

SAM
WORTHINGTON

STEPHEN
LANG

LUKE
BRACEY

EYES ALONG THE VALLEY

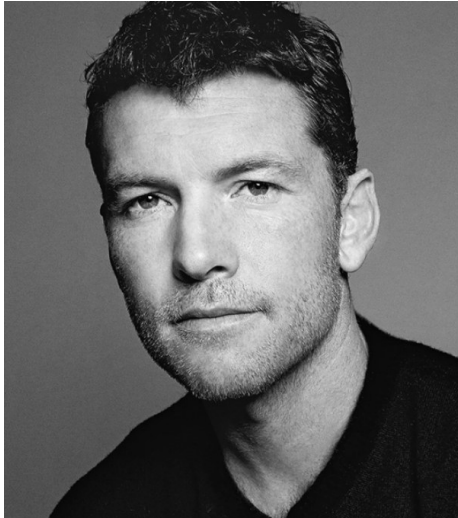
A FILM BY KRIV STENDERS

JUSTICE
IS WATCHING



EYES ALONG THE VALLEY

Starring:



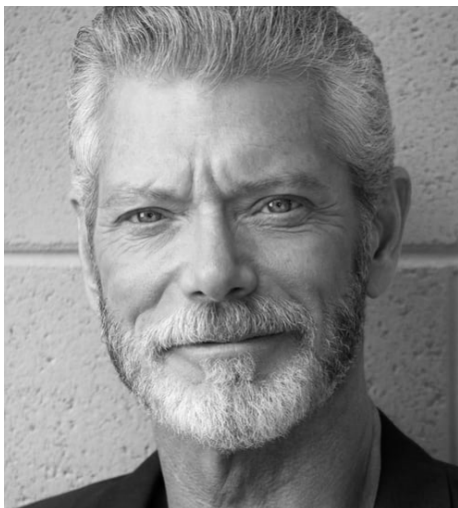
SAM WORTHINGTON as 'Detective Pollock'

Avatar (franchise, \$6.7bn ww)
Horizon: An American Saga (franchise)
Hacksaw Ridge (\$180m ww)
Under the Banner of Heaven (FX series)
Clash of the Titans (franchise, \$795m ww)
Terminator Salvation (\$371m ww)
Everest (\$203m ww)



LUKE BRACEY as 'Detective McArthur'

Interceptor (Netflix)
Elvis (\$288m ww)
Hacksaw Ridge (\$180m ww)
Little Fires Everywhere (Hulu series)
Holidate (Netflix)
G.I. Joe: Retaliation (\$375m ww)



STEPHEN LANG as 'Owen Knox'

Avatar (franchise, \$6.7bn ww)
Sisu: Road to Revenge
Don't Breathe (franchise, \$212m ww)
The Lost City (\$192m ww)
Public Enemies (\$214m ww)
Tombstone (\$56m ww)
Manhunter

EYES ALONG THE VALLEY

Director:	Kriv Stenders	<i>Red Dog 1 & 2</i> <i>Danger Close</i> <i>The Correspondent</i>
Writers:	Luke Bracey Timothy Burnett & Johnny McCoy	
Producers:	Deeper Water Films: John Schwarz & Michael Schwarz Luke Bracey Timothy Burnett & Erin Moy	<i>Beast</i> <i>Gold</i> <i>Danger Close</i> <i>Hunter's Prayer</i> <i>Killerman</i>
Executive Producer:	Natalie Coleman	
Cinematographer:	Thomaz Labanca	<i>Beast</i> <i>Poker Face</i> <i>Thor: Love and Thunder</i>
Production Designer:	Sam Hobbs	<i>Gold</i>
Sound Designer:	Sam Hayward	<i>Beast</i> <i>Kangaroo</i> <i>Elvis</i> <i>Poker Face</i>
Editor:	Veronika Jenet	<i>The Piano</i> (Academy Award nominee) <i>Snowtown</i>
Post & VFX:	Spectrum Films	<i>The Pope's Exorcist</i>
Status:	Pre-Production	
SPP:	Q4 2026	
Delivery:	Q3 2027	

EYES ALONG THE VALLEY

Synopsis:

Sam Worthington and **Luke Bracey** star as Pollock and McArthur, two tenacious detectives in 1950s Australia. Both men are veterans of World War II, carrying their own trauma and demons, and trying to find order in a world without any.

United by a series of missing person cases, they start to suspect a pattern – disappearances on a scale far outnumbering anything they've seen before – and that they've stumbled on an as yet unnamed phenomenon: the country's first serial killer.

