

GIRLY BOY

by  
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FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

VAGINA, a teenager wearing a beautiful pink dress with sequins, walks down the hallway of his parent's home. Although Vagina is a 14 year old boy, he looks very much to be a cute teenage girl. The carpet and the walls on either side of Vagina are blue. Vagina's long blond hair sways as he walks. In the background The Who's *I'm a Boy* is playing.

MOANING is heard from behind a bedroom door. The moans are clearly coming from a man and seem to be of a sexual nature.

Vagina creeps up to the door and leans against it to get a better listen. Not satisfied with the lack of visuals, Vagina bursts into the room. MR GROVER, Vagina's extremely fat father, is lying naked on the bed. It looks as if he is shooting up heroin. Next to Mr Grover is a small blowtorch. The blue flames are heating up a small pot full of thick yellow liquid. Surrounding the burner are several blocks of cheese. The man is injecting a syringe full of the melted cheese into his arm.

VAGINA

Dad, what the bloody hell are you doing?

MR GROVER

Cheese. Cheese. It feels so good.

Vagina runs toward Mr Grover and smacks the syringe out of his arm. He then swipes his arm at the blocks of cheese on the bed. They go flying across the room.

MR GROVER (CONT'D)

You little bitch. That's my cheese.

Mr Grover is so fat that he cannot quickly get up. Instead he rolls off the bed and grabs the syringe. He tightens the strap around his arm and sticks the syringe back into a vein.

MR GROVER (CONT'D)

(moaning)  
Cheese.

VAGINA

You promised me you would quit. Who gave you this shit?

Mr Grover begins to sweat profusely and his face is bright red. He tries to lift his upper body.

MR GROVER

(wheezing)  
I think I got a bad cut.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MR GROVER (CONT'D)

Help me up, bitch. I've got to get to the Brie. I need the Brie.

Mr Grover wheezes some more and then falls flat on the ground, dead. Vagina falls to the ground beside him and starts screaming.

INT. THE GROVERS' BATHROOM -- MORNING

Vagina is wearing a girl's school uniform. His skirt is red tartan, and his blouse is white. Vagina also has on white socks pulled up to his knees. With one hand MRS GROVER is brushing Vagina's long blonde hair. In the other hand she is holding an almost empty bottle of vodka. Mrs Grover's hair is unkempt, and her dirty pink robe is hanging open.

MRS GROVER

Isn't this exciting Vagina? Grade nine. You're becoming quite the young woman. You are so pretty.

VAGINA

Yeah pretty stupid. Please don't make me wear the skirt this year. I'll never make any friends like this.

MRS GROVER

Don't you worry about that, my dear; our new neighbors have two young girls.

VAGINA

So.

MRS GROVER

I promised MRS LUTT you would walk them to school today.

VAGINA

Perfect. My first day in year nine, I'm wearing a skirt, my mother is drunk, my Dad is dead, and now I have to walk two ugly moles to school.

MRS GROVER

But it will be so much fun for you to finally have some girlfriends. You can do each others' hair, play dress ups, talk about boys. I can hardly wait. Now put on your lipstick, find your lazy brother and get out of here.

EXT. THE GROVER'S FRONT LAWN -- MORNING

The sun is shining and Vagina and her slightly older brother BAZZA walk toward the Lutts' house. Bazza is wearing a boy's school uniform, khaki shorts and shirt, a blue and white tie, and grey socks pulled up to his knees.

The Lutts have a large front lawn that is enclosed by a six foot brick and iron fence. The fence does not block the view of the two story house, or of the yelping dog that is running back and forth along the inside of the fence. Vagina reaches for the dog's tags and notices the name PUSSY. Pussy snaps at Vagina.

VAGINA

Stupid dog. His name is Pussy.

BAZZA

Why don't we just wait for them to come out?

Vagina tries to open the iron gate, but the dog keeps trying to escape. He opens the gate ever so slightly and attempts to squeeze through the gap, but Pussy gets out and bolts down the street, not even stopping to look back.

BAZZA (CONT'D)

Isn't that strange, Vagina? It's not even eight o'clock and Pussy is already eluding you.

VAGINA

Get fucked, Bazza. I don't recall you bringing home anything in a skirt lately.

BAZZA

Except you.

Vagina looks all around to see if anyone saw him lose the dog. Seeing nobody, he gently closes the gate and both boys creep back to the front lawn of their house. They hide behind a tree and wait for the two girls to come outside.

From behind the tree, the two boys watch JUSTICE P and JUSTICE O, identical twins, stroll out their front door holding hands and whispering. They are of Vietnamese descent and both have several juicy pimples on their face. They walk through the gate, leaving it wide open, and turn toward Vagina's tree. The morning sun shines behind the twins and they move in perfect unison, even their ponytails bob up and down together. Vagina and Bazza scuttle out from behind the tree. The twins tilt their heads to the left and smile as they both look at Vagina.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTICE O  
Hi, you must be Vagina. We're  
Justice.

VAGINA  
(a little dazed)  
You mean *I'm* Justice.

JUSTICE O  
No, you're Vagina. We're Justice.

VAGINA  
You both have the same name? What  
the fuck is that?

JUSTICE O  
(smiling)  
Does your Mum know you speak like  
that?

VAGINA  
No, does your Mum know you both look  
the same *and* both have the same  
fucking name?

JUSTICE P  
Yes, and she also knows that you let  
Pussy out. She called you a social  
retard.

JUSTICE O  
She thinks everyone is a social  
retard.

BAZZA  
G'day, I'm Bazza.

The twins glance at Bazza but show very little interest in  
him. They both quickly turn their attentions back to Vagina.

The group starts walking up the street.

JUSTICE P  
Why are you wearing a girl's uniform;  
are you a pofter?

VAGINA  
No.

Bazza starts dropping behind a little. As he walks he  
continuously brushes against bushes, trees, and fences on  
the side of the footpath.

JUSTICE O  
Is this some kind of tradition at  
John XXIII, the boys pretend to be  
girls on the first day or something?

(CONTINUED)

VAGINA

I'm not pretending to be anything.  
If you're going to be ignorant you  
can shut the fuck up and we'll walk  
to school in silence.

JUSTICE BOTH

Okay.

JUSTICE P

So were you named after your twat  
then?

VAGINA

Believe me, under these nylons I'm  
packing some serious sausage. That's  
why I wear so much makeup. Every  
time I crack a fat, the blood surges  
to my penis and my face is left as  
pale as an Irish hooker's left bum  
cheek.

JUSTICE P

(laughing)

So your Mum's Irish then? Is Vagina  
some kind of Irish name?

VAGINA

No. I think it was supposed to be  
Virginia. I guess Mum was drunk  
that day, and the registrar probably  
thought it would be funny.

The four kids keep walking towards the school.

EXT. SCHOOL ROAD -- AFTERNOON

The high school is at the end of the street. It is 3:24 in  
the afternoon, and the pre-bell silence is obvious. There  
are no students in sight. A few parents are waiting by their  
open car doors. Suddenly the bell rings. Kids explode from  
the front doors of the school. Strangely the kids do not  
disperse but seem to mob together as they run. There is one  
kid shooting out ahead of the rest -- it's Vagina -- the  
rowdy mob is chasing Vagina. The Justices appear at the  
front of the mob. Vagina runs past a house under  
construction. Several parents have now joined the mob.  
There is a large pile of yellow sand in front of the  
construction site. Kids start throwing sand bombs from the  
sand pile. Parents are throwing sand bombs now too. The  
Justices try to take some of the hits for Vagina, but most  
of the sand ends up hitting the back of Vagina's head. He  
falls to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTICE O

(to the crowd)

Leave him alone, he's just a little  
gir...uh...

BODGIE

(a large kid from the  
crowd)

He's a freak...

Vagina's dress has lifted, and his underwear is now clearly  
visible.

BODGIE (CONT'D)

...just look at his undies.

The entire mob falls silent, and they all tilt their heads  
as they look at Vagina's underpants.

BODGIE (CONT'D)

They're Strawberry Shortcake undies,  
and I don't think he has a penis  
either.

The mob howls with laughter

VAGINA

(covering his exposed  
undies)

They are not. These are Batman  
undies, they've just faded a little,  
that's all.

Bodgie walks up to Vagina, then deliberately falls on top of  
him. Bodgie lays on Vagina, groin to groin. Vagina's feet  
are on the ground, and his legs are bent with his knees  
pointing upward. Bodgie starts making humping motions.

BODGIE

You're the hottest chick in school  
and when I'm *Man Guy* I'm going to  
fuck you every night.

The crowd cheers.

JUSTICE O

(to a random kid in  
the crowd)

What's *Man Guy*?

Bodgie is still humping Vagina in the background.

RANDOM KID

It's a tradition. A few weeks into  
the term the whole school votes for  
the most manly year nine kid.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RANDOM KID (CONT'D)

Then for the rest of the year the  
*Man Guy* gets what ever he wants, and  
you know what that means.

JUSTICE O

Wow, like free lollies from the deli?

RANDOM KID

No, that's not what the *Man Guy* wants.  
He wants naked whores and free mull.  
He wants nipples and pubic hair. He  
wants gin and tonic enemas. The *Man  
Guy* is a man.

VAGINA

(looking down at, and  
feeling groin area)  
What the...? You just..., Oh  
my...Look at your shorts. You just  
spagged on me you rapist.

The crowd gasps in horror.

BODGIE

(To the crowd)  
No way, it was him, that little poof.  
I was just teaching him a lesson and  
he got all excited and creamed his  
pants. And he got it all over me.

The crowd sighs in relief.

Justice O picks Vagina up off the ground.

JUSTICE O

Come on, let's go home and get you  
cleaned up.

JUSTICE P

The rest of you can get fucked. The  
freak show's over.

INT. THE JUSTICES' BEDROOM -- AFTERNOON

The bedroom walls are covered in posters of eighties bands,  
e.g. Duran Duran, Flock of Seagulls. There is one double  
bed -- it has a Star Wars duna cover. There is an attached  
bathroom in which Vagina is taking a shower. The bathroom  
door is open and Vagina's figure is visible through the smoky  
glass door. The Justices are sitting on the bed watching a  
small TV that has a wire coat hangar for an aerial.

(CONTINUED)

## NEWSCASTER

(on TV)

Today marks the one year anniversary of the brutal stabbing of Andrew Pea. On February 12, 1984, Pea was knifed 78 times in broad daylight, in the middle of Murray Street. A crowd of 34 stunned onlookers watched as the killer committed the gruesome crime and then escaped by foot.

JUSTICE O

I can't believe they never caught that guy. I still have nightmares about him. Every time I hear the name "Andrew Pea" I get an eery feeling. I think that mysterious murderer will be lurking around our window at night, just waiting to stick *me* 78 times with his 7 inch knife.

JUSTICE P

Are you kidding, that sounds more like a fantasy than a nightmare. You know that guy is the most eligible bachelor in Perth now.

JUSTICE O

What? Nobody even knows who he is. He's just an identikit picture who killed a guy.

JUSTICE P

He's mysterious. He's strong. And there isn't a girl in school that wouldn't fuck him. Including you.

JUSTICE O

Well-

Vagina turns the shower off and gets out grabbing a towel.

VAGINA

I don't suppose you guys have any clothes I could borrow.

JUSTICE O

Not really, I think your masculine frame may be too big for anything of mine.

JUSTICE P

Here try these stretch pants.

Justice P throws some neon green pants to Vagina.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTICE P (CONT'D)  
And this boob tube will fit.

Justice P throws a purple boob tube to Vagina.

Vagina returns to the bathroom to change, but leaves the door ajar.

JUSTICE P (CONT'D)  
(Loudly)  
You don't have any friends do you  
Vagina.

VAGINA (O.S.)  
Nobody really understands me.

JUSTICE P  
Well you are a bit of a psycho  
spazzbot, aren't you Vagina?

VAGINA  
I'm not the one who owns fluorescent  
green stretch pants.

Vagina walks back into the room just as he completes his line. He is wearing his borrowed outfit.

Both Justices crack up laughing.

VAGINA (CONT'D)  
Are you laughing at what I said, or  
at what I'm wearing?

Both Justices answer at the same time, trying to control their laughter.

JUSTICE P  
What you're wearing.

JUSTICE O  
What you said.

VAGINA  
Do you think it's easy being me? Do  
you think I enjoy wearing strawberry  
lipstick? Do you think I get a kick  
out of wearing wonder woman underwear?  
Do you think my nipples are getting  
hard from the sensuous feel of this  
woolen boobtube?

JUSTICE BOTH  
Uhhhh?

VAGINA  
The answer, my identical fucklets,  
is no, of course I bloody don't.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTICE O

Why on earth do you do it then? Did you lose a bet with God?

VAGINA

It's a long story that starts with my mother being a twisted mental bitch freak and ends with my mother being a twisted alcoholic mental bitch freak.

JUSTICE P

She is kind of hot though, I mean in a helpless woman passed out drunk kind of a way.

VAGINA

That's the whole problem. She was the perfect cute little girl. Ribbons in her hair, big blue eyes, lollipop-tinged lips, and expectations spewing from her vagina.

JUSTICE O

High expectations never killed anyone.

VAGINA

They killed my childhood. She came second in every beauty pageant; she was the second skinniest at her ten year school reunion, and she married the second hairiest guy in yoga class. She was tired of coming in second. She begged my dad for a little girl. Someone that she could mold into a number one.

EXT. A PARK BENCH -- DAY

MR GROVER and Mrs Grover sit together on a park bench. They are significantly younger than in the present day. They are wearing seventies style clothes, as are other people in the park. There is a couple playing Frisbee in the background. The man is wearing short blue Scoops shorts and no shirt. In front of the park bench is a blanket with a picnic set out on it.

MRS GROVER

(crying)

Here, I made you a sandwich.

She hands a Brie sandwich to Mr Grover.

MRS GROVER (CONT'D)

You've made a lot of promises since we've been married Jezza.

(CONTINUED)

MR GROVER

I know.

He takes a bite of the sandwich and instantly his eyes roll back in ecstasy.

MR GROVER (CONT'D)

Oh my Lord, what's in this sandwich?

MRS GROVER

Shut up. You haven't ever kept one single promise to me. It's Brie.

MR GROVER

I'll keep this one, I promise. If I don't give you a beautiful baby girl, may I never taste the sweet sweet juices of your Brie sandwiches again.

INT. ST. JOHN OF GOD HOSPITAL - MATERNITY WARD -- NIGHT

Mrs Grover is giving birth to Vagina. Mr Grover stands by her side with a big old fashioned video camera in one hand and on the other hand his fingers are crossed.

DR MUCOS

Keep pushing, we'll know any minute now whether it's a beautiful boy or a glorious girl.

Mrs Grover puffs, pants, and screams throughout the following dialogue.

MRS GROVER

Oh, I already know, it's a girl.

DR MUCOS

But you never had the ultra sound, how could you possibly know?  
(whispering to nurse)  
Ignorant bitch.

MRS GROVER

Oh I know. Every time I take a swig of booze she kicks me in the guts. That's got to be a feisty little girl. If it was a boy he would just lay back and soak up the suds like a fat cheese-eating son of a bitch.

The baby's head is becoming visible.

DR MUCOS

Come on, one last push.

Dr Mucos grabs some forceps and starts yanking at the baby's head, twisting and pulling.

(CONTINUED)

The baby pops out and starts crying.

DR MUCOS (CONT'D)

It's a boy!

MRS GROVER

No, it's a girl.

DR MUCOS

No, I'm quite convinced. Ten toes,  
ten fingers, two pink bum cheeks,  
and a tiny testicle sack. It's a  
healthy baby boy.

Mrs Grover twists around violently and glares at her husband.

MRS GROVER

You dumb mother fucker.

She suddenly lunges at Mr Grover, tackling him to the ground. The video camera is knocked to the floor. The intravenous drip that was attached to her wrist comes loose and starts spraying liquid. The umbilical cord is stretched between the baby and Mrs Grover. Mrs Grover straddles Mr Grover, mucous and blood getting all over his scrubs. She lands punch after punch to Mr Grover's face.

Dr Mucos passes the baby to a nurse and grabs the video camera from the ground and starts filming the altercation.

INT. THE JUSTICE'S BEDROOM -- EVENING

The Justices and Vagina sit on the Justices' bed and talk.

JUSTICE O

I wish I was a guy.

VAGINA

So do I.

