SHOOTING DRAFT

R A Z O R B A C K

Screenplay by
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from a novel by
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THIS DOCUMENT COMPLETED
16 MAY, 1983

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1 EXT CLAYPANS - (DUSK) 1

FADE UP on a BLUE FLIER --- the female of the Big Red kangaroo--- standing on a patch of Stipa grass amid the claypans of an otherwise sterile, Martian-red landscape. It is the moment of her young JOEY's first independence. Slowly, awkwardly, he levers himself from the pouch, all skinny limbs and protruding joints, until the little furry body lands in a gangling heap at his mother's feet and straightens to self-support.

The JOEY immediately bends forward to a clump of Stipa grass, at last able to reach the greenest shoots. The DOE remains upright, her ears twitching in ever-changing directions like radar beacons. On her own there is not a single Australian predator that can outrun, out-fight or out-wit her. But with her joey she is vulnerable, and danger wears a thousand different faces. Silhouetted against the violent orange to the west, the DOE stoops to the grass only intermittently, keeping her attention on the surrounding claypans. A sinister dischord weaves through our SOUNDTRACK, hinting of a predacious evil lurking just beyond the boundaries of human experience. The distant horizon is stained red by an approaching DUST STORM. SLOWLY FADE UP THE SOUND OF WIND AND A SOFT METALLIC CLINKING.

2 EXT CULLEN HOMESTEAD - (DUSK INTO NIGHT) 2

The dusk is giving way to full night. A modest little homestead is in the grip of a tempest. Visibility is near-zero. CAMERA WANDERS to find kangaroo skins of all sizes, pegged out to dry, flapping in the relentless blow. Standing sentinel over a pathetic vegetable patch is a SCARECROW, swooning and nodding stupidly with each gust. Nearby is a battered old UTILITY TRUCK (UTE). On a rack at the rear of the Ute, a dozen stainless steel BUTCHERS HOOKS scythe in unison; the hooks are the source of the metallic CLINKING. The SOUNDTRACK is still portentious --- laced with incomprehensible maleficence. In fact, the only convivial element in this godless setting is a warm LIGHT in the window of the homestead. FADE UP A MUSICBOX LULLABY.

3 INT CULLEN HOMESTEAD - LIVINGROOM - (NIGHT) 3

A CHILD is asleep in an armchair, hugging his teddybear. The teddy is the source of the LULLABY. The child is SCOTTY CULLEN, age 2. The bluster outside continues, but inside we feel safe and cozy. The powerful, sun-scarred hands of JAKE CULLEN reach down to gently lift SCOTTY. JAKE is a hunter, who lives on the front lines of Man's battle against Nature. JAKE raises the sleeping boy to his shoulder and starts toward the bedroom. Just then, his ears prick to a vagrant NOISE somewhere outside

---- a low, gutteral growl beyond the door. SCOTTY stirs and nuzzles against his grandfather's neck. JAKE dismisses the noise as wind humming beneath the eaves.

4 IN SCOTTY'S BEDROOM, JAKE tenderly places the child in bed and tucks in the covers. He re-winds the teddybear and places it on the pillow. The NOISE recurs and JAKE looks up sharply. 4

5 IN THE LIVINGROOM, a family portrait on the mantel shows JAKE, SCOTTY and Scotty's mother LOUISE. A metallic CLICK causes us to PULL-FOCUS TO JAKE'S HANDS as they quietly insert a cartridge into the breach of a 303.25. 5

6 EXT CULLEN HOMESTEAD - (NIGHT) 6

The front door opens and JAKE eases out to the verandah with his rifle. He listens hard but the raging WIND covers all sound clues. His eyes quest the yard but dust and darkness hide the night's secret. JAKE ventures more fully out on to the timber porch, his frame backlit by the light from the doorway behind him.

JAKE'S POV scanning slowly. He can see nothing more dire than the outline of the Scarecrow. Yet, something is terribly, indefinably wrong.

TIGHT PROFILE ON JAKE as he looks up and turns his head suddenly.

JAKE'S POV as some dark manifestation of pure evil charges at him with the velocity of a missile launched from a catapult. Hooves hammer thunderously on the timber floorboards of the verandah.

JAKE never has a chance to even raise the rifle. A blur of tusk and muscle slams JAKE sideways, impacting him out into the yard. He lands heavily and is stunned. Awareness returns with the SOUNDS OF TERRIFIC CRASHING. The thing is in the house! JAKE climbs quickly to his feet, barely aware of his mangled leg. He snatches the rifle and skips toward the house.

7 INT CULLEN HOMESTEAD - (NIGHT) 7

The livingroom is a nightmare of mindless destruction. Amid the debris is a chilling SILENCE. JAKE stands in the doorway, taking in the scene. Blood pulses from the rip in his knee.

His eyes search the shadows.

WHAMM!!! A wall behind him explodes outward as if hit by a truck. A black SHAPE, spotted in chunks of plaster, scratches urgently for the back door. Before we see anything very clearly, the back door has been ripped from its hinges and the loathsome thing is gone. Mixed with the SOUND of the wind is the tinkling lullaby, winding to a stop. A sickening thought pierces JAKE'S consciousness like a hot poker and he lunges toward

8 SCOTTY'S BEDROOM. The room has been turned topsy-turvy. The teddybear is on the floor, halfway between SCOTTY'S EMPTY BED and the huge hole in the wall. 8

JAKE
Scotty. Jesus God.

9 LIVINGROOM as JAKE bolts from the bedroom, snatches a kerosene lantern from the table, and disappears out the back door. 9

10 EXT CULLEN HOMESTEAD - (NIGHT) 10

TRACKING QUICKLY as the brutish thing makes for the darkness beyond the yard. A PICKET FENCE IN FOREGROUND distorts the action like a strobe and makes it frustratingly difficult to determine the monster's shape or whether it is carrying anything in its mouth. But as it passes behind the Scarecrow we get some indication of its size, which is approximately that of a large bull or small rhinoceros. Then it is gone, into the darkness. PAN UP QUICKLY as JAKE runs away from the house. The wind howls. ZOOM IN ON JAKE. His eyes are wet with terror as they scan for tracks.

JAKE'S POV as he picks up the large hoof prints in the clay.

JAKE runs out into the curtain of dusk and darkness beyond the picket fence. The roar of the tempest is deafening. Lantern in one hand, rifle in the other, JAKE hops on his good leg as he follows the tracks. Back in the loungeroom, flames lick from a fallen lamp. Soon, the tracks begin to dissolve away in the onslaught of wind and sand. Not far from the homestead, the tracks have disappeared completely. The monster is gone, and if God was merciful, then Scotty is already dead. Flames can now be clearly seen in the windows of the homestead. JAKE throws back his head in realisation and bellows his anguish. His wail metamorphoses to become the first note of our THEME MUSIC as we commence TITLE SEQUENCE. We PAN AWAY SLOWLY from this scene, and the night storm becomes

11 EXT DESERT - (DAY) 11

PAN CONTINUES over parched earth, sweltering beneath a Capricorn sun. SILENCE AND SOLITUDE. TITLES CONTINUE over mulga and saltbush to

LONG-SHOT OF GAMULLA, a small outback town squatting defensively on a stark landscape and undulating in the heat haze. SLOWLY ZOOM IN on the town, and FADE UP

MAGISTRATE
This Hearing is to determine whether Jake Matthew Cullen is to be committed for trial for the disappearance and presumed murder of Scott Matthew Cullen.

12 EXT GAMULLA - (DAY) 12

ANOTHER ANGLE on the town. The name "Gamulla" is established by a sign pocked in bullet holes.

COUNSEL
A "pig", you say?

JAKE (v.o.)
No. A boar. A razorback.

The cheerless little community supports a store, a post office, a fuel depot, an asbestos and iron hotel, a cluster of shanties, and a stone GAOL. PAN STOPS on the Gaol.

13 INT GAOL - (DAY) 13

TWO POLICEMEN are escorting a PRISONER along a stone corridor toward the stark light of day beyond the doorway. The PRISONER is limping on a stiff leg.

COUNSEL (v.o.)
And this...this "razorback" broke your leg and carried your grandson away?

14 EXT GAOL - (DAY) 14

The prisoner, JAKE CULLEN, steps outside to be confronted by bright sunshine and a wall of accusing FACES. Townsfolk, reporters and spectators have gathered to watch the accused man being taken to the Hearing. He is oblivious to the buzz of speculation from the crowd. TITLES CONTINUE.

JAKE (v.o.)
Yes.

15 INT HEARING - (DAY) 15

TIGHT ON JAKE, seated uncomfortably in the witness box, looking incongruous in a plain suit and tie. The sceptical COUNSEL passes through FRAME and we go with him as he stops and turns towards JAKE.

COUNSEL
You mean to say, Mr Cullen, that as a professional kangaroo shooter, armed with a high-powered rifle....

TOWNSFOLK sit in rows of foldout chairs, and fan themselves in the heat. Two ceiling fans revolve in a lazy attempt to circulate the air. Flies buzz in and out of open windows. A dog naps in a corner. The atmosphere is thick with judgement against the Hunter.

COUNSEL (Contd)
....you were unable to kill or even wound this....boar?

A young, inexperienced and nervous LAWYER representing Jake hastens to his feet.

LAWYER
Your Worship, the animal in question is by no means a normal product of nature. It's armoured in a thick layer of gristle that can't be penetrated by a rifle-shot unless it's fired from underneath him.

COUNSEL
Your Worship, we have already heard expert testimony from Mr Baker that he shoots and kills razorbacks every day.

QUICK SHOT of BENNY BAKER among the spectators.

LAWYER
But there are all sorts of razorbacks.

They're a hybrid species. A freak.
An aberration.

COUNSEL
Aberration or apparition?

Murmurs of amusement from the gallery. Among them are characters soon to be introduced as RAY TURNER, DICKO & BENNY BAKER, FRANK WALLACE, the COP, the DOCTOR, SARAH CAMERON and LOUISE CULLEN. The latter two remain sullen.

COUNSEL
(interrupts, addresses JAKE)
Then the answer is "no", you were unable to wound it?

JAKE looks at his daughter LOUISE. She stares back numbly.

JAKE
Well...You'd have to've seen it to believe it.

COUNSEL
(glancing judiciously at MAGISTRATE)
Indeed.

FRESH ANGLE as we JUMP-CUT TO DICKO BAKER in the witness stand. DICKO --- whose face is pocked with acne scars, whose eyes are too close together, and whose mouth is bent permanently in an expression of cruelty, is enjoying this.

COUNSEL
Sir, as a professional kangaroo shooter and an expert on local wildlife, how big would an animal --- say a razorback --- how large would a razorback have to be to actually carry a 2 year-old child over any distance.

Before answering, DICKO gives a shifty, sidelong glance at the accused, and we sense a deepseated hatred between them.

DICKO
'Bout four times bigger than any boar I've ever seen or heard of.

There is a whisper of approval from the spectators, suggesting that they are willing to side with anyone but Jake.

LAWYER
(rising)
Your Worship, for an animal to have grown to such an extraordinary size he must be extremely shy and cunning or else...

COUNSEL
(To DICKO)
Even an exceptionally large and uh.."cunning" beast couldn't have even, say, dragged the boy?

LOUISE CULLEN closes her eyes at the thought of it.

DICKO
Not for any distance, no. Besides, the razorback's kind've cowardly. Usually a good "boo!" will scare 'im off.

More murmurs of amusement. TITLES ARE CONTINUING.

FRESH ANGLE as we JUMP-CUT TO THE COP giving evidence.

COUNSEL
No tracks? No blood?

COP
No sir.

COUNCIL
No evidence whatever to give credence to this giant razorback theory?

COP
None sir.

JAKE sits motionless, haunted, with the weight of collective condemnation resting heavily on his shoulders.

FRESH ANGLE as we JUMP-CUT TO LOUISE CULLEN in the box.

COUNSEL
Do you often leave the boy with his grandfather?

LOUISE
I was away in Brisbane. My mother was ill.

Her eyes are swollen and tired. Her face is strangely enquiring, as if she desperately needs to know how and why her baby has vanished from the planet.

COUNSEL
Do you know what happened?

LOUISE'S eyes descend to JAKE, and she speaks to him directly.

LOUISE
I don't know. Dad said it was a razorback but ---what razorback? Where is it? Why hasn't anyone ever seen anything like it?

Indeed. This is the crux of the argument against Jake's story. VARIOUS TOWNSFOLK stare at JAKE in various ways. Most are condemning. One --- SARAH CAMERON --- is sympathetic. The harsh sunlight from the window DISSOLVES TO

16 EXT JAKE'S CARAVAN - (NIGHT) 16

A calm, moonlit night. Jake's Ute is parked outside a small caravan, which has been extended in an ad hoc manner, and is Jake's present home.

COUNSEL (v.o.)
Then in your opinion, Doctor, the wound to Mr Cullen's knee could have been caused by a fall against some sharp object.

17 INT JAKE'S CARAVAN - (NIGHT) 17

JAKE is in an uneasy sleep. The passage of time is marked by a shock of white hair.

COUNSEL (v.o.)
So, Professor, this 900-pound rogue razorback is something of a folk-epic creature--- like the bunyip or the Min-Min Lights?

ANOTHER ANGLE on JAKE.

LOUISE (v.o.)
What razorback? Why hasn't anyone seen it?

MAGISTRATE
...the finding of this Court is that there is insufficient evidence to support the charge....the accused is hereby discharged.

LOUISE (v.o.)
I'm leaving, Jake.

There is a quick, crescending hammering of hooves on timber floorboards, punctuated by a loud "crack" from the Magistrate's gavel. JAKE sits bolt upright, eyes questing the darkness for tusked demons. But there is nothing. Only SILENCE.

END OF TITLE SEQUENCE. SLOW DISSOLVE TO

18 EXT NEW YORK CITY - (DAY) 18

Our senses are assaulted by a new and entirely incongruous setting - New York --- snow, traffic, tall buildings.

ANOTHER ANGLE on a shop front, featuring a dozen television sets on display, all showing the same program. WE ZOOM IN on a TV, and the attractive face of BETH WINTERS, a woman activist, arguing heatedly with a RODEO COWBOY. As we fade up the audio, we are transported to....

19 INT WINTERS APARTMENT - (DAY) 19

TIGHT ON THE FACE OF CARL WINTERS, a handsome, bright city-dweller, staring at a TV as we hear...

COWBOY (TV)
Lady, we work with these animals every day. They're trained to play rough. That's what a rodeo's all about!

BETH (TV)
I know what rodeos are about. It's the exploitation of animals by greedy....

COWBOY
(interrupts)
Exploitation! These horses and steers enjoy performing!

WE ARE WIDENING ON CARL to reveal that he has just entered and is crossing toward the TV as he takes off his coat and scarf. NOW WE SEE the real-life BETH WINTERS sitting on the edge of a couch, critically assessing herself on the TV.

BETH (TV)
Enjoy having their genitals prodded with electrical....

COWBOY
Aw, come on! Alls you're doing is trying t'put a lotta honest people outta work!

CARL bends down to give his wife a kiss.

CARL
Hi, hon. When did you...

BETH

Shh...

CARL falls silent for a moment, and sits down beside his wife and watches the interview.

BETH (TV)

Where the cruelty to animals is concerned, I frankly don't care who I put out of work. I will not stop this campaign until...

COWBOY

Lady, why don't you go back to New York and stop meddling in things that ain't none've your business.

CLOSE-UP BETH studying her screen image, frowning.

CLOSE-UP CARL, looking from the TV to his wife.

BETH (TV)

The torturing of animals who have no say in the matter is an issue that concerns everyone, no matter where they're from. Everyone has a duty to speak up.

The COWBOY is increasingly on the spot here. He seems to feel a sense of injustice, but is not articulate enough to put his case against the more skillful interviewer.

COWBOY

Yeah? Well I think you're a paid hitman for the Animal Welfare League. Why do you people stop with so-called cruelty to rodeo animals or furry seals? Why don't you go and save all the spiders and fleas? They're animals too.

The item finishes, and the news program cuts back to a couple of GLIB NEWSCASTERS as one gives the other an aside...

MALE NEWSCASTER

Fleas of America take heart.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER

Lot've cruelty to <u>rats</u> over in east Manhattan, Tom...

Outraged, BETH gets up and flicks off the TV.

BETH

Dammit!

CARL
(sympathising)
That was unfair.

BETH
The trouble is, that poor cowboy had a point. I was being unfair to him, and that's just how it came across. That's not me! (Points at TV).I've had it, Carl. It's time to hang up my hobby horse...
(turns lovingly to him)
..maybe have that baby we've been talking about.

CARL
Fine. Quit. Have a baby. But why not finish with a bang.

BETH
(sexy)
S'what I had in mind.

CARL
You know what I mean. What about that kangaroo doco they want you to do in Australia? It's a dream assignment.

BETH
Aw, I'd be away for our anniversary.

CARL
There'll be other anniversaries. If you quit now you'll regret it.
(puts his arms around her)
Look, go to Australia, do the job, think this thing over carefully. We'll have a party when you get back...or babies or whatever you want.

She stares upward at him for a moment and realises he's right. Her expression tells him that she has decided to take his advice. They embrace.

CARL
Since you'll be away, I might's well give you your anniversary present now.

He takes a tiny gift-wrapped box from his pocket and gives it to her. She opens it to discover a beautiful pear-shaped diamond ring. She is so surprised that she is momentarily struck speechless.

CARL
You hate it.

BETH
I...I love it! It's exquisite.

CARL
You're exquisite...for a hitman.

She throws her arms around him and kisses him again.

BETH (suggestively)
Now...about that baby...

As the foreplay commences, we discreetly DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE 20 DELETED

21 EXT GAMULLA - (DAY) 21

The diamond ring sparkles in the sunshine as BETH grips the steering wheel of a rented STATIONWAGON. CRANE UP as the STATIONWAGON approaches that same pitiless town that misjudged Jake Cullen. MUSIC; Shades of "Razorback Theme".

TRACKING THE STATIONWAGON as it prowls between clusters of weatherboard shanties, populated by aboriginal children and dogs. The stench of rotting flesh seems to hang in the air and gives it substance. The car stops by the "Gamulla" sign.

DANNY (o.s.)
Means gut.

IN THE STATIONWAGON, TWO-SHOT BETH and her Australian cameraman, DANNY.

BETH
What does?

DANNY
Gamulla. It's an aboriginal word meaning belly --- intestine --- gut.

BETH
(looks at sign)
They should've called it gutless.

22 EXT HOTEL - (AFTERNOON) 22

TV CAMERA'S POV of BETH with a mic, addressing US, looking as if she is on a fashion safari in her khaki designer-jeans and fatigue shirt.

BETH
(on-air)
...six hundred miles west of Sydney, in the outback town of Gamulla, an aboriginal word that appropriately means intestines or gut.

ANGLE ON DANNY, a veteran at his job. He fine-tunes his camera focus on Beth, and notes that although Beth is cool and efficient on-camera, she is uncertain and nervous between takes. During the following, she will make a few mistakes (adlib), and have to start again.

BETH
Appropriate because Gamulla deals literally in an economy of flesh and blood.

MLS of the Gamulla Hotel, where a few LOCALS stand at the window.

BETH
Last year, more than 800 thousand kangaroos and wabbalies were slau-
(realising her mistake)
"Wabbalies".

DANNY
Still rolling.

BETH glances at the hotel, re-establishes her composure, and goes for take two ---

BETH
Last year, more than 800 thousand kangaroos and wallabies were slaughtered in this district alone.

SEVERAL ABORIGINAL CHILDREN have gathered by the roadside to watch the filming.

They were summarily gutted and quartered and dumped at the Petpak Cannery eight miles west of here to become dog excretia on the sidewalks of Sydney, Hong Kong and New York.
(lowers mic, addresses DANNY)
That'll do. I'll do the pampered pet routine in voice-over.

DANNY
Fair enough. I'm losing light anyway.

BETH
How'd I sound?

DANNY
(packing equipment)
Great.

23 INT GAMULLA HOTEL - (LATE AFTERNOON) 23

PANNING the interior of the humid little pub, where coarse, hard-working men take their refreshment, play darts, chat in tight clusters. The group of men at the window move away. A hush falls over the room. The dart game stops.

BETH and DANNY enter with their suitcases. They are aware of the potential for hostility here. These are people who earn their living from kangaroos. BETH starts toward the bar, but DANNY -- by virtue of being the male and native --- steps in front of her and addresses RAY TURNER, whom we saw at the Hearing.

DANNY
G'day. We'd like a couple've rooms.

Pause. TURNER gives them a look, then reaches for the keys. BETH looks at the faces around her.

TURNER
Beth Winters, isn't it? The animal campaigner?

DANNY
Yes. How do I get messages out?

TURNER
There's the radio phone. May take an hour or so to get through. Where y'ringing?

BETH
New York.

SILENCE in the bar. Men looking at BETH without appearing to stare. It is not so long ago in Australia that women were not even allowed into a public bar.

TURNER
New York? You'd be lucky to reach Bourke.

BETH
(tired)-
Well let's start with Bourke then, shall we?

She starts out, stops, turns back ---

BETH
Oh --- we'd like to talk to some kangaroo shooters.

She seems to be asking the whole room. No one speaks.

BETH
I see.

She turns and leaves. DANNY gives TURNER a last look, then follows her out. TURNER and friends are left not knowing quite what hit them.

24 EXT HOTEL - (LATE AFTERNOON) 24

DANNY and BETH are unloading gear from the back of the Station-wagon.

BETH
There's no way Petpak Cannery is going to quietly agree to an interview. How about we do a walk-in tomorrow.

DANNY
You're the boss. All they can do is smash my camera like in Dubbo.