A lead takes them deep into the vast Outback, to a sprawling and remote ranch in the hills. There, they find the owner, freshly murdered. Someone's beaten them to it.

Returning to their automobile, they find it's been sabotaged. No car, no food or water, limited ammunition and not a soul for miles. Too late, they realise they've unwittingly stumbled into a spider's web.

This is Owen Knox's (**Stephen Lang**) playground. A highly intelligent, resourceful and implacable predator, himself scarred by war and hidden undiscovered for decades, Knox has set his trap and is remorselessly stalking them. The hunters have become the hunted.

Eyes Along the Valley is a devastatingly immediate crime thriller, set against the harsh beauty and environmental grandeur of the Outback. From director **Kriv Stenders** (*Danger Close*), the film is a taut, tense face-off, punctuated with sequences of white-knuckle action, about men pushed to their limits by an evil they can barely comprehend.

EYES ALONG THE VALLEY

Written by

Johnny McCoy, Luke Bracey
& Timothy Burnett

EXT. WIDE PINES MOTEL - DUSK

A dying sun. A road that stretches in both directions like a scar - faded, cracked, endless.

TITLE : 1951

A battered Holden FX, dusty blue and coughing smoke, rolls into the gravel lot of the Wide Pines Motel. Its lone passenger: A WOMAN, mid-thirties with red hair, coiled tight beneath a cheap scarf. She wears big dark glasses despite the dusk.

The motel sits low and crooked on the edge of nowhere, flanked by wind-thinned gum trees and a half-dead neon sign that buzzes "Vacancy".

INT. WIDE PINES MOTEL / RECEPTION - JUST AFTER DUSK

A small room. A desk with a faded guestbook. A ceiling fan clicks lazily overhead. The woman stands with her bag over one shoulder. The motel owner, DOT, mid-sixties, wiry and sun-leathered, is writing down information.

DOT

You heading north or south?

The woman shrugs. Dot tears a key off a hook. Room 4. Hands it over.

DOT (CONT'D)

One night?

WOMAN

That's the plan.

DOT

Name?

WOMAN

Eleanor Eastman.

DOT

(writing it down)

Nice name.

She watches her a beat too long - not rudely, just curious. She meets Dot's eyes without blinking.

DOT (CONT'D)

You don't have much luggage.

WOMAN
(tightens grip on her bag)
I'm traveling light.

She takes the key. Turns to go. Then -

DOT
Hey - you all right?

WOMAN
(without looking back)
I will be.

She exits. The door swings shut behind her with a soft rattle.

EXT. WIDE PINES MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

A 1948 Bedford tow truck pulls in slowly, engine growling through rust and iron.

The truck parks two spaces down from the woman's car.

At the wheel: the Driver. Face cloaked in shadows, the brim of a battered hat pulled low. He kills the engine. The wind kicks up, hissing through the trees.

Room 4 - a sickly bulb flares to life behind yellowed curtains. Flickers. Holds.

The Driver waits. One breath. Two.

Then: CREAK.

The truck door groans open. A prosthetic leg drops to the gravel with a dull clunk. The driver steps down, slow, deliberate. His gait is off - mechanical, rhythmic, unnerving.

He limps like someone who has learned pain by heart.

THUD. DRAG. THUD. DRAG.

His boots grind toward Room 4. He doesn't go to the door. He doesn't knock.

He stops just to the side of the filthy window leaning in close and peers through a thin slither in the curtains - one eye visible through the grime.

HIS POV - THROUGH THE CURTAIN SLIT

The room flickers under buzzing fluorescent light. The Woman paces. A silhouette, thin and unsteady. She turns. Sits on the edge of the bed, her back to the window.

He watches, still as ice.

She rolls up her sleeve. A leather belt tightens around her arm.

Then: A needle. A vein.

A head tilted back like prayer, like surrender.

Her body folds sideways. Collapses into the mattress like a puppet with cut strings.

Stillness.

EXT. DRIVER'S POV - WIDE PINES MOTEL - LATER

The world has drained of color. Overhead: stars. Motionless. Unblinking.

The door to Room 4 clicks open. No urgency. No hesitation. The woman steps out tired, slow, but practiced, like her body remembers before her mind catches up.

She pulls the door shut with a soft thunk. Locks it without looking.

She crosses the lot sluggishly with her arms tight across her chest, bag slung over her shoulder, shoes barely making a sound in the gravel.

I/E. HOLDEN / WIDE PINES MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

She reaches the Holden - its windows completely fogged up - with her keys out ready to unlock the driver door. But she stops. The latch bolt is up. The car is unlocked.

ELEANOR
(under breath)
Idiot.