JUSTICE O

(to Vagina)

You are a guy.

JUSTICE P

Why on earth would either of you  
want to be a guy. Guys are useless.

JUSTICE O

You heard that kid in the riot, all  
that *Man Guy* stuff sounds like fun.

JUSTICE P

Yeah for the guy.

JUSTICE O

Exactly.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTICE P

Although maybe we don't necessarily have to be a guy to taste the pleasures that kid spoke of.

VAGINA

Even if you pretend to be a boy, you could never be the *Man Guy*. That takes a special level of nast that neither of you could come close to faking.

JUSTICE P

Never underestimate the power of Justice my little femme banal. But actually I was thinking of something entirely more clever than your feeble mind could possibly conceive.

Vagina reaches for a copy of Cleo magazine from the bedside table. He flips the pages and stops at a story with a headline that reads *The Art of Kaegal -- Strengthening Exercises for the Vagina*.

JUSTICE P (CONT'D)

We could befriend the likely winner and use our feminine ways to manipulate the poor bastard into using his powers for the good of Justice.

JUSTICE O

Or better yet, we could carefully select one of our male friends and run his campaign for him. If we control everything we're certain to win. And then we won't have to cozy up to some stink sucker, because our stooge will already be a friend.

JUSTICE P

Not bad, except for the fact that we don't have any male friends.

JUSTICE O

Oh, yeah.

Vagina looks up from his magazine.

VAGINA

Uh, hello.

The Justices look to Vagina and then back at each other, and then they bust out laughing.

(CONTINUED)

VAGINA (CONT'D)

What, I'm not a friend? I was naked in your shower, I'm being careful not to leave skid marks on your stretch pants, I even looked away when I noticed that your nipples had become erect, and now I'm not good enough to be your friend?

JUSTICE O

(still laughing)

Oh no, your definitely a friend.

JUSTICE P

It's the male part that we're questioning.

VAGINA

For your information, my male part is quite a specimen to behold.

JUSTICE P

But is it a specimen to be held?

VAGINA

Anyway, I'm just saying that you want someone who can win the *Man Guy* for you and I'm the only man you know, so--

Vagina flips his hair and bats his eyes.

VAGINA (CONT'D)

I'm your man.

JUSTICE P

All those qualifications aside, we can't perform bloody miracles.

VAGINA

Hey, you said it yourself, never underestimate the power of Justice.

JUSTICE O

It would be a challenge. And it could be an interest peaking little tidbit to talk about in job interviews.

JUSTICE P

And if we lose? We'll be the laughing stock of the entire school.

JUSTICE O

That's just it, we'll be completely behind the scenes, so Vagina will be  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JUSTICE O (CONT'D)  
 the only laughing stock. There's no  
 risk at all.

VAGINA  
 (sounding nervous)  
 Exactly.

JUSTICE O  
 Okay, we're going to need two things.  
 First we have to find out what it  
 takes to become *Man Guy*.  
 (to Vagina)  
 Second, we need to give you a slightly  
 more masculine image.

JUSTICE P  
 Yeah, you need some manly role models.  
 Your brother is kind of vacant, what's  
 your Dad like?

VAGINA  
 He's dead.

JUSTICE P  
 Okay, he's probably not going to be  
 much use then.

JUSTICE O  
 What was he like before he died?

VAGINA  
 He was kind of private. We used to  
 hang out a little bit before I hit  
 puberty though. Back then he used  
 to have weekly card nights with his  
 friends.

JUSTICE O  
 Yeah, that's a tough guy activity,  
 tell us more.

VAGINA  
 Let's see, I remember the room being  
 filled with the sweet smell of smoke.

INT. THE GROVER'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

There are six guys around a card table. No cash is visible.  
 Mr Grover has a giant wheel of Brie in front of him, it has  
 a couple of bites taken out of it. A bottle of peach schnapps  
 is on the table. There is a solid oak table to the side.  
 Six young boys are standing on the table. One of the boys  
 is eight-year old Vagina, another is in altar boy clothing.

(CONTINUED)

VAGINA (V.O.)

MR LOVE was always there, and FATHER JOHNNO. Usually MR FISTER, and MR BRADY were there, some guy called LOLLIPOP, and one or two other guys. Fortunately for the other kids my dad was particularly bad at euchre.

MR GROVER

Okay men, you know the rules, this is standard strip euchre. As soon as somebody wins five tricks the person with the least number of tricks on the table must command their child to remove an article of clothing.

Mr Grover deals and the men start playing, and drinking the peach schnapps. Mr Grover continues to eat his wheel of cheese. The kids stand in silence gazing blankly at their feet.

FATHER JOHNNO

Have you got your frillies on today  
Vagina?

VAGINA

No father.

FATHER JOHNNO

I hope you have something special  
for us.

VAGINA

Yes father, Mum bought me a training  
bra. It's velvet.

One of Father Johnno's hands disappears under the table.

Mr. Brady has four tricks on his side of the table.

MR GROVER

(to Mr Brady)

Oh shit, Mike, we never get to see  
young Bobby's bum.

Mr Grover slams a card down and Mr Brady takes his fifth trick.

MR GROVER (CONT'D)

Sorry Vagina, I'll make it up to you  
I promise.

MR FISTER

Remember jewelry doesn't count, and  
shoes count as one.

Vagina bends down and takes off both his high heel shoes.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER JOHNNO

You've got quite a knack for showing  
your knackers Vagina, are you going  
to strip when you get older?

VAGINA

No.

FATHER JOHNNO

Then what are you going to be when  
you grow up?

VAGINA

A man.

LOLLIPOP

Men don't wear dresses.

VAGINA

Then I'll be a poet.

FATHER JOHNNO

All right then, open your poetic  
purse and recite us a verse.

Vagina looks to his Dad.

MR GROVER

Do as the man says child.

VAGINA

(Reluctantly)

Okay. This is a poem. By me. It's  
called "Wounded." Red blood from  
the gull, Falls from the blue sky  
above, Alive alive, The gull screams  
like a bitch.

FATHER JOHNNO

Nice try, but that doesn't even rhyme.  
Perhaps you should revisit your dream  
of becoming an exotic dancer.

VAGINA

Or maybe I should become a priest,  
get drunk everyday, and ogle little  
boys for kicks.

INT. THE JUSTICE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

JUSTICE O

Not much of a role model then was  
he.

VAGINA

I really don't need a role model,  
I'm kind of a natural.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTICE P

Girl. But don't you worry about it,  
we'll butch you up in no time.

VAGINA

I better get going, Mum will be back  
from the pub by now.

JUSTICE O

We'll see you out the front in the  
morning, right?

Vagina nods then exits the room. The Justices look at each other and hold an extended gaze.

Vagina walks down the hallway towards the stairs. He sees Pussy the dog panting at a closed bedroom door. Vagina walks up to Pussy and as he picks the dog up he hears sex noises coming from inside the room. He opens the door and peeks in. MR LUTT And Mrs Lutt are making love, she is on top. Pussy BARKS and jumps from Vagina's hands. Pussy leaps onto the bed and starts licking Mr Lutt's stomach.

VAGINA

(shouting)

Pussy.

Vagina runs after Pussy and also leaps onto the bed. Mrs Lutt is knocked off Mr Lutt in the commotion, and she starts to fall off the side of the bed. Vagina reaches out to pull her back up.

MR LUTT

What the bloody hell are you doing  
in here?

VAGINA

Chasing Pussy.

Vagina looks down and notices that his hand is in the general vicinity of Mrs Lutt's bush. Vagina looks back at Mr Lutt. Mr Lutt's gaze slowly moves down to focus on Vagina's hand.

Mr Lutt lunges at Vagina and starts beating the crap out of him. Mrs Lutt is knocked completely off the bed and Pussy starts BARKING.

The Justices appear at the door.

MRS LUTT

Stop it Bull, she's just a little  
girl.

Mr Lutt stops punching Vagina.

MR LUTT

A girl?

(CONTINUED)

MRS LUTT

You promised me you would quit hitting on girls.

MR LUTT

Do girls have bulges down here?

Mr Lutt grabs Vagina between the legs.

JUSTICE O

Dad, let him go, he's our friend.

MRS LUTT

I thought I told you girls not to mess with those kind of boys.

JUSTICE O

No, you told us we shouldn't mess with the other kind.

Justice O walks over to Vagina and pulls him up from the bed.

JUSTICE O (CONT'D)

Come on.

The three kids walk out into the hallway and close the door. Vagina is limping.

JUSTICE P

I'm so embarrassed.

VAGINA

No, I should have just kept walking.

JUSTICE P

I thought Dad's penis was much bigger than that.

JUSTICE O

Give him a break. He was probably in a state of shock. I mean having some teenage cross dresser groping his wife and all.

INT. THE GROVER'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Mrs Grover is wearing a robe and is leaning against the kitchen bench. With her finger she is scooping vegemite from the jar and eating it. On the bench is a can of Emu Export beer.

Vagina enters the kitchen, still wearing the Justices' borrowed clothes, and sporting a beat up face.

VAGINA

What's for dinner?

(CONTINUED)

MRS GROVER  
Beer and vegemite.

VAGINA  
I had that for lunch, maybe I'll  
just have some ice cream.

Mrs Grover rubs her fat stomach.

MRS GROVER  
That's why you're getting pudgy.  
And you know pudgy girls don't find  
husbands.

Vagina tries to push his stomach out, but it is still very  
slim.

VAGINA  
My stomach is as flat as your breasts.  
And anyway, in a few months I am  
going to have all the dates I please.

MRS GROVER  
And how, may I ask, are you going to  
achieve that miracle?

VAGINA  
I'm going to be the *Man Guy*.

Mrs Grover looks Vagina up and down.

MRS GROVER  
I know about all this equal rights  
junk but please, *Man Guy*?

VAGINA  
Your such a supportive mother. You  
know what? You can suck my tits. I  
don't need you anyway.

Vagina runs from the kitchen.

INT. THE GROVER'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Bazza is watching ballet on TV when Vagina comes charging in  
from the kitchen. Vagina comes to a halt.

VAGINA  
What the hell are you watching?

BAZZA  
(surprised)  
Nothing. Actually, it's, well, it's  
the chicks, they have these skin  
tight outfits on.

(CONTINUED)

Vagina looks at the TV. It appears that this ballet company is made up purely of men. The television camera focuses on the dancers' lower bodies.

Vagina looks at Bazza, waiting for an explanation.

BAZZA (CONT'D)

It's for school. You're only in grade nine, you wouldn't understand.

INT. CLASSROOM -- DAY

The teacher is not present yet. The students are talking loudly and either sitting on desks, or standing up. There is a group of three boys, one of whom is Bodgie, writing the names of heavy metal bands on the blackboard. Some of the band names include Motley Crue, KISS, Def Leopard, Quiet Riot, Deep Purple, AC>DC, Van Halen, and many more. The Justices are standing next to Vagina who is sitting on his desk.

JUSTICE O

I've been asking around and it seems like that Bodgie kid is the pre-season favorite.

VAGINA

I would rather skull a bottle of rancid vomit than vote for him. What does he have that could possibly be liked?

JUSTICE O

He is kind of a spunk.

The English teacher MISS NOMA enters the room and the kids scuttle to their seats. She looks at what is written on the blackboard.

MISS NOMA

Who wrote this on the board?

The class is quiet. All the students break eye contact with Miss Noma and look to their desks, or out the window.

MISS NOMA (CONT'D)

Because if you think you can make a heavy metal list in my class room, and not include Twisted Sister--

Miss Noma adds Twisted Sister to the list on the board.

MISS NOMA (CONT'D)

Then perhaps you don't belong here at all.

(CONTINUED)

BODGIE

Twisted Sister? They're a farce, a mere comedic parody. I mean, they do serve a purpose, but we must examine them in the capacity they truly exist. I think Nietzsche would agree that through their parodic attempts, Twisted Sister does illuminate several heavy metal truths. But although this worthy purpose may provide a parallel between Twisted Sister and the heavy metal scene in general, I think it would behoove us to examine them in completely separate paradigms. We must not blur the line between the parodied and the one who parodies, for it will only result in confusion.

One of Bodgie's cronies puts his thumb and index finger to his chin, in a V shape, and looks intently at Bodgie.

CRONIE

Hmm.

MISS NOMA

Oh no, if you're going to have Van Halen up there, then I'm keeping Twisted Sister. They Rock.

BODGIE

It's been said that intellectual conflict is the catalyst of academic progress. I guess we'll have to agree to disagree, knowing that we may have just contributed, albeit superficially, to the study of Heavy Metallogy.

MISS NOMA

Bullshit. This is my class room. And in my class room there will be no pursuit of academic progress. Get out. Go and stand under the clock.

Bodgie gets up from his desk and as he is walking to the door, Justice P passes him a note.

MISS NOMA (CONT'D)

Wait. Give that note back to the new girl.

Bodgie gives the note back to Justice P.

(CONTINUED)

MISS NOMA (CONT'D)  
 Now stand up new girl and share your  
 dirty gossip with the class.

JUSTICE P  
 (as if reading from  
 note)  
 Miss Noma is right. She is great.  
 You shouldn't contradict her because  
 she is pretty, and she...

MISS NOMA  
 (interrupting)  
 Give me that.

Miss Noma walks over to Justice P and snatches the note.

MISS NOMA (CONT'D)  
 (reading to the class  
 from Justice P's  
 note)  
 Meet me in the girls' lunch shed  
 after school. I will show you my  
 nipples.

The class busts out laughing.

MISS NOMA (CONT'D)  
 (to Justice P)  
 Classy. Why don't you join young  
 Bodgie under the clock. There you  
 may have all the nipple time you  
 desire.

Justice P and Bodgie leave the room, slamming the door on  
 the way out.

EXT. THE SCHOOL VERANDAH -- DAY

The verandah is a corridor that is open on one side with  
 classrooms on the other. It is completely empty except for  
 Justice P and Bodgie who stand under a clock that is mounted  
 on the wall about halfway up the verandah.

BODGIE  
 So?

Bodgie looks down at Justice P's chest.

JUSTICE P  
 Not now.

TEACHER 1, a male teacher, walks past the kids under the  
 clock.

TEACHER 1  
 Why are you standing under the clock?

(CONTINUED)

BODGIE  
For challenging the boundaries of  
academia.

The teacher looks to Justice P.

JUSTICE P  
Because I passed a note that referred  
to my genitalia.

BODGIE  
Nipples aren't genitalia.

TEACHER 1  
Quite right young lady. It sounds  
as if you need some personal tutoring  
in human biology. My office door is  
always open, except when I'm with a  
student. Why don't you drop by after  
school sometime and I'll explain  
exactly why nipples are not considered  
genitalia.

Teacher 1 continues down the hallway.

Teacher 2, a female teacher, approaches the kids under the  
clock.

TEACHER 2  
Why are you standing under the clock?

BODGIE  
(uninterested)  
Trying to challenge the boundaries  
of academia.

Teacher 2 looks to Justice P.

JUSTICE P  
I was trying to challenge the  
boundaries of genitalia.

TEACHER 2  
I see.

Teacher 2 continues down the hallway.

Teacher 3, a female teacher, approaches the kids under the  
clock.

TEACHER 3  
Why are you standing under the clock?

BODGIE  
Academia.

Teacher 3 looks to Justice P.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTICE P  
Genitalia.

TEACHER 3  
Right then.

Teacher 3 continues down the hallway.

BODGIE  
(to Justice p)  
It's in their contract.

JUSTICE P  
What is?

BODGIE  
To ask why we are under the clock.  
It's supposed to be part of the  
punishment.

JUSTICE P  
Well it is becoming increasingly  
tedious. Do you have a cigarette?

BODGIE  
I don't smoke.

JUSTICE P  
Neither do I.

Teacher 4, a male teacher, approaches the kids under the clock?

TEACHER 4  
Why are you standing under the clock?

BODGIE  
I killed a man.

Teacher 4 looks to Justice P.

JUSTICE P  
I ate fish for dinner.

TEACHER 4  
Very naughty.

Teacher 4 continues down the hallway.

JUSTICE P  
(to Bodgie)  
I think you have a split personality.

BODGIE  
I think you're pretty.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTICE P

See, that's exactly what I mean.  
You are all smart and funny today,  
but yesterday when you were raping  
my friend you were acting like a  
total bogan.

BODGIE

(ignoring previous  
comment)  
I'm in a band.

JUSTICE P

A rock band?

