

TRIN: Are you in pain?

SALLY: No, I'm fine. Trin, we're a bit like Thelma and Louise don't you think?

TRIN: With lots of cosmetic surgery and liposuction we could be.

SALLY: I mean an older version.

TRIN: In our 60's?

SALLY: You mean 70's.

TRIN: Speak for yourself.

SALLY: I'm serious. We're the best of friends too and we're also quite different.

TRIN: You can say that again. I'm a mick and you're a heathen.

SALLY: I'm not a heathen. I'm a Protestant.

TRIN: A Protestant who went to a Catholic school. It's a good thing God forgives.

SALLY: Well, you're a liberal voter.

TRIN: And you're a Bolshy. I like to think we complement each other.

SALLY: They should make a movie about us. We've had so many great adventures over the years.

TRIN: Some great, some quite tragic and some bizarre.

SALLY: Do you remember the time we found the pretty spider with the red spot on its back and put it in Sister Mary's drawer?

TRIN: Ah yes, at the Little Sisters of No Mercy. Grade 3 wasn't it? Shame it didn't bite the old bag on the bum.

SALLY: The devil keeps his own.

TRIN: That's for sure. What about the time, just after you got your license, when you forgot to put the handbrake on at the petrol station and your old red mini-miner went rolling down the hill? We ran after it screaming like banchees. That was so much fun.

SALLY: I'm surprised someone didn't call the loony bin and have us put away.

TRIN: I think they did. They just couldn't catch us. Those were the days.

SALLY: Oh, and do you remember the one and only time we tried wacky backy?

TRIN: I don't recall that.

SALLY: You were far too...what do they call it....off your face I think.

TRIN: Moi?

SALLY: Yes, you Trinny Watkins. You ate the entire contents of my fridge and pantry that night. I vaguely remember having a full-on conversation with the toaster.

TRIN: Was it one-sided? Get it?

SALLY: Ha ha. You're such a comedian.

TRIN: I try. We are our very own version of Thelma and Louise then aren't we? But to fully qualify we need to commit a crime and then go on the run. We've not done that, have we?

SALLY: There's still time.

TRIN: I don't fancy shooting anyone.

SALLY: I've shot rabbits.

TRIN: Poor little bunnies.

SALLY: They're vermin.

TRIN: We could rob a bank, I suppose. We could have guns but no bullets.

SALLY: Alright, I'll compromise.

TRIN: We could wear balaclavas.

SALLY: And black gloves.

TRIN: And absolutely nothing else.

SALLY: They'd pay us billions to put our clothes back on.

TRIN: I'd rather enjoy the attention.

SALLY: You would. Where would we run to? Tasmania?

TRIN: Sal, why would we run to Tasmania for god's sake? That's not very exciting. We need to go somewhere where we can do a road trip and meet a stud and then drive off a cliff. Tasmanian roads are far too winding and you'd get nauseous. We need a straight run.

SALLY: Ok, how about the Nullabor?

TRIN: That's the first place they'd look. We need to go overseas. I need to Google it.

(Picks up the tablet from the coffee table and uses it)

Longest roads. Um, let me see, what's this? The Trans-Siberian Highway. It's the unofficial name for a network of federal highways that span the width of Russia, blah blah blah. Hmm. Russia. I love vodka and snow. Let's go there.

SALLY: I'd look good in fur.

TRIN: Fake fur I hope.

SALLY: We can ply ourselves with vodka before we drive off the cliff.

TRIN: You don't drink.

SALLY: I'll start.

TRIN: You're on. Who is Thelma and who is Louise?

SALLY: I'm Thelma. You're Louise.

TRIN: No, no, no. I want to be Thelma.

SALLY: But you're the strong one. You take the lead easily, just like Louise.

TRIN: You mean I'm a control freak.

SALLY: Yes.

TRIN: I really want to be Thelma. Let me be Thelma, please.

SALLY: Why?

TRIN: Because then I get to have my wicked way with Brad Pitt.

SALLY: No, you can't have him. I want him.

TRIN: Sal, I didn't think you had it in you.