She slides into the car and turns the key. The engine sputters to life.

She fiddles with the heater, then breathes into her hands, before taking a handkerchief and rubbing it on the windshield.

Then – MOVEMENT. A rustling sound behind her.

A shadow rises up from the backseat. A hand holding a cloth slips around the seat and covers her mouth and nose.

EXT. WIDE PINES MOTEL – CONTINUOUS

We see the car in the lot, lights on, silently rocking from what we know is a desperate struggle inside. But the car goes still. The lights turn off. Then the engine.

The driver exits from the back door of the Holden, fast – no limp now, just precision. A predator at work.

He opens the door. Gathers her like something breakable. Carries her to the back.

The boot yawns open. He lays her inside.

CLUNK. Boot shut.

CUT TO:

Chains snake from the tow hook, bite into the Holden's undercarriage.

He climbs back into the Bedford. One hand on the ignition.

KA-CHUNK. The engine roars awake.

The motel behind him stays quiet. No one saw.

The truck rolls forward into the darkness – dragging the Holden like a shadow behind it.

EXT. RIDGE – PRE-DAWN

The Bedford tow truck climbs the ridge, slow and mechanical. Gears grind.

Pre-dawn blue spills over the trees.

Ahead – half-hidden in a stand of ghost gums – sits a cottage. Corrugated tin roof. Sagging frame. Windows black with soot. No lights. No movement. Just a shape in the dark, holding something it won't explain.

The truck rolls to a stop. Dust hangs, then settles.

DOOR OPENS. The man steps out. His leg thuds against the dirt and he starts to move like a man going through steps already memorized. No tension. No doubt.

Then, he opens the boot.

She's on him instantly, exploding from the dark like a trapped hawk – shrieking, flailing. Hands like claws. He staggers back – caught off-balance. The prosthetic leg snags on a root. He goes down hard. Dust kicks up.

She runs. The dark eats her.

EXT. TRACK - CONTINUOUS

Barefoot. Bleeding. Red hair trailing behind like fire. She doesn't look back.

Running past broken fencing and the rusted bones of old junk.

She trips. Knees hit dirt. Hands scrape gravel. Her purse spills from her coat – It hits the road with a soft, dry THUMP – unseen and forgotten in the scramble.

She gets back up, running again, pushing her lungs until they burn.

Behind her: THUD. DRAG. THUD. DRAG.

The sound of inevitability. The Driver is coming. Slow. Measured. Relentless.

He doesn't see the purse. Doesn't glance down. His eyes are fixed ahead – dead and certain.

She runs off the road escaping down into a dry creek bed.

EXT. DRY CREEK BED - MOMENTS LATER

She scrambles up the other crumbling bank – fingers clawing for purchase, slick with sweat and dirt.

She turns – wild-eyed, breathing broken.

Too late. He's there with a tyre iron.

One clean, efficient hit. THUD. She drops. No struggle.

He stands over her, breathing steady. The leg shifts. Creaks.

Then he grabs her by the wrists and drags her back toward the cottage like a bag of grain.

EXT. TRACK - LATER

The purse lies open on the red dirt track ... Coins. Lipstick. A compact mirror—cracked like a spiderweb.

Still. No footsteps near it. No eyes on it.

Just the wind brushing past the gums, soft as breath.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - RURAL NSW - AFTERNOON

TITLE: ONE YEAR LATER

A flat landscape. Gum trees peppered across the horizon. Bare paddocks stretch off into the distance on all sides. It looks cold and dry.

A long straight road cuts across the landscape. A FORD SEDAN drives along, kicking dust high into the air.

INT. FORD SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Detective WILLIAM MCARTHUR (30s) is sprawled across the back seat, eyes closed, head resting on the window. In his lap and on the seat around him are stacks of case files.

THOMAS POLLOCK, a detective in his 50s, drives.

Pollock looks back at McArthur in the rear view mirror.

From the radio, the Australia vs England cricket match crackles through the car. Very quickly the commentary becomes distorted by static, until eventually drowning into white noise. Pollock tries to adjust the dial to get the signal back, unsettling McArthur who opens his eyes.

Pollock looks back, whistling, clearly trying to get the attention of his partner.

POLLOCK

You ever seen a place this flat?

A long silence. McArthur doesn't appear to be listening. Pollock adjusts the heater of the car, turning it up.

McArthur turns a page in the open file on his lap.

EXT. SERVICE STATION - AFTERNOON

McArthur and Pollock pull up to a SERVICE STATION. There's a CHINESE RESTAURANT connected to it ("CANTON TOWER CAFE"). It's bizarrely out of place.