BODGIE

Yeah, a hard rock band. I play guitar  
and I'm the lead singer. Do you  
want to come and watch us rehearse?

JUSTICE P

What are you called?

BODGIE

(looking confused)  
I'm Bodgie.

JUSTICE P

No Mr. Academia, I meant the band.  
What's the name of your hard rock  
band?

BODGIE

*The Flaming Donut Makers.*

JUSTICE P

I'd love to come.

INT. THE GROVER'S KITCHEN -- EVENING

Mrs Grover is looking into the refrigerator, and writing  
something on a roll of toilet paper, as Vagina enters the  
room.

VAGINA

What's for dinner?

MRS GROVER

I've got to work tonight, so I'm  
making a shopping list. Do you need  
anything? Butter? Pickles?

VAGINA

I won't survive the wait, I'm hungry  
now.

(CONTINUED)

MRS GROVER

I guess you'll have to come with me, then, and eat at my job. But remember my business is all about reputation, so don't embarrass me.

VAGINA

You mean eat at the scene? Ugh. I am hungry though. What about Bazza? Is he going to come too?

MRS GROVER

I hardly see Bazza anymore. And when he is here he's always on the phone. I think he has a girlfriend.

VAGINA

Who?

MRS GROVER

I haven't met her, but I think she's in a band.

EXT. A CRIME SCENE IN FRONT OF A HOUSE -- NIGHT

Three Police cars and an ambulance have their lights flashing. Yellow police tape is strewn across the front door of the house. There are a couple of male police officers on the front lawn. Several female officers are walking in and out of the front door.

An old Ford Falcon station wagon is driving up the street towards the house. The car's frame is so bent out of shape that the car almost looks like it is driving sideways like a crab. The two front wheels are about one meter to the right of the two back wheels. As the car pulls into the driveway a crude sign becomes visible on the side of the car. The sign reads *Accident or crime, we'll eradicate the slime: Grover's Crime Scene Cleanup.*

The front passenger window rolls down and Vagina sticks his head out into the air and then vomits profusely. Vagina and Mrs Grover both get out of the car. Vagina is careful to avoid his vomit.

VAGINA

Why do you drive this piece of stink? The Mercedes smells like leather. I like the smell of leather.

MRS GROVER

It's all about image, my pretty. None of these suckers dares to complain about my prices when they see me roll up to the scene in the Crab.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MRS GROVER (CONT'D)

And it's so full of blood stains and mucous stench that I don't have to worry about spills.

CAPTAIN STUBING, the police captain, approaches the Grovers. He looks at the car and shakes his head. Just as he reaches the Grovers the stench of the car infiltrates his nasal passage and he reels backwards.

CAPTAIN STUBING

I am not going to chunder this time.

Captain Stubing takes a deep breath and then quickly puts his hands to his mouth. He vomits all over his hands.

CAPTAIN STUBING (CONT'D)

(gasping for air)

You're going to love this one, a real bloodbath.

Captain Stubing wipes his hands on his uniform.

Vagina sees a used condom on the ground and he bends down to pick it up. As he bends, his skirt lifts and reveals his purple underwear at the back.

CAPTAIN STUBING (CONT'D)

(looking directly at  
Vagina's bum)

Who is this young beauty?

VAGINA

(straightening up and  
holding condom)

What's this?

Mrs Grover smacks the condom out of Vagina's hands.

She then pushes Vagina closer to Captain Stubing.

MRS GROVER

This is my beautiful daughter Vagina.  
Isn't she pretty?

Captain Stubing extends his vomit-sticky hand to shake Vagina's hand.

CAPTAIN STUBING

Yes, quite the jail bait. I'm Captain Stubing, it's ever so nice to meet you.

Vagina reluctantly shakes Captain Stubing's hand.

(CONTINUED)

VAGINA

Do you think Isaac could fix me a drink?

MRS GROVER

Actually I should be getting started, have your men finished in there?

CAPTAIN STUBING

Oh no, I don't let my men see that kind of shit. They all have weak stomachs, the poofers. I send the women in on these tough ones.

Mrs Grover and Vagina walk to the front door. Captain Stubing stays behind and watches Vagina walk.

INT. A CRIME SCENE INSIDE THE HOUSE -- NIGHT

Mrs Grover and Vagina step over the police tape and walk into the living room. The walls and carpet are covered in blood. The ambulance people are carrying a stretcher with an uncovered body on it. The body has no arms and is soaked in blood.

AMBULANCE WOMAN 1

This is number three, not counting the dog.

MRS GROVER

And they all have no arms?

AMBULANCE WOMAN 1

(mocking)

And they all have no arms?

MRS GROVER

Oh great, it's you again.

AMBULANCE WOMAN 1

(mocking)

Oh great, it's you again.

MRS GROVER

Fuck Off. I don't have time for your shenanigans.

AMBULANCE WOMAN 1

(to AMBULANCE WOMAN 2)

See what I mean? No respect.

The ambulance crew deliberately drop the body onto the floor. As they pick it back up they smear the body across the wall, leaving a huge blood streak.

(CONTINUED)

AMBULANCE WOMAN 1 (CONT'D)

(to Mrs Grover)

You're the cleanup crew aren't you?  
Gee, sorry about that.

As the ambulance crew walk past Mrs Grover she kicks Ambulance Woman 1 in the back of the knees so that she falls down. Again the body falls to the ground, this time it falls in the doorway.

MRS GROVER

Gee, that's a shame. Given that I charge by the hour and all. Your mistakes might just send me into the next tax bracket. Especially with that new blood stain bonus.

The ambulance crew hurriedly picks up the body and continues out the door.

Vagina follows Mrs Grover into the kitchen. The kitchen floor is covered in blood. Mrs Grover slips on something, but regains her balance so as not to fall down. She bends over and grabs the offending object from the floor. It is a human eye ball. She examines it closely.

MRS GROVER (CONT'D)

Those incompetent fools. This eyeball could have been a key piece of evidence.

Mrs Grover sniffs the eyeball then tosses it to Vagina. Vagina is surprised and bats the eyeball away. It SPLATS against the fridge door at a high velocity, sticks for a second, then slides down to the ground.

Mrs Grover walks over to the fridge, opens the door, and looks inside. There is plenty of food in the fridge.

MRS GROVER (CONT'D)

Jackpot. Come and get it Pretty, dinner is ready.

VAGINA

Finally. What have we got?

Mrs Grover grabs a loaf of bread from the kitchen bench. The bench is also covered in blood.

MRS GROVER

Good sandwich material.

She takes a piece of bread and uses it like a sponge to wipe the blood from an area on the bench. She throws the bloodied bread towards the open rubbish bin, but misses. She lays four pieces of bread out on the newly wiped bench.

(CONTINUED)

Vagina begins taking ingredients out of the fridge.

VAGINA

Mayonnaise. Honey. Salami. Tomato.  
Brie. And to drink I'll try some of  
this Go-Litely.

Vagina makes his sandwich.

MRS GROVER

Okay, we have a lot of work to do so  
let's get started. You can eat and  
work at the same time. First, clean  
out the fridge and put the food in  
the esky out in the car. Don't forget  
the freezer, you know how I love my  
ice cream. Then come back in here  
and start scrubbing the walls.

VAGINA

You didn't eat anything. Do you  
want me to make you a sammie?

MRS GROVER

No, just chuck me a beer.

INT. BODGIE'S GARAGE -- NIGHT

Bodgie's band is practicing. Bodgie is on lead guitar, and he is the only one with a microphone. The band also includes DRUMMER, BASS PLAYER, and KEYBOARDIST. On the drums, the name *The Flaming Donut Makers* is visible. They are playing an original song. The band is a lot closer to pop than hard rock. Justice P is sitting on top of a small amplifier. She is mouthing the words as Bodgie sings them.

BODGIE

(singing)

Oh forget it, don't worry, I didn't  
love you anyway. I came on to you,  
to prove to you, that I'm not gay,  
in any way. There's no way, that I  
am gay, that I am gay, that I am  
gay.

As Bodgie plays, he positions the guitar as if it is an extension of his penis.

BASS PLAYER

(shouting)

Wait mate. Stop. Stop.

The band stops playing.

BODGIE

What? I sounded good that time.

(CONTINUED)

BASS PLAYER

Mate, it's a guitar, not a penis.  
Play it, don't lay it. I know you  
wrote the lyrics mate, and that's  
where your heart is and all, but  
come on mate. Give my music some  
respect. Play it like I wrote it.  
This song is spiritual, it has rhythm.

BODGIE

Bands don't get famous from spiritual  
rhythms. It's all about charisma.  
Look how hot Justice is getting. Do  
you think that's from your rhythm or  
mine?

BASS PLAYER

It's not about the chicks, mate.  
It's all about art. This is art.

BODGIE

Art is dead.

DRUMMER

(shocked)  
What?

BODGIE

Not Art Batterham you dick head,  
he's still in a coma. I mean art as  
in paintings and boring crap in the  
museum.

(beat)  
This is some bullshit. We need a  
break.

The band put their instruments down and Bodgie moves closer  
to Justice. The other three band members congregate around  
the drums. Keyboardist makes a masturbation motion with his  
hand as he approaches the drums. Bass Player and Drummer  
laugh loudly.

JUSTICE P

(to Bodgie)  
Man, you guys really suck.

BODGIE

What?

JUSTICE P

No, I'm just messing with you, you  
were boss. With all this, I don't  
understand why you even want to be  
the *Man Guy*. You already have it  
made.

(CONTINUED)

BODGIE

This is nothing. It's a stepping stone. Everything I do is a stepping stone to becoming the *Man Guy*. The band, the football, the girls, the straight A's, the volunteering, the jokes, everything.

JUSTICE P

Damn, why so serious? It's just a bloody award. I mean it has some perky perks and all, but come on.

BODGIE

You don't understand. My grandfather was the *Man Guy*, my father was the *Man Guy*, both my older brothers were the *Man Guy*.

JUSTICE P

So it's a tradition, big deal. In my family it's a tradition to poo with the door open. You don't see me dedicating my life to pooing with the door open do you?

BODGIE

It's more than some pesky little tradition. It's a free ticket. After I become the *Man Guy*, I can fuck up in any way imaginable and still have the respect of my family. And the community.

JUSTICE P

What are you talking about?

BODGIE

My grandfather served time in Fremantle for clubbing his English teacher to death with a blackboard eraser. He's now the CEO of Shafto. My father used to steal bikes from the primary school. He's now a screenwriter in Sydney. My brothers are both petrol sniffers, yet they are co-presidents of the student body at UWA. And they are all welcomed home for Christmas dinner. Do you see the trend?

JUSTICE P

Major fuck-ups, major success. Why?

BODGIE

*Man Guy*.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTICE P

But with all your ability there is no way you could screw up that big anyway.

BODGIE

It's not always about what you do. Sometimes it's just who you are.

(beat)

Let's get back to jamming.

The band grab their instruments.

BODGIE (CONT'D)

Take it from *There's no way that I'm gay*.

The band starts playing.

BODGIE (CONT'D)

(singing)

There's no way that I'm gay, that I'm gay, that I'm gay.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD -- DAY

Vagina and the Justices are kicking a football (Aussie rules) back and forth. Justice P and Vagina are side by side, and they fight for the ball each time it is kicked to them. Justice O is standing about 10 meters away.

VAGINA

So what did you find out?

JUSTICE P

Everything. Bodgie spilled his guts. I know exactly what it's going to take.

VAGINA

So what's the secret?

JUSTICE P

It seems the girls here like boys who play footy, get good grades, have excessive amounts of sex, crack jokes, volunteer, have lots of money, have no hair on their chests, eat meat, play in a band, and smell like hot donuts in the morning.

VAGINA

That doesn't seem too bad. I mean I do eat meat.

(beat)

How on earth did you squeeze all this info out of Bodgie?

(CONTINUED)

JUSTICE O  
 (shouting)  
 She rooted it out of him.

Justice P drops the football.

VAGINA  
 What?

JUSTICE P  
 No I didn't. Not exactly. I mean-

VAGINA  
 -You mean what? Exactly what did  
 you do with that bogan?

Justice O trots over to join the others. She picks up the  
 football and bounces it on the grass.

JUSTICE P  
 This isn't a pretty story so if you're  
 squeamish you better change the  
 subject.

VAGINA  
 Are you kidding? I never get to  
 hear any juicy sex stories.

JUSTICE P  
 It is kind of juicy.

INT. BODGIE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

The room is large and messy. The floors are hardwood and  
 there is white masking tape in the center of the floor made  
 out to look like a chalk outline of a body. The bed is a  
 bunk bed except that instead of a bed underneath there is a  
 desk. On the bed there is an acoustic guitar.

JUSTICE P (V.O.)  
 It was after his band practice last  
 night. He said that he would teach  
 me some chords on his guitar.

Justice P sees the guitar on the bed and starts climbing up  
 the ladder to get to the bed. Bodgie is below her and  
 although it would be very easy to look up her skirt, Bodgie  
 deliberately looks away.

Justice P grabs the guitar and starts strumming as Bodgie  
 climbs onto the bed. He doesn't use the ladder but climbs  
 up by stepping on the desk and lifting himself with his hands.

JUSTICE P (CONT'D)  
 Why didn't you look up my skirt?

(CONTINUED)

BODGIE  
Seven years bad luck.

JUSTICE P  
What?

BODGIE  
If you look at any unauthorized flash,  
it is seven years bad luck. Fourteen  
if she's ugly.

JUSTICE P  
Who says it was unauthorized? From  
now on you are pre-approved to take  
a quick glance at any flash of my  
brilliance.

BODGIE  
Forever?

JUSTICE P  
No.  
(beat)  
Teach me a song.

Bodgie scoots up next to Justice P, and with his hand, he guides Justice P's fingers onto certain strings. As he does so, he sniffs the back of her neck. Justice P starts strumming randomly.

BODGIE  
(singing)  
I want to run my fingers through  
your hair. I want to prove how much  
I care.

Bodgie places Justice P's fingers on different strings. Justice P keeps strumming. Bodgie kisses her on the back of the neck.

BODGIE (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
Let me explore the secrets of your  
lair. I want to be your teddy bear.

JUSTICE P  
(singing)  
Then accept this scary double dare.  
And reach inside my underwear.

Bodgie firmly grasps Justice P's hands to stop her playing. He softly touches her face, and guides it so that she is looking directly at him. Justice P gazes into his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

BODGIE

That was very clever Justice, it was almost on beat and quite funny in a basic kind of way.

Justice P holds the guitar up and examines it.

JUSTICE P

This is really cute.

Justice P tosses the guitar onto Bodgie's floor.

BODGIE

What the-

Justice P grabs Bodgie and kisses him. He is reluctant at first, but Justice P perseveres. Bodgie relaxes and begins participating in the kissing and touching. He reaches up Justice P's shirt with his hand. His hand is quite clearly fondling Justice P under the shirt.

BODGIE (CONT'D)

(sounding a little bored)

Your nipples are so soft.

Justice P breaks off the kiss.

JUSTICE P

My nipples?

Bodgie is clearly shocked by something and he pulls his hand from under her shirt.

BODGIE

Oh yuck, your nipple exploded.

Bodgie looks disgusted at this apparent development. His fingers are gooey.

JUSTICE P

My nipple? Oh my God, that wasn't my nipple.

Justice P pushes Bodgie with both her hands, and he tumbles backwards and CRASHES onto the floor. He lands roughly in the taped body outline.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD -- DAY

The Justices and Vagina are on the grass in the same place as when Justice P began telling her story. Justice O and Vagina are staring intently at Justice P.

VAGINA

So what happened? What exploded?

(CONTINUED)

JUSTICE O

(shouting)

It was a zit. A big juicy pimple.  
Bodgie was fondling her pus filled  
pimple. What a Melvin. He thought  
he was feeling her up. And it popped.

Justice O cracks up laughing.

Vagina looks to Justice P for verification, and when she  
nods her head, he also cracks up laughing.

VAGINA

(between laughter)

He thought it was a nipple. What a  
classy guy. He's got my vote for  
*Man Guy*.

All three continue to laugh.

JUSTICE P

It was really quite an awkward moment.  
Luckily Bazza came bursting into the  
room and distracted Bodgie long enough  
for me to quietly slip out.

VAGINA

Bazza? My brother Bazza? What was  
he doing there? He doesn't even  
know Bodgie.

