

THE LYREBIRD'S NEST

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FADE IN:

EXT. OPEN BUSH LAND - DAY

MAJOR sits beside a gum tree in an open area drinking from a beer bottle. MAJOR stares into the thick scrub and ferns ahead of him with a reflecting look on his face.

Background noises.

Whipbird, Kookaburra, Lyrebird. (O/S)

MAJOR stands up and brushes himself down. He walks through the scrub until he reaches a creek where he is fishing for crayfish with drop nets. One by one he pulls up the three empty nets, throws the bait (meat) into the scrub and packs his nets into a hessian bag. MAJOR walks back through the scrub to where he has left his bag, beer and camping equipment.

Once out of the thick scrub and beneath a gum trees a lyrebird darts across in front of MAJOR and he takes the time to look around his surrounds. At the base of a gum tree he notices a nest. It's a LYREBIRD'S NEST and MAJOR walks across and then looks inside the nest. There is an egg. A huge smile comes across the face of MAJOR.

MAJOR returns to his camp, picks up his gear and walks up to a bush track and waits.

EXT: FOREST TRACK - DAY

A taxi drives up to MAJOR and the DRIVER (JIM DOWNES) gets out of his cab and opens the boot for MAJOR to put his gear in to.

JIM

G'day young Bobby, have you been waiting long?

MAJOR

Not really, twenty minutes or so.

JIM

What sort of a weekend did you have?

MAJOR

Good.

JIM

Come on, open up son, what did you get up to?

MAJOR

Not a lot, I drank nearly all me grog and caught a couple of crays. Hooked three trout too, but they were all too small.

JIM

So you had a pretty average weekend then by the look of it. Where's the crays, or did you eat 'em?

MAJOR

I let 'em go.

JIM

You what! You let the crayfish go. Were they too small as well?

MAJOR

No, they were a good size.

JIM

Struth Bobby. You could have give 'em to me.

MAJOR

I don't like killing crays.

JIM

I don't either son, but I like eating 'em. I can't believe you let 'em go.

MAJOR

I don't come out here to kill.

JIM

(chuckles)

Oh fair enough. By the amount of grog I carted out for you, I'd say I know why you go bush.

MAJOR

That's part of the reason.

JIM

If you catch crays and let 'em go, what's the other part then?

MAJOR
 (sighs)
 I don't feel like killing
 people when I'm out here.

JIM
 What did you say?

MAJOR
 Forget it.

MAJOR and JIM sit down in the taxi.

EXT: COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Medium shots of different scenery on the drive home.

INT/EXT: STREET/PAYNE HOUSE FAÇADE - DAY

JIM pulls over to the curb in front of MAJOR'S home.

JIM
 You're home now Bobby. Listen
 mate, if you've got a problem
 with someone, you can talk to
 me you know.

MAJOR
 No I don't have a problem
 with anyone. I have a problem
 with everyone.

JIM
 That's a bit drastic son.

MAJOR
 Yeah, well.

JIM
 Okay then, let's get you
 inside.

MAJOR pulls his wallet out.

MAJOR
 Here's your thirty bucks.

JIM opens his taxi door and walks to the boot. MAJOR
 makes a similar action and they both unload MAJOR'S gear
 onto the nature strip.

JIM

(winks)

There you go son, and hey.
Like I said, If you need a
shoulder mate. Jim's your
Uncle.

MAJOR

Thanks.

JIM

Hang on son. Do you want me to
pick you up next Friday night?

MAJOR

Yeah, around five.

EXT. PAYNE HOUSE/BACKYARD - DAY

MAJOR walks to a shed and places his camping gear inside.
MAJOR pulls out a machete and a large knife. MAJOR stands
up and checks the back door to make sure he is alone.
MAJOR picks up a pistol and smiles as he caresses it.

INT. PAYNE HOUSE/HALLWAY - DAY

MAJOR walks to his bedroom door. MAJOR unlocks the door
and walks in.

INT. PAYNE HOUSE/MAJOR'S BEDROOM - DAY

MAJOR locks his bedroom door then kneels down and pulls a
case out from under the bed. When MAJOR lifts the lid,
the camera closes on a number of weapons that include
knives, knuckle dusters, four pistols (three replicas)
and boxes of ammunition. MAJOR places the knife and
pistol carefully into the case then puts the bullets back
into their box.

MAJOR walks to a wardrobe and unlocks the door. There are
a number of machetes, bayonets and two rifles, one a .22
and one a .303, plus a shotgun. MAJOR places the machete
gently in its position then steps back and smiles before
locking the wardrobe door. MAJOR unlocks his bedroom door
and leaves.

INT: PAYNE HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

MAVIS PAYNE, a woman in her fifties and MAJOR'S Mother,
is getting the evening meal ready. MAJOR walks past her
without speaking toward the lounge room. Without turning
around MAVIS speaks.

MAVIS

Did you have a good weekend son?

MAJOR

What do you want to know for?

MAVIS

Because I'm interested!

MAJOR

Well just become uninterested.

MAJOR'S older brother STEPHEN hears the conversation from the lounge room. STEPHEN is angry with MAJOR'S attitude and from the lounge room walks to the kitchen.

STEPHEN

Listen goose, just remember its your Mother you're talking too.

MAJOR

Mind your own bloody business. I'll talk any way I want to.

MAVIS

Leave him be Stephen.

STEPHEN

(glaring)

I'll leave him all right. Leave him flat out on the floor. Anyway what's your problem, are you still pissed you idiot.

MAJOR

And if I was!

STEPHEN

Listen clown...

MAVIS bashes a wooden spoon on the table.

MAVIS

Shut up you pair.

MAJOR

Don't worry about tea for me. I'm going for a walk.

MAVIS

Don't be silly Robert. Tea's about to be served up.

STEPHEN

Let him go Mum. At least we can eat in peace.

MAJOR opens the front door.

MAJOR

Get stuffed!

MAVIS

If you see your sister up the street, tell her to come home.

MAJOR

I'm not telling that whore nothing.

CUT TO

EXT: STREET FOOTPATH - NIGHT

MAJOR walks alone along the footpath. Car headlights come towards him and the car pulls over to the curb. MAJOR looks straight ahead. ANDY RAINES, GREG RADFORD AND KEN BRADFORD, all in their early twenties sit in the car. GREG sits in the front passenger seat with a stubby of beer in his hand. ANDY drives and KEN is in the backseat.

GREG

Hey Major, are you marching off to war aye.

(laughter in car)

Hup! Hup! Hup! Left, Right, Left, Right.

MAJOR ignores the comments and keeps walking.

GREG (CONT/D)

Hey you ignorant moron, I'm talking to you.

GREG steps out of the car, followed by KEN and ANDY. MAJOR keeps walking and the three men stride quickly to catch up. MAJOR stops and leans on a fence and faces the three.

GREG (CONT/D)
I think you need a lesson in
manners Major.

ANDY
Leave him be mate.

GREG
No.

GREG puts his stubby of beer on the ground.

GREG
Let's see how good you are now.

ANDY
Come on Greg, leave him alone.

GREG
(glaring)
Bloody dipstick you are.

(beat)
(pokes MAJOR in the
chest)
Don't you ever bloody ignore
me again when I'm talking to
you.

MAJOR looks down at the ground.

GREG (CONT/D)
Look at me you whacker!

MAJOR'S eyes lift and he grimly stares at GREG.
A woman's voice shrills in the night air. Medium shot
swings on to MAJOR'S seventeen year old sister MANDY
standing with her hands on hips along the street.

MANDY
Why are you bastards picking
on my brother?

GREG
(laughing)
Listen to this will you. His
slut of a sister has to
protect him.

Camera sits behind MANDY as she approaches the group.

MANDY
Who are you calling a slut?

GREG

You.

MANDY

And what does a slut do?

ANDY grabs GREG'S arm.

ANDY

Let's go.

GREG pulls away.

GREG

No. I'll tell you what a slut does. She lays on her back and lets every bloke in town knock her off.

MANDY

(shakes her head)

Well if I'm a slut, then no they don't...I'll tell you what a slut does Radford. She lays on her back and lets every bloke in town knock her off, except you.

MANDY slaps GREG hard on the face.

MANDY (CONT/D)

That's the reason why you call me a slut!

GREG puts his hand to his face.

GREG

You bloody...

ANDY drags GREG away.

ANDY

This time we're going.

ANDY pushes GREG back to the car.

On reaching the car GREG looks back at MAJOR and MANDY.

GREG

(shouting)

Hey Major, a second front's just opened. Watch out for the sniper. And as for her...

Camera shot of the car driving away.

MAJOR

Mum told me to tell you to
come home for tea.

MANDY

Tea! I'm not interested in tea.
What did you say to upset
those pricks?

MAJOR

I didn't say anything.

MANDY

I didn't think so. Hey, are
you coming home?

MAJOR

Yeah, I might as well. I
suppose I can put up with
dickhead.

MANDY

Stephen. Don't tell me he's
being self righteous again?
He's not going to stop me
having fun.

Medium shot from behind of MANDY and MAJOR walking home.

MANDY (CONT/D)

Billy McDonald put the hard
word on me last night.

MAJOR

Did you give him one?

MANDY

(laughs)

Of course not. I drank most of
his beer though.

MAJOR

Give him time and he'll get
into your pants.

MANDY

I doubt it very much. Anyway
he's a sandwich short of a
picnic so I'll just keep
leading him on for the free
beer.

MAJOR
 (chuckles)
 I'll give him three weeks.

MANDY
 I'd have to flake out.

MAJOR
 I'll make it next weekend then.

Medium shot from behind of MANDY and MAJOR walking to the front door.

INT: PAYNE'S HOME/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Close shot of MAVIS and STEPHEN eating a meal.

STEPHEN
 (to Mandy)
 Where have you been since Friday?

MANDY
 When did you join the cop force?

STEPHEN
 You're not being very fair on Mum.

MAVIS
 Its all right Stephen. By the way Robert, Charlie Cowle dropped in and said he wants you to start at seven in the morning.

MAJOR
 Okay.

MAVIS
 Do you want some tea?

MAJOR
 No I'm going to bed.

MAJOR opens the fridge door and brings out a stubby of beer.

STEPHEN

You bloody rotten mongrel!
Mum cooks you a decent meal
and you snub it for grog.
Isn't it about time you showed
a bit of respect around here?

MANDY

Who died and made you king?

STEPHEN

(glares)
Dad died, and I'm the eldest
son.

MAVIS

Please, can't we stop this
squabbling.

MAJOR ignores everyone and a close shot follows him as he
walks to his bedroom.

INT: MAJOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A medium shot of MAJOR'S face and then a closer shot on
his open case. MAJOR picks up a knife and makes an
imaginary thrust and pulls back with a look of
satisfaction on his face. MAJOR puts the knife back in
the case and picks up a pistol. He rubs the barrel with
affection and puts it down on his bed. MAJOR opens his
bedside table and brings out a folder of papers and
photographs. MAJOR sorts through them until he comes to a
photo of GREG RADFORD. Placing the photo on top of the
weapons in the case, MAJOR then picks up his pistol and
aims it at GREG'S photo and makes shooting sounds.

MAJOR

(staring at
photo)

You're time's coming my friend.

Close up shot of MAJOR with a smile on his face and eyes
closed.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT: TIMBER MILL - DAY

Full shot of the working timber mill with the employees
at their posts and then draws in close to MAJOR pulling
out the sawn timber and placing the lengths on
appropriate belts to be run off and stacked.

The mill is shut down and the workers prepare for morning smoko.

CHARLIE COWLE, GAVIN CARR and BILL ROSE are all middle-aged men. RITCHIE BULL and MARK PATON are both in their early twenties. The six employees sit down in their improvised smoko section.

Distant shot of PETER HARRISON, the mill owner, dressed in a suit walking into the office.

CHARLIE

Hullo, Harrison's just snuck into the office. I wonder if he's putting the pressure on Marg.

BILL

He's allowed to, she's his missus.

(laughter)

Besides, who else would go near her?

RITCHIE

Major would, wouldn't you?

MAJOR

No.

BILL

Different to what I heard.

CHARLIE

I heard young Major here has taken up gigiloining on the weekends.

MAJOR

I have not.

CHARLIE

Well no one sees you in the pub these days. Blokes only go missing when they're up to no good. Who's the lucky girl?

BILL

Fair go Charlie, he might be into boys.

(laughter)

MARK

What's wrong with boys?

MAJOR'S face blushes and he looks down at the ground.

CHARLIE

All right then Major, I'll let you off the hook. If you're giving old Marg one, don't say yes just smile.

Close up shot of MAJOR'S face with a grin appearing and then moving on to CHARLIE who is pointing.

CHARLIE (CONT/D)

There see, he's giving it to Marg on the weekends. No wonder he won't drink with us. We're not good enough now.

MAJOR

Shut up Charlie.

BILL

Hey, Harrison's timing us by the look of it. Press the buttons Gav.

CUT TO

EXT: PAYNE HOUSE/FRONT GATE - DAY

Medium shot of MAJOR leaning against his front fence with his camping gear on the nature strip.
Close shot of a MAN (extra) walking his dog along the footpath towards MAJOR.

MAN

(nods)

G'day young fella.

MAJOR doesn't answer and looks down at the ground.
Medium shot of a taxi driving towards MAJOR and then pulling in beside the curb.
JIM DOWNES steps out of his taxi.

JIM

Are you ready young Bobby?

MAJOR

Yeah, except for me beer.

JIM

Well you couldn't be expected to lug three cartons home on your back, could you. Come on then get your bum into gear.

Close shot of MAJOR and JIM loading the boot. JIM picks up a zipped bag.

JIM (CONT/D)

God, what have you got in here?

MAJOR

(stammers)

Um, ah, fishing rods.

JIM

(frowning)

They're pretty bloody heavy fishing rods.

MAJOR.

I've got an axe and a couple of knives in there as well.

JIM

Fair enough. Let's get you over to the pub. Are you gunna say goodbye to Mum?

MAJOR

No.

EXT: HOTEL - DAY

Medium shot of the taxi pulling up outside the front door of the hotel and MAJOR stepping out. GEORGE TAYLOR the barman anticipated that MAJOR was about to arrive and the camera faces the door opening, and GEORGE pushing a trolley onto the footpath with three cartons of beer on it.

GEORGE

How's this for service.

JIM

Bloody great, seeing you're giving the beer away as well.

GEORGE

Whoa, slow down son. I can't be too generous you know.

JIM

Let's see how generous you are. What's the damage?

GEORGE

A hundred bucks is near enough,
and for cash Major, two
freebies on Wednesday night.
How's that for a deal.

MAJOR

Good.

