

SCENE 1: THE WORLD'S MY YABBY

Molly O'Brien's Irish Pub

A front bar, a sports bar, a TAB. A television or two. An Irish Flag, an Australian flag and an Aboriginal flag.

Jacky and Keith enter with beers. Keith has a rugby bag slung over his shoulder. He is in the middle of an animated yarn.

KEITH: "The world's my oyster". Fucksat mean, anyway? What the fuck does that even mean? "The world's ya oyster". He kept on sayin' it: "you can do anyfin, Keif. You can do anyfin' dese days - tha world's ya oyster"

You know how he talk eh - Oi' Milky Balls - Laila was laughin' at him an' all, real quiet way

"Keif, bud! You gotta git dat education! Thass ya ticket! Thass your ticket outta here, Keif! Ya git dat education and the world's ya oyster!"

Laughter

I said "Oi Milky - no oysters out 'ere, bud; not in our river. Just yellowbellies, yabbies and dead cod. And a bit of run-off from the mines. Maybe the world's my yabby, Milks", I said. "Maybe the world's my gammon, shrivelled up little yabby!"

Laughter

Jacky laughs

He just walk off, ay, like he does. You know how he walk, ay!

Keith demonstrates

Jacky laughs

JACKY: Jeez, I forgot you're a funny little bastard, ay. Milky's right, but: education, bruss. That's your ticket. Can't get nowhere without it

KEITH: Yeah, yeah. Ay, what kinda pub's this? Is it a blackfullah pub or what?

JACKY: This is Molly's. Molly O'Brien's Irish pub. It's where I worked when I first come down here

KEITH: So the Irish are down with the mob, ay? Must be! Got the flag up an' all. Or was that you when you worked here? You woulda told 'em, ay! Full told 'em: "Oi, if youse are gunna have that flag up...and *that* poxy flag up, youse gotta have the real flag up". Represent, ay brother!

Nah, s'good to see ya. Fark, how long it been, anyway? Me and Laila was tryna work it out - and Mum. She always talkin' bout you, ay!
 "Jacky got a nice place and a good job in the city, Jacky went to Uni. When Jacky comin' home? You should be more like your brother Jacky". Fark. How long since you been home, anyway?

JACKY: Keith

KEITH: - They got a T A B in here? Where can I smoke? You got a smoke?/

JACKY: /Keith!

KEITH: What?

JACKY: Shut up for a minute. Here are your keys. Screen door, wooden door. I keep 'em both locked. I put 'em on this to go round your neck

KEITH: So who you livin' with? Blackfullahs or what?

JACKY: Nuh

KEITH: Whitefullahs?

JACKY: I'm not livin' with anyone. Got my own place

KEITH: What, just you?

JACKY: Yup. Near here. Block of flats just up the tramline. Good spot. Been there a couple years now. I got you campin' on the couch

KEITH: On the couch?

JACKY: It's only one bedroom. I'm not gunna make you pay rent or bills to start off with

KEITH: Rent? What, you own it or somethin'?

JACKY: No, I'm renting. For now

KEITH: But what - you gunna buy it?

JACKY: Maybe

KEITH: Where'd you get the money to buy a house?

JACKY: It's just a flat. I'm just lookin' into it, that's all. But for now I pay rent. And it's not cheap. So once you get your apprenticeship transferred, you can chuck in too. Laila said you got some references?

KEITH: Ay?

JACKY: Notes. From your old bosses

KEITH: Aw, yeah, yeah, got 'em somewhere. In my bag there

JACKY: And you got any interviews or trials lined up?

KEITH: Ay? Nah, nah, not yet. I will soon, but

JACKY: What about your apprenticeship certificate? So you can transfer over?

KEITH: Yeah, for sure. In my bag. You want another beer?

Keith has finished but Jacky has barely touched his. Keith strikes a boxer's stance and announces loudly

KEITH: *Llllllllllllet's-a-get-ready to aah-rrrrruuumblllllllllllle!*

JACKY: /Keith!

KEITH: What?!

JACKY: Shut up! Bruss, you gotta reign it in a bit. This isn't the mish and this isn't the bush and this isn't home. Ok? Things are different down here. Pull your head in

KEITH: Yeah...I am. What? I thought these mob are down with blackfullahs?

JACKY: You can't come here and run amok like you do back home. Mum and Laila told me the kind of shit you been up to. It's not gunna fly here. Ok? If you're livin' with me, you're gonna have to follow a few rules

KEITH: Like what?

JACKY: You think I been down here runnin' my mouth, gettin' on the piss, causin' a scene? No. I'm on a good wicket in this town, bruss. Got my life in order. I'm takin' care of business, lookin' after myself. Doin' mum and my old man proud. Alright? It's a good way to be.

KEITH: Ok. Ok, Jacky. I get it. Loosen up, bruss. I'm just havin' fun. Ok, I get it: play it cool; no runamok freaky blackfullah shit from Keithy-boy, I get it. I'm all good, bruss, I got this.

So, what - you got a woman?

JACKY: You need to get your interviews lined up as soon as possible and get that apprenticeship transferred to a new bakery. There's heaps of bakeries down here. And plenty of Baker's Delight ones. Are you gunna stick with Baker's Delight?

KEITH: I dunno

Yes! Yes, I'll talk to 'em!

JACKY: Good man

KEITH: I'm gunna chuck a bet on

JACKY: No, you're not

KEITH: What? My horse is racing

JACKY: Nah, we're goin'

KEITH: Naw, I was just gunna chuck one bet on. Just one!

JACKY: I got an appointment in a bit with the bank

KEITH: What for?

JACKY: Talk about gettin' a loan. Then I'm working tonight. And first I gotta show you my place. So let's go

KEITH: What you doin' for work? Mum said you been doin' culture stuff, dance stuff

JACKY: Yeah, a little bit. Part-time

KEITH: Part-time Jacky

JACKY: Got a thing next weekend, actually

KEITH: Where? What for?

JACKY: I don't know exactly. I ran into this woman the other night who got me the job here at Molly's; she works for this recruitment agency. But they're putting on some community event in a park. Culture and food and dance. Anyway, she said to come perform

KEITH: Ay, reckon you can get me some of that stuff too? That'd be mad. Some of the brothers was doin' culture stuff again up around home last year. For a bit. I been practicin' didge an' all

JACKY: We'll talk about it later

KEITH: Boom! That's it. Things gunna work out deady. I should call up Milky Balls and tell him: oi Milks, turns out the world is my oyster after all! And I didn't even need to "git dat education"

JACKY: Come on, I gotta get movin'. Don't forget your bag

Keith has his arm around Jacky

KEITH: Nah, s'good to see you, my brother! S'gunna be mad livin' wit you in the city!