don’t want no mistakes.

DONNA When I’m finished with him, Daddy, he’ll be toast.

Exit DONNA, SAL & SOL. Enter INGENUE.

INGENUE Well, hello there, big Don, looks like we got the place to ourselves.

DON There she is, the woman that sold me out for belly laugh.

INGENUE I’m through with that loser, Donny, I wanna be a good girl. Do you think we could kiss and make up?

DON Is that all you want?

INGENUE Well, now that you ask, I’m also looking for a husband.

DON What do you think I am, Petite, a putz? You ain’t looking for a husband, you’re looking for a jackpot. But you’ve come to the wrong place. If that stool pigeon, Overbelly, sings to the police then I’m going to go from the penthouse to the outhouse.

INGENUE You want that Jenny Craig wannabe out of the way?

DON It’s time he lost the rest of his weight.

INGENUE Leave it to me, Don, I can fix him, lite and easy. Deal?

DON Deal.

INGENUE Now how’s about that kiss?

DON Half now, half later.
DON holds out his hand for INGENUE to kiss. Lights slowly fade. ‘It’s a Jungle Out There’ by Burkhard Dullwitz plays. At the end, a voice-over begins playing.

V/O It was four am when Overbelly arrived at the casino. The start of the itching hour, the sixty minutes of downtime when a casino has to switch off the poker machines to give the gamblers a chance to sweat. The sixty minutes when Overbelly had a chance to solve the Angel’s riddle.

Lights up on the Casino. Gamblers are playing the poker machines. The croupiers stand idle over their games as no-one is playing Blackjack, Roulette etc. SIMON stands to one side, worried, with ME. One of the previous games has now been replaced with the large Gem machine. There is also a large ‘X’ on the floor, downstage centre.

PUNTER 1 Another jackpot.

PUNTER 2 Double up!

PUNTER 3 I’m six thousand ahead!

PUNTER 4 Come on, pay out for mama!

PUNTER 5 Be good to me, baby, be good to me, yes!

Enter DON.

SIMON What the hell is going on, Smallgoods?

DON People are gambling, ain’t no law against it, is there, Me?

ME Not the last time I looked in my Young Detective’s Handbook.

SIMON But they’re not playing the casino’s games. They’re only playing Overbelly’s pokies.

PUNTER 1 Always bet on black!

PUNTER 2 Who’s my sweet thing?

DON Don’t worry, it ain’t good for your heart. You need to get yourself a stress ball or a cat.

SIMON Look at that blackjack table, look at that roulette wheel, deader than a maggot in a Mortein factory.

PUNTER 3 Eight thousand ahead and counting!

PUNTER 4 Don’t stop there, keep paying, keep paying.
PUNTER 5 That’s a special, twelve free spins. Now you know who the boss is, boyfriend.

SIMON This will destroy us, we can’t let this keep going!

DON Stop stressing your little political brain, everything’s under control.

PUNTERS Jackpot!

SIMON Under control? We’ll be broke before he is.

DON Not if he don’t see the sun rise.

SIMON What are you talking about?

DON I mean, I know a certain person, who can get a certain pain in your ass whacked, if you follow me.

ME That’s right, a little wax goes a long way. Why, just last week I treated myself to a Brazilian.

SIMON How did you ever become a detective?

ME You didn’t. Judge You’s a judge.

DON Just don’t get your tattoos in a twist, Shoulder-pads. Overbelly will be dead before morning.

_A buzzer/ bell sounds indicating that it is four a.m. ME freaks out._

ME It’s the Martians! Don’t anybody move, leave this to Me. O verdant being of infinite wisdom. I am ready to have my Adonis-like physique experiment upon by your green pointy bits. Do with me what thou wilt.

DON It’s just the four o’clock bell, Me, it means we have to turn off the gambling for an hour.

ME Damn.

SIMON Now clear these losers out of here.

Various mumblings can be heard from the Punters as they leave. DON, SIMON & ME also exit. Low lights. Enter OVERBELLY.

OVER. Think Overbelly. Remember what the Angel said, that riddle. What prize is cut and shaped from the ground, and can only talk without making a sound? Maybe if I write it down I can figure it out.

