# SCRIPT – LUKE AND DANNI

***SCENE 1***

***DANI’S HOUSE***

***INT (MORNING)***

*Luke sees the hurt and relents. Danni is probably the one person he loves in the world, and he can differentiate between her and the male McGregor clan.*

**Luke** Actually, I’m starving.

*Danni beams.*

***SCENE 2***

***CREEK/LUKE’S HUT***

***EXT (DAY)***

*Luke and Danni share their picnic lunch. Not really a picnic of course, more of a working lunch. But Danni has taken the trouble to spread a cloth on the ground. Luke has washed and donned his shirt. He has that country capacity to work in mud all day yet be squeaky clean for meals. Danni watches, pleased. She is a bit of a nurturer. Luke gnaws at the last bit of meat from a chop and adds the bone to a pile of half a dozen others which have gone before. He takes a bite of damper.*

**Luke** Beautiful.

**Danni** You can eat like a McGregor, I’ll tell you that. You ought to see Todd when he’s been working.

**Luke** Sorry, I skipped breakfast.

**Danni** *Maternal…* And lunch?

**Luke** *He did…* You don’t have to worry about me. Normally I look after myself pretty good. I was in a hurry.

*Danni glances towards his embryo ‘mine’ and sees the passion in him. She tries to*

*be as gentle as possible, but she has to tell him.*

**Danni** *Softly…* There isn’t any gold up here.

*There is a flash of Luke’s child like enthusiasm, which is a contrast to his usually*

*brooding quality. He grins at Danni, like a couple of conspiratorial kids.*

**Luke** Wait.

*He scurries across to his gear, finds a tiny parcel of brown paper, returns to Danni*

*and very carefully opens it out. One fold at a time, as though about to revel some*

*great treasure. Danni peers in, and Luke opens the last fold and holds it up for her*

*to admire.*

**Luke** There.

**Danni** *Can’t see anything…* What?

**Luke** There!

*Danni sees the tiny, tiny pile of gold flecks tucked into a crease of the paper.*

*Despite his glee, she is sad for him.*

**Danni** Oh, come on Luke. You could work your heart out for that all year and you wouldn’t keep yourself in beans.

**Luke** *Undaunted…* I know that, but it means it’s here. Somewhere. It means my father was right.

*Pause.*

**Danni** My Dad can be a bit of a trail sometimes. What was Uncle Sam like?