JUSTICE P

I don't know, but he sure seemed  
mad.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD -- DAY

Bodgie and his band mates are sitting on a wall in the school  
yard. They are eating lunch. Bodgie is eating a frozen  
chocolate milk. He has sticky brown milk all over his face  
and hands.

BASS PLAYER

(to Bodgie)

Did you root her mate?

BODGIE

That's really none of your business.  
Let's just say that I successfully  
navigated her mappatazzy.

DRUMMER

I thought you said it was none of  
our business.

(CONTINUED)

BODGIE

Whether I rooted her or not is none of your business. A gentleman does not kiss and tell. Although it *is* necessary for you to understand that I am still the king of all Pussy.

KEYBOARDIST

I saw Justice this morning, and when I asked her if she had fun last night, she just laughed at me.

BODGIE

That's because I told her about that picture of you in the magazine. The one where you are standing naked with a paper bag over your head and the caption says *Mighty Micro*.

Keyboardist stands up and pushes Bodgie off the back of the wall. Just as Bodgie screams, the bell RINGS to end lunch.

INT. CLASSROOM -- AFTERNOON

The class is divided into several small groups. Miss Noma is writing on the board as she talks. The title *Behind the Green Door* is written on the board.

The Justices and Vagina are in a group with SHAZZA, a very tall girl. She is the type of girl who knows everybody but isn't close to anybody. People feel comfortable talking around her. Bodgie is in another group with some of his cronies (not his band mates). He still has chocolate milk on his face.

MISS NOMA

I want each group to discuss the theme of the book. Ask yourselves what the real message is. Don't be fooled by the overly simplistic plot line.

BODGIE

I think it might be useful to approach the obvious thematic dichotomy from a feminist perspective, or would you prefer us to limit our interpretation to what you have in your teacher's guide?

MISS NOMA

Actually, if you want to escape the confines of the mainstream, perhaps you should consider approaching the text from the perspective of a homosexual boy with chocolate all over his face.

(CONTINUED)

Bodgie feels his sticky face and quickly becomes interested in the book in his hands.

Vagina and the Justices' group giggle. Shazza holds up her copy of the book.

SHAZZA

(to group mates)

I haven't read any of this yet.

JUSTICE BOTH

Me either.

VAGINA

Don't worry I've seen the video. It's about some sailors who are on shore leave and they get mixed up in some outrageous sexual escapades.

JUSTICE O

Speaking of sexual escapades, Vagina, if you expect to be the *Man Guy* then you are going to have to start some serious vaginal exploration.

VAGINA

But I'm only 14. I don't know if I'm ready to make such an emotional connection with another soul.

JUSTICE P

Shit, if it involved connections, I would already be attached by an emotional matrix to every guy in the school.

JUSTICE O

And to half the guys at Christ Church, the head master, Davo the little appealathon kid down the road, and don't forget mum's moldy carrot collection.

VAGINA

Anyway, nobody wants to root me. Unless I put my tight mini and fishnets on. And that's hardly going to appear manly.

SHAZZA

What about JUICY LUCY? She's always willing to whip out her mappatazzy.

JUSTICE BOTH

Juicy Lucy, do we know her?

(CONTINUED)

VAGINA

I used to play kiss chasey with her in grade one.

SHAZZA

Well there is still a lot of kiss going on, but much less chasey, if you know what I mean.

JUSTICE O

Are you saying that she might be interested in Vagina?

SHAZZA

No, not at all. She might sleep with him though.

VAGINA

I quite like the sound of that. But why would she want to sleep with *me*?

MISS NOMA

Okay eyes to the front please.

The class becomes silent, except for Vagina's group, which keeps talking. They are oblivious to the rest of the class.

SHAZZA

She likes comic books. Especially *MAD Magazine*. I'm not going to promise anything, but she has been known to bend over backwards for boys who give her copies of *MAD*.

VAGINA

Oh my God, I have a subscription to *MAD*. Just imagine.

A chalk board eraser comes flying from Miss Noma's hands and whacks Shazza in the face.

SHAZZA

Shit, what the-

All the kids laugh at Shazza's misfortune.

MISS NOMA

Shazza, what did your group discuss about the theme of our book?

SHAZZA

It was really more complex than what we initially thought. It's kind of hard to explain.

MISS NOMA

Well, kind of try.

(CONTINUED)

SHAZZA

Okay. The sailors thought that they were satisfied in life because of the many pleasures of the flesh they experienced, but that was only a superficial happiness. Their true happiness came from the friendships they developed between each other.

The rest of Shazza's group nods enthusiastically.

MISS NOMA

That's brilliant Shazza. Except that there are no sailors in this book, and there was no flesh pleasuring, or friendships for that matter.

Miss Noma throws a piece of chalk at Shazza, and it smacks her on the cheek.

MISS NOMA (CONT'D)

You didn't even read the book, did you Shazza?

Miss Noma holds her book as if she is about to launch it at Shazza's head if she answers incorrectly.

Justice P shoves Vagina.

VAGINA

It's not her fault Miss Noma. Shazza was out of class when you assigned this reading to us, and you asked me to tell her about it.

MISS NOMA

I don't remember that.

VAGINA

Yeah that's because Bodgie was asking stupid questions that day. Anyway I thought it would be funny to tell Shazza to read this month's issue of *MAD Magazine*, instead of *Behind the Green Door*.

MISS NOMA

That is kind of funny. And I did hear you guys just now talking about *MAD*. Okay this time, but you better do your reading for tomorrow or I will be throwing more than just chalk.

Shazza smiles warmly at Vagina.

INT. VAGINA'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Vagina's room is styled like a little girl's room. The walls are pink, the bedspread is pink, and there are cute little dolls and clowns and a musical jewelry box with a spinning ballerina in the center.

Vagina is rifling through his drawers looking for something to wear. He has Levi's on and desert boots. He pulls out a KISS t-shirt and slips it on. Vagina then pulls the scrunchie from his hair and lets the pony tail out. He rushes excitedly out of his room, grabbing a pile of *MAD Magazines* on the way.

EXT. THE GROVER'S FRONT LAWN -- DAY

Vagina hurriedly picks up his pink Malvern Star bicycle and wheels it down the verandah steps onto the lawn. The bike has pink and white ribbons trailing out of holes in the end of the handles. It has a pink and white banana seat with a tall metal back support rising from the back of the seat. There is also a carrier rack extending out the back of the bike. Vagina places the lucky banded *MAD's* on the carrier and then does a running start, swinging his leg over the seat when he has picked up some speed.

Mrs Grover appears in her robe at the front door. She has a can of beer in her hand and a cigarette in her mouth. Vagina rides O.S.

MRS GROVER

(shouting)

What are you wearing young lady?  
Come back here this instant. How  
dare you go outside looking like  
that.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Vagina rides quickly through the streets. He does not stick to the road but cuts onto people's lawns, jumps up and down curbs, rides with no hands, pulls wheelies, and generally rides like a kid. The *MAD's* slowly slip off the carrier one by one. Vagina turns into a driveway, rides up onto the lawn, and pulls a huge skid, sliding his back wheel out to the side. The final *MAD* falls to the ground in front of him. Vagina looks back to his carrier and sees that the other *MAD's* are gone.

VAGINA

(out loud to himself)

Oh Muffins.

Vagina quickly looks around to make sure no one was in earshot to hear his lame curse.

(CONTINUED)

VAGINA (CONT'D)  
 (louder than before)  
 I mean Bloody Hell.

Vagina tosses his bike on the lawn, grabs the MAD, and heads to the front door of the house.

INT. JUICY LUCY'S HOUSE -- DAY

The doorbell rings and a middle-aged blind woman, MRS LUCY, rises from the couch. She grabs a leash that is resting next to her. The leash is connected to a sleeping dog, curled up on the couch. As Mrs Lucy walks to the front door, the leash becomes tight and then the dog is pulled to the floor. We see that the dog has no legs as he is dragged across the carpet. Mrs Lucy opens the front door.

Vagina is standing at the door. When he sees that it isn't Juicy Lucy he stashes his MAD under his shirt. He then looks in confusion at the dog.

VAGINA  
 Hi Mrs Lucy, is Juicy Lucy home?

MRS LUCY  
 What's your name little girl? I'll tell Juicy you're here.

VAGINA  
 Little girl? What are you talking about? I have desert boots on, and a KISS t-shirt.

MRS LUCY  
 I'm sorry, don't be embarrassed. You have a very soft voice for a young man, that's all.

VAGINA  
 (trying to deepen voice)  
 Or maybe your going deaf.

MRS LUCY  
 She's upstairs, go right ahead.

VAGINA  
 Your dog doesn't have any legs.

MRS LUCY  
 And you don't have any manners young la- young man. Don't you know its impolite to burst into somebody's house spurting lies?

(CONTINUED)

VAGINA

I have more important things to spurt than lies, so if you and your legless Labrador will excuse me.

Vagina pulls the MAD out from behind his back and holds it up to Mrs Lucy's face as he walks by her.

INT. JUICY LUCY'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Juicy Lucy is lying on top of her bed reading a comic book. She is wearing a tight red dress and is listening to *Hunters and Collectors* on her tape deck. The floor is covered in blue shag carpeting. The walls have an almost invisible underlay of green patterned wallpaper, but they are covered in crayon graffiti. Half used crayons litter the floor all around the walls. The walls are chaos. There are naughts and crosses games, quotes from songs, pictures of dogs, flowers, and vampires, swear words, names, and crossed out names.

Vagina opens the door and walks in without knocking. Juicy Lucy looks up without surprise.

JUICY LUCY

Hello Vagina. Come in and add something to my collage.

Vagina looks around in amazement. Suddenly his head stops scanning and he stares at something on the wall, looking quite frightened. We see that what he is looking at is a sentence written in three inch high red crayon and little droplets of blood are drawn underneath each letter. It reads *I killed Andrew Pea*.

VAGINA

Why does it say I killed Andrew Pea?

JUICY LUCY

My dad wrote that.

VAGINA

Did he?

JUICY LUCY

I just told you he did.

VAGINA

No, I mean did he kill Andrew Pea?

JUICY LUCY

I think so.

VAGINA

Oh my God.

(CONTINUED)

JUICY LUCY

What?

VAGINA

Oh nothing. I'm about to have sex with the daughter of the guy who killed Andrew Pea, that's all.

JUICY LUCY

Oh really?

VAGINA

I thought maybe I was going to leave here a man today, but bloody hell, now I'm going to be the mother-fucking Marlboro man.

JUICY LUCY

What makes you think the daughter of the man who killed Andrew Pea would stoop to getting nasty with the likes of you.

Vagina looks to the ground then in a burst of inspiration he whips his *MAD* into the air.

VAGINA

I'm no furshlinger. I have a gift for you.

JUICY LUCY

Ooh, *MAD*. Who's that on the front cover?

Juicy Lucy snatches the *MAD* from Vagina.

VAGINA

It's Magnum PU. Does he turn you on?

Juicy Lucy rubs the *MAD* sensually up and down her body.

JUICY LUCY

I hope you have a franger because I've never read this one before.

VAGINA

A franger?

JUICY LUCY

That's just great. Well, Daddy was here this morning, I guess we could wash out his.

Juicy Lucy starts digging in her rubbish bin.

(CONTINUED)

JUICY LUCY (CONT'D)

Fuck, he must have taken it with him. You're going to have to withdraw.

VAGINA

Okay.

Juicy lays face down on her bed and starts reading the *MAD*.

Vagina takes off his clothes and as he does so he notices that Juicy Lucy is moaning and writhing as she reads. Vagina climbs onto the bed. He still has his Minnie Mouse socks and his My Little Pony underpants on.

VAGINA (CONT'D)

Are you going to keep reading that.

JUICY LUCY

(sexually excited)

Yes. Yesss. Oh Yesssss.

Vagina unzips Juicy Lucy's dress from behind and starts kissing her back. He manipulates her body so that he can remove the dress. Juicy Lucy has no underwear on. She does not at any stage lose eye contact with her reading material. Vagina persists with the body kisses and becomes very excited. The two end up in a sixty nine position with Vagina on the bottom. Vagina looks a little confused and of course, Juicy Lucy is not participating at her end. She has the *MAD* placed over Vagina's genitals. She is reading very fast, moaning loudly, and flipping the pages. Vagina extends his tongue, but before he reaches anything, a pubic hair tickles his nose. He tries to hold it in but he starts twitching uncontrollably. Juicy Lucy reaches the *MAD* fold-in page on the inside back cover. She folds the page and starts to giggle. Her giggle turns into a sexual moan and just then Vagina sneezes loudly, right into Juicy Lucy's secrets. Juicy Lucy arches her back and screams out in orgasm. She throws the *MAD* aside and continues to orgasm. Vagina has phlegm all over his face.

Juicy Lucy looks at the green sauce that is dripping down her legs.

JUICY LUCY (CONT'D)

(breathing hard)

Bless You.

Juicy Lucy roles over next to Vagina. Vagina wipes snot from his face.

VAGINA

Is that it?

(CONTINUED)

JUICY LUCY

What do you mean is that it? Nobody ever sneezed in my secrets before. That was incredible. No comic book could possibly take me to that level of ecstasy.

VAGINA

But I'm not finished.

Vagina sits up and looks over at Juicy Lucy. She closes her eyes.

VAGINA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

JUICY LUCY

(sleepily)  
Going to sleep.

VAGINA

(sarcastically)  
Oh yeah, that makes me feel like a man.

Vagina gets up and walks around the room reading the graffiti on the walls. Juicy Lucy starts snoring. Vagina stops in front of the Andrew Pea message.

VAGINA (CONT'D)

(reading the message)  
I killed Andrew Pea. I killed Andrew Pea. Now *that* makes me feel like a man. I killed Andrew Pea.

Vagina looks over at the sleeping Juicy Lucy.

VAGINA (CONT'D)

I killed Andrew Pea. I killed the daughter of the guy who killed Andrew Pea. I am the *man* who killed the daughter of the guy who killed Andrew Pea. Murder is a man's crime. I'll just get some sleeping pills and-  
(beat)  
-no wait a minute, it's got to be violent. It's violent murder that's a man's crime.

Vagina glances around the room looking for a murder weapon. His eyes fix on the tape deck. The song coming from the deck is *Hunters and Collectors*, singing *...you don't make me feel like I'm a woman anymore...*

Vagina grabs the tape deck and stands next to the bed. He lifts the tape deck high, and brings it crashing down on Lucy's head.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD -- EVENING

It is the weekend so the school yard is deserted except for the Justices and Vagina. All three are on their bikes. The Justices are slowly circling around Vagina, who is stationary. Vagina is crying.

VAGINA

(between sobs)

What have I done?

JUSTICE P

Why are you so down? This is perfect.  
Women love murderers.

JUSTICE O

Are you sure she's dead? Maybe she  
just passed out from all the  
excitement.

JUSTICE P

You fucked her, right? I mean before  
you spazzed out, you at least fucked  
her, right?

VAGINA

I shot steaming bodily fluids into  
her cavern of beauty if that's what  
you mean.

JUSTICE O

How do you know she's dead?

VAGINA

Because she was cold. She was dead  
cold.

JUSTICE P

At least there were no witnesses.  
With rumor and innuendo I think we  
can turn this into a really good  
thing.

VAGINA

Her Mum was there. But she's blind,  
she didn't see anything.

JUSTICE P

Fuck. Don't worry though. I'm going  
to take care of her.

VAGINA

But they'll send me to jail. This  
isn't a good thing at all. They'll  
poke me up the bum. I don't think I  
can do this.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTICE P

I think you already have. Now your Mum's a crime scene cleaner, right?

VAGINA

Yeah, but she isn't going to help me. This isn't ladylike behavior at all.

JUSTICE O

She might help us though. She's cleaned up scenes for bad guys before, right? I mean without police involvement.

VAGINA

Sure but she charges double what she charges the cops. We couldn't afford it.

JUSTICE P

Come on, we're neighbors. If we tell your Mum that it was us that committed the murder, I'm sure we can negotiate some kind of discount.

VAGINA

Okay fine, but what are we going to do about our blind witness?

EXT. JUICY LUCY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Justice P is mumbling to herself as she rings the Lucy's doorbell. The door opens and Mrs Lucy is standing with her dog by her side. The dog immediately starts barking.

MRS LUCY

(to dog)  
Quiet Stumpy.

The dog WHIMPERS.

MRS LUCY (CONT'D)

(to Justice P)  
Who is it?