Pollock and McArthur stare in surprise at the colourful Chinese signage, before getting out of the car and stretching their legs. McArthur surveys the scene, rubbing his eyes.

Pollock, winces from stiffness as he walks toward the entrance. The younger McArthur seems fine. Pollock reaches the double doors and pushes them open.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Pollock steps in, squinting as his eyes adjust to a large dark, dusty room. The lights are all off, but we can see Chinese decorations on red walls, small yellow paper lanterns hanging across wooden beams, and white tables clothes on round tables.

Pollock looks to the counter; paper menus sit in stacks. He walks over and grabs one, scanning the menu.

POLLOCK

How good.

(shouting to outside)

McArthur, you want lunch?

Pollock sees a call bell on the counter and hits it hard. Nothing happens, but Pollock doesn't notice as he continues scanning the menu.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)

(Shouting)

Want some fried rice? Kung Pao chicken?

EXT. SERVICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

McArthur winces at the sound of Pollock's shouting and bell-ringing. He ignores it as he looks around. He spots a phone booth against the building, a few metres from the entrance.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Pollock at the counter.

POLLOCK
(to himself)
Fucking sizzling lamb.
(Shouting to McArthur)
Oy, let's eat here.

Pollock looks up. He grimaces in annoyance, looking around toward a doorway into a back office. He hits the bell again.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)
Hello? Anyone --

A Chinese woman, Joyce (50s), walks out of the nearest doorway toward Pollock. She moves past him.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)
G'da --

Joyce grabs the bell, then heads toward the double doors.

JOYCE
Restaurant is closed. Sandwiches
only.

Pollock scans the menu again, flipping it over.

EXT. SERVICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

McArthur, now standing a few metres from the car, watches Joyce walk out of the restaurant.

MCARTHUR
Good Afternoon.

Joyce smiles meekly, reaches their car, and begins filling it, as Pollock exits the restaurant and walks to McArthur.

POLLOCK
Sandwiches.

MCARTHUR
I'm not hungry.

POLLOCK
You're not going to have another
chance to eat until we turn around.

McArthur shrugs. He's in his own world, barely listening to Pollock, staring at the phone booth.

JOYCE
You're from Sydney? What are you
doing out here?

POLLOCK
Melbourne actually. This one's from
Sydney.

McArthur walks to the phone booth. Joyce watches.

MCARTHUR
Nice place.

JOYCE
Thank you.

MCARTHUR
We're heading out to the Brooks'
farm. Do you know them?

JOYCE
It's just him now. Denise passed
last year.

Pollock pulls his jacket tight around himself.

POLLOCK
Sorry to hear.

MCARTHUR
Brooks called from here yesterday
didn't he?

JOYCE
Yes. This is the only phone in the
area.

McArthur inspects the phone. Picks up the receiver, it has a
dial tone.

MCARTHUR
I tried calling back. No one
answered.

JOYCE
I'm too busy to take messages for
everyone.

POLLOCK
(under his breath and
looking around)
Are you?

MCARTHUR
How far is his property?

JOYCE

You don't really need directions.
Just keep going. You'll see the
mailbox. It's called Pine Hill.

Joyce finishes with the petrol, puts the pump back, and heads
back toward the restaurant.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

You must've been driving for eight
or nine hours?

POLLOCK

Eleven.

JOYCE

Let me fetch you some afternoon
tea.

Joyce walks into the service station. McArthur walks back to
the car and lays a map on the bonnet. Pollock joins McArthur
at the map. McArthur's finger moves to a property labelled
'PINE HILL'. Joyce emerges with some sandwiches wrapped in
paper bags.

MCARTHUR

There's nothing between here and
their farm, is there?

Joyce shakes her head. Joyce and Pollock exchange the food
for some coins. McArthur gets back into the car.

JOYCE

Hope you like mutton and mustard.

MCARTHUR

(to himself)

I do not.

POLLOCK

It's no prawn toast, but it'll do.

Pollock climbs back into the car.

JOYCE

The road gets bad from here. It'll
be pretty slow going.

POLLOCK

Isn't everything out here?

Joyce smiles, while Pollock rolls up his window, starts up
the car and drives off.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - LATER

The Ford drives along the flat scenery, kicking dust high into the air.

INT. FORD SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

McArthur looks up from a file labelled 'Greg Phillips'. We see a photo of Phillips in the folder.

MCARTHUR

I think maybe we should have told the local station.

POLLOCK

What would've been the point? Trust me, they don't know shit out here.

McArthur puts down the file on the stack. The car lingers in silence.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)

I hope this Brooks fella has something for us. Would be a hell of a long way to drive if he doesn't.

