

33 CONTD.

PRIEST
 (eyes raised)
 Forgive me Lord -

He brings the axe crashing down on the fourpenny lock, partially desecrating the coffin lid and producing a series of painful whelps from the obsequial contents. He removes the lid to reveal STOKER, his face and hair splintered with wooden confetti and white lace.

PRIEST
 Stoker!

STOKER rises slowly from the coffin like a corpse from the Dead.

STOKER
 (staring)
 Where is he?

34 EXT. MOTORWAY - SERVICE STATION. NIGHT.

34

The D.T.'s car grinds onto a Service Station Forecourt and is handed over to the Resident MECHANIC. The front tyres are by now torn to shreds.

DANIELS
 Two gallons, mate.

CHARLIE
 And (could you check the tyres)

35 EXT. JACKORANDA & STREET. NIGHT.

35

PRIEST and STOKER take to their black HEARSE while the others load the coffin in the back.

36 INT. MOTORWAY CAFETERIA. NIGHT.

36

The GROUP sit by a table window, watching the progress on their car outside while DANIELS tucks into a plate of egg and chips. DANIELS collects back the evening's fees off the others.

DANIELS
 One egg and chips, 3/6 ... four teas
 6½d ... and two new tyres at a fiver
 each. Say three quid each. Don't
 worry, I'll put up the rest - you can
 pay me back later.