Medium shot of a car pulling up across the road and
stepping out is GREG RADFORD, ANDY RAINES and KEN
BRADFORD. Medium shot follows them walking across the
road.

GREG

Where's the party?

MAJOR looks away.

GREG (CONT/D)

It'll be a bloody ripper if
Major's putting it on. He'd
have us all standing in line
and marching.

JIM

Steady up Greg.

GREG

Steady up nothing. He's a
bloody nutter, aren't you
Major? Fruit cake would have
to be his favourite food.

GREG stares at MAJOR.

GREG (CONT/D)

Yeah...a dangerous bloody
nutter too I'd say.

GEORGE

Leave the kid alone.

ANDY

Yeah come on Raddy, let's go
in and have a few beers.

GREG

(smirking at Major)
Okay, and do you know what.
I'll feel safer now that
Major's army is on patrol
somewhere else.

JIM

Hey, while you're being a smart arse out here, your beers getting dearer in there.

GEORGE

I better get back inside.
Three beers, is that right.

KEN pulls a twenty dollar note out of his pocket.

KEN

Three pots.

JIM

Come on Bobby, let's get you out of harms way.

GREG

We might see you later Major, that is, if we've come under fire and we need to be saved.

Laughter from KEN and ANDY follows the comment.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT: BUSH LAND ROAD - DAY

Distant shot of the taxi slowly driving along a dirt track amongst the forest and pulling up. MAJOR and JIM step out and unload MAJOR'S gear.

JIM

Sunday night at five o'clock.

MAJOR

Yep.

JIM

Well I'll see you then. Hang on son. Look, don't take too much notice of those clowns.

MAJOR

What clowns?

JIM

Greg Radford and his mates. They're only taking the Mickey out of you.

MAJOR

Mm.

JIM

I might have a little word to them when I get back.

MAJOR

(agitated)

No, don't. I can look after myself.

JIM gives MAJOR a grin and a nod.
Shot of the taxi driving away.

EXT: BUSH LAND - DAY

BACKGROUND MUSIC:

Medium shot on MAJOR putting up his tent and preparing his campfire.

EXT: BUSH LAND - NIGHT

BACKGROUND MUSIC:

Medium shot on MAJOR sitting in a fold up chair staring into the fire with a stubby of beer in his hand.

EXT: BUSH LAND - DAY

BACKGROUND MUSIC

Medium shot follows MAJOR walking along a creek bank and checking crayfish nets and a fishing rod.

Close shots of YELLOW ROBINS, FANTAILS, BLACK COCKATOOS, CRIMSON ROSELLAS.

Shot draws in on a LYREBIRD mound with a lyre shaped tail feather on the ground.

Medium shot follows MAJOR slashing at the scrub with a machete.

FADE TO BLACK

Medium shot of MAJOR sitting at the base of a gum tree with his .303 rifle pointing skyward between his legs. Shot draws in close on a LYREBIRDS nest with a LYREBIRD sitting in the nest.

EXT: BUSH LAND - NIGHT

Medium shot on a low fire on then on MAJOR asleep in his fold up chair with empty bottles scattered around the area, with .303 rifle on one side of him and machete on the other.

EXT: BUSH LAND - DAY

Close shot of a disheveled and unshaven MAJOR cleaning up his campsite.

A car horn toots (O/S) and the camera follows MAJOR walking up to the waiting taxi with JIM leaning back with his arms folded.

JIM

You look like you've been in the wars.

MAJOR

Do I.

JIM

Come on, let's get you home. Look at you Bobby, you're shaking.

(chuckles)

I'd say it's the D.T.'s aye.

Close shot of JIM opening the boot and MAJOR'S gear being placed in there.

Medium shot of the taxi driving off.

INT: TAXI - DAY

Side on shot of JIM with MAJOR in the background.

JIM

I'm sorry son, but I had a word with Radford. I felt I had to.

MAJOR

(glares)

I told you not to say anything.

JIM

I know you did and now I know why.

MAJOR faces away from JIM.

MAJOR

(quietly)

I'm gunna have to kill them all.

JIM

(frowns)

What did you say?

MAJOR

Nothing.

JIM

If you said what I think you said, then...look Bobby, try and stay away from them, they're just bullies trying to get you to react.

MAJOR

Okay.

EXT: ROADS/BUSH LAND - DAY

Distant shots of the taxi through at different points, and then pulling up at MAJOR'S front gate.

EXT: STREET/OUTSIDE PAYNE HOME - DAY

JIM helps MAJOR lift his gear onto the nature strip.

JIM

Next Friday the same?

MAJOR

Yeah.

JIM

Okay son, look after yourself.

Medium shot of the taxi driving away, and then swinging back on MAJOR picking up his bagged weapons. MAJOR has just walked through his front gate when the camera swings to face another car pulling up at the curb. MAJOR turns around and the postmaster COLIN KAINÉ steps out from behind the steering wheel.

COLIN

G'day Robert. Is your Mum home?

MAJOR

Dunno.

COLIN

Listen mate, your sister Mandy's playing up.

MAJOR

What do you mean?

COLIN

I think she's had a few too many and for some reason she's climbed up on the post office roof and I can't talk her into coming down.

MAJOR

She's had one too many what?

COLIN

I better get your Mum down there. Hopefully Mandy'll listen to her.

MAJOR

(scoffs)

Do you reckon. Well you knock on the front door, I'm taking my gear to the shed.

Medium shot of COLIN walking to the front door and knocking. STEPHEN opens the door.

STEPHEN

Mr. Kaine, what are you doing here?

COLIN

Is our Mum in? I need to talk to her.

STEPHEN

(calls out)

MUM...YOU'RE WANTED.

(faces Colin)

What's the matter?

COLIN

Mate it's your sister... Hello Mavis, can I come in for a second.

INT: PAYNE HOUSE - DAY

MAVIS

(frowning)

Its Mandy isn't it?

COLIN

Look, I don't want to call the police, but she's climbed up on the post office roof and is threatening to jump.

STEPHEN
(raised voice)
She's with those bloody Carter
sisters isn't she?

COLIN
(takes a deep breath)
They're there, but it's that
young fella McDonald whose
feeding them all the grog.

STEPHEN
I'll kill that bastard!

MAVIS
Stephen! Let Mr. Kaine finish.

Medium shot of MAJOR standing in the doorway.

MAVIS
Can you drive me to Mandy
please Colin?

COLIN
Sure Mavis.

STEPHEN
Well I'm coming too.

MAVIS
(sighs)
Oh Stephen, please stay here.
I don't want you to cause
more trouble.

STEPHEN
Mum, fair go. I won't go
hitting anyone. Not until
we've got Mandy off the roof.

COLIN
Come on then, let's get her
off the roof then before she
does do something silly.

MAJOR
Can I come too?

STEPHEN
(glares)
You bloody well stay home!
You've had too much to drink.

MAVIS

It might be best if you do
stay here Robert.

Medium shot of MAJOR turning around and walking away, and then the medium shot follows COLIN, MAVIS and STEPHEN to the car.

Medium shot of the car driving away.

INT: PAYNE'S HOUSE/MAJOR'S BEDROOM - DAY

Close shot of MAJOR lying on his bed and staring at the ceiling. MAJOR sits up and pulls a case out from under his bed and opens it.

Close shot on the weapon contents and draws in on MAJOR'S hand picking up a pistol and fondling it. A grin appears on MAJOR'S face.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT: STREET OUTSIDE POST OFFICE - DAY

Distant shot that grows closer on a crowd of twenty people (extras) all looking upwards while COLIN'S car pulls up behind them and COLIN, MAVIS, and STEPHEN step out, and then walk towards the gathered crowd.

Upward angle shot upwards where MANDY sits on the roof with her feet in the spouting.

MAVIS walks up to the post office and looks up.

MAVIS

Mandy, what are you doing?

MANDY

I'm going to kill myself.

MAVIS

What's happened love?

MANDY

(drunk rant)

Shut up. I don't want to live
any more. I hate this place...
I hate youse all!

MAVIS

What about climbing down and
coming home so we can talk
about it.

MANDY

(voice raised)

I don't want to come home. I
want to die.

Medium shot of STEPHEN walking across to JULIE and RHONDA
CARTER.

STEPHEN

Hey you two, what caused this?

JULIE

Dunno, Mandy just snapped.

STEPHEN

What do you mean, she just
snapped?

RHONDA

We were walking along the
footpath and she seen the
ladder leaning on the post
office so she climbed up and
said she's gunna jump.

STEPHEN

Turn it up.

JULIE

True, she...

(interrupts)

STEPHEN

How much grog has she drank?

JULIE and RHONDA both look down at the ground.

STEPHEN

That bloody wanker McDonald
brought it for her didn't he?

JULIE

I don't know.

STEPHEN

(shouts)

DIDN'T HE!

BILLY MCDONALD walks into the frame and stands behind
JULIE and RHONDA.

BILLY

Is everything all right girls?

STEPHEN

This is your fault you ferret.
It's your fault my sister's up
there and threatening to kill
herself.

BILLY

My fault? I didn't tell her to
climb up on the roof.

STEPHEN

(shouting)

You fed her the grog!

MAVIS

Stephen, leave it be and come
here. Let's concentrate on
Mandy. Try and talk some sense
into your sister.

STEPHEN

(threatening voice)

Get down!

COLIN

Look I'm sorry Mavis, but I'll
have to call the police.

MAVIS

Oh dear.

In the background the crowd (extras) is talking amongst
themselves. (O/S)

COLIN

Otherwise something's going to
go awful wrong here.

MAJOR'S voice rises above the throng.

MAJOR'S VOICE

Get down Mandy!

Medium shot of MAJOR holding a pistol pointed at MANDY.
There is silence.

MAJOR (CONT/D)

Either climb down or I'll
shoot you down!

Close shot of MANDY'S face with a shocked look on it.

COLIN

Take it easy young Robert.

MAJOR

Get away. Mandy, climb down or I'll shoot.

MAVIS

(sobs)

Oh dear, what's happening to my family?

STEPHEN

Come on Robert, put the gun down.

MAJOR

(gritted teeth)

I'm counting to five Mandy. One...

MANDY crawls across to the ladder and climbs down. MAVIS rushes to her and cries as she hugs her.

COLIN

That was pretty silly son.

MAJOR

Why, she came down didn't she.

STEPHEN

Where did you get that gun from?

COLIN

Have you got a licence for it?

MAJOR

It's not a real gun.

COLIN

Well it looks like a real gun to me.

STEPHEN

How long have you had it?

MAJOR

A while.

COLIN

Robert, you better give it to me to hold.

MAJOR becomes defensive and threatening.

MAJOR

Get away.

STEPHEN

Just wait till you get home. We'll sort it out properly then.

MAJOR

Pricks. I save my sister and now youse reckon I'm the one in the wrong. I'm going home.

Close shot of COLIN'S face with his eyes closed.

CUT TO

INT: PAYNE HOUSE - DAY.

Side shot of MAVIS outside MAJOR'S bedroom and knocking on his door.

MAVIS

Robert! Robert! It's after seven o'clock. You'll be late for work.

MAJOR'S VOICE

(shouts)

Go away. It's my rostered day off. You knew that.

Close shot of MAVIS wincing.

MAVIS

Oh, I'm sorry Robert.

Close shot follows Mavis to the kitchen.

INT: PAYNE HOUSE/MAJOR'S BEDROOM - DAY

MAJOR sits up and picks up a magazine. Close shot on the page he is looking at. It is an advertisement for army disposal equipment. Extreme close shot of MAJOR'S hand with a pencil circling an article.

DISSOLVE TO

INT: ARMY DISPOSAL STORE/WEAPON SECTION - DAY

Medium shot of the army disposal store front door as MAJOR enters and walks to the counter.

Close shot of WALLY FRAZER looking up from reading.

WALLY

Robbie, good to see you again.

MAJOR

Yeah.

WALLY

How can I help you today?

MAJOR

Um, I want to know, um, have you got any, um, fuses and detonators.

WALLY

You're bloody joking aren't you Robbie?

MAJOR

No.

WALLY

What do you want to blow up?

MAJOR

Nothing in particular.

WALLY

Come on Robbie, nobody wants the stuff you're after unless there's somebody causing them grief or you're working for the I.R.A.

MAJOR

Can you help me?

WALLY

(sighs)

I can, but I won't.

MAJOR

Why not?

WALLY

Son, mucking around with explosives can kill people, especially yourself if you don't know what you're doing.

MAJOR

I don't want to kill anyone.

WALLY

I can't help you Robbie.

MAJOR

Okay.

WALLY

You worry me sometimes Robbie.

MAJOR

(tilts head)

Sorry.

WALLY

Tell me what you want to do. If someone's giving you a hard time there's a few, ah, better methods to use...and safer.

MAJOR

Yeah.

WALLY

Do you know what a Birko is?

MAJOR

No.

WALLY

It's like an electric kettle.

MAJOR

Okay.

WALLY

What you do is, you fill it up with petrol and turn it on. It'll boil all the petrol off as fumes and when it's dry, the element gets red hot and... BOOM.

MAJOR

I don't want to blow up a house.

WALLY

Well what then?

MAJOR

A car, if need be.

WALLY

Look Robbie, I think this sort of stuff is out of your league.

MAJOR

Okay.

WALLY

I'll tell you what. Come out the back and have a look at the replica pistols.

MAJOR

I've got enough pistols. What about a hand grenade.

WALLY

What?

MAJOR

A hand grenade.

WALLY

I dunno mate.

MAJOR

So you've got one?

WALLY

Rob, you're digging too deep here. You shouldn't even be thinking about mucking around with dangerous goods like hand grenades.

MAJOR

Why not? Don't you think I'm responsible enough?

WALLY

No son. You should concentrate more on replicas.

MAJOR

Why?

WALLY

Because then you won't end up
in gaol; and neither will I.

MAJOR

Well bugger you then. I'll go
somewhere else.

WALLY

Sorry mate, you'll have to. It
ain't worth it.

MAJOR

Neither is putting up with a
certain mongrel who keeps
annoying me.

WALLY

Well I'm not gunna be an
accessory to murder. I think
you better think about what
you're up to.

MAJOR

(looks down)

Yeah. I have thought about it.

CUT TO

EXT: TIMBER MILL - DAY

Close shot of GAVIN CARR'S hand pushing the stop button
for the saw. CHARLIE COWLE, GAVIN CARR, MARK PATON, BILL
ROSE, RICHARD BULL and MAJOR pick up their lunch boxes
and prepare to leave work.

CHARLIE

Right-O fellas, its Bill's
birthday, so it's compulsory
for all to shout him a
schooner at the pub tonight.

MAJOR

Tonight.