MCARTHUR

Explain to me how Eastman's purse ends up seven hours from that motel. In the middle of the nowhere.

POLLOCK

I don't even know what she was doing in Albury.

McArthur filters through the folders, picking up one labelled 'ELEANOR EASTMAN'.

MCARTHUR

You sure there's no way Eastman could know Brooks? Why else would she have been out here?

POLLOCK

After nine months, it'll be welcome news if she does.

McArthur raises a POCKET WATCH, checking the time.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - AFTERNOON

Their car continues on through the flat country, passing empty fields drifting off to the horizon. The sun gets lower.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD / CATTLE GATE - AFTERNOON

Eventually, they pull up at a cattle-gate. "Pine Hill" is painted on the entry sign.

INT. FORD SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

McArthur checks the map.

MCARTHUR

This is it. Wanna get the gate.

POLLOCK

You never been to a farm? Passenger gets the gate.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

McArthur leaves the car and walks to the gate. It's been padlocked with a new lock. He looks off down the private lane in confusion, and then back at Pollock in the car.

POLLOCK

Now you open it.

McArthur trudges back to the car.

MCARTHUR

It's locked.

POLLOCK

Locked?

MCARTHUR

Yeah.

Pollock looks over at the entry sign.

POLLOCK

This is definitely the place.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Pollock is going through the boot of the car. He grabs two jackets and throws one to McArthur.

In the boot, next to a TARTAN BLANKET, there are two PUMP ACTION SHOTGUNS. Pollock's eyes hold on them for a while, like he wants to take them. But he doesn't. He closes the boot.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Pollock is rattling his knuckles against a fly-screen door. The front door behind the screen is open, which McArthur seems to notice with some concern, given how cold it is.

POLLOCK

Mr. Brooks?

He turns to McArthur after no one answers.

MCARTHUR

Mr. Brooks, it's Detective McArthur
and Detective Pollock.

Silence. Just birds chiming and trees rustling.

POLLOCK

He could be out?

MCARTHUR

Why is the front door open?

POLLOCK

People leave their houses open out
here.

McArthur notices a dog bowl filled with dirty water.

MCARTHUR

Then why padlock the front gate?

They enter.

INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The detectives move through the house. There's no sign of Brooks.

The detectives enter the living room. A door is rattling ahead of them. They approach. Nervously, Pollock opens the door, and a BORDER COLLIE pounces out, straight to the front door. Pollock follows, opening the fly screen so the dog can drink from the dirty water bowl.

McArthur turns and walks through the empty house. He finds a bathroom. It's dark, but there's a buzzing sound, crescendoing as he enters. McArthur looks inside.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Pollock turns away from the dog and is about to walk back into the house, but is stopped as McArthur walks out, pale as hell. His face is blank as he gestures inside.

MCARTHUR

Bathroom.

Pollock moves inside urgently.

INT. BATHROOM - FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Pollock leans down to the floor. We see a MAN'S BODY. His neck is purple, his skin white as ice. He's been strangled. But we don't see his face. Pollock leans out of the bathroom, and notices foot prints along the carpet. He pulls out his pistol.

EXT. FARMHOUSE VERANDAH - CONTINUOUS

McArthur is alone at the front of the house, standing on the verandah scanning the landscape.

INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Pollock is following the footprints towards the backdoor.

EXT. FARMHOUSE VERANDAH - CONTINUOUS

McArthur is still scanning the horizon. He sees a brief flash of movement, what looks like a man's silhouette against the landscape.

McArthur seems stunned. Then he blinks. Again and again.

INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Pollock pulls a curtain and sees McArthur fixated on the horizon, blinking over and over.

Pollock looks back into the room and spots the muddy footprints again, tracing them with his own strides to the back door.

INT. BACKDOOR ENTRANCE - FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Pollock follows the footprints through the dirt behind the house. They stop at a fence. Pollock's eyes follow, staring off to the line of trees in the distance. There's no one there.

EXT. FARMHOUSE VERANDAH - CONTINUOUS

McArthur takes a seat on a bench. His blinking is something more than a nervous tick. He takes a deep breath.

EXT. FARM GATE - FARM - LATER

Pollock is trying to start their car. With no luck. McArthur is behind a tree on the edge of a paddock fence, thirty metres away, staring off across the flat landscape back to Brooks' Farm.

Pollock gets out of the car and opens the front bonnet, revealing the engine. His hands are moving over the engine as he inspects it. Then he stops. The cabling between the spark plug and the engine is missing. The car has been sabotaged.