OVERBELLY takes out a pen and paper and starts working on the riddle. ‘The Theme from The Pink Panther’ begins playing. Lights low. Enter SOL & SAL,
carrying bombs (with sparklers lit) wrapped up as presents. As they approach OVERBELLY and are about to give him the bombs, HIM & SHE enter with guns drawn (literally). They think the presents are for them. They holster their weapons and begin to open the presents. SOL & SAL desperately indicate to them that they should throw away the bombs, but they take this to mean they should go out the doors. They do, exiting, and an explosion goes off. SOL & SAL look to the audience indicating that it’s bad news. From opposite doorways, they then take out blowpipes, slowly loading them and indicating what they will do with them. As they fire, OVERBELLY bends down to touch the ground, and SOL’S & SAL’S darts hit the other. They stagger off stage; one of them reloads their blowpipe in a final attempt to kill OVERBELLY, but is unable to do so and drops the blowpipe. DONNA then enters carrying a cream cake and gives it to OVERBELLY. He seems genuinely happy about the cake. DONNA attempts to move OVERBELLY to stand on the large ‘X’, but he’s unawares. DONNA then demonstrates by standing on it herself, when a large one tonne weight falls from the ceiling and crushes her. OVERBELLY crouches over DONNA as INGENUE enters and it is revealed that she dropped the weight. She has a tray with two flutes of champagne on it. She drops a poisoned pill in one and then walks wickedly to OVERBELLY, who rises from the ground, just as she bends over, and plonks the cake into her face. As she’s wiping the cake away, OVERBELLY tries to help with a handkerchief; she’s not happy. To make amends, he takes the champagne flutes and gives the poisoned one to INGENUE who, forgetting, drinks it all quickly. She clutches at her throat and falls down as the music ends.

Enter LIPBALM, who immediately runs towards INGENUE.

LIPBALM Mein Gott, what has happened here?

OVER. Doctor Lipbalm!

LIPBALM Out of my way! I must do something about this at once.

OVER. I think she’s dying, you’ll have to give her mouth to mouth.

LIPBALM Mouth to mouth? Not with these lips, baby.

OVER. Then what are you going to do?

LIPBALM What else, have some cake!

OVER. Have some cake?

LIPBALM Ja, it’s too good to waste. It’s a lesson I learnt from the famous Transylvanian mime artist, Vlad Mephisto. You know, a man who could only talk without making a sound.

OVER. The riddle, what can talk without making a sound? A mime!

The buzzer goes off for the recommencement of the casino. Enter punters & DON.
LIPBALM Ah, it’s too noisy in here. Come, mein liebchen, let’s find somewhere quiet where we can eat cake and if you’re very still we might even do a little mouth to mouth.

DON Overbelly, you’re still alive!

OVER. Of course I’m still alive; unlike your casino which is losing money faster than an hermaphrodite can run the 800.

DON Donna, Donna, what have you done to my Donna?

OVER. I think she developed a little crush.

DON Sweetheart, I never wanted this for you, I wanted you to be free of all of this, I wanted you to be a young, normal, well-adjusted consumer who likes Supré and Boost Juice. I should never have allowed you to get involved with the family business, it’s not for the woman. (Spotting the blowpipe) I wants you dead, Overbelly, you’ve been around too long.

OVER. You’re not going to kill me in front of all these witnesses.

DON You got a point there. Everybody, close your eyes. It’s time to L.T.G. It’s time to lubricate the goldfish.

Everybody does so. DON makes a big show of checking to see that the blowpipe is loaded and places it to his lips. He inhales strongly and sucks in the dart.

I think that went down the wrong way.

DON falls down, dead. Enter SIMON, SIMONE & ME

SIMON & SIMONE Overbelly, you’re still alive!

OVER. What is this, a re-run?

SIMON Me, arrest that man.

ME With pleasure. Overbelly, it’s time to meet Judge You.

Five loud door knocks can be heard. Everybody looks stage left. Five loud door knocks are again heard. Everybody looks stage right.

JUDGE (Off) Open the door or Judge You busts some caps!

The door opens and JUDGE YOU enters to the sound of ‘Crank’ by Soulja Boy, accompanied by PRUE, HIM & SHE.

SIMON Judge You, thank god you’re-
JUDGE What kind of joint are you running here? Daughter just turned up to my crib with homeboy here, all exploded and stuff.

ME Judge, we’ve got a serious situation-

JUDGE Yes we do, I’ve missed two hours of booty sleep.

SIMONE You mean beauty-

JUDGE Booty! Look at me, I’m bootalicious. My humps are phat. Represent.

JUDGE YOU sings with HIM & SHE.

HIM & SHE What you gon’ do with all that junk? All that junk inside your trunk?

JUDGE I’ma get, get, get, get, you drunk, Get you love drunk off my hump.

JUDGE I may appear square, but my roots are kickin’ it in da hood, dog. (To ME) And what do we have here, do I detect a bromance?

ME No, Judge You-

JUDGE Lay it down as it is, man, I’ve seen you at Supré.

SIMON Judge You, this man is under arrest.

JUDGE Says who?

SIMON Says Simon.