GAVIN

You've got it easy Major, you
don't have to go home to a
nagging missus.

BILL

He might have a meet on with
Marg.

MAJOR

Shut up Rosey!

RICHARD

Or he might be tackling the
bigamist.

CHARLIE

The who?

RICHARD

Mrs. Palmer with the five
daughters. She's married to us
all isn't she?

BILL

Speak for yourself.

MARK holds his hand up with a finger missing.

MARK

You're wrong Dicky boy. In my
case she's only got four
daughters.

CHARLIE

Let's cut the crap and give
Billy boy here a decent old
hangover aye. Major, I don't
trust you so you come with me.

MAJOR

Mm...okay.

DISSOLVE TO

INT: HOTEL/PUBLIC BAR - DAY

Medium shot of CHARLIE COWLE, GAVIN CARR, MARK PATON,
BILL ROSE, RICHARD BULL and MAJOR walking to the bar, and
laughing.

CHARLIE

Hey George, fill up the
schooner will you. It's the
first of five for Bill here.

GEORGE

Happy birthday Bill. Anyway, you'll be having six. This one's on the house.

BILL

Thanks George.

CHARLIE

Fair enough. What are you other blokes having? Major, a pot?

MAJOR

Yeah.

Medium shot of another part of the bar where ANDY RAINES, GREG RADFORD and KEN BRADFORD sit at a table drinking beer together.

KEN nudges GREG and indicates with a nod.

KEN

Look whose offered us the pleasure of his company in here tonight.

GREG looks around.

GREG

Looks like we'll have a bit of fun aye. What did Major do on Sunday?

ANDY

(chuckles)

He threatened to shoot his sister up on the post office roof with a replica pistol.

KEN

If she didn't climb down the ladder.

GREG

Major shouldn't be allowed to drink. He's bloody insane.

(beat)

Hey I've got an idea. Ken, is your sister Sharon in the lounge.

KEN

I don't like the sound of this.

GREG

It's only harmless fun mate.
Let's see if we can talk her
into playing up to the whacko
bugger. You know, offering
him a bit of...woo,woo.

KEN

She won't. She's not bloody
stupid Greg.

GREG stands up.

GREG

Come on, grab your beers and
we'll find out.

Medium shot of the birthday celebrating group laughing
and joking.

Close shot of MAJOR'S smiling face whose eyes catch sight
of GREG, ANDY and KEN walking out of the public bar
section. MAJOR'S smile disappears.

INT: HOTEL/LOUNGE SECTION - NIGHT

Front on shot of GREG and ANDY falling in behind KEN as
they approach a table with three young women sitting and
chatting. SHARON BRADFORD looks at KEN first, and then
her eyes swing from ANDY to GREG.

BELINDA and TAMMY make eye contact.

SHARON

What do you blokes want?

KEN

Nothing, we just come to say
g'day.

SHARON'S eyes flit from one of her girlfriends (BELINDA)
to the other (TAMMY) and then she looks up at KEN.

SHARON

Don't bull-crap to me.

KEN

Why else would we be here.

SHARON

You've got a guts full or grog
and you're dreaming of lovers
lane. I know what you blokes
are like.

KEN

(shocked)

I'm your brother!

ANDY

No that's not right Sharon.

The THREE GIRLS mockingly laugh.

SHARON

Do we look blonde and stupid?

KEN

No, but we're wondering if
you might like to have a bit
of harmless fun.

SHARON

(warily)

When you blokes say harmless
fun...it usually means trouble.

GREG

There'll be no trouble. We
just want you to suck Major in.

SHARON

Major! Robert Payne, sure. He'd
rather slit my throat.

GREG

No he wouldn't. He'll cack his
dacks if you put the hard word
on him. Major's all talk.

SHARON

No.

GREG

Come on Sharon, lighten up.

SHARON

I said no didn't I?

GREG

What if we buy your drinks for
the rest of the night.

BELINDA (SHARON'S friend) interrupts.

BELINDA

She will if you buy all our drinks for the rest of the night, won't you Sharon.

SHARON

Hey, hang on!

BELINDA

It's only ten minutes work.

SHARON

I'm not sure about this.

KEN

Sis...he'll go as red as a beetroot and probably run home.

SHARON

(sighs)

Okay then, but first, you better buy us all a drink...I need Dutch courage.

GREG

I'll get 'em...I'll get 'em. What are youse drinking?

SHARON

I'm having a grasshopper. Belinda and Tammy will have shot cowboys.

GREG

A grasshopper and two shot cowboys! What's a shot Cowboy? Doesn't matter, they'll know at the bar.

GREG rushes to the bar.

SHARON

Ken, if everything goes pear shaped here, you're as good as dead.

KEN

How can anything go wrong, we'll be right behind you. I'm telling you, Major will turn into quivering jelly.

SHARON

I hope for your sakes you're right, although, I reckon the look on Major's dial will be worth it.

KEN

Of course it will be. Major's dead set frightened of women.

SHARON

You know all about Major, don't you?

KEN

Yeah...here's Greggo back with your drinks.

GREG places the drinks on the table.

GREG

There you go ladies. We're going back to the bar now. Sharon, I want to see an Oscar performance from you.

SHARON

(laughs)

I've always wanted to be an actress.

Medium shot of GREG, ANDY and KEN leaving the lounge bar giggling and jostling each other.

INT: HOTEL/PUBLIC BAR - NIGHT.

Extreme close shot of MAJOR'S eyes (MAJOR'S workmates laugh around him) as they follow the skylarking GREG, ANDY and KEN to a table. They sit down and with grins on their faces; they stare at MAJOR who quickly turns away.

CHARLIE

Who feels like a game of pool?

GAVIN

I'll give you a bloody game... and beat you.

CHARLIE

What about if we make it doubles?

BILL

Bull dust! There's six of us
so let's go for triples.

CHARLIE

Triples! Oh all right. Who's
playing with who then.

BILL

Seeing its me birthday, I'll
pick a team.

CHARLIE

That'd be bloody right. Who do
you want?

BILL

Okay, um, Mark and Major,
you're the lucky bastards.

MAJOR

I dunno.

BILL

What! Come on son, lift your
game. You've hardly said a
bloody word all night.

MAJOR

All right.

CHARLIE

Come on Gav, rack 'em up. Bill
picked his team so we'll break
the buggers.

Medium shots of pool shots amongst the barracking and
camera lifts to a doorway with SHARON standing in it and
smiling at GREG, ANDY and KEN.

Close shot of MAJOR'S face whose eyes go from side to
side.

Medium shot of SHARON gazing at the table where GREG,
ANDY and KEN are smirking.

Medium shot of SHARON casually walking into the bar area
where she sits on a stool close to MAJOR.

MAJOR avoids eye contact with SHARON who watches MAJOR
for any chance of eye contact, and when this fails she
speaks.

SHARON

Hello Robert.

MAJOR faces the pool table.

MAJOR

G'day.

SHARON

Are you winning?

MAJOR

(shrugs)

No.

SHARON

I haven't seen you in the pub for the past few Saturday nights. Have you got a girl friend Robert?

MAJOR

No way.

SHARON

I've sort of missed you.

MAJOR

Stop it.

SHARON

No, I'm fair dinkum.

CHARLIE

Hey Major, stop your bloody flirting and have your shot.

MAJOR

I'm not flirting!

CHARLIE

Then concentrate on the game.

MAJOR

I am.

Medium shot from above the pool table on MAJOR having his shot.

MAJOR walks to a different stool away from SHARON. Close up shot of SHARON'S smiling face staring at MAJOR waiting for eye contact. It never came so SHARON walks across to MAJOR'S side.

SHARON

Are you trying to avoid me Robert?

MAJOR looks down at the floor.

SHARON (CONT/D)

Don't be shy Robert. I'm sure
I can make you...um, relax.

MAJOR

Go away and leave me alone.

SHARON

(huskily and close)

Come on Robert. I can help you...
lose your virginity. You are a
virgin aren't you?

MAJOR

(blushes)

What?

SHARON

We might...um, find a nice
quiet place where we can...um,
go together and not be
disturbed.

MAJOR looks across at the chuckling GREG, ANDY and KEN.

MAJOR

That'd be nice.

SHARON looks across at GREG, ANDY and KEN and grins.

SHARON

So you are interested then?

MAJOR

(low voice)

Oh yeah, and there'd be no one
else around us would there?

SHARON

Of course not.

MAJOR

Then no one would see me shove
a bayonet through your guts
would they?

Close shot on SHARON'S face with eyes flared.

Camera draws back and follows SHARON rushing from the
bar.

Medium shot of GREG, ANDY and KEN whose smirking turns to
frowns.

Ken stands up and rushes after SHARON.

Close shot of MAJOR'S eyes glaring at KEN.

INT: HOTEL/LOUNGE BAR - NIGHT

Close shot of a shaking and weeping SHARON being comforted by BELINDA and TAMMY.
Front on shot of KEN leading GREG and ANDY to the table.

KEN

What the bloody hell happened?
What did Major say to you?

GREG

Did he threaten to rape you?

BELINDA

No you bloody dills, he
threatened to kill her!

KEN

He what!

SHARON

(upset)

I knew I shouldn't have let
you idiots talk me into this.

GREG

Don't worry Sharon, he won't
hurt you. He won't get the
chance will he boys.

SHARON

Just leave him be. You fools
have done enough damage.

SHARON stands up.

SHARON (CONT/D)

I'm going home. Oh God I'm
so scared.

SHARON, BELINDA, and TAMMY leave the hotel via the lounge
bar exit door leaving GREG, ANDY and KEN at the table.

GREG

(gritted teeth)

I'm gunna go back and kill
that sick bastard.

KEN

Let's leave it be tonight Greg.

GREG

No, it's your sister remember.
Major deserves to be taught a
decent lesson for threatening
her like that.

Medium shot of GREG walking toward the public bar
doorway, and then a close shot of KEN gazing at ANDY.

KEN

Greg, don't go back in there.

GREG ignores KEN and leaves.

KEN (CONT/D)

Come on Andy, we better try
and stop this.

INT: HOTEL/PUBLIC BAR - NIGHT

Angled shot above the pool table where MAJOR is preparing
to line up his cue for a shot.

Medium shot of GREG storming through the doorway and
across to the pool table. He sweeps his arms across the
balls, knocking them in all directions. MAJOR stands up
straight and there are looks of concern on the faces of
CHARLIE, GAVIN, MARK, BILL and RICHARD.

CHARLIE

(shouts)

Hey, what do you think you're
doing?

GREG

(shouting)

(points at Major)

I'm gunna kill you, you sick
moron!

CHARLIE stands between GREG and a cowering MAJOR.

CHARLIE

Whoa there. What's this all
about?

GREG

(pointing at Major)

That sick mongrel threatened
to kill Kenny's sister.

CHARLIE
 (pushes Greg)
 Get out of here you idiot.
 We know Major better than that.

GREG
 (shouting)
 In that case you don't know
 the evil mongrel at all.

DAVE SMITH the hotel licensee joins the squabbling group.

DAVE
 What the hell's going on here?

GREG
 (pointing)
 He threatened Kenny's sister.
 He said he'd kill her.

DAVE faces MAJOR.

DAVE
 Did you?

MAJOR looks down at the floor.

GREG
 See, he can't even look you in
 the face?

DAVE
 All right Greg, you've had
 your say, now quieten down.
 I'll sort this out

CHARLIE
 Yeah and you leave Major
 alone Radford, or you'll have
 me to deal with!

GREG
 That'd be right. You get
 behind the psycho now, but
 where are you gonna be when he
 does end up killing some poor
 innocent bugger...aye!

DAVE
 Shut up will you Greg, and
 clear off. Otherwise I'll kick
 you out.

GREG

Well bugger you then. If you're gunna defend that whacko, we'll do our drinking somewhere else. Come on Andy, Ken. Let's clear out of this hole. Anyway, I can't put up with the stink in here any more.

Medium shot of GREG leading ANDY and KEN to the exit door.

BILL

Well that's bugged up one birthday.

MAJOR

Yeah, I'm going home.

CHARLIE

No you're not. Rack up for another game.

DAVE

(faces Major)

You didn't threaten the girl did you?

MAJOR

I did actually.

CHARLIE

What! Why?

MAJOR

Because I knew those three sooled her onto me for a joke. I didn't mean what I said though. I just wanted to teach her a lesson.

CHARLIE

I think you succeeded Bobby... but that three are nothing more than bullying mongrels.

DAVE

Yeah they are, but Major, you shouldn't threaten anyone, especially a woman with violence.

MAJOR

I know.

CHARLIE

What did you say to her?

MAJOR

She was making out that she wanted to take me to a quiet place, so I told her it'd be a good place to stick a bayonet into her.

DAVE

(cringes)

Christ! That was bloody silly Major.

CHARLIE

Yeah, you should have walked away mate.

MAJOR

I'm going home.

CHARLIE

Not on your own you're not. I'll drive you home.

Medium shot of CHARLIE and MAJOR walking to the public bar exit door.

DISSOLVE TO

INT: PAYNE HOUSE/KITCHEN/PASSAGE - DAY

Side on shot of MAVIS knocking on MAJOR'S bedroom door.

MAVIS

Robert! Robert! You've slept in.

MAJOR

I'm not going to work.

MAVIS

Why not?

MAJOR

Mind your own bloody business, now leave me alone.

MAVIS

Okay then.

Close shot of MAVIS' HAND picking up the phone, and then dialing.

Side on shot of CHARLIE knocking on MAJOR'S bedroom door.

CHARLIE

Hey you, get out of bed.

(beat)

I said get out of bed.

MAJOR'S VOICE

All right! All right!

CHARLIE

Hurry up, or both of us will end up getting sacked.

Medium shot of MAJOR walking into the kitchen where CHARLIE stands with MAVIS.

MAVIS

What's the matter with you this morning?

CHARLIE

He's fine Mrs. Payne. There was just a slight altercation in the pub last night, and I think it might have upset young Bobby here.

MAVIS

You weren't causing trouble were you?

MAJOR

(glares)

Get me to work Charlie.

CUT TO

INT/EXT: BUSH LAND TRACK/TAXI - DAY

Inside shot of JIM and MAJOR sitting in the front seat of the moving taxi.

JIM

I hear you had some fun and games on Wednesday night.

MAJOR

Yeah.

JIM

That bloody Radford; someone should clean him up. You know, teach him a lesson he won't forget for a while.

MAJOR

They should, yeah.

JIM

Why didn't you?

MAJOR

(shrugs)

Dunno.

JIM

(grins)

You don't know much do you?

MAJOR

No.

JIM

Well one thing for sure young fella, they won't be able to hang you for talking too much.

MAJOR

(smiles)

No.

