

**TRENT ANTHONY**

Mid 20s. Launceston local. Not intelligent. Bit of a push over. Agrees to be Mark "Chopper" Read's driver for \$500 a week. He has to be on call 24/7 to drive him, watch his back, drag him home when he has too much to drink, even organize a nice shiela on the hush-hush when Mark's missus is out of town. You know, all the essential services of being a PA to one of Australia's most dangerous criminals.

**EXT. KEITH'S TASMANIAN HOUSE - DAY**

Chopper talks to a weedy local, TRENT ANTHONY (not the sharpest knife in the drawer). Chopper sits a small case on the boot of his Ford Fairlane and opens it.

TRENT

This is a flash car!

CHOPPER

You got a license?

Chopper's unloading from the case an arsenal of guns and hiding them throughout the car.

TRENT

...Gun license?

CHOPPER

No. Driver's license.

TRENT

No mate, no Driver's license, but I know how to drive - as good as.

CHOPPER

Need you on call 24/7 to drive me around - be sort of like a Boy Friday.

TRENT

(not understanding)

...Boy Friday?

CHOPPER

A Go-fer, shotgun man - Fuck, you're dumber than a plank of wood.

TRENT

(about the guns)

...Are you expecting trouble?

CHOPPER

(laughs)

Be prepared. Boy Scout's motto. Now, this is your island... What do you do for fun?

TRENT

Track mainly. Me and dad got a greyhound, but... well, I've got a tip for this arvo, another dog, if you're interested?

CHOPPER

I'm all ears, Young Trent.

The irony is lost on Trent.

TRENT

A sure thing. A brindle bitch outsider, all nerves before a race. Which is why it's no good. But they've given her a little backyard medical treatment to fix it and, well, yeah... Sure thing.

CHOPPER

Well, then. Off to the races we shall go.

**INT. COURTROOM - DAY**

A nervous Trent Anthony sits in the dock being questioned by Crown Prosecutor, DAMIAN BUGG.

DAMIAN BUGG  
You were a witness to the shooting  
of Mr Collins?

TRENT ANTHONY  
Yeah... yes, I was. Terrible, a  
really... bad thing.

Chopper can't refrain from LETTING OUT A SNORT. TRENT is aware of Chopper's presence, increasing his unease.

DAMIAN BUGG  
Why were you there that day?

TRENT ANTHONY  
Chopper - Mr Read - he employed me  
as a sort of... personal assistant -  
a Boy Friday if you know what I  
mean.

DAMIAN BUGG  
And on the day in question?

TRENT ANTHONY  
We had some beers at the Clarendon  
Arms Hotel in Evandale and then was  
driving Mr Collins home.

DAMIAN BUGG  
And what happened on that drive?

TRENT ANTHONY  
He shot him. Chopper had the gun  
in his hand and said something  
about the safety catch and then he  
turned around and then gun went  
off.

DAMIAN BUGG  
Do you know why he shot Mr Collins?

TRENT ANTHONY  
I guess... he was angry. You'd  
have to ask Chopper.