JUDGE Simon says? What’s your story, girlfriend, somebody pass out the ugly stick at birth?

SIMON I’m the premier of NSW!

SIMONE And is that any way to talk to a man that’s just lost a daughter?

JUDGE Don’t dis me, sister, I almost lost a daughter myself.

HIM Lucky that explosion done be putting my head back to where it’s at.

ME Judge, this man is under arrest for the murder of Jemima Sycophant.

HIM Fat boy didn’t ice no Sycophant girl. I know, ‘cause I be chilling outside da room texting Mama when I heard-

SIMON You’re not going to listen to this moron, are you?

JUDGE Who are you calling ‘moron’? Her daddy didn’t raise no fool!
HIM      When I heard MC Sergeant Me singing-
ME       I was dancing, too.
JUDGE   Yo, freestyle, respect.
SIMON    I’m sure this is all very amusing for you, but if Overbelly didn’t kill my
daughter then who did?
HIM      You, fool.
JUDGE   You accusin’ your old man of murder? Word up!
HIM      Word down, aight?
SIMON    I think she means me.
SHE      I didn’t say nothing!
ME       Me? I’m afraid of guns!
SIMONE   Simon!
SIMON    It’s alright, Simone. (To HIM) Now, braniac, owner of the bionic
        hearing, perhaps you could produce some evidence, some ocular proof that I
        shot Jemima.
HIM      You talkin’ ‘bout a video on homegirl’s iPhone?
SIMON    What?
HIM      Let me drop some science on you, newbie. Sergeant Me was kickin’ it
        hardcore and I wanted to preserve it for posterity when you said, ‘Simon says
        it’s time to say your prayers, Overbelly’. And there I was right behind Jemima
        and, booya, she got shot, and there you were, buggin’ it, with a chrome piece
        in your hand. And now you’re on my iPhone; and you ain’t saying ‘cheese’.
SIMONE   Simon? You killed our daughter?
SIMON    Simone, it wasn’t meant for her, it was meant for him. I got in too deep
        with Don Smallgoods and Overbelly’s poker machines were threatening the
        casino and the sale of NSW Lotteries. We would have been broke within a
        week.
PRUE     What about your constituents, the people of New South Wales?
SIMON    Oh, bugger the people! I’ve never seen a bigger pack of whingers in all
        my life. Oh, the trains, oh, the hospitals, oh, the schools. But, as Overbelly’s
        proved, give them a way to make easy money from gambling and they
couldn’t give a stuff about all those things. And speaking of you; Overbelly, why can’t you die?

SIMON rushes to OVERBELLY and begins to pound him, but he’s a broken man.

JUDGE Mmm-mm. This is whack. Are you through?

SIMON Yes.

JUDGE Just what a sycophant would say. Darling, She-

SHE I never thought you cared.

JUDGE Arrest Simon Sycophant.

PRUE But who will govern the state?

JUDGE Ah, why don’t you do it?

PRUE Me?

JUDGE Why not? We could use a female premier. But right now, I’ve got to get to the golf course, I’m playing a round with Jessica Mauboy. (To HIM) Come on, honey, you want to meet your idol? And bring Poop-in-his-pants with you, we can drop him off on the way.

Exit JUDGE YOU, HIM, SHE & SIMON.

SIMONE What am I going to do? What will happen to my Sass and Bidet, my diamonds, my rubies, my jewels? Do you think they all grow on trees?

Exit SIMONE.

OVER. No they don’t, they come from the ground.

Enter PUNTER & NARELLE in their pyjamas.

NARELLE My boy, there you are. I was having this terrible nightmare and I knew you needed you mother.

PUNTER We thought something bad was going to happen to you, son.

OVER. No, Dad, something good’s going to happen, I can feel it.

NARELLE Have you been eating, you’re skinnier than an emo bimbo!

PUNTER Leave the boy alone, Narelle.

OVER. I just need some time to think. I gotta solve a riddle. What prize is cut and shaped from the ground, and can only talk without making a sound?
Jewels and Transylvanians? Diamonds and mime artists? It doesn’t make any sense, I’m no good at these things. All I know is that I’ve screwed my life up and screwed all your lives up, too.

PUNTER 1 No you haven’t, we’re winning now.

PUNTER 2 We can’t lose.

OVER. But what happens when the money runs out?

PUNTER 3 It’ll never run out.

PUNTER 4 We’re on a lucky streak.

PUNTER 5 We’ll win forever.

OVER. No you won’t, when my money’s gone, you’ll go back to playing against the casino and giving scratchies at Christmas. And you’ll lose, and nothing will have changed. The monkey will be fed. It’s time to stop gambling, people. I’m stopping it now.