Outside distant shot follows the taxi turning into a forest track and to a corner ahead. A speeding car coming from the opposite direction causes JIM to go bush. Inside taxi shot of both JIM and MAJOR being thrown around while JIM tries to control the taxi until it stops.

JIM

(angry)

Jesus bloody Christ! Bloody hoon!

MAJOR

I wonder who that was. They're idiots whoever they are. Are you all right Jim?

JIM looks across at MAJOR and grins.

JIM

I am, yeah. At least I know what it takes to get some conversation out of you.

(beat)

You didn't hear us hit anything did you?

MAJOR

Like what?

JIM

A bloody stump, anyway let's get out and survey the damage before I try to back out.

Medium shot of Jim looking under the taxi as he looks for damage. JIM checks the wheels and steps back.

JIM (CONT/D)

Apart from a few scratches, everything looks okay. Pity we couldn't have got that bludger's number...Come on hop in so we can get you there before dark.

EXT: BUSH LAND TRACK - DAY

JIM pulls up the taxi at MAJOR'S camping place.

JIM

(pointing)

By the looks of the wheel marks those crackpots went further along there.

MAJOR

They couldn't have gone too much further, it's a dead end track.

JIM

Ah, they're probably bloody city slickers who've got lost.

MAJOR

Probably.

Medium shot of JIM lifting MAJOR'S gear out of the boot.

JIM

Now, do you want me to give
you a hand to cart it to
wherever.

MAJOR

No.

JIM

Well I'll be off then. I'll be
here around five o'clock on
Sunday.

MAJOR

Okay.

Medium shot of JIM driving his taxi away and then on to
MAJOR carting his gear below the gum trees and toward the
LYREBIRD'S NEST.

Close shot of the nest.

Extreme close shot of MAJOR'S facial expression and then
a close shot of a LYREBIRD CHICK in the nest.

Camera follows MAJOR'S quick retreat and sitting down at
the base of a gum tree.

Medium shot of the LYREBIRD returning to feed its
fledgling.

Close shot of MAJOR'S head that leans back with eyes
closed and a smile on his face.

Medium shot of the unconcerned LYREBIRD walking from the
nest and past MAJOR.

Medium shot of MAJOR setting up his camp and slowly
swinging to the LYREBIRD scratching close by without
fear.

Close shot of a YELLOW ROBIN landing close to where MAJOR
has scratched up some soil.

Close shot of a smiling MAJOR'S face.

FADE TO BLACK

BACKGROUND MUSIC

Long shot of the sunrise with birdcalls (O/S) then swings
onto MAJOR climbing out of his tent and stretching. MAJOR
places some paper on the ground and some sticks on the
paper, and then lights it with a cigarette lighter. MAJOR
yawns and smiles.

Camera draws in on the LYREBIRD busily scratching a short
distance away.

Close shot of bacon and eggs cooking in a pan, then onto
MAJOR swigging on a stubby of beer.

EXT: CREEK BANK - DAY

BACKGROUND MUSIC

Medium shot of MAJOR swinging at scrub with a machete and at sword grass ahead of him. Coming to a log, MAJOR acts out a murderous act of killing with the machete. Major checks a crayfish net, and then looks back behind him through the scrub.

Medium shot of MAJOR walking from of the creek flat ferns and scrub up to the bush track below the gums.

Close shot on the wheel tracks left by the car, and then on MAJOR following the tracks. MAJOR stops and looks around his surroundings.

Camera draws in on a blue tarpaulin lying in the scrub.

Side shot of MAJOR walking to the blue tarp. MAJOR looks down at the tarpaulin.

Close up shot of MAJOR'S HAND pulling back the tarpaulin.

SOFT MUSIC STOPS and after a brief silence the MUSIC RETURNS THUNDEROUSLY LOUD when a hand is exposed. (O/S)

Medium shot of MAJOR slipping down, trying to retreat quickly. MAJOR stares at the hand from a distance.

MAJOR'S face has a deep look of concern on it.

MAJOR'S VOICE

Bloody hell! What am I gunna do? I'll have to tell the cops. But I've got a gun and a machete so I'll bet they blame me! I'll have to bury the body.

Medium shot of MAJOR running back to his camp. MAJOR fumbles for a stubby of beer and drinks quickly. MAJOR is breathing heavily. THE LYREBIRD at a short distance scratches away unconcerned. MAJOR sits in his fold up chair and breathes heavily.

Close shot of a shovel stuck in the ground.

EXT: BUSH LAND - DAY

Medium shot of MAJOR shoveling dirt onto a mound with a small amount of blue tarpaulin sticking out.

Close shot of the exposed tarpaulin and MAJOR covering it with dirt.

EXT: MAJOR'S CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Rain is pouring down. Close shot of MAJOR sitting inside his tent with a hurricane lamp burning inside.

EXT: MAJOR'S CAMPSITE - DAY

Rain continues to fall. Close shot of MAJOR gazing out of his tent, drinking from a stubby.

FADE TO BLACK

Medium shot of a wet and bedraggled MAJOR carrying his camping gear up to the track and diverting to the LYREBIRD feeding its fledgling.
 Close shot of MAJOR'S face watching the LYREBIRD and with a look of satisfaction on it.

EXT: ROADSIDE - NIGHT

Medium shot of MAJOR sitting with his gear and completely saturated.
 Distant shot of car headlights driving towards MAJOR. A concerned look comes onto MAJOR'S face. He recognizes that the sound (O/S) is not the taxi.
 Close shot of MAJOR quickly throwing his gear over the edge of the road, but finds himself in the headlights of the car. The car stops. A voice calls from beyond the lights.

JIM

Bobby, what are you doing?

MAJOR

(squints)

Is that you Jim?

JIM

Who'd you think it was?

MAJOR

Dunno, but thank God it's you.

JIM

Here, let's get your gear in the back and get you home. Look at you, you're worse than a drowned rat.

MAJOR

I didn't think you were coming.

JIM

Son, this is my second trip today. I got bloody bogged and couldn't get in here with my taxi.

MAJOR

Oh.

JIM

Do you know Dick Kemp?

MAJOR

Yeah.

DICK

G'day Major.

MAJOR

G'day.

JIM

I had to get Dick to bring his four wheel drive otherwise you would have been here for a week. Struth! Are you okay? You look like you've seen a ghost.

MAJOR

I'm fine.

JIM

Well you don't look it.

JIM shuts the back door on the four-wheel drive.

JIM (CONT/D)

So come on Bobby, jump in so we can get you home before you catch pneumonia.

EXT: BUSH TRACK - NIGHT

Medium shots of the four wheel drive slipping and sliding its way along the bush track.

Long shots of the four wheel drive headlights at different locations along the road.

A wallaby hops across the road in front of them.

INT/EXT: DICK KEMP'S CAR - NIGHT

DICK

God! Just missed him. Bloody vermin.

Close shot of MAJOR'S eyes glaring at the back of DICK'S head.

Medium shot of the four wheel drive moving down MAJOR'S street towards his house.

JIM

Hullo, what's going on at your place Major. There's around twenty cars there.

MAJOR leans over the seat between JIM and DICK.

MAJOR

Dunno.

DICK

They might be organizing a search party for you.

MAJOR

More likely a party for me not coming home.

JIM

You never know, Mum might have won Tattsлото.

MAJOR

(scoffs)

Yeah right.

DICK pulls up at the curb.

JIM

You've got a bit of a walk today young Bobby.

DICK

(laughs)

Inconsiderate buggers aye.

EXT: STREET - NIGHT

Medium shot of the three carrying MAJOR'S gear along the footpath and up to his verandah.

DICK

What have you got in this bag; its as heavy as lead.

JIM

That's his fishing gear.

DICK

Bloody hell...you must use heavy sinkers Major.

MAJOR

There's an axe in the bag too.

JIM

Okay Bobby, we'll get going. It might be a bit wet to go back next weekend, and by the way, get inside and out of that wet clobber.

MAJOR
(agitated)
I've got to go back.

JIM
Aye! Why? You're bloody nuts.

MAJOR stares at the ground.

JIM (CONT/D)
I didn't mean that literally
son. I meant that you'd be
better off giving it a miss.
Well just look at you now,
cold wet and miserable.

MAJOR
I've got other reasons.

JIM
Okay son, we'll leave it at
that...I'll catch you later.

DICK
Yeah, see you Major.

MAJOR
All right. Thanks.

As the car drives away, there is a close shot of MAJOR'S
scowling face.

Medium shot of MAJOR running to his front gate.

MAJOR (CONT/D)
Jim! Jim! Your thirty dollars.
I haven't paid you.

Long shot of the four wheel drive, driving into the
darkness.

INT: PAYNE SHED - NIGHT

Front on shot of MAJOR walking into the shed where he
hides his bag with the guns and machete inside.

INT: PAYNE HOUSE - NIGHT

Medium shot of the backdoor opening and MAJOR walking
inside. There is crying and talking (O/S) in the
background.

Close shot of MAJOR'S face staring.

Camera follows MAJOR into the kitchen where around twenty people (extras) have gathered. MAVIS is being comforted by her eldest daughter RENEE.

EDDIE DEBONO (MAJOR'S brother-in-law) spots MAJOR and walks across to him.

EDDIE

(low tone)

Listen mate, um, its all bad news.

MAJOR

Oh yeah.

EDDIE

(low tone)

It's Mandy.

MAJOR

What about her?

EDDIE

She's dead.

MAJOR

(frowns)

What?

EDDIE

(whispers)

Mandy's dead mate...dead.
Killed by a bloody train.

MAVIS rushes across and hugs an unresponsive MAJOR.

MAVIS

(sobbing)

Mandy's gone. Robert, Mandy's gone.

MAJOR breaks away from MAVIS.

MAJOR

That bloody McDonald is the cause of this. I'm going to look for him.

MAVIS

(wails)

No, stay here with me and your family.

Close shot of STEPHEN watching, before walking across.

STEPHEN

You're not going anywhere.

MAJOR

Who say's I'm not?

STEPHEN

Listen! For once in your life take a bit of notice. The police have asked us all to stay home tonight.

MAJOR

Why? She's our sister, not theirs.

STEPHEN

That's why they said it. It was the express that hit her.

MAJOR

She'd be a bloody mess then, sort of like being blown up by a bomb.

STEPHEN

Don't think like that.

MAJOR

Why not?

STEPHEN

Because I want to remember Mandy as she was, not a pile of minced meat.

There is a knock on the front door and a medium shot of RENEE opening the door. Two men stand there. STAN CARLISLE and JOHN CARLISLE (they are from the funeral directors CARLISLE and BAKER)

STAN

Mrs. Payne.

RENEE

No, Mum's inside, come in... Mum, the funeral directors are here.

Close shot from behind MAJOR who stares past STEPHEN at the funeral directors.

MAJOR
Who are those bastards?

STEPHEN looks around.

STEPHEN
The funeral directors.

MAJOR forces his way past STEPHEN and faces STAN and JOHN.

MAJOR
Clear off you pair.

RENEE
Robert! Go away. They're here to help.

MAJOR
Help! They're here to rip us off.

STAN
No, that's not right.

MAJOR
How long ago did she die, an hour? And you bastards are here to grab the bits and pieces lying on the railway line. BLOODY VULTURES.

RENEE
(sobbing)
Robert, please!

EDDIE
Come on mate, you're not helping.

MAJOR throws his arms around.

MAJOR
What's it got to do with you, you're only a prick relation.

STEPHEN
Why don't you go and lock yourself in your room and let us sort this out.

MAJOR steps back.

MAJOR

(crying)

That's right, you bunch of prats. Leave me out, like you always do.

STEPHEN

(shouting)

No one wants to leave you out!

MAJOR

That's not how I see it. You sort out everything you wankers. I'm clearing out.

MAVIS

The police said...
(interrupted)

MAJOR

I don't give a damn what the cops said. I'm not staying here to have you mongrels crap all over me.

Medium shot of MAJOR stomping to the front door and focuses on him disappearing into the night.
RENEE comforts MAVIS.

RENEE

It'll be alright Mum. It's just Robert's way of trying to cope with the shock.

EXT: STREET - NIGHT

Medium shot of MAJOR strolling along the street. He stops at a distance from the railway line and looks across at the train and people walking around under searchlights. Police cars and Ambulances are parked with lights flashing.

Close shot of MAJOR'S face with tears falling. MAJOR turns around and walks away.

Close shot from behind MAJOR'S shoulder faces a car traveling towards him. The car pulls in beside the curb and a smirking GREG holds up a stubby.

GREG

Nothing like a cold beer on a Sunday night aye Major.

MAJOR continues to walk away without speaking.

GREG (CONT/D)
 Hey Major, how many notches
 did you earn this weekend?

KEN
 Steady up Greg.

GREG
 (laughs)
 Why, just think about what he
 was going to do to your sister.

KEN
 Yeah but...

GREG
 No buts mate...hey Major, It's
 a pity it wasn't you. We all
 know you drove her to it.

MAJOR stops in his tracks but doesn't look around.

GREG (CONT/D)
 (whispers)
 I think I've sucked him in.

Close shot of KEN'S hand turning the starter key.

KEN
 We're out of here.

GREG
 (laughs)
 Come on, the fun's just begun.

Close shot of MAJOR'S face. He begins to cry
 uncontrollably then leans on a fence with his head in his
 arms. Heavy rain begins to fall.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT: CEMETERY - DAY

Wide shot of around fifty mourners (extras) at MANDY'S
 graveside.
 In the background THE MINISTER, REVEREND CARLISLE reads
 scriptures.

REVEREND CARLISLE

...Not only Mandy's beloved family, but all of us who knew and loved her as we say farewell to a life cut short without being able to understand a reason why, so are struck with devastation and despair with the loss of dear Mandy.

Extreme close shot of tearful MAVIS and RENEE holding each other.

Angle shot of the grave then swings at first on STEPHEN, and then EDDIE.

Close shot of MAJOR'S face who looks away.

All of the mourners hold a red rose.

REVEREND CARLISLE (CONT/D)

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.
Dear Lord, please look after
our sister Mandy's soul.

(beat)

Now I ask everyone to come
forward and release your rose
please.

Medium shot of the PAYNE family stepping up to the grave and releasing their rose.

MAJOR throws his rose in and turns away.

Close shot of MAJOR'S face that turns to anger.

Medium shot of BILLY McDONALD with JULIE and RHONDA CARTER standing together in the background.

Medium shot of MAJOR barging his way through the mourners toward BILLY, JULIE and RHONDA.

MAJOR

(shouting)

RIGHT YOU BASTARD!

BILLY back peddles defensively.

BILLY

Don't Major, don't!

MAJOR

(sobs)

I'm gunna kill you, you
murdering bastard. You killed
my sister.