JUSTICE P

Hello, Mrs Lucy. My name is Constable Katy Care, I'm with the Nedlands homicide squad.

Justice P flashes her wallet, making sure it makes a noise as she flips it open and closed.

JUSTICE P (CONT'D)

See.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JUSTICE P (CONT'D)

Actually I *am* the Nedlands homicide squad. We're a pretty small station. Anyway, as I was saying, it's about your daughter.

MRS LUCY

She didn't do it. She's been here all day.

JUSTICE P

It's not what she did, it's what somebody did to her. I'm afraid your daughter has been brutally murdered.

MRS LUCY

That's impossible young man. Juicy is upstairs in her room.

JUSTICE P

Young man? What are you talking about? I'm wearing pompom socks and a pink mini-skirt.

MRS LUCY

I'm sorry, don't be embarrassed. You have a very deep voice for a young lady, that's all.

JUSTICE P

(in a higher pitch)

Or maybe you're going deaf. Anyway Juicy Lucy must have gone walkabout, because we found her badly mutilated body in the dunes out at North Cot.

MRS LUCY

She hates the beach.

JUSTICE P

Present tense is no longer an option Mrs Lucy. You'll have to come with me, I need you to fill out some paper work.

MRS LUCY

Can I bring my dog?

Justice P looks down at the dog and notices that he doesn't have any legs.

JUSTICE P

That's a very good question. I'm going to guess the answer is yes but with some great difficulty.

(CONTINUED)

Justice P walks down the steps and out into the yard. Mrs Lucy follows closely, dragging the dog down the stairs behind her. The dog WHIMPERS each time he bounces on a step.

Justice P waves his hand in the air. He is signaling to Justice O, Vagina, and Mrs Grover, all of whom are leaning against the Crab car.

Justice P leads Mrs Lucy across the street to somebody else's parked car. She stoops to the ground and pulls a clip board from underneath the car. The others quietly scurry past Justice P and Mrs Lucy. They are carrying cleaning equipment.

JUSTICE P (CONT'D)

Okay Mrs Lucy, I am going to read this paperwork to you and then have you sign it.

MRS LUCY

No, I'll have to have my lawyer take a look at that before I sign anything.

JUSTICE P

Lawyer? But- shit. You're blind, why on earth would you need a lawyer?

MRS LUCY

Do you know how much money I make from settling statutory rape cases against all those boys who sleep with Juicy? You just can't negotiate those things without a lawyer.

JUSTICE P

Shit.

(beat)

Look, the truth is, Juicy Lucy was involved in a major drug ring and she has agreed to testify for us. In return we are setting her up with a new life in Tasmania, under our witness relocation program.

MRS LUCY

Bullshit. Not without my lawyer.

JUSTICE P

Fuck your lawyer.

Justice P swings her clipboard violently at Mrs Lucy. She connects several times, and Mrs Lucy falls to the ground. The dog is BARKING. Justice P kicks the dog and he skids across the street YELPING as he goes. Justice P kicks Mrs Lucy and continues to do so until she is completely out of breath. Mrs Lucy lays on the street, unconscious, bleeding to death.

INT. JUICY LUCY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Mrs Grover, Vagina, and Justice O, are cleaning up the crime scene in Juicy Lucy's room. The body is in a clear body bag. The bed has been stripped and Mrs Grover is scrubbing a soapy solution onto a blood stain on the mattress.

MRS GROVER

So you bashed her head in with a tape deck because she beat you at *Risk*?

JUSTICE O

It's not that she beat us; it's that smug look in her eyes when she did it.

MRS GROVER

Firstly, in my professional opinion, that's complete crap. Secondly, this is an obvious rape scene. I don't know who you are covering up for, but it's got to be a man.

VAGINA

Exactly.

MRS GROVER

Thirdly, why on earth was there snot between her legs?

JUSTICE O

Snot?

VAGINA

I don't think it was snot. I think it was that new crazy lubricant the kids are using. It's supposed to be all gross looking and stuff. I don't really get it myself, but if they say it's cool on TV then you know how that goes.

MRS GROVER

No, that was definitely snot. Justice, if you and your sister hadn't promised to give Vagina a makeover then I would be charging double for this kinky shit.

VAGINA

A makeover? What are you talking about?

(CONTINUED)

MRS GROVER

In exchange for cleaning up this mess, your little friends agreed to teach you how to be a real woman. They're going to do your hair, take you shopping, do your makeup, and even give you a manicure.

Vagina looks angrily at Justice O.

VAGINA

(mouthing to Justice O)

What?

Justice O shrugs her shoulders, and continues to clean.

MRS GROVER

I'm getting hungry. Vagina go and see what there is to eat in the fridge. And bring a couple of bottles of beer for your sweet mother.

Vagina slowly walks toward the bedroom door, but before she reaches it she stops at the window and looks down at the street. She sees Justice P, with a bloody clipboard in hand, lording over her kill.

Still facing the window, Vagina places her head in her hands.

VAGINA

Justice, what was Justice's plan for taking care of Mrs Lucy?

JUSTICE O

Pretend to be the police. Tell Mrs Lucy that the body is being withheld for evidence. Then get her to sign a full confession, just in case all else fails.

VAGINA

All else just failed, and I don't think that confession is going to get us very far.

EXT. STREET -- NIGHT

Vagina and Mrs Grover carry Mrs Lucy's body across the street and dump it in the boot of the Crab. Justice O is consoling Justice P, who is sitting on the curb. Justice P attempts to wipe sweat from her face, but instead she accidentally smears blood across it.

JUSTICE O

It wasn't really your fault.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JUSTICE O (CONT'D)

I mean how could you know that a nice old lady like that would have a lawyer.

JUSTICE P

I know, but she thought I was a boy. Do you think I'm butch?

JUSTICE O

All that blood isn't particularly feminine, but I wouldn't say you were butch.

Mrs Grover grabs a bucket labeled sulfuric acid from the Crab. As she peels off the lid of the bucket, a cloud of smoke rises from the liquid contents.

MRS GROVER

This shit will get rid of those blood stains on the road.

Mrs Grover dumps the sulfuric acid over the blood stained street.

VAGINA

Come on Justice, we've got to get out of here before you wind up killing someone else.

The Justices, Vagina, and Mrs Grover climb into the Crab and drive away.

INT. SCHOOL YARD -- MORNING

There is a hustle and bustle of kids walking, running, and playing in the school yard. Suddenly the crowd parts in the middle and Vagina walks through the newly formed space. The Justices are close behind. Everybody Vagina passes falls silent, and then once he is past they start whispering.

VAGINA

(to the Justices)

What's going on? It's almost like I'm a fucking footy star.

JUSTICE P

Even better. Word is out that you are a cold-blooded murderer. Apparently you beat two people to death this weekend.

VAGINA

Assuming that was true, why would it be a good thing?

(CONTINUED)

JUSTICE P

Because it means you're a man.

JUSTICE O

(looking directly at  
Justice P)

Yeah, no woman would ever be involved  
in such a brutal spree of violence.

Vagina and the Justices reach the steps leading up to the verandah bordering the classroom area. Bodgie is standing at the top of the small staircase. He is looking down on Vagina.

BODGIE

Do you think a couple of little  
killings are going to win you the  
*Man Guy*?

VAGINA

It's more than a couple of vicious  
murders that make me a man Bodgie.  
I've done so many manly things this  
week that my testes have dropped two  
inches. What exactly have you done  
lately. From what I hear, you've  
turned into quite the pansy. Turning  
a little soft are we?

BODGIE

Soft? The only soft thing about me  
right now is my penis. And that's  
only because I have been sucked off  
twelve times in the past six hours.  
You've never even had sex, how can  
you claim to be a man?

VAGINA

Never had sex? I'll have you know  
that I filled Juicy Lucy's love tank  
with more juice than you're tiny  
testicles have produced in the entire  
history of your life.

BODGIE

Juicy Lucy? Is that your claim to  
manhood? Shit, even my grandma has  
fucked Juicy Lucy. You can't even  
play guitar, what kind of a man is  
that?

VAGINA

Bullshit. I play guitar faster than  
you can masturbate. In fact I'm in  
a rock band.

(CONTINUED)

BODGIE

I don't masturbate, dick head. I fuck too much for that.

VAGINA

Anyway, I play lead guitar, and my band doesn't have any poofy keyboards either. It's a man's band.

BODGIE

A man's band. Oh you mean like the Village People?

VAGINA

Exactly.

JUSTICE P

No, not like the Village People. Like the Clash. Hard and fast. And loud. Very fucking loud.

The bell rings to indicate the start of class. Bodgie turns away from Vagina and starts walking to class.

BODGIE

(singing)

In the navy--

INT. A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT SHOP -- AFTERNOON

Vagina, Justice P, and Justice O are in the guitar section ogling the electric guitars. Vagina has a bright pink guitar strapped around his shoulder.

JUSTICE O

Why did you have to tell him you were in a band? Where the hell are you going to get a band from?

VAGINA

I have one right here. You can play base, and Justice can play drums. It will be perfect.

JUSTICE P

Except for the fact that none of us knows how to play music.

VAGINA

Music shmusic, we're a rock band. It's all about attitude.

Vagina plugs the pink guitar into an amp and strums wildly.

(CONTINUED)

VAGINA (CONT'D)

(singing fast and  
loud)

I'm in a rock band but I can't even  
sing, I don't know any chords and I  
bust all my strings.

A string from the pink guitar snaps.

VAGINA (CONT'D)

(still singing)

But it really doesn't matter, how I  
play guitar, because I've got  
attitude, I'm a fucking rock star.

A salesperson pulls the plug on Vagina's guitar.

SALESPERSON

Can I help you girls with something?

VAGINA

Do you really think a girl would be  
interested in a boss electric guitar  
like this?

SALESPERSON

Well, it is pink.

INT. VAGINA'S GARAGE -- NIGHT

The band is in action, practicing their rock star act. Vagina is wielding a very masculine, heavy metal looking black guitar. The guitar has two necks and two sets of strings. Vagina is wearing fishnet stockings and a black mini skirt. He doesn't have a shirt on but is sporting a skimpy black bra. The Justices are wearing Dr. Martin boots, blue jeans and heavy t-shirts.

VAGINA

(shouting)

Stop, stop.

The music stops.

VAGINA (CONT'D)

I told you we would rock.

JUSTICE O

If you think that was good then you  
must be smoking some pretty crazy  
LSD.

JUSTICE P

You don't smoke LSD.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTICE O

(confused)

I know I don't bloody smoke it, I was saying that Vagina must be smoking it.

JUSTICE P

No, you don't smoke LSD, you eat it.

JUSTICE O

You eat it.

VAGINA

Bloody hell, you guys are really irritating sometimes.

JUSTICE P

Justice does bring up a good point though. It is a pretty manly thing to be hooked on narcotics. Do you think your Mum would let you inject a little heroin?

VAGINA

Fuck my Mum, she can't tell me what to do. Anyway, I'm way ahead of you.

Vagina unplugs his guitar and swings it around onto his back. He bends over and starts digging in a blue Puma sports bag.

VAGINA (CONT'D)

Looky here.

Vagina produces a large wheel of Brie cheese from his bag.

JUSTICE P

What is that? It doesn't look much like drugs to me.

JUSTICE O

It's cheese. It's a wheel of bloody cheese.

VAGINA

This isn't just any old cheese, this is Brie. My Dad smuggled this in from Paris before he died.

JUSTICE P

That's what your Dad died of? Cheese overload?

JUSTICE O

I thought you hated at your Dad. Didn't you say he was weak. That you weren't like him?

(CONTINUED)

VAGINA

It's in my blood. The cheese. It's powerful.

Vagina bites into the wheel of cheese.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD -- MORNING

Vagina walks into the school yard with his guitar on his back. The necks of the guitar stick up behind Vagina's head and the body rests against his back. Once again he is not wearing a shirt. The guitar strap lays between the cups of his bra. He is wearing his red tartan school uniform skirt.

Vagina walks up behind Bodgie and taps him on the back. Bodgie is talking with his band mates, but stops and turns around to see who is bothering him.

VAGINA

I told you I was in a rock band.

BODGIE

Not everyone who rents a guitar can play it, you desperate little wannabe.

VAGINA

Well I can play it like a bloody rock star.

KEYBOARDIST

Why don't you bring your little band down to the show grounds? There is a battle of the bands for schoolies. Saturday. One o'clock.

EXT. THE GROVER'S FRONT LAWN -- AFTERNOON

Vagina and the Justices are walking home from school, and they stop as they reach Vagina's front lawn.

VAGINA

Why don't you guys come over for a while. We can play Atari.

Suddenly Bodgie comes sprinting out from behind Vagina's house. He is struggling to fasten the top button of his jeans as he runs. He pays no attention to Vagina or the Justices as he flies past.

VAGINA (CONT'D)

What the-

JUSTICE P

He must have been in there setting a trap for you. We probably surprised him.

(CONTINUED)

A loud SCREAM OF PAIN can be heard from inside the house.

VAGINA

That sounds like Bazza.

Vagina and the Justices look at each other for a moment and then take off running toward the house.

INT. THE GROVER'S LIVING ROOM -- AFTERNOON

Bazza limps into the living room. He is wearing tracksuit pants and no shirt. He's clutching his bum and has a look of agony on his face. His hair is all messed up.

Vagina and the Justices burst into the room through the front door.

VAGINA

What's going on? Are you alright?

BAZZA

Yeah I'm fine. I think I might have busted my anal gland though.

JUSTICE P

How on earth could you hurt your anus?

JUSTICE O

What were you doing?

BAZZA

I was out the back bouncing on the trampoline. I tried to see how far I could jump off. I must have jumped ten meters but my feet slipped on the grass and my bum landed on a rock.

VAGINA

What was Bodgie doing here?

BAZZA

Who?

JUSTICE P

Why is your hair all messed up?

JUSTICE O

And where's your shirt?

BAZZA

What is this? A guy gets an innocent anal injury and all of a sudden he has to answer a million questions.

(CONTINUED)

VAGINA

Something fishy is going on here.  
I'm telling Mum about this.

BAZZA

That's why you're the favorite, you  
little suckhole.

VAGINA

Me? The favorite? Oh that must be  
why I have to wear frilly dresses  
and you get to wear black jeans and  
D.B.'s.

BAZZA

Please. You love it. Mum spends so  
much time doting over you, brushing  
your hair, buying you clothes, you'd  
die without all that attention.

VAGINA

I'm dying with it.

BAZZA

I do not feel sorry for you one bit.  
Everybody loves you. They say how  
pretty you are. They ask you what  
you're going to do when you grow up.  
They want to be around you. Nobody  
gives a stuff about me. Hardly  
anybody even knows who I really am.  
You have friends, people who care  
about you. I only have...well I  
only have one person who really loves  
me. And it isn't me.

VAGINA

Come on, you're a man. That's all I  
ever wanted to be. You dress like a  
man, you look like a man, you talk  
like a man, you walk like a man.

Bazza limps towards the kitchen door clutching his bum.

BAZZA

Yeah, right.

Bazza leaves the room.

JUSTICE P

Forget about him.

JUSTICE O

Yeah we still have a lot of work to  
do on your image.

(CONTINUED)

VAGINA

My image, but what about Bazza? He seemed kind of upset.

JUSTICE P

He's just jealous because he was never *Man Guy*.

VAGINA

But that's just it. He's never really been much of anything. I don't think I can recall one thing that Bazza ever achieved. He's really just a big nothing.

BAZZA (O.S.)

Thanks.

JUSTICE P

Hey, being a big nothing is better than being a big freak like you.

JUSTICE O

Anyway, I was thinking, with the football season coming up and all, maybe you should join the team Vagina.

VAGINA

That's rich.

JUSTICE O

What do you mean? You love footy.

VAGINA

I love watching footy, or having a kick with you guys, but have you seen what those boys do at training?

JUSTICE P

Of course. It's the roughest game there is. They do the kinds of things men are supposed to do.

EXT. FOOTBALL OVAL -- DAY

The school football team is training. The team is involved in a shirts and skins scratch match. Half the boys are wearing blue football jumpers and the other half are playing without jumpers, in their bare skin. Only half the football oval is visible at this point. There is a group of boys chasing the ball.

JUSTICE P (V.O.)

They run until they vomit.

A boy is standing slightly away from the play of the ball. He is doubled over and vomiting onto the grass.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTICE P (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They press each other's faces into  
the mud.

