

THE NIGHT ROARER

OR

REG'S LAST RAVE

Produced, Written and Directed by

DAVID O'BRIEN

Recut and with new scenes from seven minute version.
Winner of 'Woulda Coulda Should' trophy of 48 EcoFilm Challenge
2012; awarded because the required line of dialogue was wrong.

NOTE: THE NIGHT ROARER
was made from concept to delivery in 48 hours.
It can be found under the title

SHORTFILM ABOUT WHEN GAS RUNS OUT

on YouTube at

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ILYODxFv5Sg&feature=relmfu>

CONTACT: 0488 956922
Screenplays@bigpond.com

EXT. A SUBURBAN STREET. - NIGHT

In an exclusive suburb, a discarded pushbike has been tossed into the grass verge.

Speakers lashed to the bike have been discarded.

A police car flashes blue as the well-known current affairs reporter MAX THURSTON SINCLAIR tells the story:

MAX:

Shortly before midnight, a cyclist dressed in black was rammed from his bike by an unknown assailant. Peter John Gantry, outspoken and eccentric urban activist, died before he he could reach hospital. A man I came to know and even respect was hunted. He often invaded the streets of the rich and powerful blasting them with sounds that are now but a memory.

INT. REG'S HEADQUARTERS

Speakers large and small abound as Reg tunes and adjusts the cacophony that issue from them: the sound of many motor vehicles revving and roaring at once.

REG in headband addresses camera.

REG:

Y'hear the sound of the motors all around. Y'hear the cars coming out of the speakers. I'm the one that's been keeping you all awake.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - MORNING

It's another day in suburbia, recently abandoned cars line the gutters, none of them going anywhere; petrol is now just a memory but the sound of the internal combustion engine roars across the otherwise still morning.

INT. REG'S HOME - THE BLOG

Reg delivers his blog to the world.

REG:

All I ever wanted was to head out on the highway looking for adventure and whatever came my way. But I couldn't do that. I was married, with kids.

(MORE)

REG: (CONT'D)

But you got to make a stand for
something and my time to do that
had arrived.
It's time for us to shout at the
moon and the sun.
We'll be united!
We'll fume and roar.

EXT. SUBURBIA - DAY

Images of suburbia with cars going nowhere.

REG:

Deep in Sydney's haunted urban
landscape, a society in denial
simply parked its cars and shrugged
its shoulders.
With power rationing, hybrids and
electric cars shared the kerbside;
the home office returned to pen and
paper. All available power was
reserved for essential use like
following Reg's blog and watching
this programme. We were keen to
know more about Reg and what. .
drove him. At our last meeting, he
even admitted to praying for
guidance

Ext church:

REG: (V.O.)

Haven't prayed since Father John
gave me ten Hail Mary's from behind
the velvet curtain.
But that's another story.

REG lovingly admires his hot rod

REG:

REG

Joylene understands me well enough.
We've got our share of stress and
debt, never could afford the beast
and that was long before we
couldn't feed it.
But who'd buy a thing that drank
fuel like that? I was like an Arab
in the Sahara with a pet elephant.

Joylene and Reg reminisce. She tells him to get rid of the
car and buy her a steak. They talk of funerals.

The reporter takes up their story.

MAL:

The few times my crew and I visited their hideout, tension between Reg and Joylene was palpable. Reg would risk everything to rev the Beast. It was as if he wanted to be found.

REG gets into his hot rod.

REG:

I was never one of them radical types, not till the tankers stopped.

REG going off to work

REG: (CONT'D)

We were saving for holidays, we reckoned the year after next. We'd get on the electric and go up to Brizzy. Used to drive the family car to work and home again, got little Natalie across to softball on Saturdays, till she found Craigie.

EXT. URBAN BACKYARD. EVENING

Bogans **CRAIGIE** AND **NATALIE** offer their wisdom to camera.

NATALIE:

What they're sayin' bout my dad. He's not some urbane terrorist. I mean, what would I know? I wouldn't know nothing! Not even a little bit. Nothing! You ask him. You ask my dad. He knows how much I don't know.

Natalie turns from camera.

Anyhow, I don't want to answer no more questions!
Did you ask anything worth asking?
I bet you didn't did you?