BETH
Think positive. You can collect off my insurance.

DANNY
Just remember you're not in New York, surrounded by 2 million animal lovers.

When DANNY glances at BETH, he sees that her attention is suddenly elsewhere.

An old Ute rattles past. WE RECOGNISE IT AS JAKE CULLEN'S UTE. In the back is the rack for holding butchers hooks and carcasses and several rifles are visible through the rear window.

BETH
(quietly)
Let's get set up.

DANNY
(looks at light)
Now?

BETH
Hurry.

25 EXT FUEL DEPOT - (LATE AFTERNOON) 25

The Ute has stopped outside the fuel depot 100 yards beyond the hotel. JAKE gets out on the passenger side and starts to work the petrol bowser.

BETH (o.s.)
Sir...

JAKE turns to be confronted by camera and microphone.

QUICK SHOT of an attractive young girl sitting in the drivers seat of the Ute. She is SARAH CAMERON, who we saw at the Inquest, but before we get a good look we cut to ---

BETH
My name is Beth Winters and I'm from the World Animal League.

DANNY holds JAKE in focus as the latter automatically doffs his hat.

BETH is prepared for a confrontation, but her instincts tell her to tread softly -- that Jake is basically a gentleman.

BETH
How would you respond to claims by Australian environmental scientists that the kangaroo is becoming extinct?

Jake isn't handy with words, and it has been some time since he has been at ease in conversation with a strange woman.

JAKE
Wouldn't know. I hunt boars.

Jake has better arguments, but the words fail him now. SARAH in b.g. of shot.

BETH
Boars?

JAKE
Razorbacks.

He starts to turn away --- to end the interview. But BETH keeps at him ---

BETH
Okay then, boars or kangaroos --- you are a professional hunter, correct? You make your living by killing wildlife, correct?

JAKE
F' you say so.

JAKE turns and gets back into the passenger side of the Ute, pulling his stiff leg in after him. BETH doesn't let up ---

Increasingly Sarah is agitated by Beth's methods.

BETH
Roughly how many razorbacks would you kill in a season?

JAKE flexes his jaw angrily as he leans out the window---

JAKE
No "season" on razorbacks, girlie.

BETH
(puzzled)
Then why kill them?

JAKE
Dunno. Something about blowing the shit out've a razorback that brightens up my whole day.

BETH
(quietly outraged)
But surely....

At this point, a furious SARAH takes the matter into her own hands and steps down on the accelerator, thus ending the interview. The Ute throws gravel as it leaves. She glares over her shoulder at Beth.

BETH
Keep shooting, Danny. Get them driving out.

DANNY keeps the camera on the Ute until it vanishes into its own dust.

DANNY
Perfect.

BETH
Yeah. I suppose so.

26 INT HOTEL - (LATE AFTERNOON) 26

BETH is speaking into the radio phone. DANNY is carrying in gear in b.g.

BETH
Hello Hello.

BETH
(phone)
No, no, New York, U.S.A. United States. America.
(pause)
Sorry. Over.
(pause)
No, I want to telephone there. I want you to connect me with a landline. Over.

TURNER watches sceptically, glancing at other drinkers.

BETH
No. no, Winters is my husband. Carl Winters. He is the party with whom I wish to speak.
(to herself)
Jesus.
(belated)
Uh Over.
(pause)
Hello? Hello?

Line's gone dead. She rolls her eyes and looks at TURNER. He looks away.

27 EXT HOTEL - (LATE AFTERNOON) 27

DANNY is getting the last of the camera gear out of the Stationwagon when BETH comes up behind him.

BETH
Oh, leave the Arriflex and tripod, Danny. I'm going to shoot some sunset footage.

DANNY
Watch the roads, they'll be chokas with 'roos and sheep after dark. They run straight into your headlights. How'd it be for the chief've the World Animal League t'be knocking over ---

BETH
(interrupts with a kiss on the cheek)
Thanks for worrying. I'll drive slowly and be back by dusk, so don't use all the hot water, okay?

She smiles, gets into the Stationwagon and drives off to the west. DANNY watches as she goes. He's worried.

28 EXT DESERT - (LATE AFTERNOON) 28

Ruler-straight horizon. Contrasting earth-red and sky-blue split our SCREEN in the middle. The vista is punctuated by the STATIONWAGON cruising west along a narrow bitumen "highway", headed into a late afternoon sun. BETH passes a sleek TOURIST BUS thundering in the opposite direction.

29 INT HOTEL - (LATE AFTERNOON) 29

DANNY is telling TURNER and friends a joke (to be advised). The feeling here is that humour establishes a common bond with people, and that outside Beth's company DANNY is just one of the boys.

30 EXT DESERT - (NEAR SUNSET) 30

BETH driving, looking for a good place to stop. She notices a cluster of CROWS on the roadway ahead. She beeps her horn and the birds disperse to reveal the carcass of some dead animal on the bitumen. She steers around the carnage.

31 INT HOTEL - (NEAR SUNSET) 31

DANNY'S joke continues to punchline.

32 EXT DESERT - (SUNSET) 32

FOCUSING ON THE SUNSET.

ANOTHER ANGLE shows BETH operating the little Arriflex camera on a tripod.

She squeezes the trigger and the camera purrs.

CAMERA POV of the setting sun.

TIGHT PROFILE ON BETH, seeing something unusual.

CAMERA POV as an ominous SHAPE moves along the top of a ridge.

TIGHT ON BETH as she quickly adjusts focus.

CAMERA POV ZOOMS AND FOCUSES, but the weird shape becomes lost in the sun-flare for a moment. MUSIC nudges our recollection of the beast in the Prologue.

ANGLE ON BETH as she looks up from the camera with the naked eye.

BETH'S NORMAL POV of the ridge. Whatever it was, it's gone now.

A chill runs through BETH, although she doesn't know why. She returns to her camera, shoots some more footage, pans away to capture the sun's reflection on a mountain range to the east. Just then, a NOISE CRESCENDS, taking her off-guard.

CAMERA POV as a streak of grey flashes through FRAME.

BETH looks up quickly to realise that it was a vehicle passing on the highway. There is a vague JINGLING NOISE as the vehicle continues on its way. It is a kind of off-road buggy with a flatbed, AND A RACKFUL OF KANGAROO CARCASSES SCYTHING FROM THE BACK.

As a matter of professional curiosity, BETH quickly packs the camera away, gets into the Stationwagon, and takes off after the FLATBED.

33 INT HOTEL - (DUSK) 33

A lively conversation over a few jars. The subject of cruelty to animals is obviously of interest in Gamulla, with folks split down the middle ---

ANDY
I got nothing against the animal lovers. I suppose they got a job to do like the rest've us. But how many 'roos y'see laying dead along the highway, knocked over by cars and buses? Cars and razor-backs take ten times the 'roos a hunter does, so why doesn't your Beth Winters leave us alone and go save a species that really needs saving.

WALT
S'right. S'the bloody 'roo shooters that's the endangered species.

DOUG
You tell me the difference between a kangaroo finishing up as pig shit out there in the desert or as dog shit on some Pom's shoe in bloody Fleet Street.

WALT
Lotta angry people out there. I hope she knows what she's doing.

END ON DANNY, concerned.

34 EXT PETPAK TURN-OFF - (DUSK) 34

The FLATBED turns off the highway and down a dirt road, passing a sign: PETPAK P/L 3k. BETH'S STATIONWAGON is half a mile behind.

35 EXT PETPAK - (DUSK) 35

PETPAK CANNERY features a large building made of brick, asbestos and corrugated iron; holding yards for a motley assortment of unwanted horses and brumbies; racks for the drying of animal skins; a cesspool for the disposal of bloody water and grease; several old vehicles with PETPAK P/L on the doors; and various outbuildings and machinery. Because of the stench, the business is located out in the middle of nowhere. WE ESTABLISH THE GREY FLATBED parked outside the main entrance --- the carcasses clearly visible on hooks.

NOW WE ESTABLISH THE STATIONWAGON PARKED 100 yards up the road. BETH is sitting inconspicuously inside, resting the camera on the moulding as she shoots film.

CAMERA POV as it scans the miserable yard, ZOOMING IN on various things of interest. But the light is bad and the footage is UNDEREXPOSED.

BETH can't leave it at that. She gets out of the Stationwagon and cautiously approaches.

BETH raises the camera and films the dead 'roos hanging on hooks in the back of the FLATBED. She gets a few feet of footage before she notices someone coming. She ducks behind a tractor.

WALLACE emerges from the building, goes to the Flatbed, takes a carcass off a hook, hoists it to his shoulders, and goes back inside.

REVEAL that BETH is getting all this on film. Our senses warn her to leave it at that --- to take the footage and get out. But she doesn't. She eases toward the building and carefully looks through a window.

36 INT PETPAK CANNERY - (DUSK) 36

BETH'S POV as WALLACE carries the carcass to a conveyor belt. From there the carcass is deposited into a steel shute, which is the source of the LOUD NOISE. BETH cannot see what happens to the carcass after it disappears into the shute, but it's fairly obvious. The machine crushes everything into a workable mash which is conveyed to another part of the building for processing. The CRUSHING MACHINE is being operated by the obnoxious creature we met briefly at the Hearing -- DICKO BAKER.

SHOT OF BETH at the window, looking in. She raises the CAMERA.

CAMERA POV as Beth shoots footage. The interior of the building is well-lit with overhead fluorescent tubes so that the film exposure is almost right. An overhead conveyor amid the various catwalks and overstructure carries the dried and refined mash to another part of the room, where some of it is processed for petfood and the remains become blood & bone fertilizer, which is heaped up in rusty red mountains by a man driving a bulldozer. This is BENNY BAKER, Dicko's older brother. BETH'S POV has briefly lost track of the third man, Wallace. The CAMERA'S EYE searches rather urgently, and we are relieved to find him taking a wheelbarrow out the back. But when she pans back to the Crusher, Dicko is missing. She pans, searching. Suddenly, DICKO is walking straight into CAMERA.

DICKO
What's that?! What're you doing?!

BETH decides that the camera is her best defense; she keeps it trained on DICKO. He keeps trying to knock it away or cover the lens with his hand.

DICKO
Get that bloody camera---

BETH
Hey---

DICKO
Oi, Benny! Benny!

BETH
Do you mind?

OUR CAMERA POV is jostled. We see the floor, the ceiling, an elbow. As the commotion continues, the CAMERA finds DICKO'S FACE

DICKO
Benny!!

BETH looks off to see BENNY noticing the fracas. He jumps down off the bulldozer and starts to approach. WALLACE is also approaching. BETH decides it's time to take a powder. She lowers the camera, fixes DICKO'S gaze, starts to ease away ---

BENNY
What is it?

DICKO
Bloody sheila's taking pictures!

BETH is still backing away.

BENNY
Who the hell're you?

BETH
Just --- a tourist. Nice place.

BENNY
(cocks his head at her suspiciously)
No you ain't. You're that sheila from the telly --- the one stirring up shit about kangaroo shooters.

37 EXT PETPAK - (DUSK) 37

BETH, who is now thirty feet from the window where DICKO and BENNY are, turns and bolts for the Stationwagon, running straight into the arms of WALLACE! She screams and fights free. WALLACE (who is actually somewhat retarded) makes no real attempt to hold her, and is in fact as startled as she is.

DICKO and BENNY disappear from the window, and a second later they are hurrying out the door.

BETH makes it to the Stationwagon, jumps inside, starts the engine. She's home and hosed. She can even afford to give the approaching BAKER BROTHERS a mocking little smile and wave before she steps on the gas and throws gravel.

The Stationwagon spins, gains traction and makes a clean getaway.

38 IN THE STATIONWAGON, BETH feels exhilarated by it, gives a little shudder, and smiles to herself as she looks in the rearview mirror. 38

BETH'S MIRROR POV of THE BAKER BROTHERS standing in the yard, watching.

39 INT HOTEL - (NIGHT) 39

DANNY breaks away from a party of drinkers and goes out the door.

40 EXT HOTEL - (NIGHT) 40

Drink in hand, DANNY steps out on the verandah to scan the area. He is getting worried about Beth. Dusk has given way to early evening. DANNY glances at his watch. There is an explosion of male laughter back inside the pub.

41 EXT DESERT HIGHWAY - (NIGHT) 41

A set of glaring headlights are racing straight into CAMERA.

42 IN THE STATIONWAGON, BETH is driving east. She is getting a little nervous as the darkness overtakes her. She keeps glancing in the rearview mirror. 42

MIRROR POV shows only darkness.

BETH reaches for the radio, turns it on, tries to find some bright music.

HER FOOT presses a little harder on the accelerator.

43 THE STATIONWAGON gathers speed. 43

44 IN THE STATIONWAGON, BETH concentrating on the road. 44

HER POV of the road ahead, bathed in a splash of illumination from her headlights.

BETH'S EYES flick to the rearview mirror. She registers concern.

MIRROR'S POV of a tiny light about three miles back.

BETH'S FOOT applies more pressure to the accelerator.

BETH'S EYES return to the road ahead. Her eyes widen. She gasps.

HER POV as a small wallaby hops on to the roadway.

45 THE STATIONWAGON'S WHEELS lock. Shriek. 45

46 BETH, mouth agape. 46

BETH'S POV as the car stops just short of the little marsupial. She beeps her horn and it hops away.

BETH collects her wits, takes a deep breath, and starts off again. She glances into the mirror.

MIRROR'S POV, first showing only darkness. Then suddenly TWO HEADLIGHTS appear up out of a dip in the road. They are only 100 yards back!

BETH tries to remain calm. The headlights mean nothing. The RADIO MUSIC is pleasant -- an emotional link with civilisation. She tries to moderate her speed so as not to hit any kangaroos.

47 ROADSIDE SHOT as the STATIONWAGON does a passby. HOLD for a few moments, then the second vehicle passes. We are unable to see the vehicle clearly, but as it recedes into the distance we hear a familiar jingling of metal against metal! 47

48 IN THE STATIONWAGON, BETH watches as the headlights get closer and closer. 48

HER FOOT depresses the accelerator.

And still the other vehicle is gaining, until it is right behind her. Suddenly, a THIRD LIGHT appears, above and between the two headlights, like a third eye!

BETH is becoming sick with worry. The hell with kangaroos. She flattens the accelerator.

49 EXT ROADWAY, ELEVATED SHOT, as the two vehicles pass beneath us. The second vehicle's three lights illuminate a wide area of roadway. 49

50 IN THE STATIONWAGON, BETH glances down at 50

THE SPEEDOMETER; 120 kph.

BETH bites her lip.

HER FOOT holds the accelerator to the floor.

51 EXT ROADWAY, TRACKING BOTH VEHICLES as the FLATBED falls back, as if playing cat & mouse with Beth. 51

52 IN THE STATIONWAGON, BETH expresses relief. 52

53 EXT ROADWAY as the FLATBED suddenly veers off the road. 53

HEAVY STEEL BULLBAR smashes through two roadposts.

STAINLESS STEEL BUTCHERS HOOKS JINGLE on the rack.

THE FLATBED thumps down onto the desert floor and takes off cross-country, perpendicular to the road.

54 IN THE STATIONWAGON, BETH sees the tactic and wonders what's what. 54

55 EXT DESERT as the FLATBED thrashes over bush and bump, with reckless disregard for shocks and undercarriage. 55

56 IN THE STATIONWAGON, BETH loses sight of the bright headlights and assumes the yahoos have given up their chase. RADIO MUSIC THROUGHOUT. 56

BETH'S POV of the PETPAK signpost ahead.

57 EXT JUNCTION as the STATIONWAGON leaves the Petpak turn-off and gets back on to the highway. 57

58 IN THE STATIONWAGON, BETH begins to feel a little safer now that she is back on the bitumen. She looks askance at 58

THE MOVIE CAMERA on the seat beside her.

SPEEDOMETER; 100 kph.

As BETH glances forward at the road again, she's entering a small cutting.

BETH'S POV as something GREY erupts on to the highway in front of her. Too big to be a kangaroo.

59 EXT ROADWAY as the grey FLATBED leaves the roadside bank and becomes airborne. It is headed straight at the side of the STATIONWAGON. But the height causes it to soar ABOVE. 59

60 IN THE STATIONWAGON, BETH'S POV as the FLATBED (as if in slow-motion) passes above her. 60

61 CLOSE-UP DETAIL as the back wheels of the FLATBED clip the STATIONWAGON'S roof racks. 61

62 IN THE STATIONWAGON, CLOSE-UP BETH'S terrified face. 62

63 EXT ROADWAY as the FLATBED thumps down heavily on the other side of the road. The STATIONWAGON continues on. The FLATBED spins around in the dirt, lurches back on to the bitumen, and burns rubber as it takes off in pursuit. 63

64 IN THE STATIONWAGON, BETH is near tears. 64

HER FOOT has again pressed the accelerator to the floor.

SPEEDOMETER; 120 kph and rising.

BETH'S EYES fix on the rearview mirror and she is sickened by what she sees.

BETH'S POV of the three-eyed demon coming up fast behind her.

CLOSE-UP BETH'S FACE, with the illumination from the Flatbed's three headlights increasing as it reflects off her.

65 EXT ROADWAY as the steel bullbar on the FLATBED punches against the rear end of the STATIONWAGON. 65

66 IN THE STATIONWAGON as BETH takes the jolt and fights to control the wheel. She is almost weeping with terror. 66

67 EXT ROADWAY as the FLATBED falls back slightly, accelerates again, and kisses the back of the STATIONWAGON with a crunch of steel and glass. 67

68 IN THE STATIONWAGON, the jolt seems to knock the wind out of BETH. 68

BETH'S POV in the mirror as the three lights come up fast. BOOM!

69 EXT ROADWAY, as, this time, the impact of the FLATBED causes the back of the STATIONWAGON to slew sideways. 69

70 IN THE STATIONWAGON, BETH loses control of the wheel. 70

71 EXT ROADWAY as the STATIONWAGON leaves the bitumen, skids on to the desert floor, hits a ditch, bucks wildly and comes to an abrupt stop. 71

72 IN THE STATIONWAGON as BETH is thrown forward, striking her forehead on the steering wheel. 72

She recoils, not badly hurt, but half-paralysed with fear.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON BETH as she quickly turns to look back. Her heart sinks as the triple headlights ease up slowly behind her and stop.

BETH feels helpless, vulnerable, angry. All the intelligence and chutzpah in the world is rendered useless, and life's only virtue is brute force.

73 EXT DESERT, AN ENTIRELY NEW POV from about 200 yards out into the desert, looking toward the two stationary vehicles and their blazing headlights. MUSIC AND STYLE strongly suggest that we are seeing the POV of the nightmare creature from Prologue. The distant glow of headlights spells "food", but the creature is too cunning to approach without caution. 73

74 EXT SIDE OF ROADWAY as, for a moment, the two vehicles just sit there. Moths dart back and forth through the headlight beams. The muffled SOUND OF BETH'S RADIO adds bizarre background to the drama. Then a door opens and closes, and we SEE the figure of a man moving forward to the STATIONWAGON. He's carrying a hatchet. 74

75 IN THE STATIONWAGON, BETH sees him too! 75

She freezes impotently as DICKO approaches, reaches inside, tears the keys from the ignition and flings them out into the darkness. Then he reaches for her.

76 EXT SIDE OF ROADWAY as DICKO throws BETH out on to the ground. She lands hard. He stands over her, looking down. 76

ANGLE ON BENNY BAKER, Dicko's older and slightly more rational brother. He is standing in the FLATBED, the upper half of his body extending through a hole cut in the roof. He seems nervous.

BENNY'S POV as DICKO reaches down and jerks BETH to her feet.

BENNY isn't cut out for this. He can't control his brother. Dicko frightens him. They had meant to give this Yank lady a scare, but BENNY can see it all getting out of hand.

BENNY
S'enough, Dicko.

DICKO ignores Benny. He playfully flicks his hatchet forward so that it sticks in the ground just inches from BETH'S FEET.

She is speechless. She takes a step backward.

77 EXT DESERT, STYLISED POV looking across the desert floor at the five static headlights and the movement of two figures. We HEAR a bestial SNIFFING, close and hot. 77

78 EXT SIDE OF ROADWAY, STARTING TIGHT on several kangaroo carcasses still hanging in the back of the FLATBED. DOLLY AROUND to MS of BENNY, still standing through the hole in the roof. 78

BENNY
Come on, Dicko, give it a rest....

TIGHT ON DICKO BAKER, not about to give anything a rest.

CLOSE-UP BETH.

CLOSE-UP AS DICKO'S HAND reaches out quickly and rips at Beth's blouse.

She shudders and steps backward.

DICKO just grins. He bends forward, pulls the hatchet out of the dirt, straightens up again.

BENNY
(whines)
Dicko, come on!

DICKO turns in a sudden and frightening rage --

DICKO
Shut yer hole.

No talk is going to prevent the inevitable.

BENNY is beside himself with worry. He looks up and down the quiet road.

BETH is thrown to the ground. DICKO kneels over her. He raises his hatchet.

THE HATCHET comes down in the clay, a foot from BETH'S head. He chuckles, pulls the hatchet from the ground, flicks it again, only inches from her head....teasing her. He does it again and again. Under the spotlights' beams, they are like two actors on a stage. RADIO MUSIC CONTINUES incongruously.

79 EXT DESERT, LOW-ANGLE, TRACKING RAPIDLY (steady-cam) as the animal-like POV moves directly toward the two vehicles, approaching from the FLATBED'S 5 o'clock position. 79

80 DICKO continues to tease BETH with the hatchet. 80

BETH, face smudged with dirt, stares up at him.

BENNY sitting anxiously in truck when SOME FATHER OF CHAOS ROCKS THE BACK OF THE FLATBED WITH AN ALMIGHTY WALLOP.