Two boys (one skin and one shirt) are involved in a tussle. \*  
The shirted boy is Bodgie. Bodgie is pushing the face of  
the other boy into a mud patch on the ground.

JUSTICE P (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They sacrifice their bodies for the  
good of the team.

Just as one boy is about to kick the ball, another leaps in  
front of him and the ball is kicked firmly into the leaping  
boy's face.

JUSTICE O (V.O.)

And they spit.

Bodgie is standing well clear of the play, and he hawks up a  
huge loogey. He swings his body to the side as he launches  
the spit. The wad of spit rises high into the air.

INT. THE GROVER'S LIVING ROOM -- AFTERNOON

Vagina and the Justices are still standing around talking  
about football.

VAGINA

I don't give a crap about the rough  
and tumble stuff. It's the scratch  
match concept that I have a problem  
with.

JUSTICE O

But it's an excellent coaching  
technique.

VAGINA

I just don't know why they always  
split into shirts and skins. I always  
end up getting skins. Why do I always  
have to be skins?

JUSTICE O

What's the difference? It's not  
like you're fat or anything. You  
have a nice body; you should be proud  
to show it off.

VAGINA

That's easy for you to say. You may  
be quite comfortable flashing your  
breasts to the world, but I'm still  
a little self-conscious about letting  
every Tom, Dick and Bodgie see my  
precious nipples.

EXT. FOOTBALL OVAL -- DAY

The scratch match is still in progress. Vagina and Bass Player are standing next to each other at the top of the goal square. The ball is not very close to this end of the oval. Vagina has on football boots, blue socks, blue shorts and no shirt. He is standing very awkwardly with his hands covering his nipples. Bodgie's big loogey comes sailing through the air and SPLATS on the side of Vagina's face. Bass Player is at first a little stunned, but soon he begins to laugh loudly.

BASS PLAYER

Now what are you going to do mate?  
If you move your hand to clean that  
booger off your face, we'll all be  
able to see your tits.

VAGINA

Shit, here comes the ball.

The ball is kicked high into the air and is fast approaching Vagina and Bass Player. Bass Player runs forward. Vagina also starts to run but is a couple of meters behind Bass Player. Vagina does not move his hands away from his nipples. The ball is coming in very high. Bass Player has run a little too far underneath the ball, giving Vagina the opportunity for a ride. Vagina leaps up onto the back of Bass Player. He manages to get his lower leg on Bass Player's shoulder and then he pushes off. Vagina achieves the perfect ride, soaring into the air. His feet are above Bass Player's head level. The ball is approaching.

EXT. SIDELINES OF FOOTBALL OVAL -- DAY

The Justices are standing on the sidelines watching the game. They are amazed that Vagina is so high, apparently about to take a screamer.

JUSTICE O

If he takes this mark, it will be  
the mark of the bloody year. Even  
Bodgie has never pulled down a  
screamer like that.

EXT. FOOTBALL OVAL -- DAY

Vagina removes his hands from his nipples just in time to grab the ball. He hangs on to the ball as he slams into the ground. A bunch of players start to cluster around Vagina who is still on the ground clutching the ball. The players start cheering and congratulating Vagina. Vagina slowly gets up to take his kick.

PLAYER 1

What a mark. That's the best mark  
I've ever seen.

(CONTINUED)

PLAYER 2

I'll never forget this day. That was a bloody miracle.

PLAYER 3

Shit, that was boss, you could be just the man we've been looking for.

Bass Player stands the mark, and Vagina lines up to kick at goal. Vagina swipes the snot from his face and flicks it towards Bass Player.

VAGINA

What do you think of that Bass? What, are you so humiliated that you can't look me in the tits anymore?

BASS PLAYER

I'm sorry mate, I didn't know you could play.

Vagina kicks the ball through the center of the goals.

EXT. STREET -- EVENING

The Justices and Vagina are riding home from football training. Vagina is riding with no hands and is dirty and sweaty.

JUSTICE O

That was bloody brilliant. The coach said nobody has ever scored nine goals in a scratch match before.

VAGINA

What would he know? He was off hitting golf balls most of the time.

JUSTICE P

Well he knows enough to name you full forward for Thursday's game against Christ Church. You better not fuck this up Vagina. Full forward is the most phallic position on the field. We could really work with this.

INT. CLASSROOM -- MORNING

Miss Noma is at the head of the class. The students are relatively quiet. Vagina, the Justices, and Bodgie are all in the class.

Cronie bursts through the door.

MISS NOMA

You're late. Drop and give me twenty.

(CONTINUED)

CRONIE

I have a banana for you.

Cronie extends his hand which is clasping a very brown mushy banana.

MISS NOMA

Thank you.

Miss Noma grabs the banana. She then follows Cronie to his seat.

MISS NOMA (CONT'D)

Sit down.

Cronie sits down at his desk.

MISS NOMA (CONT'D)

Lean forward and undo your top two buttons.

Cronie leans forward and undoes his shirt. Miss Noma shoves the banana down the back of Cronie's shirt. She then grabs Cronie by the shoulders and firmly plants his back against the chair. A loud SQUISH can be heard. Cronie starts crying.

MISS NOMA (CONT'D)

Now, as I was saying before I was so rudely interrupted. It's important for each of you to show your love for your fellow human beings.

JUSTICE O

(to class)

Showing love didn't do much for Juicy Lucy, did it?

BODGIE

She said to show love to your fellow human being, not get fuck nasty with every creep in town.

Bodgie looks directly at Vagina.

MISS NOMA

Quite right, young Bodgie. The opportunity I'm about to present is something that any of you would be proud to do. And there is very little chance of pregnancy or gonorrhoea.

Miss Noma turns to face the chalk board and starts writing something in large letters. The word clearly starts with an F but the rest is obscured. Miss Noma turns back to face the class.

(CONTINUED)

MISS NOMA (CONT'D)

And by the way Bodgie, if you ever say *fuck* in my classroom again, I will come down on you like a brick shithouse. Understand?

BODGIE

Yes Miss Noma.

Miss Noma steps to the side and points to the word on the board. The word, written in large capital letters, is *FUCK*. There is a general GASP from the class.

MISS NOMA

What does this say?

BODGIE

Nothing I would feel comfortable saying in your classroom Miss Noma.

MISS NOMA

Answer my question or you will find yourself back under the clock little boy. What does this say?

BODGIE

(loudly)  
Bitch.

MISS NOMA

I know you are, but what am I?

BODGIE

A bitch.

MISS NOMA

I know you are, but what am I?

BODGIE

(frustrated)  
Fuck.

MISS NOMA

That's it. You just earned yourself two periods under the clock.

EXT. THE SCHOOL VERANDAH -- DAY

Bodgie is standing alone under the clock. Silence pervades the air. The clock ticks over to 11:00 a.m. and the bell RINGS. The bell is attached to the wall, right next to the clock. The sound is tremendous.

Bodgie clutches his ears and bends over, trying to escape the sound of the bell. Students start exiting classrooms all the way down the verandah. The bell stops.

(CONTINUED)

Vagina and the Justices exit a classroom and walk toward Bodgie.

JUSTICE P  
Let's go and harass Bodgie.

JUSTICE O  
Forget Bodgie. With him occupied, this is our chance to sign Vagina up for the tutoring.

VAGINA  
I don't need any bloody tutoring, I just need to apply myself.

JUSTICE P  
Where the hell have you been for the last hour?

JUSTICE O  
Miss Noma just got through telling us about those stupid kids from the deaf school.

VAGINA  
Oh yeah, but why would I want to tutor a deaf kid?

JUSTICE O  
Listen meat-head, our attempts to masculinize you so far have been pretty effective, but Bodgie is still ahead in the polls.

VAGINA  
But how is tutoring going to help?

JUSTICE P  
You have to fuck a lot, you have to be on the footy team, you have to play in a band, and you have to get good grades. But in the event of a tie, it will come down to whoever is the most active in community service. Hence the tutoring.

VAGINA  
What about killing people? Doesn't that count for anything?

JUSTICE P  
Of course it bloody does, but we've already planned to use that to balance out your lack of academic brilliance.

VAGINA  
I got a B in pottery.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTICE P

Only because your ash tray looks  
just like Boy George.

VAGINA

I planned that.

JUSTICE P

And I planned to walk in on Dad  
wanking to the *Brady Bunch* last night.

VAGINA

Alright, I guess I'll do it. But  
what subject could I tutor?

INT. CLASS ROOM -- AFTERNOON

There are nine volunteers lined up ready to begin their  
compassionate tour of tutoring. MS ERIE, the teacher, is at  
the head of the class. Only one deaf student is in the room.  
The tutors are beginning to get a little restless, realizing  
there may not be enough students to go around.

MS ERIE

(signing simultaneously)

Good afternoon, I'm Ms Erie, the  
coordinator of this wonderful program.  
We'll get started in just a minute.  
The students you will be tutoring  
today are all in grade three, and  
hopefully we will have a few more  
students join us before we begin.

VAGINA

What if there are not enough deafies  
to go around?

MS ERIE

I believe the term you meant to use  
was hearing impaired students.

VAGINA

And I believe the answer you meant  
to give was that the rest of us could  
go home but still receive full credit  
and a letter of recommendation.

MS ERIE

Listen young lady, this experience  
is not solely for the benefit of our  
students. You may find that you  
actually learn something yourself.

Another hearing impaired student enters the class room.

(CONTINUED)

MS ERIE (CONT'D)

At any rate, if there are not enough students, then the tutors can double up, or triple up if necessary.

VOLUNTEER 1

What will we be teaching the little tikes today?

MS ERIE

The children all have their homework books, so you can just help them with whatever homework they have. Do any of our tutors already know how to sign?

All the tutors except Vagina raise their hands.

MS ERIE (CONT'D)

Fantastic.

Another student enters the room and sits down at a spare desk.

MS ERIE (CONT'D)

Looks like we've got a pretty big turnout this afternoon, so let's get started. Tutors please sit down next to a student and tutor away.

Vagina is momentarily confused but winds up sitting down next to two female volunteers and FRECKLES, a little girl with red hair and freckles. The chairs and desks are very small and the tutors look ridiculously oversized.

Subtitles appear for all sign language that is not accompanied by speech.

FRECKLES

(signing)

Good, I'm glad I got all girl tutors. Boys are mean.

VAGINA

What did she just say?

TUTOR 2

She called you a poofter.

TUTOR 3

(signing and speaking)

What is your name little girl?

FRECKLES

(signing)

Freckles.

(CONTINUED)

VAGINA  
 (facing Freckles  
 directly)  
 Can you read lips you ugly little  
 mole?

FRECKLES  
 (signing)  
 Yes, can you read my fingers?

Freckles extends her middle finger on both hands.

VAGINA  
 What does that mean?

TUTOR 2  
 It means you're a poofter.

Vagina leaps across the table and knocks Freckles to the floor. Vagina's bum is still firmly stuck in the small chair, as he too falls to the floor. Freckles scrambles to her feet and takes a running kick into Vagina's face. Vagina starts to bleed.

Freckles stands over Vagina and punches him repeatedly. Punch after punch hits Vagina squarely in the face. Vagina is stunned by the avalanche of punches and cannot fight back.

The other tutors and children gather around the skirmish. The tutors start chanting *fight, fight*. The children begin to sign *fight, fight*, in time with the tutors' chant.

EXT. THE GROVER'S BACKYARD -- EVENING

The Justices are bouncing on a trampoline. Vagina is lying on the grass next to the trampoline. Vagina's face is swollen and his blouse is stained with dry blood.

JUSTICE O  
 Getting stomped by an eight year old  
 deaf girl was not exactly what we  
 had in mind.

VAGINA  
 She was evil.

JUSTICE O  
 Even if poor little Freckles was  
 Satan herself, this isn't exactly  
 good press.

VAGINA  
 We just need a little spin control.

JUSTICE P  
 Fuck spin control.  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JUSTICE P (CONT'D)

There really is no way to downplay a  
rumble with an eight year old girl.

JUSTICE O

Maybe if it was close, but shit  
Vagina, you got your ass kicked.

VAGINA

Okay forget it. I'll just pull out  
of the race and learn to live with  
my eternal feminization. I mean,  
it's not so bad really. Although  
these panties don't really have much  
room up front.

JUSTICE P

No way bitch. We've put too much  
work in on this project. You are  
going to win the *Man Guy*, even if I  
have to fuck you myself.

Vagina sits up very erectly and turns to look at Justice P.

JUSTICE O

There is no need to sink to those  
depths Justice. I think it's time  
to devise a new plan.

VAGINA

Wait a minute. This fucking me  
yourself thing. That might be just  
crazy enough to work.

JUSTICE P

A new plan? There's no time for a  
new plan.

JUSTICE O

There's always time. These kids are  
so fickle that we could turn their  
vote an hour before the polls open.

VAGINA

Or maybe you'd better resort to  
fucking me yourself.

JUSTICE P

I'm all out of ideas. He has screwed  
up everything I've come up with.

JUSTICE O

I think it's time to go natural.

(CONTINUED)

VAGINA

I'm not going naked, if that's what you mean, I've been laughed at before; it doesn't work.

JUSTICE O

I'm not talking nude, I'm talking natural. Nobody ever said that the *Man Guy* had to be a super macho kind of a guy.

JUSTICE P

But that's the way it's always been.

JUSTICE O

Well it's time to break tradition. What people really like is self-confidence. If Vagina can show how great it is to be a girly boy then he will be a hit. All the girls will love him. Shit, half the boys will love him too.

VAGINA

But it's really not that great being a girly boy. In fact, it's bloody horrible.

JUSTICE O

Just be yourself, enjoy it, and your self-confidence will shine through.

VAGINA

How can I be myself? I hate myself. That's the whole point. I don't enjoy being me at all. If I be myself then my self-loathing will shine through. And that's not going to do me any good because they already loathe me to their maximum ability.

JUSTICE P

You only hate yourself because everybody else hates you. If everybody accepted you for who you are, I bet you would love to prance around in those frilly panties.

VAGINA

The satin ones do feel kind of nice, but I've been systematically despised for my life in pink. How could I possibly enjoy any of this.

JUSTICE O

Just think about it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JUSTICE O (CONT'D)

You don't hate dressing like a girl.  
You hate that it isn't normal. I've  
seen you touching up your makeup at  
lunchtime. I've noticed you admiring  
my pretty-girl nightie.

VAGINA

Sure but you can't change the fabric  
of society.

JUSTICE O

Society is fickle. One day they are  
all leather and cotton, the next day  
they are silk and chiffon.

VAGINA

I suppose it would feel kind of nice  
to be myself *and* be normal. But you  
could never pull it off.

JUSTICE P

We only have two major opportunities  
left. There's the big footy match  
against Christ Church tomorrow, and  
then on the weekend it's the battle  
of the bands at the show.

JUSTICE O

Okay Vagina, this is going to be  
much easier than before. No faking.  
You are a boy who likes to dress  
like a girl. What could be more  
manly than a boy who has the guts to  
stand up and say *I am woman hear me  
roar*.

VAGINA

But I'm not a woman, I just look  
like one.

JUSTICE P

And act like one.

JUSTICE O

Perception is reality my friend.

VAGINA

But I still want to be a man.

JUSTICE O

That's just it. By being yourself,  
you will be a man. Don't let those  
dick weeds dictate what a man is.  
It's up to you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

## JUSTICE O (CONT'D)

If you tell them what a man is, and flaunt how great it is, then they will believe you. They want to be told what to think.

## JUSTICE P

Tell them that you are a girly boy, and that if they were real men, they would be girly boys too. Tell them that the *Man Guy* is going to be a girly boy, and that you are the happiest girly boy in school.

## JUSTICE O

Now if you are going to have a good game tomorrow, then you had better get some rest.

## EXT. FOOTBALL OVAL -- AFTERNOON

The John XXIII players run onto the field in single file. The Justices are standing on the field holding a huge paper banner for the players to run through. The banner reads *Real Men Wear Pink*.

When the players realize what the banner says, they run to either side of it. Vagina is the last player to run out. He is wearing pink football boots and a pink bow in his hair. He is also wearing a short athletic skirt instead of shorts.

## JUSTICE BOTH

(chanting)

Gir-ly boy, gir-ly boy, gir-ly boy.

Vagina trots towards the banner. He leaps into a pirouette and sails through the paper. The rest of the team are waiting on the other side of the banner, looking a little angry.