RHONDA and JULIE scream.
 Medium shot of the mourners who look on in disbelief.
 Close shot of STEPHEN'S anguished face.

STEPHEN

What's he up to now. Come on
 Eddie, let's sort him out.

Medium shot of MAJOR bringing his fist back.

MAJOR

I just wish I had a bloody gun.
 I'd shoot you.

BILLY

(shaking)

I didn't do anything.

STEPHEN and EDDIE reach MAJOR'S side.

STEPHEN

Calm down you bloody idiot!
 Haven't you got a decent bone
 in your body?

MAJOR

I'm gunna kill this bastard
 for Mandy.

EDDIE

Come on Robert, let me take
 you home.

BILLY

I didn't do anything.

STEPHEN

Major! It's your sister's
 funeral. We've just put her in
 the ground. For God's sake, at
 least show her a little
 respect.

EDDIE holds onto MAJOR'S elbow and forcibly walks him
 away. MAJOR pulls away and turns around pointing at
 BILLY.

MAJOR

I'm gunna stick a bayonet
 through your guts.

Medium shot of BILLY quickly running away. JULIE and
 RHONDA follow him.

MAJOR (CONT/D)

And you two bitches are gunna
cop the same!

STEPHEN leans on EDDIE'S car with his head in his hands.
EDDIE walks up to him and places a hand on his shoulder.

EDDIE

I know mate, I know. We can
only do our best.

STEPHEN

(sighs)

And what good is that gunna do?

EDDIE

Let's get your Mum out of here.

STEPHEN

God, what she has to put up
with. I should give him a
bloody good thumping.

EDDIE

Robert. Come on, we're getting
you out of here.

Medium shot of MAJOR standing alone.

MAJOR

Well get of here then.

STEPHEN

Don't be bloody stupid.
You're coming home with us.

Medium shot of MAVIS and RENEE walking to the car.

MAVIS

Please Robert, we don't want
any more grief today.

Medium shot of MAJOR walking to the car and sitting down.

INT: EDDIE'S CAR - DAY

EDDIE drives off and STEPHEN turns to face MAJOR.

STEPHEN

Why did you get stuck into
Billy at the cemetery?

MAVIS

Please Stephen, not now.

STEPHEN

I just want to know why,
that's all. He could have
waited until he caught him up
the street.

MAVIS

All right, but this won't
bring Mandy back.

STEPHEN

I know that Mum.

(beat)

I'd like to know what hand he
had in it as well.

EDDIE

The police said that Mandy was
on her own.

STEPHEN

When did they tell you that?

EDDIE

Two days ago.

STEPHEN

Why didn't you tell us?

(beat)

See Major, now you've jumped
in without knowing the facts
and caused more bloody trouble.

RENEE

Leave Robert alone Stephen.
He's feeling it as much as we
all are, aren't you Robert?

Close shot of MAJOR'S face gazing out the window with
tears running down his cheeks.

RENEE (CONT/D)

Are you all right Robert?

MAJOR

(sniffs)

There's been too much death.

RENEE

What do you mean?

MAJOR

Two deaths in one weekend.

EDDIE

Two deaths?

STEPHEN

Don't listen to him. He's off with the fairies again.

EDDIE

Shut up Stephen. What do you mean two deaths. Who else died Robert?

MAJOR

It doesn't matter. You heard him. I'm off with the fairies again.

Medium shot of EDDIE'S car parked in front of the FIRE BRIGADE HALL where a WAKE is being held.

INT: FIRE BRIGADE HALL - DAY

Medium shot of the PAYNE family walking into the shed and across to tables set up with afternoon tea and a few mourners (ten extras) standing or sitting around talking. Medium shot of the family dispersing, and then on EDDIE pulling MAJOR to one side.

EDDIE

Okay Robert, what's the story?

MAJOR

There's no story.

EDDIE

Yes there is. Something else is bugging you.

MAJOR

No there's not, anyway what's the sense in me telling you. You're not gonna believe me.

EDDIE

I will.

MAJOR

Don't make me laugh, you're just like everyone else. You all think I'm a nut case so I'll act like I'm a nut case.

EDDIE

Have you, um, found something that you're not game to tell anyone. Is that why you were late home on Sunday?

MAJOR

(bows head)

No.

EDDIE

Come on Robert, you can tell me.

MAJOR

I'm going home, I'll see you later.

Medium shot of MAJOR walking to the front exit door and then a close shot of EDDIE'S face. EDDIE walks across to STEPHEN.

EDDIE

I think there's a problem.

STEPHEN

Aye! What sort of a problem.

EDDIE

With Robert. There's something really bugging him.

STEPHEN

(laughs)

Have you just worked that out? I've been telling everyone for years, he's psycho.

EDDIE

I think it's more than Robert being psycho Stephen. Do you know where he goes on the weekends?

STEPHEN

Not really. Ask Jim Downes the taxi driver, he might tell you. I think you'll find that Major just likes to be alone so he can fantasize about being a hero in some imaginary war.

EDDIE

You're probably right.

STEPHEN

I know I'm bloody right.

(beat)

Although I think he is having some trouble with Greg Radford and a couple of blokes he gets around with.

EDDIE

(sighs)

And you reckon he sees himself as the killer of this fella Radford in his own mind.

STEPHEN

Yeah, I reckon he'd like to kill him. Actually Major would like to kill a lot of people, or so he say's he would.

EDDIE

He wouldn't really though would he?

STEPHEN

(chuckles)

No way! He's a freakin' chicken.

EDDIE

I hope you're right.

DISSOLVE TO

INT: PAYNE HOUSE/MAJOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Everything is quiet in the darkness.

MAJOR'S NIGHTMARE

(O/S) VERY LOUD SOUND of a TRAIN with whistle blaring blasts onto the screen followed by extremely loud music. Negative image of MANDY rushes quickly toward the camera before a pulsating in and out image of a hand in blue tarpaulin with ghostly laughter joining in.

MAJOR'S FEARFUL FACE bursts through the image and everything goes quiet.

Close shot of MAJOR in poor light - sweating and breathing heavily with his fearful eyes wide open searching through the darkness.

EXT: PAYNE HOUSE/FOOTPATH - DAY

Close shot of MAJOR leaning against his fence.
Medium shot along the street and faces a car driving towards him. It slows down and pulls up at the curb.
Close shot at car window of a leering GREG RADFORD.

GREG

Hullo, the cut lunch commando
is off on another mission.

Mocking laughter from KEN, ANDY, JULIE and RHONDA CARTER inside the car. MAJOR ignores the comment.

GREG (CONT/D)

Ooh! It must be a secret
mission fellas. Something well
and truly hidden from us.
Where is the battlefield Major?

(beat)

Are you friggin' dumb Major?

(beat)

Okay then, Kenny reckons you
deserve a good hiding for what
you said to his sister. I
think the punishment should be
handed out right now.

Medium shot of GREG opening his door, and then a medium shot of a four-wheel drive pulling over to the curb behind KEN'S car.

Close shot of GREG.

GREG (CONT/D)

Hey it's Dick Kemp. What's he
want?

Medium shot of DICK getting out of the drivers seat and walking across to the footpath.

DICK
What's going on here, a
Mothers Club meeting?

GREG
G'day Dick, no not really.

DICK
Are you ready young fella?
Jim sent me around to pick you
up. He reckons his taxi'll get
bogged again.

GREG
Where are you taking him Dick?

DICK
Who? Robert? Wherever he wants
to go.

GREG looks around the passengers in KEN'S car.

GREG
Fair enough. We'll catch you
later Dick.

DICK
No worries boys and girls. I
might even have a beer with
you later.

GREG
That would be really, really
good Dick.

Medium shot of KEN'S car being driven away.

DICK
Let's get you up there son
before it gets dark.

MAJOR
Thanks.

DICK
How long have you been mates
with those fellas Robert?

MAJOR
They're not my mates.

DICK shuts the back door on his four-wheel drive.
Medium shot of the four wheel drive, driving away.

EXT: BUSH TRACK - DAY

Angle shots and close to the ground shots of the four-wheel drive powering its way through bog holes in different locations.

INT: FOUR-WHEEL DRIVE - DAY

DICK

Why in the Lord's name would you want to camp up here in weather like this?

MAJOR

I have my reasons.

DICK

They'd want to be bloody good ones.

MAJOR

They are.

DICK

Well can you tell me what they are?

MAJOR

Not really.

DICK

You're a secretive bugger aren't you Bobby?

MAJOR

Am I?

DICK

Okay, I'll shut up and mind my own business. You just tell me where to stop.

EXT: FOREST TRACK - DAY

Side and angle shots of the four-wheel drive at different locations.

INT: CABIN FOUR-WHEEL DRIVE - DAY

Medium shot through the windscreen from centre of back seat on the track ahead.

DICK
 It'd be a bloody good place to
 hide a body up here I reckon.
 Just make sure it's not yours
 Major.

Close shot of MAJOR'S face and his eyes stare at DICK.
 MAJOR points ahead.

MAJOR
 Just here thanks.

EXT: FOREST TRACK - DAY

Medium shot of DICK and MAJOR unloading the camping gear.

(O/S) A LYREBIRD calls out from in the valley.

Close shot of MAJOR'S face with a sly grin on it.

DICK
 Did you hear that bird? I
 wonder what it was.

MAJOR
 Probably a blackbird.

DICK
 (chuckles)
 Yeah probably. I wouldn't know
 a blackbird from a sparrow.

Medium shot of DICK climbing into the four-wheel drive
 and shutting his door.
 Close shot at the four wheel drive drivers side window.

DICK (CONT/D)
 I'll be here at five o'clock
 sharp Sunday night. Don't
 bloody hold me up Robert.

MAJOR
 I won't.

EXT: FOREST (LYREBIRD'S NEST) - DAY

Close shot of a smiling MAJOR sitting at the base of a
 gum tree with a stubby of beer in his hand watching the
 LYREBIRD CHICK looking back at him from the nest. An
 ADULT LYREBIRD rushes to the chick and feeds it. MAJOR
 toasts the event.

MAJOR
Here's to peace and nature.

Close shot of MAJOR drinking the contents of the stubby. A serious look grows on his face and he hurls the stubby at a tree.

MAJOR (CONT/D)
And that's to humans!

Medium shot of the LYREBIRD running in amongst scrub for cover.

MAJOR (CONT/D)
Oh no! Sorry. Sorry.

EXT: MAJOR'S CAMPSITE - DAY

BACKGROUND MUSIC
Close shot of a frying pan cooking meat on a fire. MAJOR sits in a fold up chair cleaning his .22 rifle. He lifts the frying pan to one side.

MUSIC STOPS.

Close shot of MAJOR'S face with him looking up toward the track from his campsite.
BACKGROUND: the sound (O/S) of a car driving along the track.
Long shot of the car.

INT: ANDY'S CAR - DAY

Close shot slowly moves around the occupants. GREG, KEN, ANDY and another man, known as WRECKER WARD. WRECKER is heavily built, with tattoos on his arms and head shaved bald. He wears a black T-shirt and has teeth missing.

GREG
I bloody hope that Dick gave us the right directions.

KEN
I'd say he did. There's his tyre tracks I'd say.

WRECKER
If that's what you reckon, just follow the tracks and where they end we'll get out and hunt him down.

ANDY
I hope he hasn't got a gun.

GREG
(laughs)
It'll only be a pop gun if he
has.

WRECKER
Hey, you blokes didn't mention
guns before.

GREG
He wouldn't use a gun even if
he had one.

WRECKER
Yeah well I don't want to be
dodging bullets while I'm
knocking off his beer.

KEN points to the left of him.

KEN
Hey, hey! Look at that.

GREG
Look at what?

KEN
Smoke. He must be down there
somewhere.

GREG
Then pull over and we'll have
a look.

EXT: MAJOR'S CAMPSITE - DAY

Close shot of MAJOR'S worried face looking up towards the
track. The car engine (O/S) is turned off.

Medium shot of MAJOR picking up his guns, knives and
machete and quickly moving into the scrub.

Close shot of MAJOR hiding his weapons under some thick
wiregrass.

Medium shot from behind MAJOR up the hillside and swings
slowly from one side across to the other then quickly
back onto KEN.

MAJOR'S VOICE

Oh not them bloody mongrels!
How did they get in without
getting bogged. I bet Jim just
couldn't be bothered to bring
me out here.

Medium shot of ANDY.

ANDY

(pointing)

There's his bloody camp.

GREG

(chuckling)

Yeah, do you feel like a beer
Wrecker?

WRECKER

For your sake there better be
some here.

GREG

Don't worry, there'll be
plenty here.

Medium shot of GREG, ANDY, KEN and WRECKER moving into
MAJOR'S campsite.

GREG

Well what do you know, he must
have known we were coming. The
crackpot's cooked a feed for
us as well.

Wide shot of the campsite from behind MAJOR crouching
down behind a sword grass clump.

KEN

Here's his grog stash.

ANDY

Come on, let's cart it back to
the car and we'll get out of
here.

GREG

I wonder where he is?

KEN

Who cares?

GREG

Well you're one that should.
Remember, he was gunna slit
your sister open.

WRECKER

Who was?

GREG

Major.

WRECKER

The bloody mongrel!
Threatening a woman. I've got
no time for lowlife garbage
like that.

GREG

You haven't?

WRECKER

My old man killed my Mother
after tormenting her for
years.

GREG

(gulps)
Fair-dinkum.

WRECKER

Fair-dinkum all right. He
stabbed her thirty three times.

ANDY

How old were you then?

WRECKER

Twelve.

ANDY

That's bloody terrible. Do you
want a stubby Wrecker?

WRECKER

(takes a deep breath)
That'd be good.

(beat)

Anyway the old man got cleaned
up in the clink.

ANDY

You mean murdered?

WRECKER

(shrugs)

They told me it was suicide,
but you don't hear of too many
blokes cutting their own
throat do you.

KEN

That's bloody scary.

WRECKER

Yeah I suppose, and it's
because of what I seen I can't
stand blokes who abuse and
threaten women.

GREG

Do you think we should do
something about Major then?

ANDY

Not today, let's just get out
of here with his grog.

GREG

What are you frightened of?

ANDY

To be honest, I think one of
us might be in his sights
right now.

Medium shot moves slowly along the scrub.

GREG

Don't you bloody listen?
Major's more than likely
shivering in his boots wishing
to Christ we'd clear off out
of here.

ANDY

I hope you're bloody right.

GREG

Of course I'm right. Come on
Wrecker, let's find the dork
and teach him a valuable
lesson aye.

Close shot over MAJOR'S shoulder and focuses on GREG and WRECKER beginning to walk towards the LYREBIRDS nest. Medium shot of MAJOR walking out of the scrub into a cleared area.