The SPOTLIGHT above the Flatbed goes beserk, swinging this way and that, casting its beam erratically. It shorts out throwing sparks flying and knocks Benny flying.

BENNY
Holy shit....

There is a quick series of crunching and grunting SOUNDS from behind the FLATBED, which continues to jostle on its shocks.

DICKO quickly rises, fetches up the hatchet, and moves out of frame, leaving BETH in the dirt.

As DICKO joins BENNY --

DICKO
What the Christ's that?

They listen. SILENCE. The FLATBED has stopped jostling. The SPOTLIGHT comes to rest, pointing its beam toward the back.

BETH doesn't know what's going on back there, but she knows she has an opportunity to escape. She cautiously, silently, starts to get up.

DICKO and BENNY have moved toward the back of the FLATBED. They cannot believe what they see. The heavy steel piping that forms the rack has been twisted and bent severely outward by some enormous force. All but one of the 'roo carcasses is gone, and the remaining one is bitten cleanly in half. The upper-torso is still swinging slightly on its butchers hook.

DICKO AND BENNY have never seen anything like this. Whatever caused it, they don't want to be around when it returns.

BETH finds her feet and slips silently out-of-FRAME.

BENNY starts toward the front of the FLATBED. DICKO hangs back, looking at the destruction in disbelief. BENNY grabs him.

BENNY
Come on!

WIDE SHOT as BENNY & DICKO start to get into the FLATBED. DICKO snatches up his hatchet.

DICKO
The girl --

BENNY
Forget it!

They hop in. BENNY fires the motor, revs. The SPOTLIGHT swivels as the FLATBED lurches backwards away from the STATIONWAGON. BENNY grinds it into first-gear and spins back towards the highway.

WIDE-SHOT as the FLATBED speeds off into the night. ONLY SOUND is the RADIO.

BETH ducks out from her hiding place behind some bushes. She is thankful the assailants changed their mind. She gathers her wits and starts towards the STATIONWAGON. She is alerted to a SNIFFING SOUND. It gives her the creeps. She steps up her pace toward the car. Her brisk gait becomes a run.

As BETH runs, the thing behind her attacks. BETH has no time to look back. She scrambles toward the STATIONWAGON approaching it from the passenger side. She stabs at the handle, but of course she locked the door earlier. There is a rapidly crescending thunder of trotters behind her.

CAMERA TRACKS WITH BETH as she dodges around the front of the STATIONWAGON. BAM! as something rocks the STATIONWAGON on its shocks. Hysterical with horror, BETH slips through the driver's side door and pulls it shut after her.

81 IN THE STATIONWAGON, there is a feeling of relative safety. 81
BETH is surrounded by several tons of steel. She quickly locks all the doors. She scans the darkness beyond the windows. Nothing is happening out there. RADIO CONTINUES. BETH presses against the driver's side door, as if to get as far away as possible from the place where the beast is lurking.

ANGLE ON BETH. SOMETHING APPEARS. It is red-eyed and tusked and hideous. BETH doesn't see it; she's still looking at the other window. Then she feels the hot, stinking breath of it on the back of her neck. She turns, sees it, shrieks!

A TUSKED SNOUT splashes through the shattered glass.

BETH dives for the other side of the front seat.

The tusks jerk violently back and forth, enlarging the hole. The godless grunting and slobbering briefly drown out the RADIO.

BETH is pressed hard against the passenger's side door. Paralysed with terror.

Now the whole HEAD of the creature protrudes in through the window. It cannot be seen very clearly in the darkness. It is lunging at BETH. Its trotters are scratching rapidly on the outside of the door.

ON BETH as the tusked snout strains towards her. There is no escape.

CLOSE-UP RADIO delivering its vastly irrelevant message. It is drowned out by a savage growl and Beth's shrill scream.

ANOTHER ANGLE on the car's interior, JUST IN TIME TO SEE BETH'S LOWER TORSO DRAGGED AND WRENCHED OUTWARD THROUGH THE DRIVER'S SIDE WINDOW! The muffled screams stop. Her feet disappear out the window and she is gone. HOLD THIS SHOT -- THE CAR'S STATIC INTERIOR. SILENCE but for the RADIO.

82 EXT SIDE OF ROADWAY, ELEVATED SHOT on the stationwagon STATIONWAGON, headlights on, radio playing. Nothing else. 82

FADE SLOWLY TO BLACK

SCENE 83 DELETED

84 EXT DESERT - (DAY) 84

FADE UP on Beth's rented STATIONWAGON, still sitting beside the road, looking as if it has been in an accident. A TOWTRUCK backs up to it and ANDY gets out to hook it up.

ANDY
Gonna cost more t'tow it back than the bloody thing's worth. Insurance job. Shouda just left it.

ANOTHER ANGLE ESTABLISHES JAKE CULLEN squatting in foreground, examining the ground as he leans on his rifle. His little sheepdog, SPIDER, at his side. JAKE grunts a reply. He is preoccupied by what he reads in the sand.

JAKE'S POV of what could well be a trotter print in the dirt, but it is unclear to the untrained eye.

ANDY
(hitching car to truck)
Cops reckon she musta been plastered to've rolled it.

JAKE
(to himself, with great significance)
He's back.

ANDY
(looks up from his work)
Eh? You say something?

JAKE
I said he's back.

ANDY
Who's back?

JAKE rises again. He looks off into the desert.

JAKE
Old friend.

Puzzled, ANDY dismisses the comment and continues his job. Locals generally regard old Jake as a bit of a crank.

JAKE'S POV of several CUTS IN THE CLAY, as might be caused by a hatchet blade. JAKE brushes his hand lightly over the cluster of cuts.

JAKE looks up again, thinking to himself. He is an inward man, a loner.

JAKE walks a little further. He feels something underfoot. He scuffs at the sand with his boot. Something metallic catches the sun's reflection. He bends down to pick it up. It is a STAINLESS STEEL BUTCHERS HOOK. HOLD ON JAKE as he contemplates this clue.

85 EXT WHITECLIFFS - (DAY) 85

JAKE'S UTE moves through an almost lunar landscape of craters and chalky soil. The panorama looks like severe acne, and is caused by the thousands of opal diggings from years and years of mining. The area is rundown and almost deserted. Pieces of rusty machinery remain like mechanical dinasours.

JAKE'S UTE stops outside a shack-front built into the side of a sharp embankment, as if the mouth of a cave has been closed off and made into a hut. The BAKER'S FLATBED tells us this is where Dicko and Benny hang out -- living underground, like worms.

JAKE gets out of the Ute with his rifle. SPIDER stands in the cab.

A door opens and BENNY steps outside, squinting in the harsh sunlight. We see that he and Jake don't get on.

BENNY
(just woke up)
Whatta y'want?

JAKE takes out the BUTCHERS HOOK and tosses it to the ground at BENNY'S feet.

BENNY looks down at it, then looks up at JAKE -- secretly frightened that the old hunter knows the truth about what happened to Beth Winters.

JAKE
You were there.

BENNY studies him. How much does Jake know? BENNY plays it ignorant---

BENNY
We were <u>where?</u>

JAKE
You saw him...you'n'Dicko.
(a statement)

BENNY
You still on about that rogue razorback?

JAKE
Where's Dicko?

BENNY
Dicko didn't see nuthin' either. No rogue boar. No Winters woman. No nuthin'.

JAKE now sees DICKO at the window, with a 303.25 levelled at him. DICKO grins his toothless grin. Checkmate. JAKE wisely backs off.

BENNY
Bye Jake.

JAKE glares at BENNY, sums up the situation, decides it isn't worth getting shot over. He turns grudgingly and gets in his Ute. BENNY & DICKO watch him go. BENNY is surprised by a BOOM! from the rifle.

A bullet pings off Jake's departing UTE.

DICKO fires some more, just for the fun of it.

BENNY
Come on, knock it off, Dicko, Jesus.

DICKO turns the rifle on BENNY, then grins.

86 AERIAL PANORAMA SYDNEY - (DAY) 86

Looking down on the Sydney Harbour Bridge as, amid other traffic, a COACH makes its way north.

87 EXT COUNTRY HIGHWAY - (DAY) 87

The sun hangs in the sky like a fried egg. We are back in the awesome Central Australian desert, somewhere near the upper NSW/South Australia border. CAMERA THROWS-FOCUS to some shiny metallic thing moving in the distance, approaching from over a mile away. It is the sleek, air-conditioned TOURIST COACH pounding its way north, toward CAMERA.

88 INT COACH - (AFTERNOON) 88

PANNING ALONG FACES OF PASSENGERS in the bus. CAMERA FINALLY STOPS IN CLOSE-UP OF CARL WINTERS, gazing broodingly out the window at the passing scenery.

89 EXT OUTBACK HIGHWAY - (DUSK) 89

COACH getting into an outback setting. A feeling of vast distance.

90 INT COACH - (NIGHT) 90

CARL dozing. His mind begins to replay a disjointed flashback of events that have brought him to this point...

CARL'S VOICE
Missing? How could she be missing?

We INSERT CLOSE-UP of DANNY.

DANNY
My fault..shouldn't have let her out of my sight.

CARL'S VOICE
This footage she shot...

DANNY
Jake Cullen.

WE INSERT some of the footage shot by Beth of the interview with Jake.

JAKE'S VOICE
I hunt boars.

WE INSERT the sunset footage that Beth shot, and WE SEE the dark shape on the hillside.

DANNY'S VOICE
Dunno. A steer, perhaps.

CARL'S VOICE
The head of the Animal Welfare League disappears and you say she fell down a mine shaft?

WE INSERT CLOSE-UP of uniformed cop talking to camera.

COP
No evidence...evidence...

BETH
...miss our anniversary...

DANNY'S VOICE
...big area...bigger than New York and half've New England put together.....never find her!

JAKE'S VOICE
Razorbacks...

WE INSERT Beth's face.

BETH'S VOICE
Babies...

DANNY'S VOICE
A steer...

COP'S VOICE
A mishap...

91 INT COACH - (DAY) 91

CARL sits up with a start, and is surprised to see that it is now mid-day. The landscape outside is almost Martian. CARL is beginning to wonder what the hell he has got himself into. He gazes out in despair, then leans his head back and closes his eyes again.

SCENES 92-100 DELETED

101 EXT GAMULLA - (DAY) 101

Our "Gamulla Theme" sets a portentious mood as the COACH glides into the town and stops outside the hotel. The doors whoosh open, breaking the air-lock. TOURISTS descend, making for the hotel or the toilets. CARL exits, and immediately waves a squadron of flies from his face. He takes in the bleak surroundings.

CARL
Oh, I'll need my case unloaded, I'm getting off here.

The DRIVER'S expression says anyone who gets off here needs his head read, but he shrugs and goes to unload Carl's suitcase. CARL moves toward the hotel. We HOLD SHOT on a parked MOTORCYCLE CHOPPER.

102 INT HOTEL - (DAY) 102

Inside the pub is a lively confusion as TOURISTS get drinks and sandwiches, and paw over clinquant souvenirs and postcards. We THROW-FOCUS through the crowd to show a BIKIE and his MOLL sitting at the bar.

QUICK CUTS as TOURISTS mull over such things as: bark paintings, kangaroo-paw backscratchers, furry bottle openers, a postcard of a bare-breasted aboriginal girl saying "Welcome to Gamulla" etc.

TURNER does a rip-roaring trade when the coach is in, and is busy taking money with both hands as TOURISTS buy film and drinks and Aspirin.

CARL (o.s.)
Excuse me----

ON CARL, trying to get TURNER'S attention.

Nearby, the BIKIE is playing darts with a LOCAL. Both are obviously put out by the noise and confusion of the tourists.

A HORSE sticks his head in the pub door! CARL wonders if he is hallucinating.

CARL still trying to get TURNER'S attention.

CARL
Uh....excuse me...

The MOLL quietly makes derisive comments about the tourists to a LOCAL.

An EMU crosses past the window in b.g.

TURNER finally looks at CARL.

CARL
I'm looking for a man named Jake Cullen.

TURNER quickly runs an assessing eye up and down CARL.

TURNER
Lives way out Ten Chain Road.
(points)
Thirty-five miles straight up the highway, left at the junction, follow the road to the end.

CARL
(awkwardly)
Are there....taxis or....someone who could drive me?

Much to CARL'S surprise, TURNER reaches into his pocket and slides CARL a set of keys.

TURNER
Take my bomb...out the back. Just top up the tank when y'get back.

CARL
I...don't drive. Much.

TURNER
(preoccupied with customers)
Don't worry about it. Nuthin' t'hit and nuthin' t'bend. Y'ain't going nowhere.

CARL
(surprised, unsure)
Thankyou. Thankyou very much.

TURNER dismisses it as he turns to sell an OLD LADY a feathered spear. HOLD ON THE BIKIE AND MOLL, featuring a distinctive-painted helmet on the bar.

103 EXT REAR OF HOTEL - (DAY) 103

CARL finds his way through the pyramids of beer kegs out the back and locates Turner's car --- a '63 Pontiac, lowered, dented, with a pair of bull horns decorating the bonnet. CARL slides tentatively behind the wheel.

104 EXT DESERT - (DAY) 104

The PONTIAC moves through dry, hostile desert.

105 EXT JAKE'S CARAVAN - (AFTERNOON) 105

LONG-SHOT as the distant PONTIAC kicks up dust and rumbles along a track through low scrub. PULL BACK to reveal JAKE CULLEN looking up from his work. JAKE'S PIG DOGS, leashed to a tree, have pricked up their ears, but they have been trained not to bark. Jake's Place consists of the old caravan with added-on section, old vehicles, collected junk. He is working on the engine of his UTE. He watches as the Pontiac stops in his yard. The sheepdog SPIDER erupts from the caravan, barking madly.

JAKE
Spider!

SPIDER stops, embarrassed, and slinks over to sit in the shade. CARL gets out of the PONTIAC, casually takes in the setting as he mops his dusty brow with a handkerchief. He approaches Jake.

CARL
Howdy.

JAKE
(quietly assessing him)
G'day.

CARL
(refers to Ute)
Trouble?

JAKE
Feathers in the carbie.

CARL is studying the old hunter, wondering if this is the face of a murderer.

JAKE
Galah feathers. Silly buggers fly straight into the grill.

CARL
Suppose that's why they're called Galahs, huh?

JAKE grins, loosens up a bit.

CARL
My name's Carl Winters.

JAKE'S grin vanishes. He studies CARL suspiciously, but there's sympathy there too.

JAKE
What was she, wife? Sister?

CARL
Wife. You'd have been one of the last people to see her.

The inference is clear. JAKE goes back to work on the Ute.

CARL
What do you think happened to her?

JAKE straightens up, sniffs, spits, then gestures follow me. CARL goes into a shed with JAKE.

105A INT JAKE'S SHED - (DAY) 105A

The inside of the dark shed is a bizarre collection of hunting trophies --- razorback tusks, stuffed heads, trotters, photographs, all of which only emphasises JAKE'S OBSESSION. As CARL'S eyes become accustomed to the lack of light, he can hardly believe his eyes. More strange is JAKE'S behaviour as he starts to speak...

JAKE
Razorbacks! Vicious, shit-eating, godless vermin. God nor Satan couldn't've conceived've a most despicable species.

He points to the head of a 300-pounder hanging on the wall.

JAKE
That bloke here...I blew half his hind-quarter off with a 30-30 and he still kept coming.

CARL finds it all extraordinary, but what does it have to do with his wife?

CARL
Look, I know you saw Beth because she shot some film and ...

JAKE
And fast. By God they can run. From here (indicating one side of the shed) to there (indicates the other side) he'll be doing thirty miles an hour!

CARL
Yes, fascinating, but...

JAKE
And they'll eat anything. Even cannibalise their own piglets.

JAKE is obviously hinting at something here, but CARL isn't getting it.

JAKE
See, yer razorback isn't like any other animal on God's earth. He's a hybrid freak that doesn't occur anywhere naturally. Gotta be wiped out...stopped.

CARL backs off slightly, beginning to have suspicions about the old man's sanity.

CARL
Uh, yes, I see the problem. But the reason I've come...

JAKE
They'll eat anything.

CARL
Huh?

JAKE
Here...

JAKE yanks out a drawer and dumps it contents on a table with a loud, metallic clatter. There are nut and bolts, animal teeth, the bottom of a broken Coke bottle, and all manner of small hardware, including an aluminium ashtray from "The Diggers Inn", Broken Hill.

CARL blinks in confused amazement as old JAKE sorts through the booty.

JAKE
I sort through their droppings, y'see. Learn a lot from droppings.

CARL (blank)
Droppings...

JAKE
Shit. Boar shit.

CARL eases back from the mottly cluster of undigestibles.

CARL (growing impatient)
Yes, look, I didn't come here for a lesson on wildlife, I'm looking for my wife and I think you know more than you're telling me. You saw her...you must know where she went ...who she was with...what happened.

JAKE looks long and hard at CARL, then heaves a sigh.

JAKE
Might know've a coupla blokes...Baker Brothers... run the old Petpak Cannery. Y'might talk t'them.

CARL nods uncertainly, and begins to back out of this extraordinary "museum" of razorbacks.

106 EXT DESERT HIGHWAY - (DAY) 106

The JOEY loiters beside the roadway, next to his mother, the DOE. JOEY is feeding. The DOE is looking off warily.

DOE'S POV of an area of lignum 100 yards away. Our SCORE tickles us with a stanza of "The Razorback Theme". TOURIST COACH approaches.

107 INT COACH - (DAY) 107

PASSENGERS staring blankly outward at the monotonous landscape.

The COACH DRIVER yawns.

DRIVER'S POV of the two 'roos by the road, 500 yards ahead.

108 EXT DESERT HIGHWAY - (DAY) 108

TWO SHOT JOEY & DOE.

DOE'S POV of the sinister shadow in the lignum patch.

PREDATOR'S POV of the two 'roos. Sitting ducks. We HEAR SNIFFING.

ANGLE ON THE COACH, 300 yards away. No NOISE.

109 INT COACH - (DAY) 109

The DRIVER adjusts his microphone and speaks into it ---

DRIVER
Folks, we've got a handsome little doe and her joey coming up on the right here -- I'm gonna stop so you can take photos.

WOMAN
Oh, kangaroos!

The OLD LADY awakens with a start. Passengers dive for their cameras and lunge for the left side of the coach.

110 EXT DESERT HIGHWAY - (DAY) 110

The COACH veers suddenly to the left and fishtails before the Driver gets it under control.

PREDATOR'S POV of the 'roos as the COACH glides between him and lunch.

111 INT COACH - (DAY) 111

Mild chaos as camera click and passengers elbow their way to a window. A PRIEST shifts a BOY aside so he can get a better angle. The BOY stands dejectedly in the aisle. The BOY goes to flop into an empty seat on the LEFT SIDE. He looks out the opposite window broodingly.

BOY'S POV of the lignum patch.

CLOSE-UP BOY.

PREDATOR'S SHAPE growling frustratedly.

CLOSE-UP BOY'S EYES WIDENING.

BOY
Look at that!

WIDER SHOT of aisle as the Coach starts up. Everyone ignores boy.

BOY
It's a rhino!!

DRIVER
Sure!

112 EXT DESERT HIGHWAY - (DAY) 112

CLOSE-UP BOY through glass, looking at us. PULL BACK RAPIDLY TO PREDATOR'S POV as the COACH gathers speed and leaves FRAME. And when the Predator looks again, the Joey and Doe are gone. The Coach NOISE FADES, working up through the gears. Finally, SILENCE. A low furious GROWL from the PREDATOR.

SCENES 113-114 DELETED

115 EXT PETPAK TURN-OFF - (AFTERNOON) 115

The PONTIAC stops at the Petpak turn-off. CARL looks at the sign, then squints off at the silhouette of a smokestack vomiting black billows, five miles away. He wrinkles his nose at the stench.

116 EXT PETPAK CANNERY - (AFTERNOON) 116

BENNY BAKER is up on a ladder, installing a spotlight below the eaves of the Petpak building. He looks off as the PONTIAC approaches, stops.

CARL is almost gagged by the smell as he gets out of the car. He approaches. The Bakers smell a rat.

CARL
How y'doing?

BENNY
Orright.

CARL isn't sure what to say next; he's playing this as he goes.

CARL
(improvising)
Installing some spotlights....?

BENNY
Bloody drought's drawing the boars in. Gotta light the yard at night or they'd clean me out.
(descends ladder)
American, are ya?

CARL
(lying)
Canadian.

BENNY
(wise-arse)
Yeah, well Canadians're Americans, aren't they? Come t'root through the diggings, have ya?

CARL
The what?

BENNY
Lotta tourists come out to pick through the opal diggings. Never know yer luck.

CARL notices DICKO BAKER leaving the side of the building, pushing a wheelbarrow and dumping its contents into the cesspool.

CARL
Yuh, uh --- I might try that. Where're the diggings?

BENNY
Down the road a way.

BENNY
Don't wanna camp out though. Bloody boars're getting cheekier every night. Y'can stop out at our place, we're right in the opal fields.

CARL
Uh...

BENNY
(calls off)
Dicko...!

DICKO approaches, looks CARL up and down.

BENNY
Dicko, meet....

CARL
Bill.

BENNY
Bill. Over from America. Gonna ride with us out to the diggings.

BENNY gives DICKO a strangely tongue-in-cheek look.

BENNY
Listen, Bill, How 'bout giving Dicko a bit've a hand til we're ready t'go home?

A hand? DICKO grins.