The players take their positions on the field. Vagina is playing full forward, and his opponent is a HUGE MUSCULAR FELLOW.

## HUGE MUSCULAR FELLOW

I can't believe they're making me play on a poof.

## VAGINA

I'm not a poofster. I'm a girly boy. And everybody loves girly boys at my school.

The ball is quickly rushed down to the forward line. Vagina scoops it up and snaps it through for a goal.

(CONTINUED)

HUGE MUSCULAR FELLOW

That was a lucky shot. When we play in the backyard even my sister gets lucky sometimes.

VAGINA

From what I hear, your sister gets lucky all the time.

HUGE MUSCULAR FELLOW

Hey, my sister never gets lucky, she's a good girl.

VAGINA

Yeah, good in bed.

HUGE MUSCULAR FELLOW

She is not good in bed, she's terrible in bed.

VAGINA

I'd be terrible too if my brother was trying to force his dick up my ass.

HUGE MUSCULAR FELLOW

I never fucked her up the ass.

The ball comes flying down to the forward line again and Vagina marks it, plays on, and scores another major.

Vagina's teammates gather around and congratulate him.

VAGINA

(to teammates)

This big guy that I'm playing on told me he fucks his sister. He said all macho guys fuck their sisters.

PLAYER 1

I'm not macho.

PLAYER 2

Neither am I.

PLAYER 3

I can't believe those macho guys, they're all perverts.

As the game moves on Vagina kicks goal after goal after goal.

The half-time SIREN sounds. The scoreboard shows that John XXIII have scored twelve goals to Christ Church's three.

INT. LOCKER ROOM -- AFTERNOON

It's half-time and the players are all sprawled out on the locker room floor and benches. Some players are tipping their drinks over their sweaty heads. Other players are gulping their drinks, spilling liquid down the sides of their faces.

Vagina is sitting up straight, legs daintily crossed, and he is sipping his drink carefully. He then pulls some Brie out of his sock, turns around so that nobody can see him, and stuffs his face with the cheese.

The COACH enters the room with a big smile on his face.

COACH

Eleven bloody goals. Shit Vagina, you're the first player in school history to ever score eleven goals in a half. What's the bloody secret?

Vagina swallows the last bit of cheese and turns around to face the coach.

VAGINA

It's the pink boots, sir.

COACH

What do you mean the pink boots? They look like bloody ballet slippers to me.

VAGINA

Exactly. I'm a girly boy. And girly boys are the best football players that ever lived. Their team is filled with nothing but macho guys; there's no way they could win.

PLAYER 1

Yeah, I heard that macho guys fuck their sisters.

The coach leans down and whispers something into the ears of the COACH'S FLUNKY. The coach's flunky sprints out of the room.

COACH

This is the premiership quarter coming up, so don't think you've got the game won yet. Bodgie, I want you to move to center half forward this quarter. Your job is to feed balls to girly boy.

(CONTINUED)

BODGIE

Come on coach, I know he could use some balls and everything, but I'd rather he stay clear of mine.

VAGINA

Are you too macho to handle my balls, Bodgie?

BODGIE

Yes, as a matter of fact, I am. Your little pussy boy act isn't fooling anyone. I'm the toughest guy in this room. I am a man.

PLAYER 2

Is it manly to fuck your own sister, Bodgie?

BODGIE

I don't even have a sister.

PLAYER 3

But if you did I bet you'd be fucking her brains out, you macho bastard.

Coach's Flunky bursts into the room. He is out of breath and sweating profusely. He has a couple of cans of pink spray paint in his hands. The coach grabs the cans from him.

COACH

Boots out.

BODGIE

What?

COACH

Stick your boots out so I can spray them. I'm going to have a whole team of girly boys this half.

EXT. FOOTBALL OVAL -- AFTERNOON

The John XXIII team runs out onto the oval to start the second half. All the boys are now wearing pink boots, except Bodgie.

The Christ Church boys also come running out of their locker room. They too are all sporting freshly painted pink boots.

INT. SHED -- DAY

An enormous shed at the Royal Show is the home to the battle of the bands. Bodgie's band, *The Flaming Donut Makers*, is playing wildly on a stage at one end of the shed. The ground is covered in hay and there are hundreds of screaming kids.

(CONTINUED)

The song comes to an end.

BODGIE

(to crowd)

Should I take my shirt off?

Bodgie is looking directly at Bazza who is in the front row.

CROWD AND BAZZA

(screaming)

Yes.

Bodgie removes his shirt and returns his gaze to Bazza.

BODGIE

Do you love me?

CROWD AND BAZZA

Yes.

The rest of the band start playing the next song.

BODGIE

I love you too.

Bazza smiles broadly.

BODGIE (CONT'D)

This one's about a guy I know. It's  
Called Pistol Pete.

(singing fast)

Can you handle me, can you handle  
me, I'm nine inches tall, with deadly  
balls, and I long for your masculine  
hands, If you squeeze my butt, and  
finger my trigger, then shove me  
down your throat, I will explode and  
shoot my load, no need for a suicide  
note, just keep it a secret, and  
hide me away, bury me in your darkest  
drawers, if they think you're alive,  
then you are alive, even if we're  
behind closed doors.

The song comes to an end and the crowd goes wild. Bazza is  
crying in the front row.

BODGIE (CONT'D)

Thank you. That was our last song.  
Now it's just up to the judges.

The emcee BABY JOHN BURGESS appears from behind the backstage  
curtain. He gives Bodgie a hug and takes his position at  
the microphone.

(CONTINUED)

BABY JOHN BURGESS

Wow. What a set. I don't need to see the judges scores to know that *The Flaming Donut Makers* are going to make it big in this town. Thanks Bodgie. Now let's go to the judges.

JUDGE 1

Thanks Baby John. Well, my wife committed suicide last year, so I'm giving them a ten.

Judge 1 holds up his cardboard sign for ten.

JUDGE 2

I gave them a nine. It would have been a ten, but I thought your drummer really sucked. Lose the drummer and you guys will definitely hit it big.

Judge 2 displays his sign.

Drummer hangs his head in shame.

KEYBOARDIST

(to Drummer)

You useless bastard. I knew we should have listened to your Mum. You have less beat than a cop's night stick.

BASS PLAYER

That doesn't make sense mate. A cop's night stick has a lot of beat.

JUDGE 3

I thought the show was absolutely smashing. It would have been a ten, except for the fact that the keyboardist couldn't play to save his kidneys.

Judge 3 shows a score of 9 on her sign.

BABY JOHN BURGESS

That's a grand total of 28. Brilliant. That puts you in the lead with only one band left to play.

Bass Player high fives Drummer, and then Keyboardist makes an unsuccessful attempt to high five Drummer.

KEYBOARDIST

Get fucked you malicious metaphor mangler.

The band heads backstage.

(CONTINUED)

## BABY JOHN BURGESS

The talent level we have seen here this morning has been unbelievable. I wouldn't be surprised if there were a few record contracts being signed backstage tonight. I want you to put your lips together, I mean put your hands together for our last band in the Royal Show Battle of the Bands for Schoolies. It's a new band going by the name of *The Girly Boys*.

The Justices and Vagina run on stage. Vagina has the pink guitar that he originally liked at the music shop. Vagina is wearing pink sneakers, yellow tights, and a pink mini skirt. He has no shirt on but is wearing a pink satin Bra. His hair is curled loosely and he has pink ribbons flowing from his hair. He has heavy green, purple, and yellow make up on. The Justices are wearing their usual jeans and black t-shirts.

Vagina grabs the microphone and screams a girlish scream.

## VAGINA

(shouting)

We are *The Girly Boys*. We sing like girls, we dance like girls, we play like girls. Why?

## JUSTICE BOTH

(shouting)

Because we're men.

## VAGINA

That's right. We're real men. Men who aren't afraid of being who we are. We're not afraid to have fun. And we don't fuck our sisters like those macho bastards do.

The crowd screams with delight.

## VAGINA (CONT'D)

As a symbol of my new found freedom, I am going to play on this wireless electric guitar. I refuse to be held to any one part of the stage.

The band starts playing.

The crowd goes wild when they recognize the song to be *Girls Just Want to Have Fun*.

Vagina runs and jumps about on stage taking full advantage of his cordless guitar.

(CONTINUED)

He climbs the rafters on the side of the shed, and he plays the guitar and sings as he sits atop an iron beam that stretches across the width of the shed.

INT. BACK STAGE AT THE SHED -- DAY

*The Flaming Donut Makers* are lounging on bean bags back stage. *The Girly Boys'* rendition of *Girls Just Want to Have Fun* can easily be heard in the background.

BASS PLAYER

Mate, this girly boy stuff really seems to be taking off.

BODGIE

I don't get it. I thought we hated poofers.

BASS PLAYER

No mate, only poofers hate poofers.

BODGIE

What are you talking about?

BASS PLAYER

You see mate, everyone hates themselves, right, so they pretend not to be themselves, and then they belittle others in a pathetic attempt to make themselves feel better.

BODGIE

Good theory, keep going.

BASS PLAYER

They especially dislike those that remind them of who they really are, so that's when their taunting is the loudest.

BODGIE

But what about me? I make fun of homosexuals all the time.

BASS PLAYER

Exactly.

*The Girly Boys'* song continues as Vagina comes storming into the backstage area, he is still playing the guitar.

BODGIE

Man, they love you out there.

VAGINA

Where's my cheese?

(CONTINUED)

Vagina frantically searches for his cheese, kicking everything out of the way because his hands are still on the guitar.

BODGIE

Did you hear what I said? They love you out there. I bet you've wanted to be loved your whole life, haven't you? And now it is finally happening and what are you doing?

The rest of the band bring the song to a close, but Vagina continues playing, not realizing the song is over.

VAGINA

I'm looking for my fucking cheese. If you ate my cheese I'm going to fucking shove a drumstick up your asshole.

BASS PLAYER

Calm down mate, you've got it made. Shit, you might even win the *Man Guy* at this rate. You don't need any controlled dairy products to get you through.

VAGINA

They only like me when I am being myself. The only way I'm going to be the *Man Guy* is if I be myself. And the only way I can get the courage to be my fucking self is if I can calm my nerves with the creamy powers of Brie.

Justice O sticks her head into the backstage area.

JUSTICE O

Get your sweaty breasts back on stage Vagina. We still have one more song to play.

Vagina finds his wheel of Brie, stops playing the guitar, and takes the Brie back onstage with him.

BODGIE

What's your theory on that one, Bass?

BASS PLAYER

I can't explain that one mate. I guess he's just had so much practice at being disliked that these new emotions are overwhelming him.

INT. SHED -- DAY

Vagina munches on the Brie as he runs back onstage.

(CONTINUED)

Satisfied by his fix, Vagina bounces back to the front of the stage.

VAGINA

(to the crowd)

Sorry, I was taking a shit and didn't realize the song was over.

The crowd laughs.

VAGINA (CONT'D)

I think you're going to like this one. It's a little song we like to call *Wonder Woman Underpants*.

The crowd cheers. Bazza is not in the front row space that he previously occupied. In fact, the space remains empty.

Vagina attempts to begin the song with a strum of his guitar, but there is no amplification. He tries again to no avail.

KEYBOARDIST

It's your wireless, it must be busted. You'll have to plug in.

Vagina looks down at his wireless box on the guitar and sees that some Brie has fallen into it and melted all over.

He viciously removes the box and grabs a chord to plug in. The chord is short so his movement is restricted.

He finally gets the song going. Vagina looks into the empty front row space as he sings the song.

VAGINA

(singing)

Wonder woman underpants, wonder woman underpants, wonder woman underpants, wonder woman underpants. I'm not macho, and I'm not tough, but is that really so bad, I still squeeze you tight, and love you all night, bring flowers if you're sad, and we can swap our skirts and trade our shirts, and dream about romance, I'll do your hair, and makeup too, and I'll wear your underpants, you can lay with me and play with me, without being afraid of me, because I'm like you, and you're like me, we're free from all the lies, I'm not like other guys, I'm wonder woman underpants, wonder woman underpants, wonder woman underpants, wonder woman underpants.

The song comes to a close.

(CONTINUED)

## VAGINA (CONT'D)

Thank you and good-night. Remember to vote for me for *Man Guy* because those macho guys fuck their sisters.

The crowd goes crazy.

Baby John Burgess returns to the stage.

Vagina scuttles back to his stash of Brie and starts stuffing his face.

## DRUMMER

(to Vagina)

You better be careful with that stuff. That cheese will envelope you.

## VAGINA

This doesn't control me; it's just cheese. I can quit anytime I want to. I'm just having a good time. I'm finally able to have a good time, and everyone tries to bring me down.

## BABY JOHN BURGESS

I thought *The Flaming Donut Makers* had it in the bag, but that was quite a performance. I would like to invite the *Donuts* back on stage so we can have some real tension.

*The Flaming Donut Makers* come back out on stage. They stand to one side of Baby John and *The Girly Boys* stand on the other.

## BABY JOHN BURGESS (CONT'D)

Okay, let's go to the judges to see who is the ultimate show band of the year.

## JUDGE 1

I thought they were brilliant. I think I saw Vagina's knickers at one point. That was the highlight for me. I gave them a ten.

Judge 1 displays his sign.

## JUDGE 2

Vagina was pretty good, but I like those other two guys, they really looked like chicks. I gave them a nine.

Judge 2 holds up the nine sign.

(CONTINUED)

JUDGE 3

I thought they sucked. But my opinion  
doesn't count for much so I gave  
them a ten.

BABY JOHN BURGESS

That's it then, it's The Girly Boys.  
Congratulations on a great  
performance. You are the ultimate  
show band of the year.

CROWD

(chanting)

Gir-ly Boys, Gir-ly Boys, Gir-ly  
Boys.

INT. VAGINA'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

It is the morning after the big show and the Justices and  
Vagina are still wearing the same clothes from their  
performance. The bedroom door is open.

Vagina is passed out on the floor, surrounded by broken pieces  
of Brie.

JUSTICE O

What a great show.

JUSTICE P

I think we might actually pull this  
off.

JUSTICE O

But what about Vagina, he's not taking  
all the success very well. He's  
like a rock star cliché or something.

JUSTICE P

We're not doing this for Vagina.

JUSTICE O

But without him, we're just a couple  
of guys who used to be in a band.

JUSTICE P

Yeah, what is it with all this guy  
stuff. We're hardly the masculine  
type.

JUSTICE O

It's because he's such a bloody girl.  
Next to him even Barbie would look  
like a Barry.

Bazza enters the bedroom.

(CONTINUED)

BAZZA

Did you just say my name?

JUSTICE BOTH

No.

BAZZA

Did you guys know the police came around this morning?

JUSTICE P

We're not guys.

BAZZA

It's just an expression.

JUSTICE P

Yeah, well fuck you is just an expression too.

BAZZA

Fine, I'm leaving.

Bazza turns towards the door.

JUSTICE O

Wait, we're just a little tired. What did the cops want?

BAZZA

What did you guys do to Vagina? You know he can't handle his cheese.

JUSTICE P

You know what we did? We handcuffed his head to the toilet, stripped him down, and shoved the cheese right up his ass. Because he would never touch the stuff on his own.

BAZZA

Just don't let him inject it. He's not ready for that kind of intensity, it would kill him.

JUSTICE O

The police?

BAZZA

That's right, the police came to arrest Vagina this morning. Apparently he mutilated two innocent people.

EXT. THE GROVER'S FRONT LAWN -- MORNING

A police car is parked in the driveway, lights flashing.  
Two women police officers approach the front door.

BAZZA (V.O.)

It was about 7:00 this morning when  
I heard them pull up. I thought  
that I could handle it myself.

INT. THE GROVER'S LIVING ROOM -- MORNING

Bazza opens the door just as the police officers are about  
to knock.

BAZZA

Is someone dead.

POLICE 1

Yes, and we think you may have been  
responsible for the carnage.

POLICE 2

(to Police 1)

Hold your fire quick draw, it wasn't  
him, it was his sister.

BAZZA

I don't have a sister.

POLICE 2

Right. Is your mother home?

BAZZA

Hold on, I'll get her.

Bazza walks to the other side of the couch. Mrs Grover is  
passed out on the floor, wearing a dressing gown. Bazza  
tries to shake her awake, but to no avail. He looks behind  
him to make sure the police officers cannot see what is going  
on. He then opens her gown a little and squeezes her right  
nipple.