Pollock stands back in alarm, then looks for McArthur. He can't see him. Pollock draws his pistol. He begins circling the car. There's no one there. He looks out, scanning the flat landscape. Only a few trees. No one in sight.

POLLOCK
(Loud whisper)
McArthur?

McArthur doesn't hear him.

Pollock turns and opens the boot. The shotguns are gone.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)
Shit.

Pollock looks up again, briefly looking around. McArthur appears from behind the tree, and seeing Pollock with his pistol out, immediately draws his own.

MCARTHUR
What --

Suddenly, the passenger window next to Pollock explodes. A gunshot echoes. Birds that were hidden in the grass dart into the air. The after-echo of the gunshot resounds out.

McArthur ducks down, finding cover in the roots of the tree.

Pollock gets down, crouching behind the car. Another bullet hits, knocking off the side-view mirror. Pollock peeks out, trying to get a view of his attacker. Another bullet hammers the car just near his head and he ducks back down.

MCARTHUR (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Stay down.

McArthur is watching Pollock. They are separated by an irrigation channel, and a barbed wire fence. McArthur looks off into the distance, trying to locate the source of the gun shots. He sees the shape of what looks to be a tow truck, far, far away on the road.

The burst of a muzzle flare can be seen as a gun goes off. McArthur aims his pistol, then holsters it. His target is too far away to hit.

Suddenly, McArthur hears two quick gunshots. He turns to Pollock, who is huddled behind the car, shooting out aimlessly.

MCARTHUR (CONT'D)

He's too far!

POLLOCK

Where is he?

MCARTHUR

Three hundred yards.

POLLOCK

In which direction?

McArthur points in the direction of the Truck. A bullet slams into the dirt near him. McArthur looks back to Pollock and gestures at the car.

MCARTHUR

Get the map!

POLLOCK

What?!

MCARTHUR

We need the map!

Pollock crawls to the passenger seat door and opens it. The map is on the driver's seat side. The map, and whole front passenger area, are clearly exposed to the shooter.

POLLOCK

I can't get it.

MCARTHUR

Get. That. Map.

Pollock swallows, then jumps in desperately, grabbing the map. He sees his half-eaten sandwich on the dashboard, and stops for a moment to consider grabbing it.

Another bullet sings out, sinking one of the tires. Pollock falls backwards, bracing and covering his head as another bullet slams into yet another car window. Shards of glass rain down over him.

Pollock scrambles in the direction of McArthur's tree. He skids down into the cover of the irrigation channel, then tries to dive under the barbed wire fence.

It's too tight. Pollock is caught in the barbs.

POLLOCK

I'm stuck!

McArthur freezes. He is staring at the gruesome detail of the barbs closely, cutting into Pollock's back and legs. Blood is showing through his clothes.

McArthur's hands start to shake. He starts blinking madly.

Pollock looks over at McArthur behind the tree, who is opening and closing his eyes in panic.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)

McArthur! Quick. Pull me out!

McArthur is shaking in a state of shock, crouched behind the tree staring blankly at the ground. He doesn't seem to hear Pollock at all.

Pollock pushes himself free of the barbs, clothes tearing, and falls out on the other side of the fence. He staggers over and lands under the cover of the tree root.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you?

McArthur is squeezing his own arms.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)

McArthur!

MCARTHUR

I couldn't see.

POLLOCK

What?

McArthur looks up at Pollock.

MCARTHUR
What happened to the car?

POLLOCK
He fucked it!

McArthur peers out behind the root, beyond the car, to try and spot the man they are facing.

MCARTHUR
Can we fix it?

POLLOCK
No! He must have been here when we
were at the house.

Pollock is looking over to a tree line a hundred meters away in the opposite direction.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)
The trees.

McArthur looks to where Pollock is pointing, then nods.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)
I'll count to three?

McArthur nods again and readies himself. Pollock grabs his arm.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)
Three!

The two men get up and bolt to the cover of the trees. A shot or two ring out through the air.

EXT. TREE LINE - SUNSET - MOMENTS LATER

Pollock and McArthur reach the cover of the trees. Pollock is bent over, panting into his knees. McArthur is resting against a tree.

POLLOCK
We were right.

MCARTHUR
It looks that way.

POLLOCK
Jesus.

The two sit in silence for moment.

MCARTHUR
The only person who knows we're out
here is him.

POLLOCK
Him.

MCARTHUR
How did he know we were coming?

POLLOCK
He must have followed us out here?

MCARTHUR
No. He was already here.

Pollock nods.

MCARTHUR (CONT'D)
He isn't going to get us.

POLLOCK
He almost did.

MCARTHUR
We weren't ready.

POLLOCK
We?