116A EXT DESERT - (AFTERNOON) 116A

The BIKIE and his MOLL have set up a tiny campsite in a vast expanse of nothingness, punctuated by a deep ravine. Carefree in this wilderness, they have stripped down to a comfortable state of undress, and are passing a joint, which has been wedged between the "fingers" of a kangaroo paw backscratcher. They are getting off on the solitude when suddenly there comes a rumbling. They turn to see...

The TOURIST COACH approaching, licking up dust. The air-brakes sigh as the bus slows to a stop. From the windows, passengers are amazed by the couple outside. Photos are snapped.

The BIKIE and MOLL grumble at this intrusion, and cast a bi-digital expression of their contempt at the tourists.

JUMP-CUT to a while later. The tourists have set up an elaborate campsite, with foldout tables and chairs, and casks of wine. There is singing. WE PAN OFF TO

The BIKIE'S campsite. No-one in evidence. WE PAN DOWN slightly to reveal, in the face of the ravine, a dark and sinister CAVE, and over the SOUNDS of happy singing comes a chilling recurrence of the "Razorback Theme".

117 EXT PETPAK - (AFTERNOON) 117

CARL, sleeves rolled to elbows, shovelling lime onto the cess-pool. Hot, filthy work. Nearby, DICKO rolls a cigarette and looks at ---

BENNY, up the ladder, installing more lights.

118 INT PETPAK - (AFTERNOON) 118

CARL, helping the dimwitted WALLACE clean out the inside of a heavy steel boiler. Nearby, BENNY is using a screwdriver to adjust an electrical time-switch. As he turns the switch on ---

119 EXT PETPAK - (AFTERNOON) 119

The spotlights come on, then go off, then come on again.

120 INT PETPAK - (AFTERNOON) 120

Satisfied with the installation, BENNY puts the switch on AUTOMATIC, then turns to CARL --

BENNY
Ready t'make a move, Bill?

CARL can't get away from this place fast enough.

121 EXT PETPAK - (AFTERNOON) 121

A filthy CARL is leaving with the BAKERS. He starts towards the Pontiac.

CARL
I'll follow you.

BENNY
(with a friendly clap on the shoulder)
Rubbish. Ride with us, save a buck.

CARL
No really I.....

BENNY
(directs him to FLATBED)
Don't worry about Turner's car. Dicko, hop in back.

BENNY makes it hard for CARL to say no. DICKO hops in the back of the FLATBED, CARL reluctantly gets his suitcase from the Pontiac and joins BENNY in the front of the FLATBED. As BENNY starts to drive off, he hollers teasingly out the window at WALLACE --

BENNY
Watch out for the piggie-wiggies, Wally! Oink-oink!
(laughs)

WALLACE acts nervous being left alone here.

122 EXT DESERT ROAD - (AFTERNOON) 122

BENNY (v.o.)
Over on holidays, are ya, Bill?

The FLATBED kicks up dust as it heads for Whitecliff.

123 IN THE FLATBED, which has no windscreen; a large hole has been cut in the roof for 'roo shooting. 123

CARL
Yuh. I hear you do a little 'roo shooting.

BENNY
Yeah. You do any hunting in Kanuckland, Bill?

CARL
(lying)
Deer.

CARL feels a nudge against his shoulder. It's DICKO, passing CARL a flask of O.P. rum through the paneless rear window. CARL takes it, sips, grimaces.

CARL'S POV of the passing landscape. He notices a small, neat HOMESTEAD, with a windmill, water tower, and an old 4x4 INTERNATIONAL parked out front. We can see SARAH walking in the yard.

BENNY
Sarah Cameron's place. Stop off for a quick jab?

CARL
Sorry?

DICKO
You'd be "sorry" allright.

He and BENNY laugh. Private joke. DICKO passes CARL the bottle again.

124 EXT BAKERS' PLACE, WHITECLIFF - (LATE AFTERNOON) 124

The FLATBED courses through Whitecliff's lunar landscape. BENNY gets a mischievous look, steps on the accelerator. The FLATBED gathers speed and approaches a rise at 100 kph. CARL'S fingers bite into the upholstery as the FLATBED hits the rise, flies through the air for a distance of 50 feet, lands, and stops neatly outside the Bakers' "dugout".

BENNY
Homeski.

125 INT BAKERS' BURROW - (LATE AFTERNOON) 125

It's the cave with the mouth filled in. Ants crawl over a wood-burning-stove. There are several rusty bunk beds, one laden with rifles, another with frayed coats and pullovers, ammunition and spotlight equipment. BENNY bundles up an armful of coats and drops them on the floor.

BENNY
There y'are, Bill, y'can have this bunk.

Bunk? Does Benny think Carl is staying here?

CARL
Look, I've made a booking in town at the...

BENNY
Nonsense. We got plenty've space and you're close t'the diggings here.

There is a feeling that the matter is settled, whether Carl likes it or not. We have a growing suspicion that the BAKERS may be setting Carl up.

CARL looks down at the bunk's unspecified filth.

BENNY
Dicko's gonna burn some snags later. Hungry?

CARL doesn't know what snags are, doesn't want to know. The rum is catching up with him.

CARL
Thanks, but I'm really beat. If I could use the shower then I might kip out for an hour or so.

BENNY
(chuckles)
Shower? Y'can hose off under the tank if y'have to.

No shower. Ah well. CARL is too sleepy to worry. BENNY goes back outside. CARL dusts off the bunk, lays down, thankful for the rest. He laces his hands behind his head and stares at the chalky stone ceiling. His eyes close.

126 INT FARMHOUSE - (EVENING) 126

PULL BACK on a TV to reveal the inside of a farmhouse. The FARMER is sitting back with a beer, watching TV. An open window behind him.

127 EXT FARMHOUSE - (EVENING) 127

LOW TRACKING (SCAVENGER'S POV) moving cautiously through the yard. Passing the window (TV heard), continuing on, seeing a refrigerated COLD STORAGE SHED out behind the house. We hear a growl. The SCAVENGER turns to see a DOBERMAN.

128 INT FARMHOUSE - (EVENING) 128

The FARMER hears barking. He rises, takes down a rifle, goes to the door.

129 EXT FARMHOUSE - (EVENING) 129

The FARMER steps outside, listens. The barking stops. He scans the yard (Shades of Jake Cullen in the Prologue!) He hears a noise that draws him round the back.

FARMER'S POV of the COLD STORAGE SHED. A heavy, insulated steel door has been torn from its hinges, and several sides of frozen beef are swinging as if recently disturbed.

The FARMER reacts.

SCENES 130-138 DELETED

139 INT BAKERS' BURROW - (NIGHT) 139

CARL is awakened by BENNY shaking his shoulder.

BENNY
Wakey wakey, hands orf snakey.

CARL sits up, rubs his face, wonders what's wrong.

BENNY
Come on. Do some hunting, mate.

Hunting? CARL rises to follow BENNY.

140 INT BAKERS' PLACE - (NIGHT) 140

A HATCHET is being repeatedly tossed into the ground, causing the distinctive cluster of cuts seen earlier. DICKO is fooling with his hatchet as CARL and BENNY appear.

BENNY
Better get a snag into ya, Bill, she's a long night out there on an empty gut.

CARL
We're...going hunting? Tonight?

BENNY
Y'don't hunt 'roo during the day, they can't see the spotlight.

BENNY shoves the rum bottle in CARL'S face. CARL takes a sip, then notices DICKO flicking his hatchet at the ground. Dancing glow of flames throws grotesque shadows against DICKO'S FACE. CARL finds a couple of burned sausages stuck under his nose.

BENNY
Here y'are, Bill, don't be shy.

CARL steels his stomach and takes a bite. Chewing casually, he decides it is time to raise a sensitive topic --

CARL
Guess you don't get many strangers up this way, huh?

BENNY
Tour bus couple times a week. S'bout all.

CARL
What about that American woman...?

The question hangs in the air like a fart.

DICKO
Y'mean that grunter from New Yowak?

CARL holds his temper. BENNY studies him suspiciously.

CARL
Wonder what happened to her?

DICKO
Cops reckon she fell down a mine.

CLOSE ON BENNY, who has growing suspicions about CARL.

BENNY
You know her or something?

CARL
(innocent)
Me?

BENNY
One've yer countrymen, wasn't she?

CARL
No, our paths never crossed. I don't go along with this animal welfare crap.

BENNY
Why'd y'come out to Petpak?

CARL
Huh?

BENNY
This afternoon. How'd y'happen to look us up.

DICKO is also becoming suspicious.

CARL
I..was talking to Jake Cullen. He said you knew all about opal mining.

BENNY
Jake said that?

CARL
Yeah.

BENNY
What else did he say?

CARL
Nothing.

BENNY
I wouldn't take too much account've that old bugger, he's mad as a meat axe. Y'know he killed his grandson, doncha?

CARL
(news to him)
Killed his grandson?

BENNY
Yeah. Kid disappeared and Jake was tried but they didn't have enough evidence t'convict him. But how else would'y explain the boy vanishing?

CARL
Maybe he fell down a mine shaft like Beth Winters.

The Bakers don't appreciate the sarcasm.

BENNY
What're you, writing a book on this Winters lady?

Pause. The BAKERS stare at CARL. Suddenly BENNY grins and claps CARL on the shoulder.

BENNY
Y'gonna drink that all on your lonesome, mate?

CARL notices that he is still holding the rum flask. He passes it on.

BENNY
Better grab a blanket if that's all the clobber y'got, Bill. Gets cold as balls on a brass monkey out there in the wee hours.

141 EXT CLAYPANS - (NIGHT) 141

CARL is already feeling the chill in the windowless FLATBED as he sits in the front seat, wedged between BENNY & DICKO. They continue to pass the bottle.

THE FLATBED winds through a creek bed, then turns towards a patch of lignum and stops at the rim of an open, moonlit expanse of claypan big enough to accommodate Westchester County.

BENNY
You work the spot, Bill. Dicko'll do the shooting 'less we strike a mob've Big Reds, then you'll haveta drive sos I can shoot.

DICKO is shoving cartridges into his rifle. CARL isn't clear on what he is supposed to do. DICKO switches on a flashlight to position the rifle barrel over a padded gun rest.

DICKO
Spot's behind ya, Bill. Come on.

In the light of the torch, CARL finds the spotlight mounted on a metal pole and a swivel. His fingers find the switch and he turns it on, splashing the FLATBED'S interior in blinding light.

BENNY
Christ! Leave it off till y'put it up!

CARL raises the pole through the roof, stands, turns it on again, creating a brilliant oblong of daylight beyond the FLATBED. At once, CARL finds himself the lightman in an eerie evening show. The rum makes him feel a certain authority over the darkness as he rotates the spotlight.

BENNY
Righto, keep her moving in a slow arc and soon as y'get one in the light hold it still while I cut the donk.

CARL
You cut their donks?

BENNY cocks his head at CARL, then at DICKO. DICKO snorts and blows rum out his nose.

BENNY
Donk. Motor. I cut the motor.

CARL
Ah.

BENNY rolls his eyes at DICKO, and the FLATBED moves out slowly on to the claypan. CARL is in a new world, very different than anything experienced before. He can imagine what it was like in Vietnam or Korea.

LONGER SHOT of the distant FLATBED, with the distinctive three lights.

SCENES 142-147 DELETED

148 EXT CLAYPANS - (NIGHT) 148

ON CARL, manning his light, pretending there is a war, an enemy out there.

DICKO
(forceful whisper)
There---there---

CARL feels his heart jump. He aims the spot.

CARL'S POV of a Big Red, 60 feet away. It is a tall animal, erect and manlike. It studies the glare.

ANGLE ON CARL, awestruck by the raw, powerful majesty of it. He doesn't notice as DICKO lowers his head to the rifle scope.

THE BIG RED stands mesmerized.

CARL notices DICKO, and reflexively moves the beam away from the 'roo. BLAM!! The whole interior of the Flatbed seems to explode in his ears. His hand drops the lever controlling the light.

DICKO
The light! Shit! The light!

CARL fumbles the light. His ears are ringing, his mind in turmoil.

THE BIG RED hops away, unharmed.

BENNY
Shit, Bill, why'd y'do that?

DICKO
Real tough bastard y'got here, Benny. Worse than that bloody Yank (sheila)....

BENNY
(quickly interrupts)
Shut yer throat, Dicko.

Too late. CARL has heard. He fires a look at the brothers. They, in turn, realise that the stranger represents a dire threat to them. DICKO reaches for his hatchet. CARL realises he's in trouble.

BENNY
(to DICKO)
Bloody Jake's been shooting his mouth off.

DICKO
What're we gonna do?

BENNY gives it a moment's thought. CARL is increasingly uneasy.

BENNY
(decisively to CARL)
End've the trail, partner.

CARL gets the message that BENNY wants him out. He complies. DICKO gets the drift of BENNY'S plan, and grins.

DICKO)
(sarcastically)
Can't leave a bloke out here, Benny. Boars'll eat'im for sure.

BENNY
Yeah, that'd be a real pity.

DICKO
(raises hatchet)
Why don't we just put'im out've his misery right here?

BENNY
That'd be murder, little brother. I'm surprised at you.

DICKO
Same as murder t'leave'im here, but.

BENNY
(mock innocence)
What're talking about. Bill here wanted a lift so we gave 'im a lift. Now he wants to get out. Right, Bill?

CARL doesn't answer. The BAKERS laugh, then drive away, leaving CARL in the awesome dead-heart of Nowhere.

149 EXT RIVER BED - (NIGHT) 149

To CARL'S mind, the moment now extends and becomes twisted and bizarre, full of weird images, shadows, clawing trees, seeping bloodwoods, 'roos vacant eyes, agonised SOUNDS, CARL'S haunted eyes, a 'roos's hind leg bucking in the dust. The mad laughing faces of DICKO and BENNY on their killing rampage ¬ a nightmarish montage.

150 EXT RIVERBED - (NIGHT) 150

DISTANT SHOT OF THE FLATBED, with its beaconlike spotlights, moving across the claypan. WE ARE SEEING THIS FROM THE PREDATOR'S POV. We slowly begin to trot after the FLATBED.

151 EXT RIVERBED - (NIGHT) 151

CARL sits on the ground in the dark, holding his head. He starts to rise, but cannot. He is already bitterly cold. He looks up to the sound of two dull pops in the distance, and sees the spotlights several miles away.

152 EXT CLAYPANS - (NIGHT) 152

Elsewhere, a JOEY stands over his wounded mother as the spotlight passes in b.g. The Joey snaps his attention in a new direction.

153 SOMEWHERE in the darkness, a BOAR sniffs the ground in its endless search for food. He weighs about 250lbs. He has two sets of tusks --- the lower ones curling up to touch the uppers. He is joined by a second, then a third boar. 153

154 The JOEY senses the menace. He abandons his mother and pogos into the night. 154

155 THE PACK OF BOARS find the wounded DOE, and tear into her. 155

156 TRACKING WITH THE FLATBED as the spotlight falls on the DOE, with a cluster of boars around it. BLAMM!! A boar is impacted sideways. The others scatter. 156

DICKO
Ba-luddy boars!

BENNY
They're following the light. Better start butchering now or there won't be a whole carcass left by sun-up.

157 STYLISED POV looking at the stationary spotlight, 100 yards away. MUSIC: "Razorback Theme". 157

158 TRACKING THE JOEY as he bounds for a distance, then stops and looks back. 158

159 TRACKING THE PACK OF BOARS, on the move again, sniffing as they follow the scent. They are an hideously inexorable force, advancing in short, nervous starts, as if each is afraid the other will beat him to the prize, yet none wanting to be the first. 159

160 CARL is still bundled miserably against a tree stump. He hears the dull thump-thump-thump in the darkness. A wave of fear sweeps through him. As the noise gets louder, he stands up suddenly, unsteadily. 160

161 THE JOEY, 100 feet away, sees the movement of an humanoid ahead, and veers off abruptly. 161

162 CARL can just make out the shape of a small kangaroo hopping away. CARL relaxes. His head feels like an erupting volcano. 162

163 THE PACK OF BOARS are still advancing. 163

164 CARL is now aware of a new noise. 164

165 THE BOARS arrive at the spot where the Joey veered. They start to follow it, but something stops them. A new scent. 165

166 CARL, with the 'roo carcass featured beside him. 166

167 THE BOARS have picked up the smell of new blood. 167

168 CARL hears the rumble of hooves, the throaty grunts. 168

169 THE BOARS gathering speed. 169

170 EXT RIVERBED - (NIGHT) 170

Carl can stand it no longer. He panics. He jumps and begins running from the noise, blindly through the night. The truck and spotlight glide slowly along the horizon in extreme b.g., providing an absurd Greek chorus to the drama in foreground. Carl sprints through the blackness.

TIGHTER ON CARL as he snares himself on a barbed wire fence. He falls heavily into the sharp gravel and bullheads.

171 THE BOARS have found another dead 'roo, and are gourging. 171

172 TRACKING CARL, in a state of near-delirium, as he limps and stumbles. He falls again, striking his head. Spiked bushes tear at his face and hands. Then, through the sound of his own panting, comes a NOISE that makes no sense at all. It is a kind of rhythmic ka-toompah-ka-toompah-ka-toompah, like a distant percussion section. 172

173 STYLISED POV homing in on a scent. It comes upon the party of young boars, quarrelling over the remaining 'roo. The boars all look up suddenly (at CAMERA). What they see terrifies them so badly that they instantly scatter --- except for one of the larger, more belligerent razorbacks. It starts to square off at the intruder. But our POV snorts and feigns a charge, and the adversary retreats. Our POV moves in on the 'roo. 173

174 EXT WATERHOLE -(NIGHT) 174

Carl is limping through the darkness, trying to home in on the incongruous ka-toompah. He falls again, this time in thick mud. Ahead is something his eyes do not understand.

ANGLE ON CARL, including an area of earth ahead of him. It looks as if the stars in the sky have somehow been strewn across a dark pit, 50 feet away.

TIGHT ON CARL. Pit? He blinks.

CARL'S POV as he realises he is looking at a body of still water, reflecting the night sky. He snaps his head in the other direction and hears the hooves approaching. He looks askance, and like Ichabod Crane, is badly startled by yet another bizarre image.

CARL'S POV of a vertical silhouette looming over him like a mis-shapen, 30-foot scarecrow!

GENERAL SHOT of the area as Carl comes to a fuller awareness of his surroundings. He is at a waterhole. The giant beside him is the remains of an old windmill. The ka-toompah noise is coming from a small, corrugated iron shed on the other side of the pond; this houses the electric pump which precluded the windmill.

With the hoove-sounds getting closer, Carl drags himself out of the mud. He goes to the old windmill tower and starts to climb it. The decaying timber groans under the added burden. One snaps as he climbs. Carl looks down and thinks he sees a glint of white/yellow tusk, then the random-moving patch of black, set against the lesser black of the ground, he looks off.

CARL'S POV as again the distant spotlight haunts him. He is too far away to be seen or heard by the Bakers.

175 EXT WATERHOLE - (NIGHT) 175

Later, Carl clings miserably to the tower. He feels half-dead with exposure and exhaustion. He is caked in sticky mud. He starts to drift off, and nearly loses his purchase on the tower's cross-strut. Such is the fear that he might pass out that he loosens his belt and loops it through the cross-strut, then buckles it tightly again.

DISSOLVE TO

176 EXT WATERHOLE - (DAWN) 176

First light finds Carl still up the tower, 20 feet above a sloppy concoction of mud and big faeces. The waterhole is black, and measures about 100 feet across.

CLOSER ON CARL as he is roused from his dreamstate by an irritating, grating noise.

CLOSE-UP as CARL'S FOOT slips.

ON CARL as he gasps and starts to fall, but the belt saves him. The tower creaks.

DETAIL SHOT as what is left of the old windmill does a lazy half-turn.

CARL regains his balance and looks down.

CARL'S POV of a single BOAR scratching his back against the base of the tower. PAN UPWARD to reveal that there are no other boars in evidence. PAN the horizon, but there is no sign of the Baker Brothers. Still PANNING, we see a bathtub sitting on the opposite bank of the pond.

CARL wonders if he is hallucinating. Bathtub?

CARL'S POV reveals that the old tub now serves as a watering trough. As his eyes adjust to the half-light, he now notices that the mud all around the trough seems to be undulating!

CARL focuses hard. He is aghast by what he sees.

CARL'S POV as another 30 or 40 mud-caked boars all rise to their feet. The POV snaps downward as --- "thump!" The boar beneath him rams the tower. Timber groans.

ANGLE ON THE WATERHOLE as --- excited by the activity --- the other boars begin trotting toward the tower. If there is food for the taking, none wants to miss out.

BIG HEAD ON the boar beneath the tower as it lunges upward, snapping at Carl's feet. He kicks out at it, which only agitates it more.

ANGLE ON THE TOWER as it gives an awful crack, then begins to topple toward the soupy pond. Carl rides it down, splashing into the brackish water 15 feet from the bank. He survives the fall, but is still attached to the tower by its belt, and is being dragged under.

THE BOARS line the bank excitedly, but do not enter the water.

IN THE POND, Carl struggles to undo the belt.

ON THE BANK, the boars are going wild with anticipation of an easy prey.

IN THE POND, Carl gets himself free of the tower. Gasping and choking, he half-wades, half-swims out into the pond to get as far away from the boars as possible. Toward the centre, he runs into something hard and partly submerged. He scratches frantically to get himself clear of it, but it is only an old pontoon raft --- a remnant of the pre-boar days before the water was fouled, when aboriginal children used the pond as a swimming hole. Carl pulls himself onto the raft.

ON THE BANK, the boars are all assembled along the water's edge, grunting and darting back and forth in the slop, venturing their forelegs into the water, then pulling back, wanting to give chase but afraid to enter the water.

IN THE POND, Carl smiles mirthlessly in a moment of ridiculous triumph.