MAJOR
(shouts)
Hey. I'm over here.

Medium shot of GREG, KEN, WRECKER and ANDY turning around.
Close shot of GREG'S face.

GREG
Let's get him. Ken try and get ahead of him.

Close shot follows MAJOR rushing through the ferns and thick scrub, and then along the animal track beside a creek.
Medium shot is back on GREG and WRECKER chasing.
Close shot of MAJOR running and looking back, and then a medium shot of GREG and WRECKER amongst the scrub.
Medium shot of ANDY and KEN back at the campsite holding a carton of beer each, and then following them as they walk up the hill toward the car.

KEN
They're wasting their time.
Major will end up getting them lost.

ANDY
I don't know why Greg wants to belt him up now. We got what he came for.

KEN
It's just a bloody power thing.
Major won't bite back and its got to Greg.

ANDY
I wish he hadn't brought bloody Wrecker along. He makes Major look like a choir boy in the devil's church.

KEN
Yeah, I don't trust him either.

ANDY

You don't think that Greg might
be a little concerned about
Major do you.

KEN

I think Greg's all gob.

A LYREBIRD runs across in front of KEN and ANDY.

ANDY

What in the bloody hell was
that?

KEN

I dunno, it looked like a
brown chook.

Medium shot of ANDY and KEN stepping onto the track, then
putting the beer into the back seat.

Medium shot of GREG and WRECKER walking out of the scrub
into a clearing below some gum trees.

GREG

(shouting)

Hey, where are you two buggers?

ANDY

(shouting)

We're back at the car with the
beer.

Close shot of MAJOR breathing heavily and hidden against
a cliff face beside the creek.

Extreme close shot of GREG'S angry expression.

GREG

(shouting)

Well thanks very much for
helping us.

KEN

(shouting)

We did, we carried the beer up
to the car.

GREG

Come on Wrecker, we might as
well go up and join them,
bug-a-lugs will be well and
truly hidden now.

EXT: KEN'S CAR - DAY

Medium shot of GREG, KEN, ANDY and WRECKER standing around ANDY'S car and drinking beer. Close shot from behind MAJOR'S shoulder, hiding amongst the scrub and facing up the hill to the track taking in the four men.

KEN

I'm gunna go for a walk down the track and have a gawk.

GREG

We all might as well go, aye.

Medium shout follows the four men walking along the track.

WRECKER

What about that bloody woman basher?

KEN

He's not a woman basher! Majors' never hurt anyone.

GREG

There's always a first time.

WRECKER

That's right, so it'll pay for us to get in first.

ANDY

To be honest with youse. I feel guilty about knocking off his grog.

GREG

That's only mild, 'cause I'll tell you why. If we can't catch the bastard before we go, I'm gunna wreck his camp.

KEN

We don't have to do that.

GREG

Why not? He bloody deserves it.

ANDY

(shaking his head)

No, no. One thing's stirring Major up, but we don't have to vandalize the poor buggers gear.

GREG

What do you think Wrecker?

WRECKER

Anybody one step ahead of a pedophile deserves everything they get.

ANDY

That's going too far. Look Greg, the only reason you're going for Major is, he won't react to your stirring.

Wide shot at the end of the track.

Close shot over MAJOR'S shoulder as he watches from the scrub cover, where he can hear the conversation.

GREG

Well there's nothing here.

KEN

What did you expect to find?

GREG

I dunno, hang on. What's that bit of blue stuff hanging out of the ground?

ANDY

I'd say there's something buried there.

KEN

Come on Andy, give us a hand and see if we can pull it out.

Medium shot of MAJOR stepping out of the scrub into the open.

MAJOR

Hey, are you still looking for me?

Medium shot of GREG and then another medium shot of WRECKER.

GREG

Let's get him this time.

Medium shot of MAJOR and then back to GREG, WRECKER, KEN and ANDY rushing through the undergrowth.

(O/S) BACKGROUND SOUNDS OF AGITATED BIRD CALLS.

Close shots of a BLACK COCKATOO to a CURRAWONG to a KOOKABURRA to a RUFOUS FANTAIL, all flying off a perch. Close shot follows MAJOR running through ferns and tripping on a log. MAJOR falls to the ground with a sprained ankle. In pain he tries to run, but is caught up to by GREG, who pushes him to the ground. WRECKER, ANDY and KEN catch up and all are out of breath. Close shot of a smirking GREG'S face.

GREG

Got you, you evil bastard.

MAJOR stares up and remains silent. WRECKER walks across and kicks MAJOR in the ribs. Medium shot of MAJOR wincing then swings to ANDY'S face facing KEN who shakes his head.

WRECKER

How did you like that you woman basher?

MAJOR tries to sit up.

WRECKER (CONT/D)

Get down you dog. How does it feel to be on the receiving end, aye.

Close shot of WRECKER'S foot kicking MAJOR in the face.

GREG

(subdued)

Hey Wrecker, that's enough.

WRECKER

Enough, I haven't even started yet.

Close shot of KEN'S face, and then ANDY'S - both frowning, and switches to GREG'S face that turns away with background noise (O/S) of WRECKER thumping into MAJOR.

Medium shot of WRECKER stepping back from a motionless and bloodied MAJOR lying prone on the ground. WRECKER faces GREG.

WRECKER (CONT/D)

That's what you asked me to do
isn't it?

Medium shots of one guilt ridden face to another.

GREG

Yeah, yeah Wrecker. That's
what we wanted, wasn't it
fellas?

Close shot of ANDY'S face and then KEN'S looking down at
MAJOR lying motionless on the ground.

WRECKER

Well come on then you blokes.
Let's get out of here and
drink his grog.

KEN

Hold on, we can't leave Major
here like this.

WRECKER

And why not?

ANDY

What if he dies?

WRECKER

What if he does?

KEN

Oh hell, I couldn't live with
that.

WRECKER

(threatening stare)

Oh yes you could.

WRECKER'S evil stare drifts from one face to the other.

WRECKER (CONT/D)

I'm warning you blokes, if
anyone opens their gob...

WRECKER indicates with a finger across his throat.

WRECKER (CONT/D)

So I'd be very careful about
keeping your mouths shut.

(beat)

Do you all understand?

Close shots of GREG'S face to ANDY'S and then to KEN'S and all gulp, and all show remorse.

FADE TO BLACK

Medium shot of MAJOR gingerly standing up. His face is bloodied and he doubles over holding his ribs.
 Medium shot of MAJOR at different locations as he limps back to his campsite.
 Wide shot of MAJOR'S completely wrecked camping site and his tent is knocked down and torn. MAJOR leans back against a tree and closes his eyes.
 Close shot of MAJOR'S face and his eyes flare.

MAJOR'S VOICE

The Lyrebird! OH God, I hope they didn't.

Medium shot of MAJOR limping towards the nest.
 Close shot of a smiling MAJOR then swings to the CHICK watching him from the nest. The parent LYREBIRD rushes to the CHICK and feeds it.

EXT: MAJOR'S CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Medium shot of MAJOR under moonlight, sleeping in the open and wrapped up in his shredded tent.

INT: DICK'S FOUR-WHEEL DRIVE - DAY

Close shot through the windscreen as DICK drives the last leg before picking up MAJOR.
 Close shot of wheel marks in front of the four wheel drive, and then swings back onto a frowning DICK.
 Medium shot of the four wheel drive pulling up.

EXT: BUSH LAND/TRACK - DAY

DICK climbs out of his four-wheel drive. DICK looks around and checks his watch. DICK walks to the edge of the track and surveys the hill slope below amongst the gum trees.

DICK

(calling out)

Hey Major, where are you, its after five o'clock.

DICK listens for an answer.

DICK (CONT/D)

I hope you're not mucking about son.

DICK waits. Close shot of his concerned face.
 Medium shot of DICK walking amongst the gum trees and
 looking around.

DICK (CONT/D)
 (cups his hands)
 Robert, where are you?

Medium shot of MAJOR sitting against a gum tree next to
 his wrecked campsite. DICK notices and the camera follows
 him.

DICK (CONT/D)
 What's the matter son?

The LYREBIRD runs across in front of DICK.

DICK (CONT/D)
 Christ! What was that?

(beat)
 Robert, what in the...look at
 you son, what happened to you?

MAJOR
 (groaning)
 I fell over.

Wide shot of the campsite.

DICK
 Tell that to someone else son,
 now tell me what really
 happened.

MAJOR
 It doesn't matter.

DICK
 It doesn't matter! Bull dust,
 it does matter.

MAJOR
 Just take me home.

DICK
 I better take you to the
 hospital I think.

MAJOR
 (agitated)
 I said take me home.

DICK

Okay! Okay! Don't get upset
with me.

MAJOR stands up and leans against a gum tree, holding his
foot off the ground.

DICK (CONT/D)

You haven't broken your leg
have you?

MAJOR

No, I've sprained my ankle.

DICK

And that's how your face got
caved in?

MAJOR

Yeah.

DICK

I'm not bloody stupid boy. I
seen the wheel tracks coming
in.

MAJOR looks down at the ground.

DICK (CONT/D)

Okay, don't tell me. Anyway
I've got an idea who it was. A
couple of young blokes; in
fact it was Radford and co who
asked me a heap of questions
about where I took you...

(beat)

Yeah, I think this might have
been my fault. I blurted out
where I took you after their
cock and bull story. They even
brought me a beer. Bastards!

MAJOR

No it wasn't them.

DICK

Who was it then?

MAJOR

A couple of deer shooters.

DICK stares at MAJOR for a few seconds.

DICK

Deer shooters aye. All right,
let's get you out of here...
hey what about your fishing
rod and nets! Where are they?

MAJOR

Um, in the creek.

DICK

Whereabouts?

MAJOR

It doesn't matter, just take
me home.

DICK

You can't leave your fishing
gear here.

MAJOR

Just take me home.

CUT TO

EXT: SAWMILL - DAY

Long shot of the sawmill working.
Close shot of MAJOR'S face with cuts and a black eye.
Medium shot of MAJOR pulling out the sawn timber and
wincing in pain with every movement.
Medium shot of CHARLIE COWLE talking to BILL ROSE behind
the noise of the mill and looking across at MAJOR.
CHARLIE nods his head and the camera follows him to the
office.
PETER HARRISON walks back to the mill with CHARLIE and
calls MAJOR out into the open area.

PETER

Are you okay Robert?

MAJOR

Yeah, why?

PETER

Charlie tells me you're in a
bit of pain.

MAJOR

I'm okay.

PETER

Not by the look of you, you're not. Do you want to go home and have a couple of days off?

MAJOR

No.

PETER

Look son, I understand what's happened. So you had a few too many and got in an altercation. So what?

MAJOR

I want to keep working.

PETER

All right then, but just a bit of advice. If you're gunna drink then try and control your tongue next time.

MAJOR

Okay.

PETER

Now get back to work and remember...behave yourself on the weekends. I can't afford to employ blokes who only half put in.

Close shot of MAJOR glaring across at CHARLIE.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT: PAYNE HOUSE/FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Medium shot of TWO POLICEMEN (CONSTABLE ELLIS and CONSTABLE ADAMS) walking to the front door. CONSTABLE ADAMS knocks.

INT: PAYNE HOUSE - NIGHT

STEPHEN opens the front door.

STEPHEN

Hello.

CONSTABLE ELLIS

G'day mate. We're looking for Robert Payne.

MAVIS walks to the front door.

MAVIS
Has he done something wrong?

CONSTABLE ELLIS
Not that we know of. We just
want a quick word with him
over a certain matter.

STEPHEN
What the hell is he involved
in now?

CONSTABLE ADAMS
Can we come inside and have a
chat with him?

MAVIS
Oh yes or course. I'll go and
get Robert.

INT: PAYNE HOUSE/MAJOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Close shot of a case open in front of MAJOR sitting on
his bed. MAJOR has a replica pistol in his hand up
against the photo of GREG. Scattered on the bed are head
shot photos of KEN, ANDY, STEPHEN, MAVIS plus a dozen
other people.

INT: PAYNE HOUSE/PASSAGEWAY - NIGHT

Side shot of MAVIS knocking gently on MAJOR'S bedroom
door.

MAVIS
Robert, there are two
policemen here wanting to
speak with you.

MAJOR
Two who?

MAVIS
Policemen.

MAJOR
Just a minute.

INT: PAYNE HOUSE/MAJOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MAJOR'S VOICE

(speaks quickly)

(quick background music with shots of MAJOR putting away the photos and shutting the case, then stacking his rifles away and locking the cupboard)

Hell, they must have found that body. Those bastards must have dobbed me in, or is it because of the night in the pub when I threatened to skewer that sheila. Oh God, maybe Kaine handed in my replica pistol.

Medium shot sweeps over the bed and draws in on two bullets. MAJOR picks the bullets up and puts them in a draw.

MAJOR (CONT/D)

(calls out)

Tell them I'm coming out now.

INT: PAYNE HOME/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Close shot of MAJOR walking into the kitchen where MAVIS, STEPHEN, CONSTABLE ELLIS and CONSTABLE ADAMS wait. MAJOR glares at STEPHEN.

MAJOR

You can clear off, it's nothing to do with you.

Medium shot of STEPHEN shrugging his shoulders and walking out of the kitchen.

CONSTABLE ELLIS

Right Robert, it's pretty obvious that you've been the victim of an assault.

MAJOR

Is that what you're here for?

CONSTABLE ADAMS

What did you think that we were here for?

MAJOR

I don't know, but I haven't made a complaint.

CONSTABLE ELLIS
No, but a couple of other
people have.

MAJOR
Who?

CONSTABLE ADAMS
That doesn't matter. Now did
you threaten a young lady in
the hotel a few nights ago?

MAJOR looks down at the ground without answering.

CONSTABLE ELLIS
Well did you or didn't you.

MAVIS
Robert, answer them.

MAJOR
Yeah, but I didn't mean it.

CONSTABLE ADAMS
Son we have to treat all
threats very seriously.

CONSTABLE ELLIS
Did you instigate the threat?

MAJOR
What do you mean?

CONSTABLE ADAMS
Did she knock back your
advances?

MAJOR
(raises tone)
No, it wasn't like that.

CONSTABLE ELLIS
Do you believe that you were
being set up?

MAJOR stares down at the ground.

CONSTABLE ADAMS
We thought so. We've been
doing a bit of asking around
and you've been bullied a bit
haven't you?

MAJOR

No.

CONSTABLE ELLIS

Yes you have. Lift your shirt
Robert.

MAJOR

Why?

CONSTABLE ADAMS

Just lift your shirt.