MCARTHUR
We were expecting to interview a
witness. Not to find another
victim. Not be ambushed.

McArthur peeks his eyes out from the tree and looks across to
the horizon. He sees nothing.

MCARTHUR (CONT'D)
By him.

Pollock stares at McArthur's wide eyes as he peers out.

POLLOCK
What's wrong with your eyes?

McArthur turns back to Pollock.

MCARTHUR
For a moment there...I couldn't
see.

POLLOCK
Wanna elaborate?

McArthur doesn't answer.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)
Has this happened before?

MCARTHUR
Once or twice.

McArthur peers out across the field again in the direction of their car, staying mostly hidden behind his tree.

POLLOCK
He took the shotguns.

Pollock crouches low towards a tree, so he too can look out.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)
I don't wanna get shot by my own
gun.

Both men are peering out, searching for their attacker. It's dead silent. Just a bird sound or two.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)
See him?

MCARTHUR
No.

Silence. McArthur suddenly looks back to Pollock

MCARTHUR (CONT'D)
Let's move to --

A bullet slams the trees where McArthur's head had been a split second ago. McArthur and Pollock both dive to the floor covering their heads as splintered wood rains down on them.

The both immediately begin to move through the trees, away from the open field. McArthur looks back as they start running, and sees a FIGURE moving through the tree line behind them. A recognisable limp in the Figure's stride.

EXT. GRASSY WOOD - CONTINUOUS

McArthur and Pollock are running through a wood - not thick with cover - but sparse and open. Very few tree trunks. They keep looking back.

EXT. WOOD TREE LINE - LATE AFTERNOON - CONTINUOUS

They reach the edge of the wood, staring out at another field. Both panting and leaning against a tree each, pistols in hand.

McArthur checks back, trying to see into the darker space of the wood for their pursuer. The sun is almost set. It's hard to see. He's holding his pistol ahead of him. Scanning the trees. He blinks over and over.

POLLOCK

Let's wait here.

MCARTHUR

Not if he's got a rifle.

McArthur looks around. A farm road in front of them, then an empty irrigation canal running left to right. Then another field. Lastly another tree line a hundred metres away on their left. McArthur is staring at it.

Pollock sees where he's looking.

POLLOCK

Too far.

MCARTHUR

Run low, through the channel.

Pollock is thinking.

MCARTHUR (CONT'D)

Let's go Pollock.

Pollock nods, then they sprint across the road. With the way they are moving, they look like they have been in a firefight before. They both dive down into the channel feet first, on their legs and bums.

EXT. EMPTY IRRIGATION CHANNEL - DUSK - CONTINUOUS

McArthur and Pollock are sprinting as fast as they can, but crouching down through the channel.

A bullet slams into the dirt near their heads, but they are crouched too low to be hit. McArthur looks back. Their attacker has emerged from the edge of the trees, a hundred metres back. McArthur can just see an outline.

The irrigation canal turns a corner, then another corner. They keep moving, still low. The sun has set. It's getting dark now.

The channel comes to an end, opening up on yet another massive paddock that runs in all directions to the horizon. Twisted, giant gums dot the field here and there, and a flood bank, like a hill, runs across the skyline on one side.

With a last look at each other, they run out into the field, heading away from the channel and their cover, as the sky becomes night.

EXT. EMPTY DAM - NIGHT

McArthur and Pollock are in a dam, deep and parched of water. McArthur is lying down on his back, hugging his jacket close while he shivers. Pollock is sitting with his elbows on his knees, cleaning his nails with a small POCKET KNIFE. Their noses are pink and the steam from their breath is visible in the air.

POLLOCK

Is it going to be a problem?

McArthur doesn't respond, deep in thought. Pollock starts clicking his fingers at him, trying to get his focus.

MCARTHUR

Is what?

POLLOCK

Hey! I said, is this -
(pointing to his eyes)
- going to be a problem?

MCARTHUR

Show me the map.

McArthur takes the map, studying it.

POLLOCK

Christ it's cold.

McArthur blinks, slowly, a few times. He's staring intently at something. Almost as though he is acknowledging someone who isn't there. He turns away.

Pollock grabs the map.

MCARTHUR

That service station, the Chinese place, we should head back there. We can call the station.

POLLOCK

On foot with him out there? The Service Station is a day or two away. We should wait and hide near a road. Wait for a car.

MCARTHUR

How many cars did you see between that restaurant and Brooks' place?

POLLOCK

I didn't think you were paying attention.

MCARTHUR

We can't stay here. And we can't risk the road. He'll be watching it.

(beat)

He's real. We were right.

POLLOCK

And here we are. Job well done?