CARL
Y'can't swim! You can't swim!

ON THE BANK, more boars crowd the waterline in a mad chorus of challenge.

IN THE POND, Carl -- in his delirium --- feels like taunting the beasts. He emits a strange laugh, and the air of the northwest corner is filled with a sing-songish ---

CARL
You can't get meeeeee!!

177 EXT DESERT NEAR WATERHOLE - (MORNING) 177

Distant shot of the waterhole area as Carl's voice echoes to a total stillness. There is no one in the world to help him.

178 EXT TOURIST CAMPSITE - (MORNING) 178

The tourists' campsite has been struck, and the loaded coach is just pulling away, headed north on its continuing journey. As it leaves, we ZOOM PAST the empty campsite to reveal the Bikie's tent and CHOPPER as before. No movement in the Bikie's camp.

DISSOLVE TO

THE MERCILESS SUN, now high and hot.

179 EXT WATERHOLE - (DAY) 179

The boars have given up on the morsel in the pond, and have gone back to lounge or roll in the mud near the tub-trough.

IN THE POND, Carl's hand slips off the raft. It is only the sensation of his mouth slipping underwater that causes him to cling again. He has reached the end of his endurance. His fight is gone, and the little boy inside of him wants to quit. His lips are split, his forehead is cut, his cheek is scratched, his hands are raw and bleeding. In his dazed state, he sees something that doesn't make sense.

ON THE BANK, the boars are darting and squealing and bolting in all directions. Something has terrified them.

CARL focuses on something that must surely be a mirage.

CARL'S POV as something far bigger than the other boars sweeps down out of the undergrowth and thuds heavily to the water's edge. Its exact shape and dimensions are mottled by the shadows of trees. It stands 50 feet away, looking at Carl.

CARL blinks hard, trying to either clarify the unlikely image, or make it go away.

CARL'S POV as the creature rumbles back into the scrub and is gone. The area is quiet now --- defused --- almost peaceful.

CARL wonders if he is going mad -- if this is the final stage before death. He feels something nudging gently at the back of his head. He turns to see the BIKIE'S DISTINCTIVELY-PAINTED HELMET bobbing beside him. CARL turns, and picks the helmet up. The Bikie's HEAD is still inside it --- The Bikie's lifeless eyes fixed in terror. Something snaps in CARL. He screams, pushing the head away. The little boy in him may be ready to throw in the towel, but the animal controlling his meat wants to survive, and it assumes authority. A devil-may-care expression enters Carl's face. If ever he is to get out of this situation, now is the time to move.

ON THE BANK, Carl wades ashore and up through the mud. He pauses to listen, but there is nothing more sinister in the air than the squabbling of parrots and the drone of the pump. He pulls a broken windmill blade out of the mud, and tests it in his hand as a weapon. He makes his way up to the ridge of the man-made dam, and peers out.

CARL'S POV of the dry, barren claypans, stretching in every direction for as far as he can see. He SCANS the area below the outside of the embankment, and sees the corrugated iron pumping shed amid some trees. He adjusts his eyeline to a rough track, leading off to the southeast.

180 EXT WATERHOLE - (MORNING) 180

Carl's bare feet trudge back to the water's edge. As much as the thought of it repulses him, he realises that he'd better take his fill of water now, as there are no receptacles in which he can carry it, and little chance of a drink once he starts walking.

He bends down, closes his eyes, steels his stomach, and begins to drink.

ANOTHER ANGLE, a minute later, as Carl takes off his shirt, tears it into strips, and begins to bind his bare feet.

ON THE RIDGE, the bedraggled, shirtless Carl commences walking, carrying the windmill blade/weapon.

DISSOLVE TO

181 EXT CLAYPAN - (DAY) 181

Carl limps onward, step after step, through the merciless mid-day heat. He follows the dual tracks where infrequent vehicles have worn a path.

TRACKING WITH CARL, an hour later. He is already starting to question his judgement in leaving the waterhole. There at least he would not have perished of thirst. The flat landscape is interrupted by a distant pinnacle of rocks, perhaps ten miles ahead. He sets his sights on it.

DISSOLVE TO

182 EXT DESERT - (DAY) 182

Later still. The ground is torture to Carl's thinly-covered feet. The blistering heat is taxing his bodily fluids at an alarming rate. The sun is licking fiercely at his bare shoulders. He has wrapped the remainder of the shirt around his head. His mind is a confusion of nightmare images --- trees that clutch out at him --- rocks that look like trolls and gargoyles. There are whispery SOUNDS, as of people talking just below the threshold of hearing.He is pushed onward by an almost unconscious obsession with survival. He is discovering a new threshhold of agony --- a new and unexpected reserve of strength.

183 EXT DESERT - (DAY) 183

CARL is not rational as he puts one foot in front of the other. He comes upon a small gully, six inches deep. The sounds of water become louder. The gully must lead to it. Excitedly,

he hurries onward. The gully grows deeper and deeper until CARL cannot see over the edges. Ugly tree roots protrude from the side to retard his progress. The water seems to be just around the next bend.

Suddenly he is confronted by a waterhole, but it is empty. The mud has dried and cracked. CARl drops to his knees and digs urgently, but there is not a trace of dampness. The sound of water has stopped. CARL falls back in despair.

ANOTHER ANGLE on CARL. A NEW SOUND. Water, again, but this time it is not stylised. It's real. CARL sits up, listens for a moment, then rises. He goes to the edge of the waterhole and climbs the bank. SUDDENLY unfolded before him is an oasis! A homestead, a water tank, water drizzling from the tank, and a girl showering beneath it!

Is his mind playing more tricks? Moving stupidly like a drunk, CARL stumbles toward the vision.

184 EXT DESERT NEAR CAMERON HOMESTEAD - (DAY) 184

CARL cannot believe his eyes. Surely they are playing a cruel hoax. He staggers closer, still clutching the windmill blade/ weapon.

CARL'S POV, starting on a pair of bare feet and PANNING SLOWLY UPWARD to reveal a vision of Eve. A beautiful young woman is standing naked beneath a bush shower under a water tank on stilts. Beyond her is an oasis --- a small homestead amid the trees.

It is the homestead that Carl noticed while he was riding out to Whitecliff with the Bakers. We recognise the girl as the one who was driving Jake's Ute at the fuel depot in Gamulla. She is SARAH CAMERON.

CLOSE-UP of the heavenly water cascading from the bush shower, pouring freely downward over glistening wet flesh. SARAH turns suddenly, gasps.

CLOSE-UP CARL.

CLOSE-UP SARAH.

CLOSE-UP CARL as his eyes roll back and he collapses in a dead faint. The windmill blade clangs to the ground beside him.

FADE TO BLACK.

185 INT CAMERON VERANDAH - (DAY) 185

FADE UP as awareness returns to CARL with the tactile sensation of a cool sponge moving over his skin. He opens his eyes to that same vision of Eve. SARAH, now dressed, is bending over his bedside, soothing his sunburned skin. She is a tall, strapping young lady in her late teens. Her hair is streaked yellow from years beneath the tropical sun, and her skin is bronze.

SARAH
Morning.

Morning? CARL tries to move but his limbs are stiff with sunburn and stretched muscles. He turns his head to a fuller awareness of the surroundings. He is on a screened verandah at the Homestead. A portable bed has been set up for his convalescence. CARL blinks lest this be an illusion.

SARAH
What happened out there? Car break down?

The memory of it begins to return to him --

CARL
Bakers...Benny...Dicko...took me shooting... left me...

SARAH
Their idea of a joke, I suppose.

She acts as if the Bakers commonly play cruel pranks on unsuspecting tourists. She dips the sponge in a bucket of ice water, wrings it out, and gently bathes CARL'S chest.

CARL
(recalling)
Some boars.....chased me....

SARAH
(almost amused)
You were chased by boars?

CARL
Dozens of them. I spent the night up a windmill.

SARAH
(interested)
At the pump shed? Was there a bathtub trough?

CARL
Yeah.

SARAH
Hell. Must've busted through the north boundary. Never known'em to come in this close. It's the drought.

CARL flinches as SARAH touches the sponge to a bruised shoulder.

CARL
There ... there was a dead man in the pond. Part...part've a dead man...a head...I think it...dunno...

SARAH doesn't seem to believe him.

CARL
And...I dunno...something big...scared all the boars away...

New interest in SARAH'S expression.

SARAH
What was it?

CARL
I...dunno...it was huge...as big as a rhino!

This triggers something in SARAH and she is suddenly eager to get away.

SARAH
You get some rest. I'll make you a cup of tea.

SARAH goes into the house. CARL is surprised by her abrupt withdrawal. He settles back on to the cot, weak and hazy. Sarah's pet WOMBAT sighs comfortably and stares at CARL.

186 EXT CAMERON HOMESTEAD - (DAY) 186

A BLOWFLY hits against the flyscreen with a repetitious patter. THROW-FOCUS TO CARL, now sitting up in a settler's chair, neither asleep nor fully conscious. Beside him is a tray with the remains of a sandwich, a cup of tea and two untouched dry biscuits. He hears a vehicle drive up, stop, a door open and close, then a frantic, high-pitched squealing that makes CARL'S skin crawl. He sits up painfully to see SARAH approaching from the yard, with JAKE CULLEN. She is holding a squealing PIGLET by the hind legs, and they are talking. SARAH pauses to drop the PIGLET into a small enclosure.

The screendoor opens and slaps shut as JAKE enters, addresses CARL importantly ----

JAKE
Sarah says y'saw the rogue.

Rogue? Carl is a little surprised by JAKE'S abruptness. No "Hello, how y'going'". No concern for Carl, nor Beth, nor the poor man in the waterhole. Only an annoying pre-occupation with some blessed boar.

JAKE
The razorback. Come on, son.

CARL
I dunno. I didn't see it very (clearly).

JAKE
Tusk span about so?
(gestures 18")

CARL
I-I couldn't say. But there was this...this human head and...

JAKE
(dismissing CARL, turning to SARAH)
I'm going out there.

SARAH
Could it be the same one?

JAKE
He'll do me.

SARAH
Wait a minute.

She turns into the house.

187 INT HOMESTEAD CORRIDOR - (DAY) 187

In the corridor is a two-way radio, a small radar screen of some sort, and an odd-looking rifle. SARAH grabs the rifle.

188 EXT HOMESTEAD - (DAY) 188

SARAH returns and hands the rifle to JAKE.

SARAH
If he's as big as you say, you're not gonna stop him with a 303.

JAKE
I'm gonna stop him with darts?

SARAH
It's all ready to go. If you can get a transmitter onto him we can track his movements.

JAKE
I don't wanna track the bastard, I wanna nail his bloody hide outside the pub for everybody t'see.

SARAH
Just take a dart gun...please.

JAKE clicks his tongue, takes the small rifle, leaves. CARL watches as JAKE gets into the Ute and drives away.

CARL
What's with that guy? Doesn't he care about anything but his god-damned razorbacks?

SARAH is a little reluctant to talk about it in front of a stranger, but after what CARL has been through perhaps he deserves an explanation ---

SARAH
Few years ago --- a giant rogue razorback got into Jake's house and took his 2-year-old grandson.

CARL
(staggered)
It was a razorback that took the boy?

SARAH
Ever since then Jake's had his own private war going. That boar destroyed his life. He's lost his grandson, his daughter and his pride... all because've the rogue.

189 EXT WATERHOLE - (DAY) 189

JAKE and SPIDER stand overlooking the waterhole. There are no boars around, but the freshly disturbed mud suggests they've been here recently.

190 EXT PUMPING SHED CAMP - (DAY) 190

JAKE limps over the backside of the embankment, past the pumping shed, to a campsite he has made nearby. He has brought his

old CARAVAN, which has been unhitched from the Ute and parked under a tree. THREE PIG DOGS sit in the shade of the pumping shed, having been leashed to the shed door. Very quietly, JAKE takes his 303.25 out of the UTE and goes to sit down in a canvas chair in the shade. He places the rifle across his lap and sits watching the PIG DOGS, waiting.

191 EXT CAMERON HOMESTEAD - (DAY) 191

CARL is showering beneath the tank.

In distant b.g., SARAH appears, sees CARL, yells out in mock anger...

SARAH
Hey!!

CARL turns with a start, and is at first a little modest.

SARAH
Don't spend all day there! Dont'cha know there's a drought on?!

CARL signals "Okay...sorry" as SARAH goes about her business. He quickly turns off the water.

He towels carefully over his sunburn, then pulls on a pair of borrowed moleskins and a pair of elastic-sided boots. He hears a high-pitched squealing, and squints off toward the house.

CARL'S POV of SARAH in the little pen, capturing the PIGLET.

AT THE PEN, CARL walks over to investigate as SARAH muscles the rugged little creature to the dust and pins it firmly with her knee.

CARL
What're you doing?

SARAH is using a leather punch to make a small hole in the PIGLET'S ear.

SARAH
Tagging him. I keep track of their migration that way.

CLOSE-UP as she fits a tiny electronic device in the ear hole.

SARAH
CSIRO gave me a grant to carry out research. It's more work but I need the cash.

CARL
You're all alone here, then?

SARAH
Yep. Jakes drops in regularly, though. He's supposed to be my stockman but I can't get him to take any pay.

CARL watches as SARAH continues to fit the device. His eyes roam over her. She appears braless beneath a faded denim shirt, and CARL has to force his eyes from loitering on the gaps between her shirt buttons. Her feet are bare and stained brown. Her movements have the fluid grace of a creature that must conserve energy to avoid unnecessary motion.

CARL, too, looks more outdoorsy than before. Shirtless, and coloured by the sun, he seems tighter and more confident in his own body. SARAH releases the PIGLET and stares at CARL for a moment.

CARL
What's wrong?

SARAH
Nothing. I've never seen anyone in me father's trousers since he died.

ON CARL. A compliment or a criticism?

THE PIGLET attacks a fencepost out of pure infant ugliness, then he runs off into the desert.

192 INT HOMESTEAD CORRIDOR - (DAY) 192

CARL follows SARAH as she enters the house and moves up the corridor. She switches on the radarlike screen to reveal a slow-moving red "blip".

SARAH
There he is. Next time he comes back this way I can catch him and check his growth.

CARL watches the screen.

193 EXT PUMPING SHED CAMP - (DAY) 193

The ears of the three PIG DOGS all spring erect, and they look toward the waterhole (hidden by embankment 100 feet away).

In his chair, JAKE is immediately alert. He hears a distant, deep gutteral sound. The PIG DOGS are anxious, but can be depended upon to draw their last breath before barking or doing anything without Jake's command. JAKE rises from his chair, moves off toward the embankment.

194 EXT WATERHOLE - (DAY) 194

On the downwind side of the waterhole, JAKE crawls commando-fashion through the lignum. He slips the rifle off "safety", raises up slightly, aims.

SCOPE POV of a medium-size SOW drinking at the pond.

CLOSE-UP JAKE'S FINGER closing on the trigger.

BANG! The SOW drops in the mud. A clean kill.

IN THE TREES, a gaggle of galahs are sent shrieking into the sky by the crack of Jake's rifle.

JAKE walks down to the carcass. The SOW'S upper and lower tusks continue to clack together like castanets. JAKE nudges its belly with his foot. The clacking stops. JAKE stares downward. One more wretched razorback erased from the face of the earth. One more futile attempt by the old hunter to satisfy an itch he cannot scratch. He cuts the beast open and spreads the entrails around the pond as bait.

195 INT CAMERON HOMESTEAD KITCHEN - (DAY) 195

CARL is sitting at the kitchen table, nursing a cup of tea. SARAH is moving about the kitchen, attending to chores.

CARL
How long have you been alone here?

SARAH
Mum died last year, but Jake's never more than a radio message away.

Eye-contact between CARL and SARAH. A growing attraction.

SARAH
Few years ago it wasn't so bad but I'm sick've it now. I'll never understand why Mum loved it here. It finally killed her. Now the district is dying. It's this bloody drought. The drought draws in the 'roos, the 'roos draw in the wild boars, and if all the bloody razorbacks came running at once they'd trample us. Jake says he's never seen it this bad. More tea?

CARL
Just surviving must be a fulltime occupation.

SARAH
I've never had to spend the night up a windmill tower. How about you? You're a long way from home, aren't you?

CARL assesses the situation and decides he has a sympathetic friend in Sarah --- that he can level with her....

CARL
You've heard of Beth Winters?

SARAH'S expression darkens.

SARAH

The animal campaigner.

CARL
She's my wife.

This takes SARAH off-guard.

CARL
I'm here to find her...or at least find out what...what happened.

SARAH
(tactfully)
She wasn't very popular around here.

CARL
So I gather. What's your theory?

SARAH
About her disappearance? I've got no idea.

Got my hands full just keeping body and soul together out here.

CARL
Why's it gotten so bad?

SARAH
Sorry?

CARL
This problem with the razorbacks. You said you've never seen it so bad.

SARAH
We're not exactly sure. Lot've'em are diseased --- worms and parasites --- and the sicker they get the hungrier they become, but it's weird. You know Jake --- he checks through their droppings.

CARL
(nods)

SARAH
You can learn a lot from an animal's droppings. Jake's been finding teeth. They've been cannabalizing their young. That's not normal. You won't believe this, but I dissected a sow last week and guess what I found?

CARL is amused by the seriousness with which SARAH takes the boars.

SARAH
A stress ulcer.

CARL
(smiles)
Boars worry?

SARAH
(not smiling)
Yep. And lately something's been worrying them a lot.

196 EXT WATERHOLE - (AFTERNOON) 196

JAKE sits silently in the shade of the trees, slowly scanning the waterhole area with a pair of binoculars.

BINOCULAR POV of black shapes, dozens of them, attracted in by the bait-carcass, devouring it. PAN to show even more pigs grovelling in the slop and darting back and forth around the BATHTUB TROUGH.

JAKE lowers the binoculars for a moment and rubs his chin. Something is awry in the boar community. He raises the binoculars again.

BINOCULAR, scanning back and forth across the pond. HOLD for a moment on the old tub, then PAN to the scrub. We study a group of young BOARS, then RETURN TO THE BATHTUB. What is it about that tub? Focusing carefully, JAKE makes out the front legs of a boar extending from behind one end of the 8-foot long trough. At the other end are what appear to be the hind legs of another boar. But when the legs move, they move at both ends. Together!

JAKE lowers the binoculars and feels the air drain from his lungs.

JAKE
Jesus wept.

197 EXT PUMPING SHED - (AFTERNOON) 197

SPIDER looks up from the seat of the Ute as JAKE skips down the embankment from the waterhole. He reaches past the dog to get Sarah's dart rifle.

JAKE
S'him, Spider. S'the big bloke.

He checks the breach of the dart rifle.

JAKE
Sarah's right. Gonna be hard t'stop him.

MOVING WITH JAKE as he props the dart rifle next to his 303.25 then gets several LEATHER ITEMS from the back of the Ute. These are leather belly harnesses. He turns the first PIG DOG over and begins strapping on the harness. SPIDER walks over and tilts her head at JAKE.

JAKE
You stay in the Ute, girl. This isn't a job for a pretty pup like you.

SPIDER obediently returns to the Ute. JAKE continues to strap on harnesses.

SCENE 198 DELETED

199 EXT WATERHOLE - (AFTERNOON) 199

The three PIG DOGS are all wearing leather belly harnesses as they move silently with JAKE through the scrub surrounding

the waterhole. The dogs have picked up the scent, and are straining at their leashes until Jake's fist goes white. They are anxious to go to work.

AT THE EDGE OF THE CLEARING, the dogs try to surge forward but JAKE holds them to the perimeter, to within 50 yards of the bathtub's downwind side.

CLOSE-UP JAKE'S HAND as it slides down to the collar of the dog that will lead.

CLOSE-UP JAKE'S FACE. He doesn't take his eyes from the bathtub.

CLOSE-UP JAKE'S HAND feeling for the release clip, snapping the first dog free.

JAKE'S POV as --- without pause or fear --- the lead dog bolts into the clearing, causing immediate panic among the dozens of boars.

JAKE needs all his strength to hold the two remaining dogs.

The LEAD DOG latches his jaw around the hind leg of a retreating boar, and holds solidly as the boar keeps running.

Chorus of squeals and blurs of black and brown shapes moving in frenzied confusion.

JAKE'S HAND moves to the second leash clip. He sets the second dog free, then the third.

DOGS TWO & THREE sprint straight toward the bathtub as boars scatter in all directions.

JAKE waits and watches, taking his 303.25 off safety. We NOTICE Sarah's dart rifle on the ground beside JAKE.

DOG TWO breaks away toward a fleeing sow, while DOG THREE doesn't alter his course from the trough. The great rogue is still masked behind the bathtub. The head is down, but the huge breadth of his back is just visible above the rim, exposing the boney "razorback" knobs and dust-coloured stripes. It seems to be waiting. But as DOG THREE gets within striking range, the WHOLE BATHTUB BEGINS TO LIFT! Hundreds of pounds of cast iron and water jolt upward from the brick foundation as if catapulted by a hydraulic ram. The DOG baulks, skids, tries to avoid it. But with a great gushing of water, the tub tips upside down and the DOG disappears beneath it.

JAKE feels a coldness around his neck. The power!. Then his eyes glisten in reverence at what he sees ---

THE RAZORBACK stands in the open now, fully revealed for the first time. The head is massive --- about two feet broad at the jowls --- with yellow tusks chipped from combat and curving like butchers hooks. It is every bit of 1000 pounds in weight. Its hide is scarred and festered from fights, parasites and infections. If ever there was a beast that belonged to Satan, it now stands looking at Jake Cullen.

JAKE aims the 303.25 carefully.