Close shot of MAJOR'S torso as he lifts his shirt. There
are terrible bruises.

MAVIS

Oh my God.

CONSTABLE ELLIS

So deer hunters did that.

MAJOR

(mutters)

Bloody Dick Kemp!

CONSTABLE ADAMS

Was Greg Radford involved?

MAJOR

No.

CONSTABLE ELLIS

What about a bloke by the name
of Ian Ward?

MAJOR

Never heard of him.

CONSTABLE ADAMS

He's also known as Wrecker.

Close shot of MAJOR'S face looking at the floor.

CONSTABLE ELLIS

That's good enough for us. Now
Robert, you have been very
stupid putting up with being
assaulted like that. You could
have been seriously hurt.

CONSTABLE ADAMS

Why do you think we're here?
In future, if anyone assaults
you like that, then you get in
touch with us. You've acted
pretty silly.

CONSTABLE ELLIS

And for God's sake don't
threaten anyone again like you
did. We really should be
booking you, you know.

CONSTABLE ADAMS

We should be booking Ward for
what he did to you as well but
I don't think you'll press on
with it. I'll tell you what
though, we're going to warn him
to give you a wide berth.

MAJOR

Fat lot of good that will do.

CONSTABLE ADAMS

We'll sort him out, but you
leave it to us. Did he steal
anything from you?

MAJOR

No.

CONSTABLE ELLIS

Okay Robert, we'll leave it at
that, and stay away from that
young girl. Her brother's
friend is very concerned.

MAJOR looks away with a close shot of a furious look on
his face.

MAJOR

(very low)

Radford! I'll bet he is.

INT: PAYNE HOUSE/MAJOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Medium shot of MAJOR dressing up in his army camouflage
uniform. MAJOR unlocks his cupboard and lifts out his
.303 rifle. He loads blanks into the gun and fixes a
bayonet. MAJOR salutes to a photo of GENERAL MACARTHUR
posted on a wall.

MAJOR puts his rifle down, pulls the case out from under his bed, opens it and places the photos on his bed. Picking up the rifle, MAJOR touches the photos of GREG, KEN and ANDY with the bayonet.

MAJOR

You three are the cause of Wrecker Ward's death. I hope you're proud of yourselves.

MAJOR salutes.

EXT: OPPOSITE HOTEL/GARDEN SEAT - NIGHT

Medium shot of MAJOR sitting on a seat in the park across the road and opposite the hotel.

Close shot of the .303 laying across MAJOR'S lap.

Medium shot of the hotel public bar door and a CUSTOMER (DES 'BLUEY' BROWN) is about to enter and is looking across at MAJOR.

INT: HOTEL/PUBLIC BAR - NIGHT

Close shot of the customer (DES 'BLUEY' BROWN) walking to the serving bar. Other customers in the public bar include GREG, ANDY, KEN, DICK KEMP, along with GEORGE TAYLOR the barman. Six extras in the background.

BLUEY

(laughs)

What's going on across the road?

GEORGE

What do you mean Bluey?

BLUEY

With that young fella Payne.
(interrupting)

GREG

What's the crackpot up to now?

BLUEY

Someone must be picking him up to go shooting.

Close shot of GREG'S face showing concern.

KEN

What did you say?

BLUEY

Young Payne, he's sitting on
the seat across the road with
a gun on his lap.

Medium shot of ANDY walking to the exit door and opening
the door slightly. He turns around with eyes wide open.

ANDY

It's bloody Major all right.

GEORGE

What have you bastards done?

Close shot floats from ANDY to KEN with both heads
looking to the floor.

GREG

You better call the coppers
George.

GEORGE.

NO. But you better tell me why
Major is sitting out the front
with a gun, and who is he
waiting for?

Close shot of KEN wincing.

KEN

(panicking)

He's gunna bloody shoot us!

GREG

(shouting)

Ring the bloody coppers George
or you'll have murder on your
hands.

Medium shot of the door leading to the public bar from
the lounge bar. In walk's the hotel licensee DAVE SMITH
and the mill owner PETER HARRISON.

DAVE

What's all the bloody
commotion about? Is someone
trying to start a fight?

GREG

No Dave! That bloody idiot
Majors' outside with a gun
and he's gunna blow our heads
off.

PETER

Hang on you blokes. Whose
gunna get their heads blown
off.

GREG

Our bloody heads, and George
won't ring up the coppers.

PETER

(stares at Greg)

And what makes you think it's
you blokes that he's after?

DAVE

Everybody just calm down. I'll
have a word with Major and see
what the problem is.

GREG

You're mad. He'll bloody shoot
you.

Close shot of DAVE'S and GREG'S faces a few inches apart.

DAVE

I know what Major's like, and
I know he won't shoot me.

PETER

Yes, and I know what's made
him snap. You lowdown bastards
are the scum that belted him
up, aren't you?

Close shot of PETER'S angry eyes moving past KEN, ANDY
and GREG in silence.

PETER (CONT/D)

You know I can't understand
why Major didn't go to the
coppers, but you knew he
wouldn't stoop low enough to
dob you thugs in, but now it
looks like he's taken the law
into his own hands and God
knows what will come out of
this.

DAVE

I'll put my head outside and
see what he's up to.

EXT: PARK BENCH - NIGHT

Close shot of MAJOR lifting his gun up.
 Long shot of the hotel public bar door opening and DAVE'S
 face appearing.

DAVE

Major. What are you up to?

MAJOR

I'm waiting.

DAVE

Waiting for what?

MAJOR

It don't concern you.

DAVE

It bloody well does concern
 me when some bugger's sitting
 in front of my pub with a gun
 in his hand. Has someone upset
 you Major?

MAJOR

They might have.

DAVE

Do you want to talk about it?

MAJOR

No.

DAVE

I might have to ring the
 police Major if you don't take
 that bloody gun home.

MAJOR

Ring the coppers. I'll shoot
 them too.

DAVE

I'll give you ten minutes
 Major.

INT: HOTEL/PUBLIC BAR - NIGHT

Close shot of DAVE sitting on a stool with the patrons
 either sitting down or leaning on the bar.

DAVE

It's gunna be a long night I think.

GREG

It wouldn't be if you rang the bloody coppers. If you're not game enough to then I will.

Side shot of PETER facing GREG.

PETER

You stay where you are. You're the cause of all this.

GREG

Me!

PETER

Yes! You.

GREG

(mutters)

I'm not the maniac with a bloody gun in his hand.

PETER

No you're not, so what about telling everyone here...

(beat)

what you did have in your hand when you belted up Major.

GREG

I didn't belt him up.

Close shot of PETER'S face as he scans the patrons.

PETER

Then who did?

Slow sweeping medium shot around the silent public bar.

DAVE

I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give the kid a chance. I'll ring his Mother up and see if she can have a talk with Major.

GEORGE

It's worth a try.

Close shot of DAVE'S hand pushing numbers on the phone.

CUT TO

INT/EXT: PAYNE HOME/LIVING AREA - HOTEL - NIGHT

Close shot of telephone.

RINGING (O/S)

MAVIS picks up the telephone receiver.

PHONE CONVERSATION BEGINS.

MAVIS

Hello.

(cut to)

DAVE (HOTEL)

Mrs. Payne. It's Dave Smith from the hotel.

(cut to)

MAVIS (HOME)

Oh no, what's happened now?

(cut to)

DAVE (HOTEL)

We just need your help. Bobby is sitting outside the hotel with a gun and...

(interrupts)

(cut to)

MAVIS (HOME)

A gun. He hasn't hurt anyone has he?

(cut to)

DAVE (HOTEL)

No he hasn't Mrs. Payne, but we don't want him to either. We thought that you might be able come down and talk him into going home. If you can't we'll have to get the police involved.

(cut to)

MAVIS (HOME)

Oh dear! I'll do what I can. Thank you Mr. Smith.

PHONE CONVERSATION ENDS.

Close shot of MAVIS with tears in her eyes and head in her hands. STEPHEN walks up to her.

STEPHEN

What's up now?

MAVIS

Robert is sitting in front of the hotel with a gun in his hands.

STEPHEN

A gun, oh my God. I better go and see if I can get it off him.

MAVIS

(panics)

No, don't you dare Stephen.

STEPHEN

Someone's gunna have to.

MAVIS

I know. I'm ringing up Eddie.

STEPHEN

Eddie! Yeah, well he'd be better. Robert would probably shoot me for practice.

MAVIS

Do you know who he's after?

STEPHEN

I'd say it's the blokes who bashed him.

MAVIS

And they're in the hotel.

STEPHEN

I'd say so.

Close shot of MAVIS'S hand picking up the phone.

INT/EXT: RENEE AND EDDIES' HOME - PAYNE HOME - NIGHT

Close shot of a telephone

RINGING. (O/S)

RENEE picks the receiver up.

PHONE CONVERSATION STARTS.

RENEE (DEBONO)

Hello. Renee speaking.

(cut to)

MAVIS (PAYNE)

Renee it's your Mum. Is EDDIE about?

(cut to)

RENEE (DEBONO)

He's out in his shed, why, what's the matter now?

(cut to)

MAVIS (PAYNE)

It's your brother again. This time he's in front of the hotel with a gun waiting for someone to step outside.

(cut to)

MORE

RENEE (DEBONO)

Oh heck! Do you think you should ring the police Mum?

(cut to)

MAVIS (PAYNE)

The publican would prefer it if we could talk Robert into coming home. It's no good Stephen going near him.

MAVIS (PAYNE) (CONT/D)

(begins to cry)

I don't know what state his mind is in.

(cut to)

RENEE (DEBONO)

Don't cry Mum, I'll ask EDDIE to drive down and see what he can do.

(cut to)

MAVIS (PAYNE)

Thanks love.

(cut to)

RENEE (DEBONO)

Don't you go down there Mum.

(cut to)

MAVIS (PAYNE)

I won't. Goodbye love.

PHONE CONVERSATION ENDS.

CUT TO

INT: HOTEL/PUBLIC BAR - NIGHT

Medium shot of GEORGE walking to the public bar exit door. GEORGE opens the door about three centimeters and peers out.

GEORGE
Well Major's still there.

GREG
This is rubbish. If someone doesn't call the coppers then I will.

PETER
Go ahead then.

GREG
I bloody will.

DAVE
Just leave it for another half hour and see what develops.

GREG
(high pitched)
A half hour!

GEORGE
Do you think he's gunna storm the pub do you?

GREG
He should be locked up. He's a danger to society.

PETER
You're right, just like the bastards that bashed him.

EXT: OUTSIDE HOTEL - PARKBENCH - NIGHT

Medium shot of EDDIE'S car pulling over to the curb and EDDIE stepping out and walking toward MAJOR sitting on the park bench.

EDDIE
Do you mind if I sit down with you?

MAJOR
It's a free country.

EDDIE
You out hunting are you?

MAJOR
Not really.

EDDIE
What would you call it?

MAJOR
Scaring the crap out of some
mongrels?

EDDIE
So you never intended to shoot
anyone?

MAJOR
(grins)
How could I, I've only got
blanks in the gun.

EDDIE
Those marks on your face; did
someone belt you up?

MAJOR
Yeah, and stole my beer.

EDDIE
(sighs)
And they're in the pub.

MAJOR
I don't know about the main
bugger, but the bloke who
egged him on is.

EDDIE
Do you think you made your
point?

MAJOR
I think I might have.

Medium shot of EDDIE standing up.

EDDIE
Then hop in the car and I'll
take you home.

Medium shot of MAJOR standing up.

MAJOR

Get me out of here then.

INT: HOTEL/PUBLIC BAR - NIGHT

Close shot of GREG looking up at the clock.

GREG

The bloody half an hour's up,
so whose gunna ring the
coppers?

PETER looks across at DAVE.

DAVE

All right, I'll do it.

Close shot of DAVE finishing the phone call then walking
in amongst the customers.

DAVE (CONT'D)

The police said that we
should sit still and wait
until they get here. They'll
be here in fifteen minutes.

GREG

We could all be dead by then.

PETER

Some of us might deserve to be
dead.

GREG

Why are you protecting that
half wit?

PETER

He's no half-wit. If you
blokes were half as good at
your job as Major is then you
might have a story to tell,
but as it is now...no, he
buys and sells you blokes.

Close shot of GREG shaking his head.

GREG

I don't care what you say
about us, but we're not the
idiot sitting outside with a
gun.

PETER

That's fair enough, but I just hope when the coppers ask him where he got those bruises on his face that he tells them, don't you?

Medium shot of the public bar door opening and two policemen walking in. CONSTABLE ELLIS and CONSTABLE ADAMS gaze around the patrons.

GREG

Did you lock the mongrel up?

CONSTABLE ADAMS

Hang on, what mongrel are you talking about?

GREG

(raised tone)

That bloody idiot sitting across the road with a gun.

CONSTABLE ELLIS faces CONSTABLE ADAMS.

CONSTABLE ELLIS

What are you talking about?

CONSTABLE ADAMS

Now Dave what did you get us down here for?

DAVE

Young Robert Payne.

CONSTABLE ELLIS

Where is he?

GREG

I told you, he's sitting across the road with a bloody gun aimed on this joint. He's got us surrounded. We're all in friggin' danger.

CONSTABLE ADAMS

You better show us where Robert Payne is.

Medium shot of GREG rushing to the exit door and opening it slightly.

GREG
 (points)
 He's sitting on that...

(beat)
 Well he was sitting on that
 seat over there.

Medium shot of DAVE striding to the door and opening it.

DAVE
 Major's bloody gone.

CONSTABLE ADAMS
 Are you sure he was there?

GREG
 Of course he was there! I've
 never been so scared in all my
 life.

CONSTABLE ELLIS
 How much beer have you drank?

GREG
 Ask anyone else.

DAVE
 Yes Constable, young Robert
 was sitting on the seat across
 the road.

Close shot of CONSTABLE ELLIS.

CONSTABLE ELLIS
 Okay, I'll acknowledge the
 lad was there. Dave can we go
 into the lounge and have a
 private talk with you?

GREG
 Talk! The time for talking is
 over. You should find him and
 arrest him.

PETER
 I agree, and then everything
 might come out.

INT: HOTEL/LOUNGE BAR - NIGHT

Close shot of CONSTABLE ELLIS, CONSTABLE ADAMS and DAVE
 sitting with privacy.

CONSTABLE ELLIS

Well, what's the true story here?

DAVE

There's no two ways about it, the young bloke had a gun out the front all right.

CONSTABLE ADAMS

Do you know why?

CONSTABLE ELLIS

Has he been antagonized by someone in here?

DAVE

Without any proof I'd say his interest lay with Greg Radford and his two mates.

CONSTABLE ELLIS

Did he assault Robert Payne?