PUNTER 5 But you promised us a prize.

PUNTER 4 The greatest prize ever known.

PUNTER 3 Did you lie to us?

PUNTER 2 Why would we stop gambling if we can’t believe you?

PUNTER 1 Pay up, Overbelly.

OVER. Have you all tried your six digit pin?

PUNTERS Yes!

OVER. Alright, maybe it has to be me. What prize is cut and shaped from the ground, gemstones. And what can only talk without making a sound? A mime. Put the two together and you have Beat. gem, mime, Jemima! Six letters, six digits; it must be my pin. Okay, Overbelly, one last roll of the dice, one last press of the button.

He moves to the Gem poker machine and punches in ‘Jemima’. The letters J-E-M-I-M-A are revealed on the other poker machines.

JEMIMA (V/O) No, count me out, I don’t like bets.

OVER. Jemima!

The sound of pokies jackpotting wildly plays loudly and segues into ‘Blow Up The Pokies’ by The Whitlams. The front of the Jem poker machine opens and JEMIMA
appears, alive. Gold falls from the sky (or confetti bombs are deployed. They waltz to the music.

OVER. It’s my miracle, the greatest prize ever known.

JEMIMA The gift of life?

OVER. The gift of love.

JEMIMA Love you, Overbelly.

OVER. Love you, Jemima.

PUNTER Look at all that gold, it’s incredible!

NARELLE It’s like a sea of M&Ms!

PRUE It’s enough to buy out the casino, NSW Lotteries and put towards hospitals and schools.

OVER. And no-one will ever have to gamble again.

JEMIMA I always knew you’d come for me.

OVER. I had to get the monkey off my back.

Enter ANGEL, wearing full wings, and IMP & ELFIN, wearing P-plate wings.

JEMIMA Who’s this?

OVER. This is my angel-

JEMIMA Your angel, come off it.

OVER. Hey, if you can get brought back from the dead, then you can believe in angels. And I have her to thank for you and for letting me redeem my soul.

ANGEL As it is, Overbelly, your soul is redeemed. Now it is time to for us to go.

OVER. Don’t leave just yet.

ANGEL It is not just I who is leaving.

OVER. What do you mean?

ANGEL You are coming with me.

OVER. I don’t think so, I’ve got Jemima back now.

ANGEL Say your goodbyes.
JEMIMA Don't leave, Overbelly.

OVER. I'm not going anywhere. (To ANGEL) Look, I've come back to Earth, I've cleaned up the gambling, I even answered that stupid riddle. Isn't that enough, what more could you want out of me?

ANGEL Your soul is almost pure of heart, but there is one blemish yet that must be paid for; an eye for an eye, a life for a life.

OVER. What are you talking about?

ANGEL You have your miracle, Jemima is alive, poker machines are gone. But you dispatched Johnny in cold blood and now you must make the final journey for your soul to be truly delivered.

OVER. I understand.

NARELLE Well, I don’t understand, Miss Hoity Toity Upstart Angel, and I’ve got a fist of five here with your name on it.

PUNTER Now, hold on, Narelle, that Angel’s talking sense. Son, you didn’t always bet with your head and a lot of people got hurt. But you came back, fixed it up and now you’ve gotta go away again to finish the job. That’s what a man would do. I’m proud of you, son.

OVER. Mum?

NARELLE Oh, come here.

They hug.

OVER. Jemima-

JEMIMA Overbelly, don’t say it. Don’t go, please don’t go.

OVER. I don’t want to, but I have to, Jem.

JEMIMA You don’t have to do anything but be with me.

OVER. And I will be, one day.

JEMIMA Not one day, today. I love you, doesn’t that mean anything?

OVER. And I you, and it means everything. And wherever I am, whatever I’m doing, I’ll always be looking out for you.

JEMIMA You promise?

OVER. Hey, I promise. I know I’ve lied to you before, but I won’t ever again.
JEMIMA I know that.

OVER. And if you can’t believe your guardian angel, then who can you believe?

JEMIMA You’ll be my angel?

OVER. As soon as I get my wings, then I’ll fly down to Earth everyday to look after the one I love. Trust me.

ANGEL It’s time.

JEMIMA Just one more minute, Beat. please?

OVER. I’ll see you soon.

JEMIMA Soon’s not fast enough.

OVER. Bye, Jemima.

JEMIMA Goodbye, Overbelly.

*The final section of ‘Kissing You’ by Des’ree plays as ANGEL leads OVERBELLY down the centre aisle, followed by IMP & ELFIN. Others come and act as pallbearers and raise him above their shoulders and carry him off as Jemima and others wave goodbye. Lights fade to black.*

THE END