JAKE'S POV THROUGH THE SCOPE as he centres the cross-hairs between the RAZORBACK'S eyes. But the animal suddenly hooks away as ---

DOG TWO erupts back on to the scene and, with more courage than sense, goes for the giant. As the RAZORBACK hooks like a bull, it catches DOG TWO through the side of the leather harness, penetrating it. When the RAZORBACK turns to address Jake again, the DOG comes round too, still attached to the tusk. It shakes the carcass free, then growls at Jake.

JAKE again takes careful aim.

SCOPE POV as the cross-hairs find the spot between the RAZORBACK'S eyes. BLAM!

The RAZORBACK flinches as the bullet chips off a piece of hide, but causes no other damage.

JAKE is impressed that any animal could stop a 303.25 bullet with barely a flinch. He fires again and again. There is a clang as one of the bullets ricochet off the RAZORBACK and hits the bathtub.

The RAZORBACK is sufficiently troubled by the bullets to want to escape. He turns to run for the hole in the fence.

JAKE sees his opportunity escaping. He curses to himself, fires several more times in rapid succession, then --- as a last straw --- he puts the 303.25 aside and reaches for the little dart rifle. Aims. Fires.

CLOSE-UP as a dart carrying a tiny radio transmitter is embedded in the RAZORBACK'S rump.

JAKE'S POV as the legendary boar disappears into the high lignum, which parts eerily as the animal runs through it.

JAKE

Shit.

200 EXT WATERHOLE - (AFTERNOON) 200

MINUTES LATER, JAKE is using a pole to lever up the rim of the bathtub. It rises a few inches, then a foot. Suddenly, the trapped DOG THREE scrambles out, wet and angry. JAKE lets the tub fall back with a heavy clang. DOG THREE sprints all around the waterhole looking for boars, upset to have missed all the action.

JAKE
Crazy bugger.

JUMP-CUT TO JAKE squatting down, using the tip of his knife to raise the corner of a plaster cast he's made in the mud. He scrapes the dirt away from the plaster, and there is a clear print of one of the giant's trotters.

CLOSE-UP JAKE. At last he has a piece of material evidence that the great beast exists. It is the end of a long, private loneliness.

JUMP-CUT TO MLS of JAKE bending over with a stick, poking at the ground.

CLOSER ON JAKE to reveal that he is prodding through boar droppings.

JAKE'S POV as something catches his eye --- something that should not be there. It is a bright, luminescent sparkle.

Puzzled, JAKE squats down for a closer look. Using the end of the stick, he lifts the object from the shit and rinses it in the water. Then he plucks it off the tip of the stick with his fingers and holds it up. It is BETH'S PEAR-SHAPED DIAMOND RING! Our senses are assaulted by reverberations of "The Razorback Theme!"

201 INT CAMERON HOMESTEAD KITCHEN - (AFTERNOON) 201

ECU OF THE DIAMOND RING sitting on the table. Next to it is the plaster cast of the Razorback trotter. CARL looks on grimly. SARAH stands near him, worried for him. JAKE is there too. He feels compelled to say something.

JAKE
I'm....sorry, son.

CARL continues to stare at the ring. JAKE looks at SARAH and motions her to the door. As they get up to exit, WE HOLD ON CARL, still expressionless.

202 INT HOMESTEAD CORRIDOR - (AFTERNOON)

JAKE is preoccupied as he turns to SARAH in private ---

JAKE
That electronic gismo -- turn it on.

SARAH
(excitedly)
You tagged him?

SARAH turns quickly to the radarlike screen and turns it on. JAKE watches with rapt interest as the screen comes to life and a small red blip appears.

JAKE
Ha! Gotcha, you murderous bastard.
(to SARAH)
Where is he?

SARAH checks the setting then places a round, transparent map-grid over the screen in which various local landmarks are indicated. There is the town of Gamulla, Petpak, the highway, etc. The red blip is up in the northeast corner. SARAH adjusts the receiver to give a closer POV of the blip, then puts a new grid on the screen.

SARAH
Looks like he's about three miles west've the pumping shed.

JAKE
Ha. S'no other water in thirty miles. He'll have t'come in to the waterhole to drink.

SARAH
Jake, if you couldn't stop him with a 303...

JAKE
He's just bacon, girlie.

SARAH
You could get some help...Turner and...

JAKE
(obsessively)
No! He's mine.

JAKE
That old 40-40 your Dad kept around the place. That should slow'im down.

203 EXT SARAH'S HOMESTEAD - (SUNSET) 203

With the unmistakable proof that his wife is not only dead, but disposed of in the most bizarre manner, CARL is taking a quiet moment by himself to think and grieve --- to reflect on the diamond ring in his hand, and to stare off vacantly at the godless terrain.

The sound of a closing door and the starting of a motor signals JAKE'S departure with the 40-40 and dart rifles. SARAH sees him off.

SARAH
(affectionately)
You be careful, you old goat.

JAKE
(dismissively)
Ah.

He drives away. SARAH looks off and sees CARL standing by the water tank. She walks over to join him.

SARAH
I'm...real sorry. I didn't agree much with her ideas, but I'm sure she was a good woman.

CARL stands with his back to her, gazing down at the ring.

CARL (mumbles)
Our...anniversary....

SARAH
Sorry?

CARL turns, and we now see that maybe there's tears in his eyes.

CARL
The day she...disappeared. It was our first anniversary.

What can one say? SARAH shuffles uneasily.

CARL
She didn't want to take this assignment. I was the one who talked her into it...said it would really complete her career. Well.. it sure did that allright.

Another awkward pause. SARAH feels deeply for him.

SARAH
You okay?

CARL
Yeah. I just need a little quiet time.

SARAH nods grimly, realising that CARL wants to be alone, turns and walks back to the house. CARL looks off.

204 EXT WATERHOLE - (LAST LIGHT) 204

JAKE uses his knife to open the belly of a dead boar and spread more offal around the waterhole area.

Then JAKE goes up to a BLIND that he has built near the trees.

IN THE BLIND, JAKE checks the old 40-40 rifle, then refers to a small, electrical hand device that receives a vague bleeping signal. By turning the receiver, the bleep becomes stronger or weaker. JAKE homes in on the direction of the strongest signal, then sits back with the rifle to wait.

205 INT CAMERON HOMESTEAD CORRIDOR - (NIGHT) 205

The pet WOMBAT ambles lazily between Sarah's bare feet.

SARAH is sitting in the corridor, using the radio ---

SARAH
He's gone up to the waterhole along the northeast boundary...where the pumping shed is.

206 INT HOTEL - (NIGHT) 206

TURNER speaking into the radio mic as ANDY and the FARMER look on.

SARAH (radio v.o.)
Over.

TURNER
We've had a couple've reports of this rogue boar. Jake know anything about it?

SARAH (radio v.o.)
It's real, allright. Jake's tagged him with a radio transmitter. Might have him by morning. Over.

TURNER
(surprised, maybe sceptical)
How big's this bloke, Sarah, over?

SARAH (radio v.o.)
Thousand pounds if he's an ounce, over.

We show the BAKER BROTHERS drinking, listening, brooding.

TURNER
Right, Sarah, keep us posted. Over 'n'out.
(to FARMER, dismissing the problem)
There y' are, mate. Old Jake's gonna take care've it.

FARMER
Ha. If it's 1000 pounds it might take care've Jake.

END ON BENNY & DICKO BAKER IN BACKGROUND, THINKING.

207 INT HOMESTEAD - (NIGHT) 207

CLOSE-UP of the RECEIVER SCREEN.

SARAH is monitoring the boar's movements; the red blip is way down in the lower left-hand corner of the screen. She looks up to the sound of the screendoor slapping shut. It's CARL.

CARL
I'll be leaving in the morning. You've been very kind.

SARAH
Stay as long as you like.
(wry grin)
Give the locals something to gossip about.

CARL
Thanks, but I'm going home. I guess I've got what I came for...
(referring to ring)
Not much more I can do.

SARAH
Well..I can't say I don't envy you. I've always wanted to see New York. Reckon I'll be lucky to see Sydney.

There is almost a hint in her tone. Another quiet moment, then.....

CARL
Well...I think I'll turn in.

SARAH
Goodnight, Carl.

CARL
Goodnight, Sarah.

She watches him exit to the verandah, then she sighs and returns her attention to the screen.

FINAL SHOT, the red blip, still static in the lower corner as the Razorback awaits his hour.

208 EXT FARMHOUSE - (NIGHT) 208

The FARMER has decided to take matters into his own hands by setting a trap.

A heavy cargo net has been positioned so that when a bait carcass is disturbed the net will drop over it. As he works, the FARMER pauses once to listen. He hears nothing unusual. Just nerves. He continues his work by attaching a heavy length of chain to the cargo net. Then he secures the other end of the chain to the large steel bullbar on the front of his Toyota Ute. Finished, he smiles with self-satisfaction and goes back into the house.

209 EXT WATERHOLE - (NIGHT) 209

IN HIS BLIND, JAKE turns the radio receiver in various directions, but he has lost the bleeping signal. The rogue is way out of range. Not much use in continuing the vigil tonight. JAKE yawns, picks up the 40-40, and goes to

210 EXT PUMPING SHED CAMP - (NIGHT) 210

JAKE comes down the embankment from the waterhole and enters his caravan.

211 INT JAKE'S CARAVAN - (NIGHT) 211

SPIDER is sitting on Jake's bunk. JAKE sits down to pull off his boots.

JAKE

Old bastard must've found water someplace else. Well --- s'allright. We got nothing but time, right, Spider? Give us a hand, girl.

JAKE refers to the boot on the foot of his crippled leg, which he cannot remove easily on his own. As if they go through this ritual every evening, SPIDER latches his teeth around the heel of the boot, and tugs --- as if trying to wrestle away a fetching-stick --- until JAKE is able to work his foot free.

JAKE positions the rifle beside the bunk, puts the radio receiver right beside his pillow, then lays back and turns down the lamp. He lays there for a while, listening to the muted ka-toompah of the water pump.

SPIDER lays her head on JAKE'S leg.

212 INT CAMERON VERANDAH - (NIGHT) 212

CARL is in an uneasy sleep, tossing and turning.

His dreams are haunted with clipped voices and images, in which Beth's face recurs several times. But now there is a new element creeping into his thoughts, and the FACE OF SARAH appears and flashes through his unconscious mind.

213 INT HOMESTEAD - SARAH'S BEDROOM - (NIGHT) 213

SARAH lies in bed. Wide awake.

214 INT HOMESTEAD CORRIDOR - (NIGHT) 214

WE MOVE SILENTLY down the corridor. We pass the radarlike screen, with its steady blip in the southwest corner. We pass the two-way radio. We continue slowly onward to

215 INT HOMESTEAD KITCHEN - (NIGHT) 215

A wedge of moonlight reflects against the kitchen floor. Suddenly, a "large" boar-shaped shadow snakes over the floorboards. WE PAN ASKANCE to reveal the WOMBAT -- its shadow exaggerated by the light to its rear. He pads silently across the floor and stretches up to investigate the table, knocking something to the floor.

ECU as Jake's plaster cast shatters in a thousand pieces. FADE UP a familiar-sounding metallic jingling.

216 EXT FARMHOUSE - (NIGHT) 216

The links of the Farmer's steel chain are moving, causing the JINGLING NOISE. Something is lurking below, sniffing at the carcass-bait.

217 INT FARMHOUSE - (NIGHT) 217

The FARMER is sitting back, watching TV, oblivious to everything else.

218 EXT FARMHOUSE - (NIGHT) 218

There is a sudden chomp as the Scavenger takes the bait.

CRASH-CUT to the cargo net dropping over some huge SHAPE. The Scavenger snorts angrily.

CLOSE-UP of the coil of slack chain starting to unwind.

218A INT FARMHOUSE -(NIGHT) 218A

The FARMER laughs loudly at some joke on the TV. The sound is quite loud, and covers any noises from the yard.

The huge SHAPE, draped in the cargo net, breaks for a paddock beyond the farm.

The CHAIN runs out of slack and snaps taut.

The TOYOTA UTE is impacted two feet forward.

The heavy-duty bullbar on the front of the Toyota is pulled away with an awesome grinding and snapping.

The loose bullbar, still attached to the chain, is dragged through the yard at some speed, stirring up dust and flattening everything in its path.

The raging BULLBAR skids along the ground and catches between a tree trunk and the corner of the farmhouse.

219 INT FARMHOUSE - (NIGHT) 219

The FARMER laughs and slaps his leg at the TV antics. Suddenly, WH-AM!! The whole corner of his livingroom is ripped out, the ceiling partially collapses, and the slack in the TV's power lead vanishes. Finally, the TV itself is wrenched violently off its stand, and vanishes into the night along with part of the house. It happens so quickly that the FARMER is still smiling as bits of plaster rain down around him. Slowly, his smile melts to deadpan astonishment.

SCENES 220-221 DELETED

222 EXT PADDOCK - (NIGHT) 222

TRACKING THE BULLBAR and debris as they are pulled through the paddock. The Bullbar finally catches in a ditch and stops dead.

The chain snaps.

The TV and other debris, are catapulted into the night. There is a distant SOUND of breaking glass, then, finally, SILENCE.

223 INT HOMESTEAD CORRIDOR - (NIGHT) 223

TIGHT ON THE RADARLIKE SCREEN. The red blip moving northwest until it disappears off the screen, out of range. Silence.

SCENE 224 DELETED

225 EXT PUMPING SHED CAMP - (NIGHT) 225

A cluster of three HEADLIGHTS approach in the distance, then stop. The lights go out. Establish that they are about 100 yards from Jake's caravan.

226 INT BAKERS' FLATBED - (NIGHT) 226

DICKO is at the wheel, drunk. He shuts off the motor and starts to get out. BENNY doesn't move.

DICKO
(whispers)
Y'coming?

BENNY
You're mad, Dicko. Y'can't just kill everybody that gets in your....

DICKO
(cuts in, all innocence)
I ain't killed anybody. It's the bloody razorback. Y'coming or not?

BENNY
I don't want no part of it.

DICKO
(reaches for his rifle)
Jeez, yer no fun anymore, Benny.

227 INT CARAVAN - (NIGHT) 227

JAKE sleeping. SPIDER'S ears prick up. A shaft of light falls upon her as the caravan door is eased open. SPIDER begins to bark. Thump! as she is silenced by the butt end of the rifle. JAKE awakens and starts to sit up, but finds himself looking down the barrel of DICKO'S rifle.

DICKO
One fart and you're history.

228 EXT PUMPING SHED CAMP - (NIGHT) 228

DICKO forces JAKE out of the caravan at gunpoint and takes him 20 yards from the door.

DICKO
Get down.

JAKE suspects that if he gets down he'll never get up again. When he hesitates, DICKO takes out his hatchet.

DICKO
On the ground. Go on!

JAKE turns on him but BENNY is there. He taps JAKE solidly on the back of the head with a tyre iron. JAKE falls like a rock, unconscious. DICKO turns to BENNY.

DICKO
(angrily)
You said you were gonna wait in the bloody truck! Why'd y'do that?!

BENNY
He was going for you.

DICKO
Pig's arse! Now you've spoiled it!

BENNY
(puzzled)
Spoiled what?

DICKO
How's he gonna feel it when I bust his legs?

BENNY blinks in ever-growing amazement at his brother's capacity for violence.

BENNY
Jesus, he'll feel it soon enough.

DICKO
Not if the bloody razorback get'im before he wakes up!

A chill runs through BENNY, and he backs up a pace.

BENNY
God's teeth, Dicko...sometimes y'really gimme the creeps. If you're gonna do it then bloody do it.

BENNY walks off toward the FLATBED, as if his absence actually exonerates him from any complicity. DICKO looks down at JAKE, grips the hatchet, and raises it above JAKE'S outstretched legs.

CUT TO BENNY, IN THE FLATBED. His ears do not escape the sickening thud in the distance, followed by another.

CUT TO DICKO as he uses the blade-end of his hatchet to open the belly of a 'roo carcass. He spreads the entrails all around the camp. He hears a "beep" and glances up as Benny flashes the lights. DICKO cleans the blood off his hatchet by flinging it into the soft ground several times, then he picks up his rifle and returns to the FLATBED. JAKE hasn't moved. The FLATBED starts up and drives away.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

229 EXT WATERHOLE - (DAWN) 229

The sun creeps up behind the silhouette of the broken windmill tower.

230 EXT SCRUB - (MORNING) 230

The young JOEY is tentatively approaching a mob of adult 'roos. But each established mob operates on a social structure that does not permit strays. The JOEY cannot even get close to the pack before he is challenged by two Big Reds. He turns away. He's survived alone so far.

LATER, the JOEY is feeding on dry vegetation when he is alerted to a pack of boars, approaching from 100 yards away. The JOEY hops off, and is bounding through scrub when he comes to a clearing. He pauses to the ka-toompah of the water pump, and sees Jake's Ute parked close by.

231 EXT PUMPING SHED CAMP - (MORNING) 231

JAKE'S ear is against the ground, and it is the close thudding on clay that makes him open his eyes. At first he seems puzzled by his circumstances. Why has he awakened outside? Why has he slept so late? His eyes fix on the remains of the kangaroo carcass spread around. Twenty feet away, is a little red kangaroo, standing there looking at him. JAKE closes his eyes tightly to find order in his thoughts. He runs his hands back through his hair, and his palm passes down the back toward his neck, he feels it: the truth. Spongy, matted, bloodied, broken. He starts to remember. Dicko and Benny. He squints at the sun. He wants to rise, but his body won't work. He can't feel his lower torso. He props himself on an elbow and looks at his legs.

JAKE
(screams)
NOooooo!!

The JOEY bolts for the bushes.

232 EXT SCRUB - (MORNING) 232

A BOAR is restlessly digging its trotters into the clay as several others draw in around him. The small pack venture forward only a few feet at a time, plowing the dust with short,

jerky steps. Hunger pushes them three steps forward while fear draws them two steps back, and they proceed in that manner in the direction of the campsite.

233 EXT CAMPSITE - (MORNING) 233

JAKE'S fists are clenched around clumps of red clay. He groans with his face to the ground. Finally he uses his arms to force himself into a sitting position so that he can examine the damage more closely. He carefully separates a torn section of trousers from his left leg, drawing the material back to reveal the red, drying blood, the warped shinbone jutting out of alignment with the rest of the leg, the splintered fragments poking through an open wound. Nasty, but perhaps repairable. He doesn't have to pull back the other trouser leg. The bone has been smashed inward, broken in the shape of a boomerang. This had been his bad leg before, but now God Almighty couldn't put it right again. JAKE'S attention snaps toward the side of the caravan. A boar appears, head low. It sees JAKE and stops. JAKE remains rigid and for a few moments they stare at each other. Then ---

JAKE

Hey!!!!!

The noise makes the boar dart behind the tent again. JAKE uses the chance to go for a log in the fire, still aglow from last night. But some monsterous, invisible weight seems to pin his legs to the clay as finally as a headstone. He hasn't the strength to lift his weight, and his elbows can find no traction against the ground. The boar appears again. It is a medium-sized 250-pounder. Young, aggressive. JAKE remains anchored, with no defense but the dead kangaroo. The boar grunts, its snout low to the ground. It takes a few steps forward. JAKE waits. He lets it get to within 10 feet. It begins to snort and gush air. As it draws back to give momentum to its attack, JAKE grabs the 'roo by the forelegs and hurls the carcass at the boar. The compression of air in the kangaroo's lungs causes it to let out an awful, barking shriek. The boar stumbles backwards in its fright, seeing the 'roo flailing through the air. It turns and disappears behind the Ute, into the scrub at the back.

JAKE feels a brief exhilaration at having survived with nothing. But the boar will be back, and JAKE has no weapon. His rifle and ammunition in the caravan might as well be 100 miles away. He sees a shadow projected against the side of the Ute. The same boar is back for round three. It is grunting with agitation, working itself into a frenzy of aggression. The sounds bring another eight boars from the scrub to join him. JAKE can see his moment coming. Perhaps it is better to accept the end. The boar lowers his head and starts to charge.

Strangely, all the boars suddenly turn and scatter. JAKE'S eyes sweep the clearing behind him. He sees the black and white flash of a sheepdog.

JAKE
Spider! Little Spider!

The dog runs up to JAKE and lays across his lap. JAKE clutches her tightly.

JAKE
Spider girl. Jesus, little Spider.

She slumps over his thighs, shivering convulsively in the day's 100 degree heat, totally spent by a burst of aggression more heroic than we have yet realised. For the time being, JAKE is content just to hold her. Spider is his only chance---his future.

JAKE
(mirthless chuckle)
Well, girl --- yer old man's kind'a put his foot in it this time.

Jake looks towards a three-gallon water cannister in the back of the Ute, 30 feet away. It might as well be on the Moon.

SPIDER sympathetically cocks her head at her master.

JAKE squints upward, assessing the arc of the sun. In a few hours, the day will be scorching hot. He makes a decision---

JAKE
Spider, go to Sarah. Can you do that?
Go find Sarah. Go on.

The dog seems hesistant to leave her master.

JAKE
Go on. Go to Sarah, girl.

Spider finally turns and moves off into the desert to the east. Jake leans back and closes his eyes to the pain.

SCENES 234-235 DELETED

236 EXT DESERT - (MORNING) 236

SPIDER sprints courageously across the desert floor.

237 INT HOMESTEAD KITCHEN - (MORNING) 237

Morning sunlight shafting in through a window, striking the floor amid the shattered pieces of plaster from Jake's cast.

IN THE CORRIDOR, all is quiet. No blip on the screen. The Rogue could be anywhere.