DAVE

I don't know anything about that.

CONSTABLE ADAMS

We do.

DAVE

It didn't happen in here.

CONSTABLE ELLIS

We know that.

DAVE

Look, every Friday Robert buys three slabs of beer and Jim Downes carts him away somewhere in his taxi. Where they go I don't know.

CONSTABLE ADAMS

Yes we're aware of that. Now, just for the time being, you said Robert Payne had a gun.

DAVE

That's right.

CONSTABLE ELLIS
What sort of a gun?

DAVE
Bugged if I know...a gun.

CONSTABLE ADAMS
Well was it a pistol, rifle,
bazooka, what?

DAVE
A rifle...it looked like a
rifle.

CONSTABLE ELLIS
Okay, we'll go and have a talk
with Robert and sort this out.

CONSTABLE ADAMS
But first, we might have a
word to, now who did you say?

DAVE
I didn't say anyone, but it's
Greg Radford.

INT: HOTEL/PUBLIC BAR - NIGHT.

Medium shot of CONSTABLE ADAMS and CONSTABLE ELLIS
entering the public bar.

CONSTABLE ADAMS
Which one of you fellows is
Greg Radford?

DICK
He's cleared off.

CONSTABLE ELLIS
Did he say where he was going?

DICK
No. Him and the other two
scarped it as soon as your
back was turned.

CONSTABLE ADAMS
The other two. What other two
are you talking about?

DICK
 (turns around)
 Hey George, what are the
 other two blokes surnames?

GEORGE
 What blokes?

DICK
 That hang around with Radford.

GEORGE
 Oh, Ken Bradford and Andy
 Raines.

Medium shot of CONSTABLE ELLIS writing on a notepad.

DICK
 Look, those two aren't like
 Greg Radford and that other
 fella, um, Wrecker someone or
 other.

CONSTABLE ADAMS
 Not Wrecker Ward. Don't tell
 us that he's involved here
 somehow.

DICK
 I can't be sure.

Close shot of CONSTABLE ADAMS face.

CONSTABLE ADAMS
 Come on, we'll go and have a
 talk to Robert Payne again.

CUT TO

EXT/INT: PAYNE HOUSE/FRONT DOOR/INSIDE - NIGHT

Medium shot of CONSTABLE ADAMS and CONSTABLE ELLIS
 walking to the front door of Payne's house and CONSTABLE
 ADAMS knocks.

Close shot behind STEPHEN opening the door.

STEPHEN
 What now?

CONSTABLE ELLIS
 I think you might know. Can we
 come inside?

Medium shot of MAVIS entering from the kitchen.

MAVIS

Hello again.

CONSTABLE ADAMS

Hello Mrs. Payne. Is Robert home? We'd like to talk with him.

MAVIS

I'm not sure.

CONSTABLE ELLIS

Well is he or isn't he?

Close shot of MAVIS'S face filled with anguish.

MAVIS

Yes, Robert is home.

CONSTABLE ADAMS

Where is he?

MAVIS

In his room.

CONSTABLE ELLIS

Which room is it again Mrs. Payne?

Close shot of MAVIS pointing.

Medium shot of CONSTABLE ELLIS AND CONSTABLE ADAMS walking to the door.

Close shot of CONSTABLE ADAMS hand on the door knob.

CONSTABLE ADAMS

It's locked. Robert, it's the police here. Open your door.

MAJOR

No, nick off!

CONSTABLE ADAMS

You've got ten seconds, then we'll knock the door down Robert.

INT: PAYNE HOUSE/MAJOR'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Medium shot of MAJOR hurriedly closing a case and pushing it under his bed.

MAJOR

All right, I'm coming now.

Close shot of MAJOR rushing to and locking a cupboard.
Medium shot of MAJOR walking to the bedroom door and he unlocks it.

Medium shot of CONSTABLE ELLIS and CONSTABLE ADAMS walking into the bedroom.

CONSTABLE ADAMS

Okay lad, what's your story?

MAJOR

I don't have a story.

CONSTABLE ELLIS

(sighs)

We can always do this at the station.

MAJOR

No wait, what do you want to know?

CONSTABLE ADAMS

We want to have a look at the gun.

MAJOR

The gun.

CONSTABLE ELLIS

That's right. You are a very silly lad aren't you. Now where did you put the gun?

MAJOR

(mutters)

I don't have a gun.

CONSTABLE ADAMS

Good, then you won't mind us having a look around will you?

MAJOR

Wait, um, it's out in the shed.

CONSTABLE ADAMS

Sorry son, but we're going to search your room.

MAJOR

Have you got a warrant?

CONSTABLE ELLIS
 If we have to get a warrant
 we'll go through you like a
 packet of salts. Now where's
 the key to this cupboard.

Extreme close shot of MAJOR'S hand unlocking the cupboard
 sitting and expands to a medium shot as MAJOR sits down
 on his bed. CONSTABLE ADAMS opens the cupboard door.

CONSTABLE ADAMS
 Christ! Son, what are you
 doing with all these weapons?
 Bloody hell.

Shot draws in on MAJOR'S face looking down.

CONSTABLE ELLIS
 I think we might need that
 search warrant now.

Medium shot of CONSTABLE ADAMS and CONSTABLE ELLIS
 lifting out the rifles, bayonets and machetes, and
 placing them against the wall outside of MAJOR'S bedroom.
 Close shots of STEPHEN and MAVIS' shocked faces.

STEPHEN
 Did he have those in his room?

CONSTABLE ADAMS
 And you didn't know?

STEPHEN
 I never had a clue, did you
 Mum?

Close shot of a teary MAVIS shaking her head.

CONSTABLE ELLIS
 We'll see what else we can
 find.

CONSTABLE ADAMS
 What other weapons have you
 got in here Robert?

Close shot of MAJOR'S head bowed.

CONSTABLE ELLIS
 What's under the bed? Come on
 Robert, out of the way.

Close shot from behind CONSTABLE ELLIS on his knees and pulling a case out.
 Extreme close shot of CONSTABLE ELLIS' hand opening the case.

CONSTABLE ADAMS

(frowning)

Pistols! Robert it is against the law to have pistols in your possession, unless they're registered?

MAJOR

They're only replicas.

CONSTABLE ADAMS

And the bloody knives. What do you want all these weapons for?

MAJOR

I just collect them.

Medium shot of CONSTABLE ELLIS throwing the photos and other paperwork onto the bed.

CONSTABLE ELLIS

Hey young fella, this pistol is a real McCoy. Where in the hell did you get all this stuff?

MAJOR

(shrugs)

Here and there.

CONSTABLE ADAMS

Well we're taking all these weapons back to the station and we'll let the Sergeant sort out what you can and can't keep.

EXT: STREET IN FRONT OF PAYNE HOUSE - NIGHT

Medium shot of CONSTABLE ADAMS placing the last of the weapons in the boot of the police car, and then across to CONSTABLE ELLIS and MAVIS standing together on the front veranda.

CONSTABLE ELLIS

Mrs. Payne, I don't think we'll be laying any charges against Robert. I'll explain to the Sergeant what happened here tonight and I'm sure that he'll give Robert a good talking to, but that's as far as it will go, but please don't quote me on that.

MAVIS

(sighs)

I hope so. I don't understand that boy any more.

CONSTABLE ELLIS

Don't worry too much Mrs. Payne. Everything will work out fine.

Close shot from behind MAVIS standing at her front door with the police car driving away.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT: PAYNE HOUSE/FRONT FENCE - DAY

Medium shot of MAJOR leaning against the fence with a stubby of beer in his hand.
Close shot of new camping equipment at his feet.

INT: GREG RADFORD'S CAR - DAY

Side on shot through car window of GREG and WRECKER drinking beer in GREG'S car.
Close shot between the two through the windscreen on MAJOR.

GREG

(chuckling)

The crazy bastard is going back again.

WRECKER

I might do a proper job on him this time.

GREG

What! Kill him.

WRECKER

You don't mind do you?

GREG

Um, no; of course not Wrecker.

WRECKER

I might hone up my torturing skills this time as well.

GREG

(stammers)

Torturing skills.

WRECKER

Yeah...thank Christ we haven't got those other two girls with us. How the hell do you put up with them? They're the biggest pair of pansies I've ever seen.

GREG

They're okay.

(beat)

Hullo, here comes the taxi.

EXT: PAYNE HOUSE/FRONT FENCE - DAY

Long shot of the taxi pulling up at the curb. JIM steps out and faces MAJOR.

JIM

Are you sure you're up to this?

MAJOR

Up to what?

JIM

You're not frightened those thugs watching you might make a return visit.

MAJOR

No.

JIM

Look young Bobby, they mightn't be so lenient next time.

MAJOR

They won't touch me.

JIM

Oh I get it. You think bailing them up in the pub on Monday will have put them off.

MAJOR

No, I doubt it.

JIM

(sighs)

You're more confident than me mate. Are you going to the same place?

MAJOR

Yes.

Medium shot of JIM walking to the car boot and he opens it.

JIM

Come on then, put your gear in. Did the coppers get all your guns?

MAJOR

Yeah, and my knives and bayonets.

Medium shot of JIM and MAJOR getting into the taxi and follows the taxi driving away.

EXT: HOTEL/FRONT DOOR - DAY

Close shot of three cartons of beer being loaded into the taxi.

INT: GREG'S CAR - DAY

Side shot of GREG and WRECKER watching. GREG turns and faces WRECKER and both grin.

WRECKER

Major old son. You didn't forget our beer, so we'll see you tomorrow.

INT: TAXI - DAY

Close shot from the back seat of JIM and MAJOR sitting in the front seat.

JIM
I can't work you out boy.

MAJOR
Can't you.

JIM
You must have a death wish.

MAJOR
Maybe.

JIM
Why in the hell are you going
back so soon after copping
that hiding. You know bloody
well they'll be sweating on
you.

MAJOR
Good.

JIM
I don't like the sound of that
tone.

MAJOR
I have my own reasons why I
must go back. It's important
to me if no one else.

Close shot of MAJOR turning his head and looking out his
window.

EXT: ROADWAY/COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Long shots of the taxi at different locations.

EXT: FOREST TRACK - DAY

Long shot of the taxi pulling up in the centre of the
track with JIM and MAJOR stepping out.
Close shot of JIM opening the boot and both JIM and MAJOR
lifting out the gear.

JIM
Now where are you setting up?

MAJOR
(pointing)
Down there in that gully.

JIM
I want to know just in case
I have to follow Dick's
procedure.

MAJOR
You won't have to.

JIM
You're pretty sure of yourself
aren't you.

MAJOR
Totally.

JIM
Can you give me a hint why?

MAJOR
Put it this way...I'm a
night owl.

JIM
(sighs)
A night owl! All right. Five
o'clock Sunday.

MAJOR
I'll be waiting.

Medium shot of the taxi driving away.

EXT: MAJOR'S CAMPSITE - DAY

CALM BACKGROUND MUSIC
(O/S) BACKGROUND SOUNDS OF BIRDS
Medium shot of MAJOR fussing about his erected campsite
(NEW TENT).
Close shots of the fire, three cartons of beer, an open
bag with rags, gun cleaning oil, thin bottle brush,
sharpening stone and a packet of bullets.
Close shot of MAJOR'S grinning face.
Medium shot of MAJOR walking in the scrub where he bends
down and picks up his wrapped up rifle and machete. They
have rust on them.
Close shot of MAJOR leaning against a tree at his
campsite, cleaning the gun and machete.
Medium shot of MAJOR walking toward the LYREBIRD'S nest.
Close shot of the empty nest, and then an extreme close
shot of MAJOR'S concerned face.

(O/S) LYREBIRD CALL

Close shot of MAJOR'S face turning in the direction of the call.
 Medium shot of a LYREBIRD scratching with the LYREBIRD CHICK close by.
 Close shot of MAJOR'S FACE sighing with relief and smiling.

EXT: MAJOR'S CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Medium shot of MAJOR sitting in a fold up chair opposite his campfire. MAJOR is cleaning his gun with oil and a rag. Other cleaning equipment and the machete lie on the ground close to him.
 There are empty beer bottles scattered as well.

CUT TO

INT: GREG'S CAR - DAY

Close backseat shot of GREG driving and WRECKER in the passenger seat. Both are drinking beer and laughing.

GREG

I'm looking forward to Major's donation again.

WRECKER

I'm looking forward to the chase again.

GREG

(laughs)

Don't worry, I won't drink too much while I watch.

WRECKER

You're as chicken as them other buggers.

WRECKER punches GREG on the arm in a jesting manner. GREG pretends to lose control of the car by swinging the steering wheel.

GREG

(shouts)

I'VE GOT NO BRAKES!

Medium shot of GREG'S car driving out of control and rolling over.

EXT: MAJOR'S CAMPSITE - DAY

(O/S) A GUN SHOT ECHOES THROUGH THE SCRUB

BACK GROUND NOISES (O/S) of alarmed birds follow, with camera shots of BLACK COCKATOOS, WHIPBIRDS, WRENS, a WALLABY and WOMBAT scarping into the scrub. The final shot is of the LYREBIRD and CHICK running into the scrub. In silence, the camera slowly moves along the earth, reaches MAJOR'S legs where he is sitting beneath a gum tree.

Medium shot has movement up MAJOR'S body and closes on his staring face.

Close shot of another gum tree with two photos stuck to the tree. GREG and WRECKERS images. GREG'S image has a bullet hole through it.

EXT: SCENE OF CAR ACCIDENT - DAY

Medium shot swings around the damaged car with steam rising.

Close shot of GREG behind the steering wheel, slumped over and covered in blood. DEAD.

Medium shot of WRECKER lying on the ground groaning and moving one arm.

EXT: MAJOR'S CAMPSITE - DAY

Close shot of MAJOR'S smiling face.

Medium shot of MAJOR picking up a bottle of beer and toasting the photos. MAJOR picks up his rifle and fires. Close shot of bullet hitting WRECKERS image.

EXT: SCENE OF CAR ACCIDENT - DAY

Close shot of WRECKERS face with eyes wide open. Rain drops fall onto the unmoving whites of his eyes.

EXT: MAJOR'S CAMPSITE - DAY

Medium shot of MAJOR gently rubbing the barrel of his gun and smiling.

SOFT MUSIC PLAYS.

The LYREBIRD'S walk close by MAJOR unconcerned. YELLOW ROBIN'S flit close by. A RUFIOUS FANTAIL perches on a tent rope. Medium shot of a KOOKABURRA laughing in a gum tree above MAJOR.

Medium shot of MAJOR smiling and giving the KOOKABURRA the thumbs up sign.

BEHIND CREDITS

Medium shot of a male LYREBIRD dancing on a mound.

THE END