MRS GROVER

Ouch. What the hell are you doing?

BAZZA

Wake up Mum, the police are here.

Mrs Grover stands up groggily and walks towards the police  
officers. Her hair is pressed to the side of her face.

MRS GROVER

Good morning officers, come in and  
sit down. Would you like a drink?

(CONTINUED)

POLICE 1

Sure what have you got?

The officers move into the living room but do not sit down

MRS GROVER

There's some vodka there by the couch.  
Or I have a couple of beers left in  
the fridge.

POLICE 2

Vodka will be fine. I'm going to  
get straight to the point. We think  
your daughter brutally murdered two  
women, and we'd like to arrest her  
this morning if that's alright with  
you.

MRS GROVER

My daughter would never do such a  
thing. She's a pretty one. Actually  
it was young Bazza here that killed  
those innocent women.

BAZZA

What?

POLICE 1

Well, we're going to need to take  
someone in, unless you have some  
kind of other arrangement in mind?

POLICE 2

Subtlety, you moron, subtlety.

MRS GROVER

Look, I've been friends with your  
boss, Captain Stubing, for years. I  
know how the system works, so don't  
waste my time with subtlety. My  
screw-up son here did your little  
murders and I'm quite prepared to  
bend over backwards to clear his  
name.

BAZZA

What?

POLICE 2

Captain Stubing said you usually  
offer sexual favors, or cash in hand.  
We've had a lot of drug busts come  
down lately, so we're not really  
pressed for cash.

Mrs Grover begins to remove her robe.

(CONTINUED)

POLICE 2 (CONT'D)

Steady there old hag, you're not really our type.

Police 2 gazes at Bazza and looks him up and down.

MRS GROVER

(to Bazza)

Well I guess you're going to have to take care of it. Take them into the laundry room so I can watch the telly.

BAZZA

But I didn't do anything.

MRS GROVER

You're a man, a weasel, a liar. Now it's time for you to do the only thing a man truly knows how to do. Go fuck yourself out of trouble.

INT. VAGINA'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

JUSTICE O

I'm not gay or anything, but there's something hot about a woman in uniform. I can't believe you actually got to make love to a woman in uniform?

BAZZA

Two women in uniform, and there was no love involved, believe me.

JUSTICE O

So the charges against you have been dropped? You must be relieved.

BAZZA

No, as a matter of fact, I'm not bloody relieved. I didn't do anything, yet somehow I still ended up getting fucked. I wish I was him.

Bazza points to Vagina, who is still lying unconscious on the floor.

JUSTICE P

Quit whining. So you had to have sex with a couple of women with handcuffs, most guys would kill for a punishment like that.

BAZZA

It was disgusting.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BAZZA (CONT'D)

I was vomiting all over the floor, and they just kept on pumping, and laughing, and pumping. I've been scrubbing myself down in the shower for the last hour. I can still smell their sweaty crotches.

JUSTICE P

Mm tasty.

JUSTICE O

Are you going to come to the *Man* rally tomorrow and vote for your brother for *Man Guy*?

BAZZA

I'll be there. And I am going to vote for the man I love more than anything else in the world.

JUSTICE O

I didn't know you guys were so tight.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD -- DAY

Music is blaring and children are everywhere. It is a carnival-like atmosphere. There are food stalls, an inflatable castle for kids to bounce in, and a Mr Whippy van selling ice creams. It seems every fourth kid is carrying a cup of blue shaved ice. It's the man rally, where the *Man Guy* is decided upon.

There is a stage area at one end of the school yard. It is surrounded by huge speakers and a line of desks attended by students in fluorescent clothing.

The fluorescent kids each have a list of names, and a box in which the students can place their votes.

Miss Noma walks onto the stage and steps up to the microphone.

MISS NOMA

Stop the music. Stop the Music.

The music stops.

MISS NOMA (CONT'D)

Thank you. Welcome to the sixty ninth annual man rally. Today you will vote for the most manly man in year nine. The winning man will instantly become a living legend. He will be granted anything he pleases. So young ladies I urge you to vote wisely. The polls are now officially open.

(CONTINUED)

The crowd cheers.

MISS NOMA (CONT'D)

In case any of you are still a little uncertain, we will hear from our manly front runners in just a few moments. The polls close in exactly one hour. We are counting the votes as they come in so I will be back on stage to announce the winner very soon. Happy voting.

Lines instantly form in front of the fluorescent kids who are maniacally processing the votes.

The Justices and Vagina walk into the school yard. Vagina is wearing an elegant red formal gown with a low cut back. His hair is down and he is sporting a pair of black high heels and fishnet stockings.

JUSTICE O

Let's jump on the castle, there's no line right now.

VAGINA

I think I'm just going to go behind the girls' lunch shed and eat a little cheese first.

JUSTICE P

Bulldust, you're coming with us.

Justice P grabs Vagina by the arm and escorts him over to the inflatable castle.

Justice O climbs onto the castle and starts bouncing.

JUSTICE O

Come on up, it's more fun with more people.

Justice P shoves Vagina up onto the castle. He doesn't struggle. Justice O stops bouncing and helps Vagina to his feet. Justice P joins the others on the castle.

JUSTICE O (CONT'D)

Okay, let's bounce.

Justice O bounces very close to Vagina, causing him to fly into the air. Vagina lands on the other side of the castle, but his heel punctures the inflated castle floor. There is a loud BANG. The castle instantly deflates.

Vagina and the Justices manage to crawl from under the deflated castle. They are all laughing hysterically. A small crowd has gathered around the commotion.

(CONTINUED)

Vagina and the Justices stand up and slink away from the scene, trying to avoid blame for the incident. They are still laughing loudly.

VAGINA

You guys are right. I don't need any of this stinking cheese to have a good time.

Vagina pulls a triangle of Brie from his purse, examines it, then returns it to the purse.

JUSTICE O

I think it's time for your propaganda. You should get up on stage Vagina.

They walk towards the stage. Vagina climbs the stairs very properly. As he approaches the microphone the music stops and the crowd looks up at him. Many students are still lined up to cast their votes.

VAGINA

Thank you for coming out this beautiful morning. I'm just going to say a few words to those of you who haven't voted yet. Don't make the worst mistake of your lives. This *Man Guy* contest is about tradition, it's about excellence, and it's about choosing someone who has the guts to break free from the chains of mediocrity. I am not a regular guy. I wear makeup, and yes I even shave my legs. But I do these things because I want to. Because that's what makes me happy. And that's what being a man is all about.

The crowd cheers. There is a section of the crowd that is especially loud. It is a group of boys, all dressed in girls' clothes.

VAGINA (CONT'D)

I am proud to say that I am not a macho guy. A macho guy is an average guy, too scared to break out of his shell.

The crowd cheers.

VAGINA (CONT'D)

And macho guys fuck their own sisters.

The crowd cheers.

The cheering dies down. A random voice from the crowd shouts a question.

(CONTINUED)

RANDOM KID

What about Juicy Lucy? Isn't it kind of macho to brutally rape and murder a little girl?

VAGINA

I never raped Juicy Lucy. In fact, I wasn't really involved in that situation at all. That was my brother's deal.

Standing in the crowd, Bazza puts his hands to his face and slumps down.

VAGINA (CONT'D)

And the police declared it all an accident. Anyway, that's all ancient history. I'm here today to talk about the future. Before I pass the microphone on to my macho competitor, Bodgie, I would like to say one final word. In the past, the *Man Guy* has only fucked the pretty girls. I make a solemn promise to not only fuck the pretty girls, but all the ugly girls too.

There is an UGLY GIRL at the voting desk, who upon hearing this promise crosses out Bodgie's name and writes Vagina on her voting card.

VAGINA (CONT'D)

Thank you. And remember, anybody can be a man, but it takes a girly boy to be the *Man Guy*.

The crowd cheers.

As Vagina moves away from the microphone, Bodgie moves toward it. He is wearing tight blue jeans, and a black t-shirt that has Bodgie written on the front in white letters. As the two cross paths, Bodgie kicks Vagina's heel, which breaks under his shoe, and Vagina tumbles to the stage floor.

Bodgie takes the microphone, still laughing at Vagina's misfortune.

BODGIE

Is that what you want?

Bodgie points at Vagina, still laying on the floor.

BODGIE (CONT'D)

Do you want someone so weak they have to hide behind makeup and stockings.

(CONTINUED)

The crowd cheers.

Vagina scrambles to his feet and exits the stage.

BODGIE (CONT'D)

My speechwriter prepared a dynamic speech for me today, but in light of recent events, I'm going to speak from my heart.

The SPEECHWRITER, who is standing in the back corner of the stage, screws up his copy of the speech and angrily throws it into the rubbish bin. He storms off stage.

BODGIE (CONT'D)

I agree that macho is out. I know that some of you are probably thinking that I am as macho as they come. But macho isn't about what you wear. Sensitivity does not come neatly packaged in frilly underwear. I think the *Man Guy* should not be macho, but surely he must be tough, and I am the toughest guy in year nine. But I'm not macho, I don't fuck my sister, and I'm going to tell you why. I am in love.

The crowd falls silent.

BODGIE (CONT'D)

I'm in love with another boy.

The crowd gasps.

BODGIE (CONT'D)

Yes, I'm in love with Bazza Grover, the sweetest, most loving, beautiful boy in this whole school.

Bazza's face lights up. He's truly happy.

BODGIE (CONT'D)

You are going to have to decide. Do you want a girly boy who is too weak to be a man, and too cold to love his fellow man. Or do you want a gay boy, who is tough enough to be a man, and caring enough to love a man.

The crowd seems equally divided in their chants.

CROWD 1

(chanting)

Gay Boy, Gay Boy.

(CONTINUED)

CROWD 2  
 (chanting)  
 Girly Boy, Girly Boy.

BODGIE  
 Thank you, and may the real man win.

Bodgie leaves the stage, and the music starts back up.

Vagina and the Justices walk towards the Mr Whippy van.  
 Vagina has taken his shoes and stockings off and is now  
 walking barefoot.

VAGINA  
 I can't believe it.

JUSTICE O  
 That your brother is gay?

VAGINA  
 No, that Bodgie kicked my bloody  
 heel out. What do you mean my brother  
 is gay?

JUSTICE O  
 Didn't you hear what Bodgie just  
 said, he said that he is in love  
 with Bazza.

VAGINA  
 That doesn't mean that Bazza loves  
 him back. Shit, I'm in love with  
 Miss Noma, does that mean she's going  
 to happily pork me anytime I please.

JUSTICE BOTH  
 Ugh, that's really nasty.

Bazza comes jogging over to join the group.

BAZZA  
 Wait up guys.

JUSTICE P  
 Bazza, tell Vagina that you're a  
 poofter.

BAZZA  
 Vagina, I didn't mean for you to  
 find out this way. It's true. I'm  
 in love with Bodgie. I'm--

VAGINA  
 A poofter?

BAZZA  
 Yes, I'm gay.

(CONTINUED)

VAGINA

That's all fine and dandy, but you better find yourself a new little boyfriend, because win or lose, I am going to destroy Bodgie.

BAZZA

Vagina, I have never asked you for anything in my life. And God knows you have never given me anything. But I'm begging you now, leave Bodgie alone. He is the only thing I've ever had, the only person who has ever loved me.

VAGINA

What about me?

BAZZA

You? You? You've had everything. Mum brings you to work, she dresses you up, she loves you. Dad would invite you to his card nights, and share his cheese with you. I've had nothing. Ever. I take the insults, and I take the blame, but I will not give this up. Bodgie is my life. If you destroy him, you destroy me.

VAGINA

Poor little Bazza. Why don't you fuck off to your savior then, and let me enjoy my life of splendor.

Bazza's eyes fill with tears, then he turns and walks away.

JUSTICE O

That was a bit harsh wasn't it?

VAGINA

You know what? I thought my life would be easier if I was a man. But here I am on the brink of manhood and--

JUSTICE P

Don't worry. As soon as they announce your name as *Man Guy* everything will change. Everybody will be your friend. Your family will love you. The chicks will spread for you. And we'll still be here to help manage your fame and guide your decisions.

VAGINA

Why isn't it like that now?

(CONTINUED)

JUSTICE P

Because you're not *Man Guy*.

VAGINA

All my testicles seem to be in one scrotum sack here. If by some crazy circumstance I am not the *Man Guy*, then I'm fucked. I'll have nothing. The gay boy fad will completely squash the girly boy fad. If I don't win today I'll never be a man.

The trio have arrived at the Mr Whippy van. They each purchase an ice cream cone.

JUSTICE O

We should go and check on the exit polls. They'll be announcing the winner soon, so these numbers should be pretty accurate.

VAGINA

You guys go ahead. I just remembered that I left my calculator in the science lab. I'm going to nick up and see if it's still there. I'll meet you down at the stage in a little bit.

The Justices and Vagina part ways. The Justices walk back towards the stage area.

JUSTICE O

Do you think he's going to be alright?

JUSTICE P

Only if he wins.

Bodgie is sitting down at a table near the stage. The Justices head his way. Bazza is sitting beside Bodgie, his arm tightly around Bodgie's shoulder.

BODGIE

It's a bit late for the enemy to send spies isn't it?

JUSTICE P

Don't worry, this isn't a reconnaissance mission. We just wanted to let you know that what ever happens, we want to remain friends.

BODGIE

Right.

(CONTINUED)

JUSTICE P

No, really. In fact, if you need a little help running things, we would be glad to chip in.

BODGIE

I'll keep that in mind.

(beat)

Look. Up on the wall of the science building, is that Vagina?

Vagina is scaling the wall between the second floor verandah and the science lab windows.

JUSTICE O

The door must have been locked. He's trying to get into the lab to retrieve his calculator.

Vagina reaches an open window and climbs inside.

BAZZA

Here comes Miss Noma. They must be almost ready to announce the winner.

INT. SCIENCE LAB -- DAY

Vagina is standing at a lab bench beside an open window. The noise outside can be clearly heard. He has set up a bunson burner, although it is not yet alight. Spread across the bench is a small tripod, a beaker, a syringe, a length of thick rubber, matches, and a triangle of Brie.

Vagina unzips his dress and lets it fall to the ground.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD -- DAY

Miss Noma is standing on stage addressing the crowd.

MISS NOMA

The polls are officially closed. Please bring the final results to me immediately.

INT. SCIENCE LAB -- DAY

Vagina turns the gas switch for the bunson burner. He lights a match and places it in the gas stream. An orange flame shoots high above the burner. Vagina adjusts the burner until the flame is small and almost completely blue. He places the tripod over the flame, puts the beaker on the tripod, and drops the cheese into the beaker.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD -- DAY

Miss Noma is still on stage.

(CONTINUED)

MISS NOMA  
Thank you. Can I have quiet please.

INT. SCIENCE LAB -- DAY

The sound of the cheese melting in the beaker replaces the noise from outside.

Vagina slips out of his satin underwear. He is now naked.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD -- DAY

MISS NOMA  
Are you ready for the crowning of  
the new *Man Guy*?

The crowd erupts.

INT. SCIENCE LAB -- DAY

The noise of the crowd drowns out the sound of the boiling cheese.

Vagina climbs up onto the bench, and on his hands and knees he fills the syringe with melted Brie.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD -- DAY

MISS NOMA  
The time has arrived.

INT. SCIENCE LAB -- DAY

Vagina ties the strip of rubber tightly around his arm. He taps his veins to find a ripe one.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD -- DAY

MISS NOMA  
It is with great pleasure that I  
tell you--

INT. SCIENCE LAB -- DAY

Vagina lies down on the bench. He has the syringe pressed up against his vein, ready to penetrate.

EXT. SCHOOL YARD -- DAY

MISS NOMA  
With an extreme amount of personal  
satisfaction--

INT. SCIENCE LAB -- DAY

Vagina's hand is shaking.

(CONTINUED)

MISS NOMA (O.S.)  
That Bodgie Thomas--

Vagina pushes the syringe into his vein, squeezing the hot cheese into his blood supply. His body immediately starts convulsing.

MISS NOMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Is not the *Man Guy*. This year's winner is none other than the girly boy himself, Vagina Grover.

Vagina is still convulsing. His face is filled with pain. The empty syringe is hanging from his arm.

MISS NOMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Vagina. Vagina. Come on up to the stage. You are a man, our man. You are the *Man Guy*.

Vagina stops convulsing. He is dead.

FADE OUT:

End.