238 EXT PUMPING SHED CAMP - (DAY) 238

The sun is getting hotter by the minute. Another couple of hours without shade or water and Jake will be dried and stiffened like a strip of salt beef. Already he can hear the pack of scavengers regrouping in the scrub. His eyes wander the camp for a tool he can use --- a weapon or ---

JAKE'S POV of one of the lengths of rope used to leash the pig dogs to the shed. It's 10 feet away.

JAKE conceives a plan, then dismisses it as foolish. He lays back again, but the grunting sounds in the bush will not permit him to relax. He removes his belt. Holding onto one end, he tosses the buckled-end outward.

CLOSE-UP as the buckle falls near the rope's knotted end. The belt is pulled gently, but the buckle fails to snag the knot.

JAKE tries this several times. On the third go

CLOSE-UP GROUND-LEVEL as the buckle catches on the knot, so that the rope can be dragged.

JAKE gently pulls the rope toward him until he holds it in both hands. He lays back briefly to rest. Then, blocking his mind of all else, he begins to put one hand in front of the other. The beginning is ridiculously easy as he takes up the slack. Very soon after that, the weight becomes massive.

LOW-ANGLE ON JAKE. With monumental effort he is able to maintain the one simple task of putting one hand in front of the other. It is his own private war of many small battles.

239 EXT SCRUB - (DAY) 239

The boars are working up their bravado. But suddenly they all fall silent. Then, as one, they bolt off. Silence.

240 EXT PUMPING SHED CAMP - (DAY) 240

Eventually there becomes a battle that makes Jake angry. The rope has changed the rules. It is becoming airborne. He lifts his eyes to it, and sees that a mere 30 inches remain, running upward from the ground to where the rope is tied near the door of the pumping shed. With a last burst of will, Jake drags his lower torso through the doorway of the shed, and wedges the door shut.

241 INT PUMPING SHED - (DAY) 241

The enclosure is intensely hot and airless, but to Jake it is the womb at the end of the umbilical cord. With the door shut, he is in relative darkness except for a pencil-thin beam of sunlight, shafting through a nail hole in the corrugated iron. The ka-toompah of the pump drones loudly in his ears. He leans back against the inside of the door, and lets his eyelids droop.

242 EXT PUMPING SHED CAMP - (DAY) 242

THE SUN is high and fierce.

FRESH ANGLE ON THE PUMPING SHED, with stark sunlight reflected off its shiny metal. Our hackles are raised by a hint of the "Razorback Theme" --- its sinister cadence drawing upon the ka-toompah for its percussion.

243 INT PUMPING SHED - (DAY) - VERY TIGHT SHOT 243

as JAKE, driven by thirst, tries to lick moisture from the pipes. He can hear the water churning inside them.

He makes his way to the nail hole, but when he touches the inside wall, the iron burns him. He carefully raises up as high as he can from his sitting position, and tries to peer out. But the hole is too high (about 4 and a half feet). He settles back again.

Perhaps his ears are playing tricks. Through the pump's cadence he hears a muffled sound that chills him through. Just inches away, on the other side of the wall, is what sounds like sniffing.

Jake backs away from the wall as rapidly and quietly as his crippled body will take him. He sees something passing behind the nail hole, briefly blocking out the sunlight. Jake's heart skips a beat. No ordinary boar has a back 4 and a half feet high.

The walls are heavy-gauge iron, built to withstand desert conditions, and Jake feels relatively safe. A long silence lulls him into a feeling of complacency.

Then it comes.

The air is ruptured by a shuddering impact that transcends anything we have seen so far. The walls of the shed shake crazily and the close darkness clangs.

The shed holds. At the point of impact, a plate-sized dent gives evidence of the assault. The second attack is stronger. The shed shakes violently. The dust is stirred up. This time, the resulting dent includes the ridge of a tusk-point imprinted in the iron. There is yet another awesome silence.

BOOM!!! The impact causes the whole structure to rock on its foundations. Jake can do nothing but press himself against the far corner of the shed. BOOM!!! There is a sudden flicker of new light in the darkness. A new shaft of sunlight beams through the dust from a puncture created by the tusk.

There is an awful grating noise as the tusk is driven in again, hooking and wrenching upward, gouging a rip in the metal wall.

Light is thrown against Jake's face.

BOOM!!! Now both tusks are visible as they chisel the gap wider. The 18 inch breadth between them reassures Jake that this is his boar --- the folk-epic Razorback.

Another horrendous BANG!!!! The whole side of the shed is lifted from its foundations. The dusty interior is splashed in mid-day sunlight. Jakes realises, somewhat thankfully, that the darkness will be returning to him shortly.

244 EXT CAMERON HOMESTEAD - (DAY) 244

LOW ANGLE beneath the water tank as SPIDER appears out of the northern desert and pads up to drink from the puddle. She gets

her second breath and moves onward to the house. She scratches at the screendoor.

245 INT VERANDAH - (DAY) 245

The scratching NOISE wakes CARL up. He rises, looks out through the screendoor. He sees SPIDER, opens the door, lets her in.

CARL
(kneeling)
Well hello little fellow. Who belongs to you?

SPIDER is fretting.

SARAH
Spider....!

CARL turns to see SARAH at the doorway, concerned.

CARL
Huh?

SARAH
Jake's dog.

CARL looks a query at SARAH. She seems upset as she puts two and two together.

SARAH
Oh God...

She disappears into

246 INT HOMESTEAD CORRIDOR - (DAY) 246

SARAH goes directly to the radarlike receiver. CARL follows. SARAH tries several settings on the receiver but can't pick up the blip. She turns to CARL, sick with fear.

247 EXT ROAD IN DESERT - (DAY) 247

Sarah's INTERNATIONAL sets a brisk pace as it heads north over the rough dusty road.

IN THE INTERNATIONAL, CARL is driving, SARAH in passenger seat.

248 EXT PUMPING SHED CAMP - (DAY) 248

A long trail of red dust scars the horizon. The noise from the pump reveals our location. A vehicle becomes visible at the head of the dust trail. The vehicle becomes Sarah's International. The International drives right up to CAMERA and stops. Sarah and Carl get out. Their eyes are fixed in shock and bewilderment at what they see. WIDEN on the campsite. It looks as if a bomb went off. The pump continues to work somewhere beneath wrinkled and collapsed sections of corrugated iron where the shed once stood.

SARAH
(calls)
Jake!

No answer. SARAH dashes to the caravan, throws the door open, looks in, turns back to CARL in despair. CARL is looking at the ground.

CARL
Sarah, look at this. Something happened right on this spot. Looks as if he dragged himself toward the shed.

SARAH lurches toward the remains of the shed and begins to frantically over-turn loose pieces of corrugated iron, expecting the worst. She pauses, staring down at something.

SARAH
Carl...

He approaches, sees what she is looking at, pulls it out of the rubble. It's one of Jake's boots. SARAH'S darkest suspicions are confirmed.

SARAH
Jake!

She breaks down, starts to cry.

CARL goes to comfort her. He scans the camp, trying to work it out.

CARL
Why'd he have to drag himself to the shed?

SARAH
I dunno. It got him in the legs, maybe.

CARL
Then let him crawl away?

Good point. SARAH moves away from CARL toward the caravan. CARL continues to search for clues.

249 INT CARAVAN - (DAY) 249

SARAH hunts through Jake's things. She finds the 40-40 rifle on the floor.

250 EXT PUMPING SHED CAMP - (DAY) 250

CARL sees something on the ground that gets his attention. He squats down.

251 INT CARAVAN - (DAY) 251

SARAH finds the little hand-receiver near Jake's pillow. She picks it up, points it in several directions. She begins to pick up a weak signal.

252 EXT PUMPING SHED CAMP - (DAY) 252

CARL is still staring down at the ground as SARAH moves anxiously out of the caravan.

SARAH
Carl....

He rises to join her.

SARAH
Look.

She points the receiver toward the west. We HEAR a vague blip.

SARAH
(vengefully)
It's him. He's out there....twenty or thirty miles by the sound, but he's there.

CARL
(trying to make a point)
Sarah, there's clearly been some kind of human involvement here. Jake's not the sort've man who'd be caught out by a boar, is he?

SARAH
(obsessive as she stares west)
Bloody bastard...shit-eating Razorback....

CARL
Have a look over here...

She shrugs him off.

SARAH
He can't get away. We've got him.

CARL
Sarah, will you forget the goddamned boar and...

SARAH
We'll go into town...get some people together. Like a posse.

CARL
I think I know who was here, Sarah. And I know who got at Beth before ...

SARAH
(cuts in angrily)
The boar got at her! Don't you understand yet! It killed Jake's grandson, it killed your wife, and now...Jake...

She breaks down again, her anger gathering momentum.

CARL
Maybe, maybe not. If you'll just have a look at....

SARAH
(pushes away from him)
Leave me alone!

CARL
Sarah!

SARAH
I'm going after it. You do what you like!

SARAH gets into her INTERNATIONAL and drives away at speed. CARL watches her go, then returns to the area of ground that he was trying to show her. He squats down and runs his hand over SEVERAL HATCHET CUTS IN THE SOFT CLAY SOIL. PAN UP TO CARL'S FACE, set in resolve. MUSIC: "BAKER'S THEME".

253 INT HOTEL - (AFTERNOON) 253

The little SIGNAL RECEIVER sits on the polished-wood bar, pointing west, bleeping its heart out. TEN OR TWENTY LOCALS are gathered around. SARAH raises her eyes from the Receiver to TURNER.

TURNER returns her look.

254 EXT GAMULLA - (AFTERNOON) 254

Men and dogs pour from the pub and scramble for their cars and trucks. Doors slam. Engines rev. A party atmosphere.

SARAH gets into her INTERNATIONAL to lead the way.

TURNER is standing in the street, looking this way and that.

TURNER
My car! Where's me bloody car?!

He grabs a lift in a pick-up. SARAH and SPIDER head the convoy as all manner of vehicles roar out of town, headed west.

255 EXT WHITECLIFF - (AFTERNOON) 255

Jake's Ute is heading east, lurching and baulking over the undulated Whitecliff road. TRACK with CARL for 50 yards, then

WHAM!! as the Ute slams into the front door of the BAKER'S PLACE. The Ute stops. Part of the wall collapses. CARL is out in an instant, gripping the .22 rifle.

BENNY staggers out through the rubble looking as if he has been jolted from a heavy nap.

BENNY
(squints)
Bill. Why the Christ did y'do that?

CARL
It's Carl. Carl Winters. As in Beth Winters. From "New Yowak".

BENNY goes white. His eyes begin to nervously dart about for a weapon.

BENNY
(mock friendly)
Yeah well, mate...that's no cause to go knocking down a man's....

Whoosh! as BENNY takes a wild swipe at CARL with a butchers hook. CARL jumps back as the hook passes inches from his face.

BENNY doesn't hang about. He's off and running toward Turner's PONTIAC, which is parked outside. CARL bares his teeth and goes after him.

BENNY runs for the PONTIAC, but with CARL on his tail he has no time to get in. He abandons it and sets out cross-country, over the peaks and valleys of the opal diggings.

CARL stops, aims the .22.

CARL

Stop!

BENNY ignores him. CARL fires a shot over BENNY'S head. BENNY keeps going.

CARL'S POV down the rifle barrel as he draws a bead on BENNY. But he can't shoot. The pause has caused CARL to lose ground.

BENNY sprints and stumbles up a gravel slope like a man scared of dying.

CARL briefly loses sight of Benny.

CARL crests a peak and scans the lunar vista. No sign of Benny. SILENCE but for CARL'S breathing and the groan of wind through a rusting crane arm. CARL starts down a steep slope.

ON A LEVEL, CARL stops and PANS the heaps of rusting machinery. This is a MINE HEAD. CARL listens hard. There is a vague, deep CREAKING.

CLOSE-UP of a rusty old CABLE on a spool. The cable is strung taut through a pulley, and descends into a deep shaft, about 4' in diameter.

CARL'S eyes flick from the spool to the cable to the pit. He turns away.

Without warning, BENNY LUNGES UPWARD, maniacal with fear, and slashes CARL'S calf with the butchers hook. He'd been lying in ambush inside the shaft, suspended by the bucket at the end of the cable.

In the same instant, the brake on the spool slips and begins to rapidly play out cable.

BENNY screams as he rides the bucket downward.

CARL reflexively lunges at the brake and stops the spool.

IN THE SHAFT, BENNY'S descent is arrested twenty feet below the surface. He clings to the cable in shivering terror. Below him lies another 50' to certain death. He's put himself in a fine predicament.

CARL checks the slash in his leg, but he has more important considerations. He approaches the shaft and looks down.

BENNY is just visible in the dark pit. He is staring pathetically upward.

CARL
Hello again, Benny.

BENNY
Please...f'Christ's sake...

CARL
What did you do to my wife, Benny?

BENNY
Hell, I dunno who you're....

CARL trips the spool brake, releasing another five feet of cable.

BENNY descends even further into the black nothingness. When he stops again, he is whimpering.

CARL

Try again, asshole. Dicko was there when she died.

BENNY sees an opportunity to blame it all on his brother.

BENNY
Yeah, he's mad as a meat axe. I warned him not to...to...

CARL
To what?

BENNY
Look, how 'bout y'haul me up and I'll tell you...

CARL
To <u>what</u>, Benny?!

H-H-He was gonna frighten her, like. I said I didn't want no part've it. Swear, I-I wasn't even there! He'd been boozing all afternoon...had a real face full. When that Yank...when your missus took some film've him, he went right off his brian.

CARL
So he went to frighten her and it all got a little out've hand, is that it?

BENNY
Exactly! Then this great bloody razorback turned up. God's holy socks, I've never seen nuthin' like it.

CARL
Even though you weren't there, Benny?

BENNY realises he's put his foot in it.

CARL
And you just left my wife to the razorback.

BENNY
I-I-I-I tried t'stop him.

CARL
And you tried to stop him from taking care've Jake Cullen, too.

BENNY
Yeah! I'm not a violent man.

CARL squats down on the edge of the shaft and looks squarely at BENNY.

CARL
I've got one more question before I haul you up, Benny. Where's your brother now?

BENNY
Out at Petpak.

CARL stares at him for a moment, then rises, dusts off his hands, and turns to walk away. We HOLD on the shaft.

BENNY (v.o. from shaft)
Bill? Carl?

We hear Carl's footsteps crunching off into the distance.

BENNY
Hey!

Silence.

BENNY
Hey! Mister! Jesus!

Silence.

256 EXT DESERT HIGHWAY - (AFTERNOON) 256

CARL drives the Ute toward Petpak.

257 INT PETPAK - (LATE AFTERNOON) 257

DICKO switches off the crushing machine and barks at WALLACE---

DICKO
Spread some lime around that cesspool, otherwise the place'll be crawling in boars tonight.

WALLACE seems concerned about the time. The place is clearly starting to give WALLACE the creeps. He goes off quickly to do as he is told.

258 EXT LIGNUM COUNTRY - (LATE AFTERNOON) 258

Twenty miles west of Gamulla, the posse has the blip cornered in a t-tree grove. Twenty men, armed to the back teeth, advance with their dogs, ready to blast the daylight out of anything that moves. SARAH has her Dad's 40.40.

The party move cautiously through the t-tree. The bleeper is bleeping like crazy. The suspense is nerve-racking.

Then their eyes fix on a spot ahead.

POV of the "razorback". He is about half-again the size of a football and is squealing with fear. He is the PIGLET.

GROUP SHOT of the hunters.

CLOSE-UP of the tiny radio-transmitter attached to the PIGLET'S ear.

SARAH flexes her jaw in angry frustration. If the Rogue isn't here then...?

259 INT HOMESTEAD CORRIDOR - (LATE AFTERNOON) 259

CLOSE-UP of the RECEIVER SCREEN as the tiny blip on the far left-hand side blinks out. SILENCE. HOLD on the grey screen. PAN UP VERY SLOWLY, over the grid. WE PAN PAST the symbol for the town of Gamulla, north-east along the highway. Toward the upper-right hand corner of the screen, a RED BLIP sits squarely inside Petpak! "Razorback Theme" carries into next scene ---

260 INT PETPAK - (DUSK) 260

CLOSE-UP DICKO'S HAND as he turns off the fluorescents, fades up the interior night lights, then turns the timer switch to RANDOM for the exterior spotlights.

DICKO is closing up for the evening. He moves towards the big steel door and starts to lower it with the chain-pulley. He pauses, calls off ---

DICKO
Come on, Wally! Get a move on! And pull the door down on yer way out.

No answer. DICKO goes outside. HOLD for a moment. We HEAR a low crunching SOUND somewhere amid the building's many shadows.

261 EXT PETPAK - (DUSK) 261

DICKO moves toward his FLATBED. He opens the door to get in, pauses, looks back at the building.

DICKO
Wally! Y'coming?

SILENCE. DICKO cocks his head at

The large, dark DOORWAY to hell. MUSIC: Full-on "Razorback Theme".

Puzzled, DICKO starts walking back to the building.

262 EXT DESERT HIGHWAY - (DUSK) 262

MUSIC is dischordant hybrid of "Baker Brothers Theme" and "Razorback Theme" as Jake's Ute slows down and takes the Petpak turn-off. CARL drives with studied determination. Smokestack of Petpak looms in silhouette 5 miles away.

SCENE 263 DELETED

264 EXT PETPAK - (LATE DUSK) 264

The yard and building are bathed in the spotlight beams. CARL gets out with the .22. He looks at the building. He looks at the FLATBED. He looks at Wallace's MORRIS. Then he looks at the black hellhole with the half-lowered steel roll-a-door. Suddenly the SPOTLIGHTS ALL GO OFF. CARL braces himself, ready to use the rifle if necessary. But nothing happens.

CARL
Dicko!? Wally!?

No reply. CARL moves cautiously toward the building.

265 INT PETPAK - (NIGHT) 265

CARL peers in. A more gloomy and foreboding place is hard to imagine. Every moon shadow seems to hide some dark and hungry demon. The only sound is a vague "ploop-ploop-ploop" of water dripping somewhere.

CARL steels his nerves and eases inside. All his senses are working double-time. He scans the semi-darkness. He looks upward into the maze of steel girders in the ceiling structure.

He moves carefully through the main room. He pauses to listen. Suddenly, his senses are jolted by the awful clamour of the crushing machine, coming on mysteriously. CARL spins with the rifle, but no target presents itself. He moves very tentatively toward the crusher shute, looking for the switch that will silence the horrendous din. He senses something behind him.

CARL spins around to see some vague and ghastly thing flying at him through the air! It is a horse carcass, suspended on a butchers hook moving on an overhead track.

CARL raises his hands reflectively. The carcass thumps into him, knocking him backwards to the edge of the shute. DICKO springs out of nowhere and slams CARL in the guts with a shovel. CARL falls backwards into the crusher shute! All four of his limbs instantly spring outward like a cat's, pressing him against the steel sides. The .22 rifle drops into the awesome revolving cam and is instantly reduced to shrapnel and splinters. DICKO stabs at CARL with the shovel. Then, satisfied that CARL is done for, DICKO turns to flee.

The monsterous cam is churning only inches below CARL'S FEET. He makes a desperate stab upward at the rim, gets a purchase, and strains to hoist himself upward.

266 EXT PETPAK - (NIGHT) 266

DICKO runs to the FLATBED, opens the door, fumbles for a rifle. He glances up and gasps as

CARL lunges at him out of the darkness. DICKO reflexively swings the Flatbed's door, knocking CARL askance. DICKO runs into the night.

CARL recovers from the blow and sizes the situation up. He gets a pleasing idea. He climbs into the FLATBED, starts the engine, turns on the lights.

267 EXT NEAR PETPAK - (NIGHT) 267

The 'roo hunter finds himself the object of a poetic turn-of-events as the cyclopean eye of the Flatbed's spotlight seeks him out.

TRACKING CARL in the FLATBED.

DICKO falls, turns to face the light.

CARL fixes DICKO in the spotlight, then raises Dicko's .22. Whether he is able to pull the trigger or not is a question he doesn't have to confront. Suddenly DICKO is distracted sideways. The RAZORBACK growls.

DICKO'S POV as the locomotive force charges at him.

DICKO runs toward the only tree in sight...the ghostly skeleton of an old gum tree. With the RAZORBACK twenty feet behind him and gaining, DICKO lunges upwards and locks his hands around the branch. He scuttles to get his feet up. The RAZORBACK hooks upward as it approaches the tree. Its front legs lift off the ground, its head stretches upward, and its teeth snap shut, trapping a corner of Dicko's trouser leg.

CARL watches in amazement from the safety of the FLATBED.

THE RAZORBACK pulls downward, then flicks his head to get a better purchase. DICKO screams. The RAZORBACK has got his foot. He is losing his grip on the branch. The RAZORBACK again adjusts his bite so that he now has Dicko's entire lower leg in his mouth. He gives one solid wrench and DICKO falls.

The screaming continues as the RAZORBACK drags DICKO off into the darkness. CARL turns his head away, shocked, sickened. A moment later, the screaming stops. CARL has broken out into a cold sweat. He wants to get out of here as quickly as possible. He revs the engine and turns the FLATBED back toward the lights of Petpak.

Here, CARL'S lack of driving ability works against him. Coupled with his shocked and panicked state, his control of the vehicle is only marginal. He keeps looking back over his shoulder.

THE FLATBED, as it hits a hidden ditch, bucks fiercely, and rolls.

CARL rolls with it, clinging. When the vehicle comes to a stop upside-down. He scrambles out through the windscreen, finds the rifle (Dicko's), and starts running back toward Petpak.

CARL sprints with that kind of spooked singlemindedness that will now allow him to look back, for fear of seeing the demon at his heels.

CARL'S POV of the lights of Petpak, 100 yards away.