CRAIGIE:

Natalie's right!
Why you asking us this for?
Answer that why don't you.
You got no right to come asking stuff. We don't know!
Why would we?
What makes you think we'd know?
We don't know nothing!

(MORE)

CRAIGIE: (CONT'D)
 We're ignorant of all the facts
 that we don't know.
 Why don't you ask yourself what you
 think we'd know.
 Go on! Ask yourself that!
 Alright?

EXT. HOT ROD IN STREET - DAY

REG at the wheel of 'THE BEAST' revving hard.

REG: (V.O)
 They're closing in.
 If they catch up with me, they'll
 close me down f'sure and in a
 serious way.
 They're looking everywhere for me
 now. I get under their skin.

One more blast. . Visuals around the hot rod

INT. BLOG HQ - NIGHT

Reg to camera

REG:
 It's all gone!
 Everything that was ever worth
 living for.
 It's the V-8s at Bathurst
 Wednesday night at Eastern Creek
 Track days at Wakefield Park
 The glorious bloody Summernats.
 Canberra never smelt so good!
 Vroom bloody vroom!
 Blue smoke and glory!

EXT. PIZZA HQ - DAY

Pizza delivery person makes comment to camera.

PIZZA PERSON:
 I deliver pizzas. You ever wonder
 what its like to deliver a pizza
 before it gets cold?. .on a
 pushbike.

EXT. PEDESTRIAN SIGN - DAY

REG: (V.O)

If we were born to be pedestrians,
 God wouldn't given us internal
 combustion.
 How could they let it get like
 this? We was driven to madness and
 drink. Nattering bloody pollies.
 Yes No Yes No Maybe Perhaps!!
 So sunlight's hotting up the world
 Isn't that what sunlight does?
 First we have to stop sunbaking now
 we're out of gas.
 Wasn't going to happen in my
 lifetime.
 Til it did!

EXT. ABANDONED CARS - DAY

REG speaks over images of abandoned cars

Cars in wrecker's yards

Abandoned highways.

REG: (V.O.)

How sad is that.
 All that highway and everyone
 staying home with lights off
 No telly, pooters on the blink,
 No road repairs these days, just
 jackhammers carving tar to make
 urban bloody gardens.
 This whole campaign came to me one
 night, made me sit bolt upright in
 bed. Start a blog!
 End it with a roar. .
 Never go quietly into the silence.

VOX POP FROM VARIOUS PEOPLE WHO LOVE THEIR CARS

All are distressed about having just a little bit of fuel
 left in a jar or a bottle.

COMMENTS FROM EACH ABOUT WHAT THEIR VEHICLE MEANS TO THEM

HOW THEY'LL BE THERE AT THE LAST ROAR

HOW THEY COPE WITHOUT PETROL AND LITTLE POWER.

USE THEIR LAST BIT OF PRECIOUS FUEL.

AT FIRST HE IRRITATED THEM AND THEN ANNOYED THEM BUT THEN
 THEY SAW WHAT HE WAS CALLING THEM TO DO.

JOYLENE:

He'd go out at nights on his bike
and come home sober as cement.
It's always a worry for a wife.
You don't mind it when they're
screeching like a sulphur crest at
dusk. There had to be a woman!
First sign was just before the
tankers stopped coming.

EXT. THE BEAST - DAY

Reg sits in his hot rod making motoring noises.

REG:

Started with an occasional burble
but grew to a throaty roar.
Only takes one pebble to get an
avalanche.

INT. BLOG HQ - NIGHT

Reg to camera:

REG:

Its two months now.
Here's what we do.
We take those precious last drops
and put them in our empty tanks and
fire up. We roar and rage until
it's all gone and the silence is on
us.
Tonight we make our stand.
Gather what you've got and let's go
and let's roar at the night.

EXT. MONTAGE OF CARS REVVING - NIGHT AND DAY

Variety of vehicles roaring at the universe; the earth turns
in space.

REG:

It was a night to remember, the
last gasp of the internal
combustion, the beast was dead,
long live the beast.
Motorheads united for one last
gasp. Tomorrow belongs to us

The roar ceases, the earth turns in space. **CREDIT**