268 EXT PETPAK - (NIGHT) 268

CARL is nearly delirious as he runs into the Petpak yard. The first vehicle that presents itself is Wallace's old MORRIS. CARL starts to get in, but the ignition keys are missing. THE SPOTLIGHTS GO OUT. DARKNESS.

CARL starts towards Jake's UTE, 50 feet away, but suddenly hears the thunder of trotters approaching from a perpendicular angle. He is forced to veer back toward the Petpak building. Behind him he can hear the beast crashing through the low scrub that surrounds the area.

269 INT PETPAK - (NIGHT) 269

CARL runs inside through the large doorway and turns to frantically lower the roll-a-door. The chain flies through his hands but the metal door seems to descend at a slow, frustrating rate. Suddenly the RAZORBACK appears out of the night, charging straight at CAMERA.

CARL lowering the door!

RAZORBACK ten feet away --- a blur of tusks and vicious power. The DOOR wipes downwards into FRAME. WHAM!! as the boar impacts into the door, causing it to bow outward slightly at about CARL's chest level.

CARL is too frightened to breathe. He hears the boar back off and charge again. WHAM!! But the door is much more substantial than anything before it.

SILENCE. CARL collects his wits. No time to rest. He checks that the rifle is in working order. Then he goes to scout around and make sure the building is secure from the inside.

The doors are all of metal or heavy timber. Fortunately there are few windows, mainly small, and all more than 5' above the ground. Finally, CARL pauses to allow his heart to stop pounding.

270 EXT PETPAK - (NIGHT) 270

The capricious time-switch operated SPOTLIGHTS come on again. There is no movement in the yard. No sign of the Razorback.

271 INT PETPAK - (NIGHT) 271

The place is too quiet. CARL finds an office, turns on the light, looks through it, but there is no phone or radio. He is alerted to a NOISE.

CARL follows the scuttling NOISE, holding the rifle easy. The sound seems to be coming from behind a pile of boxes in a corner. CARL experimentally tosses a piece of bone at the boxes. The scuttling stops momentarily, then continues.

CARL sets his jaw, raises the rifle, fires it into the boxes. Again, the noise stops, then starts again.

CARL starts to back away from the boxes. But wait. It cannot be the boar. And if it isn't the boar, what is it?

With trepidation, CARL begins to pull and kick the boxes aside. What he sees behind them is like a vague BROWNISH MOUND, oblong, about 2x3'. The thing makes no sense to CARL. Its surface seems to be UNDULATING. He fires the rifle above it. INSTANTLY, HUNDREDS OF RATS SCATTER to reveal some unspecified piece of meat.

CARL lowers the rifle. False alarm.

272 INT CAMERON HOMESTEAD CORRIDOR - (NIGHT) 272

CLOSE-UP OF RECEIVER SCREEN, with the red blip still within Petpak. We hear Sarah's voice ----

SARAH
But I've got him on the screen! There was a second transmitter and ...

ANDY (radio v.o.)
Come on, lovie. It's been a long day.

ANGLE ON SARAH, hunched over the two-way radio.

SARAH
He's out at Petpak...maybe right inside! If we get out there quickly...

ANDY (radio v.o.)
If he's at Petpak then he ain't gonna be molesting tourists and farmers, is he. Give it a rest, Sarah...you'n'your boofy boars. Over.

SARAH
Is Carl in town, over?

ANDY (v.o.)
Who? Over.

SARAH
The American, over.

ANDY (v.o.)
Haven't seen'im. Look lovie, I gotta run. Over'n' out.

SARAH
(frustrated, sighs)
Over'n' out.

She hangs up the mic. She sits there looking at the Receiver Screen for a moment. Then, with resolve, she rises.

273 EXT CAMERON HOMESTEAD - (NIGHT) 273

SARAH gets into the INTERNATIONAL. Establish clearly that the big 40.40 rifle rests against the seat beside her. Determined to get to the bottom of this, she starts the motor and drives off.

274 INT PETPAK - (NIGHT) 274

Outside, the spotlights click off. CARL is as tense as a coiled spring. He moves silently through the building, like a commando, with the .22 gripped in both hands, listening for any clues from outside. Is that the sound of sniffing near the door? Is that a shadow at the window? Finally he decides he is relatively safe inside the building. It may be a long, chilly night, but help will have to arrive by morning. CARL sits down to prepare for a long wait. But Fate deals a new hand as---

CRA-RASH!! A small 3x2' window explodes with an horrendous splash of glass, and the RAZORBACK wriggles and thrusts violently until he is INSIDE!

CARL is on his feet, facing the beast (50 feet away), armed only with the pathetic little .22. Now the RAZORBACK is charging. CARL abandons the rifle and runs to a ladder going up the side of a wall. In seconds he is 12' above the floor. The RAZORBACK thunders over, swings his tusks at the bottom of the ladder, braking it like kindling. Then he stands up on his hind legs, with his front feet propped up against the wall, and tries to reach his snout up at CARL.

CARL has climbed on to the steel over-structure of girders and catwalks. He looks down, heart pounding. But he is safe for the moment.

The beast has retreated to the shadows again, but his drooling exhalations can be heard not far away.

CARL collects his senses. His fortunes have just turned dramatically. He studies the problem and the layout of the building. The rifle sits 12' below him and is practically useless anyway. The ceiling gridwork is vast and allows CARL access to any part of the upper-building.

Exploring around, CARL finds a huge, centrifugal drier, built of thick-gauge steel. The inside is cloaked with a mealy mash. CARL takes a handful of mash and tosses it down toward the shadow.

The RAZORBACK is drawn out. He eats the gob, then looks up for more.

CARL throws him another handful.

THE RAZORBACK eats it.

CARL looks off, scanning the gridwork. On one of the catwalks, he sees what he wants ... an empty beer bottle. He fetches the bottle and begins to cover it in gobs of mashed meat.

THE RAZORBACK waits stupidly, looking up.

Finally, CARL has formed a thick, oblong covering of meat over the bottle. Now he carefully strikes the package against a girder until he hears the muffled sounds of glass breaking. He keeps tapping the package until the glass inside is thoroughly shattered. Then he tosses it down to the boar.

THE RAZORBACK gobbles up the treat. We HEAR the sound of crunching glass as he chews, but it seems to have no particular effect on him. He again looks up at CARL for more.

CARL sighs in frustration. He scans the area for another plan, but nothing occurs to him. When he looks down again, the Razorback is not there. CARL tosses down another handful of mash, but there is no response. Odd.

275 EXT PETPAK - (NIGHT) 275

SARAH stops her INTERNATIONAL 100 yards from Petpak.

SARAH'S POV of the area. The spotlights are on. The building's windows glow and there is soft lighting inside. The FLATBED, The MORRIS and Jake's UTE are all parked outside. The situation appears safe and benign to her. She beeps her horn.

276 INT PETPAK - (NIGHT) 276

CARL hears the distant toot. His heart quickens. Help.

He quickly makes his way over girders and gridwork to get at a small window on the upper-front side of the building.

277 EXT PETPAK - (NIGHT) 277

Meanwhile, SARAH gets out of the International with her father's 40.40. She leaves her vehicle idling. She stops to scan again.

278 INT PETPAK - (NIGHT) 278

CARL gets to the window, raises up on his tip-toes to see out. He is horrified to see SARAH, 100 yards away and approaching. He slaps the window with his hand.

CARL
Aw Jesus! Sarah! Sar-rah! Go back!! No!!

279 EXT PETPAK - (NIGHT) 279

SARAH is still advancing tentatively. The idling motor of her car drowns Carl's muffled shouts. She is about 50 yards from the building when the SPOTLIGHTS BLINK OUT. DARKNESS. She freezes.

SARAH
CARL!?

280 INT PETPAK - (NIGHT) 280

CARL uses his fist to punch out the glass.

281 EXT PETPAK - (NIGHT) 281

SARAH hears the breaking glass and raises the rifle upward.

282 INT PETPAK - (NIGHT) 282

CARL opens his mouth to shout down to her, then he sees

A LARGE SHAPE MOVING BETWEEN SARAH AND HER INTERNATIONAL, SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE VEHICLE'S LIGHT COLOUR!

CARL
(whispers to himself)
Shit...!

CARL bolts downwards, dropping to the floor and running quietly for the ordinary-sized door to one side of the roll-a-door. It's locked. CARL fires a look at the roll-a-door.

283 EXT PETPAK - (NIGHT) 283

SARAH is startled by the abrasive clamour of CHAIN. She swings toward the building, rifle ready. She sees the roll-a-door slowly rising.

CARL
(from inside building)
Sarah! This way! Run!

SARAH hesitates, unable to understand that the threat lies behind her, not in front of her.

CARL
(visible now in doorway)
Sarah, f'Christ's sake, hurry!!

SARAH gets the message and starts to run toward the building.

The RAZORBACK charges from her flank, catching up with her at an alarming rate.

SARAH stumbles, drops the 40.40.

CARL can see that desperate measures are needed. He runs outside and off to an angle, purposely distracting the RAZORBACK away from SARAH.

CARL
(to RAZORBACK)
Here! Here! Ha! Yah!

The ploy works long enough to distract the RAZORBACK and give SARAH time to get back to her feet. She runs into the building.

The RAZORBACK starts after her. CARL almost throws himself into its path but the boar ignores him in favour of the girl. It too disappears into the building. CARL hears Sarah scream. He runs inside. The SPOTLIGHTS come on.

284 INT PETPAK - (NIGHT) 284

CARL is ready to take on the wretched Razorback with his bare hands. He has a devil-may-care attitude as he stands inside, scanning frantically.

CARL
Sarah!!!

She screams again, but the sound bounces all around the building, and it is difficult for CARL to determine the direction it's coming from.

Her screaming is punctuated by a sharp thump, then silence.

CARL
Sarah!!!

No sound. Then hooves on floorboards. The RAZORBACK comes into view. He has Sarah's faded denim shirt draped askance over one tusk.

CARL is struck by a wave of nausea.

CARL
Oh Jesus God no. Not Sarah.

The RAZORBACK shakes the shirt loose, then looks at CARL.

CARL flips out. His only motive in life now, is the destruction of that boar. He grabs the .22 and begins pumping bullets into the RAZORBACK. All this does is aggravate the animal. It charges.

CARL dodges behind a concrete pillar. The RAZORBACK impacts the pillar so hard that the pillar vibrates. It is drooling bloody saliva. It bellows, hurt, angry. Hungry.

CARL grabs the rifle by the barrel and gives the RAZORBACK a wallop that would stop a bull.

THE RAZORBACK bellows and hooks. A tusk punctures a water container inches from CARL'S groin.

As the RAZORBACK shakes to get his tusk free, CARL darts away. The RAZORBACK turns, ready to lurch.

With no defense, CARL snatches up Sarah's shirt and flings it.

The RAZORBACK tusks at the shirt, which comes down draped stupidly over the side of his head.

CARL takes this opportunity to dash out of FRAME.

The RAZORBACK growls and shakes the shirt off. He charges, going from zero to 30 mph in the length of its own body. A very fast animal.

With the beast two seconds behind him, CARL leaps up on to a container and springboards outward at an overhanging pipe, 10' above the floor. His hands grasp the pipe, which is still hot from the day's activities. CARL shouts in pain and quickly swings up on a girder, shaking his hands.

The RAZORBACK shrieks in outrage and destroys part of the timber container out of sheer spite.

CARL looks down as the RAZORBACK now attacks an empty 44 gallon drum, tossing it like a beer can. The boar's front trotters slip and he falls to his knees. He is wounded. The gunshot and the broken glass are having an effect, but he is perhaps all the more dangerous for his misery.

Here, for the first time, WE GET A CLOSE, EXPLICIT look at the beast. His hide is scarred and ulcerated. His side is pocked with small bullet holes. His rump still has the tiny

radio transmitter stuck into the hide with a dart. His tusks are chipped and yellowed like a dead tooth. His eyes are encrusted. His breathing is irregular and his drool contains deep red blood.

The RAZORBACK arises, steadies himself, then goes off to satisfy his hunger on some less-troublesome victim -- poor Wallace's remains, perhaps. Or Sarah's?

CARL'S mind is racing. Beth, Jake, Wallace and Dicko, all dead. And Sarah. CARL'S expression hardens. His eyes quest the gridwork with a new, aggressive drive. HE HAS BECOME THE HUNTER.

Twenty feet away, the RAZORBACK yawns.

CARL bares his teeth in frustrated outrage. He runs his hands back through his hair, trying to think.

285 EXT PETPAK - (NIGHT) 285

DARKNESS. Then the SPOTLIGHTS click on. The UTE and the big 40.40 sit temptingly in the yard.

286 INT PETPAK - (NIGHT) 286

CARL is straining to try and crawl through the small window he broke earlier. No luck. It is too small and he only succeeds in cutting his hand. He looks around for an alternative plan.

CARL'S POV of the still-partly-open roll-a-door, WHIP-PAN across the room to the RAZORBACK, partly masked in a shadow, just standing, silent.

CARL moves silently to the ladder and starts tentatively downward.

The RAZORBACK emits a low growl from deep in his throat.

CARL stops. He'd never make it to the yard, let alone to the rifle or the Ute. He needs another plan.

287 EXT PETPAK - (NIGHT) 287

The fickle SPOTLIGHTS wink off.

288 INT PETPAK - (NIGHT) 288

CARL sits on a catwalk, looking down, thinking.

CARL'S POV of the long CONVEYOR leading to the crusher shute.

CLOSE-UP of the SWITCH that activates the Conveyor.

CLOSE-UP of the SWITCH that activates the Crusher.

CARL then looks over at the boar, in part-shadow, laying on his side, relaxed but alert.

CARL dismisses whatever it was he was thinking. He looks again at

THE RAZORBACK, featuring an expanse of exposed soft underbelly.

CARL scans his space and notices an area on the far wall where some damaged pipe lies.

CARL'S EYES return to the RAZORBACK'S soft underbelly.

SCENE 289 DELETED

290 INT PETPAK - (NIGHT) 290

The RAZORBACK is bellowing in the shadows. CARL is stroking a 7' length of 1" pipe against the rough side of a girder, wearing the pipe-end to a point.

Now the boar is napping, coughing occasionally. Belly still part-exposed.

CARL finishes his weapon. He pauses for courage, remembers Beth and Sarah, and walks forward to meet the challenge.

CARL creeps out on a girder, positioning himself directly over the boar. The target is the area of exposed belly, 12' below. CARL licks his lips, clutches the pipe firmly, takes a deep breath....

The RAZORBACK stirs, sits up. The moment is lost. The boar stretches, gets to his feet, then ambles out the double-door.

CARL'S mind races. Is this an omen or an opportunity. His brain tries to recalculate all the alternatives. Holding his "spear", he skirts along the girder to the ladder and drops down to the floor. Pulse racing, he eases to the double-doorway and peeks out.

291 EXT PETPAK - (NIGHT) 291

Spotlights are off. Area in darkness. No movement. A distant LAPPING OF WATER.

ANGLE ON THE RAZORBACK, quenching his thirst at the cesspool. Low glow of the double-doorway 50 feet in b.g. Carl can't see him from this aspect.

CARL looks at the UTE, 30 feet away, and at the 40.40 rifle where Sarah dropped it, 25 feet away. He weighs up his chances. He GOES FOR IT.

Halfway out into the darkness, CARL freezes as the damned SPOTLIGHTS click on. THE RAZORBACK IS STANDING JUST 20 FEET AWAY, LOOKING AT HIM, pond algae hanging off his wet snout.

CARL IS CAUGHT. The boar could take him easily. CARL backs up. The boar lowers his head and growls. CARL turns and runs for the building but he is no match for the speed of the RAZORBACK.

CARL only has time to turn with his pathetic little spear. He braces the butt-end against the wall of the building behind him, and points the sharpened tip outward against the assault.

RAZORBACK charging in a blur.

CARL rigid.

Impact. The RAZORBACK connects with the pipe-point at his chest. The momentum is such that the pipe sinks deep --- several feet. It bends, but holds. The boar's advance is arrested with his tusks only a foot away from CARL'S FACE. The RAZORBACK lets out an awesome wail. CARL backs away. Incredibly, the RAZORBACK just stands there, head hanging, spear thrusting outwards, knees trembling. The wound is clearly mortal, but it is a question of time. A bull with three swords completely through it may go on to gore and toss a careless Matador.

CARL makes a slight move toward the rifle.

The RAZORBACK rumbles and flinches towards him.

CARL backs up a pace.

The RAZORBACK, pushing the butt-end of the pipe along in front of him, comes at CARL with a new burst of power.

CARL retreats again to

292 INT PETPAK - (NIGHT) 292

The thunderous trotters and the demonic shrieking are right behind CARL as he runs through the building, looking for an avenue of escape. He finds himself approaching the CONVEYOR. He trips the SWITCH as he passes, then leaps up onto the CONVEYOR BELT.

The RAZORBACK is a wild and unpredictable force as it smashes into machinery, tusks at obstacles, and seems bent upon taking Carl with him to death.

The CONVEYOR BELT has begun to move slowly beneath CARL'S feet, carrying him towards the CRUSHER SHUTE.

CARL
Come on, shithead! Come on!

He is tempting the boar to come after him. To do this, it must approach him from the start of the CONVEYOR, which has a two-foot barrier on either side of the BELT. The RAZORBACK goes to the head of the CONVEYOR and charges.

CARL waits till the last moment, then leaps over the side-barrier and switches on the CRUSHER. The RAZORBACK stops, confused; but the BELT continues to carry him slowly toward the SHUTE.

CARL races back to the Conveyor SWITCH and turns up the speed. The RAZORBACK sees him and starts off in the other direction, AGAINST THE MOVEMENT OF THE CONVEYOR. His movements are much slower. The spear is having an effect.

CARL waits anxiously at the head of the CONVEYOR. The RAZORBACK is "coming at him", but is actually going nowhere against the BELT. Enraged, the RAZORBACK picks up speed so that he is making very slight headway.

CARL gets an idea. He dashes off. The RAZORBACK picks up more speed, making its way inch by inch, foot by foot forward toward the end of the belt.

293 EXT PETPAK - (NIGHT) 293

CARL tears outside, runs to the 40.40 rifle, grabs it and runs back to the building.

294 INT PETPAK - (NIGHT) 294

CARL races back to the head of the CONVEYOR. The RAZORBACK

is bleeding heavily from the mouth and nose, but a fierce determination drives him onward so that he is only 10 feet away from CARL --- and gaining!!

CARL raises the big 40.40, aims, lets loose a gunshot that seems to knock him backward a foot.

The shot splashes a section of the RAZORBACK'S HEAD. AND STILL IT CHARGES!!

CARL fires again. This shot gets him squarely between the eyes. The RAZORBACK goes down, but will not die. It bellows as the CONVEYOR carries it backwards. It tries to get to its feet.

CARL starts to fire, but it isn't necessary.

The RAZORBACK falls to his knees, bellowing, riding the BELT backwards. There is another shriek, then it topples off the CONVEYOR and into the CRUSHER SHUTE. There is an horrendous banging and scratching as, in a last burst, the RAZORBACK tries to get out of the SHUTE. It's impossible. The sharp revolving cam is already turning the RAZORBACK'S rear trotters into dogfood.

CARL watches grimly.

RAZORBACK'S FRONT TROTTERS beating desperately against the walls of the SHUTE.

ANOTHER ANGLE as the RAZORBACK sinks slowly into the SHUTE, like a fat sausage into a food-blender. The shrieks and bellows are awesome.

The entire animal is slowly turned into mince, which runs along a separate conveyor to another part of the processing plant. Only the huge head remains when CARL switches the CRUSHER off. The RAZORBACK'S HEAD sits at the bottom of the shute --- a macabre trophy. It's tongue lolling - eyes abug!

CARL releases a long sigh. The building seems more quiet than ever before. CARL lets the rifle slip from his hands. The shock is now beginning to set in. He feels a chill, hugs his shoulders, and conquers the urge to be sick.

He begins walking toward the double-door, limping on his slashed calf; both hands bleeding; face dirty and bruised. He is just about out the door when he hears AN ENTIRELY NEW NOISE. A kind of muted thumping. He almost dismisses it and walks on. But his curiosity is aroused.

He walks back inside, and moves off in the direction of the noise.

He comes upon a large steel boiler, solid and old. He puts

his ear up to it. The noise is coming from within. He turns the latch and pulls the heavy door open.

THERE IS SARAH, alive, shirtless, covered in dirt and grease, half-hysterical.

CARL'S mouth drops open.

Like the dog beneath the bath tub in an earlier sequence, SARAH is furious to have missed the action. She dashes out and scans the area with hateful eyes...

SARAH
Where is it!? Filthy shit-eating...

CARL grabs her, gently shaking her to her senses.

CARL
Hey...it's allright, he's dead. Christ, I thought he'd gotten you, too.

SARAH settles down. CARL is so relieved that she is alive that he gives her a hug. They stand there, in each other's arms, covered in filth, but taking great comfort in each other's aliveness.

They begin to walk away from CAMERA, toward the exit.

CARL
Let's go home and I'll tell you all about it. I dunno about you, but I could do with a bath.

Dialogue fading as they move away....

SARAH
(coy)
What's the matter with you, don't you know there's a drought on? Gotta conserve water.

CARL
We'll work something out....

They exit through the large and dented roll-a-door, and disappear into the night. HOLD BRIEFLY, then...

295 EXT DESERT - (PRE-DAWN) 295

ZOOM! as INTERNATIONAL CROSSES FRAME through the first glow of dawn's light. CAMERA REMAINS STATIC to find the little JOEY watching the vehicle disappear. Then he calmly returns to his grazing, and we feel that both he and Nature are, at last, beginning a new era of peace in the Outback.

ROLL FINAL CREDITS.

THE END