MCARTHUR

He's ten steps ahead of everyone, I'll give him that.

Pollock settles back into the dirty slope, looking at the dejected McArthur.

POLLOCK

Not everyone. We found him. After all.

EXT. EMPTY DAMN - LATER

Pollock is watching McArthur. Pollock still hasn't fallen asleep, although his partner has. Pollock, now alone, pulls out a HIP FLASK and takes a sip.

Pollock crawls up the small hill above them to scan the surroundings. There's a road, about a mile away, highlighted by the moonlit sky. He stares at the empty landscape and the starlight, then he hears a sound. A backfire of a vehicle. Distant but distinct.

He sees a silhouette of the tow truck escaping into the distance, rumbling along the farm road. Pollock waits anxiously until the sounds of the truck's engine fades away. He falls back, sighing with relief. He turns briefly to McArthur, who appears to be having vivid dreams.

EXT. DAM - NIGHT / LATER

McArthur suddenly wakes. He is blinking profusely. Against the dark sky, he sees the silhouette of a SOLDIER. He is in profile, revealing part of his face. He is in an Australian Army combat uniform. It's grubby. He smiles, tipping his AKUBRA SLOUCH HAT to McArthur.

McArthur blinks again. The Soldier is gone.

MONTAGE - THE SUN COMES UP OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE

A) FIELDS - The early dawn comes up as noisy birds chirp and chase each other on the branches of gum trees.

B) FIELDS - A group of kangaroos eat from some bushes.

C) CREEK - Water bubbles along a noisy creek.

EXT. EMPTY DAM - DAWN

Pollock wakes up shivering. He props himself up and looks around. Kookaburras are rattling away wildly like bush-maracas. He turns, squinting towards where McArthur was sleeping, but can't make him out. As he focuses, he realises.

POLLOCK

McArthur?

Pollock shuffles across the dam to where McArthur should be sleeping. He's not there.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)

McArthur?

The echoes of Pollock's shouts spook the birds above him in the nearby trees. They fly high into the sky.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)

Bugger it.

EXT. FIELD 2 - MOMENTS LATER

Pollock is following McArthur's footsteps through the frosted grass and thick mud. Pollock sees McArthur in the grass.

POLLOCK

McArthur?

Pollock kneels down next to the shivering McArthur.

MCARTHUR
I found a good spot.

POLLOCK
What the fuck are you doing here?

MCARTHUR
I had to keep moving. Get out of that hole.

POLLOCK
You can't run off mate.

MCARTHUR
I had to keep moving.

POLLOCK
Next time, make sure I can see you.

A deep sound rings out. It could be thunder. Wind. The truck. Or their imagination. It makes McArthur come to.

EXT. FIELD 3 - MOMENTS LATER

Pollock and McArthur are walking tree to tree in a dark wood. The sun isn't properly up and fog is drifting in front of their vision. It's deathly quiet as they move along, pistols out.

There's a rumbling sound that grows. Pollock stops.

McArthur listens. He hear's it too.

MCARTHUR
That isn't a truck.

EXT. CREEK - CONTINUOUS

McArthur and Pollock leave the tree line, Pollock running, McArthur walking, and find a running creek deeply set and snaking its way through the ground. Fog is lifting around them as they each bend down to drink with cupped hands.

EXT. CREEK - MORNING

McArthur and Pollock are next to the creek as it bubbles quietly behind them. They have the map out, splayed across a large rock. They are mid conversation.

MCARTHUR

-- but it is flat. And the way the paddocks are sectioned into grids should make for a fairly straight walk to that servo.

POLLOCK

So we can't use the main road, and I guess we should avoid the private ones when we can.

MCARTHUR

Cross the paddocks. Go through the wooded areas as much as possible.

McArthur points at the map.

MCARTHUR (CONT'D)

Across here, and here.

POLLOCK

Righto.

Pollock is still standing near the creek. McArthur looks up.

MCARTHUR

Don't you wanna see where we're going?

POLLOCK

You were the one who wanted the map so bad. I'll let you keep it.

MCARTHUR

Didn't need to read a map in Crete?

POLLOCK

Just went where Sarge told me.

MCARTHUR

Sarge? How old did you say you--

POLLOCK

--So now you feel like a chat?

Pollock starts walking off down the creek. McArthur folds the map and walks after him.

MONTAGE - MCARTHUR AND POLLOCK TRAVEL ACROSS THE FARMLAND

(A) TREES - Trees sway in a slight breeze. The sun is now fully up.

(B) CREEK - McArthur and Pollock walk along a creek hidden from the fields and road. They both look cautiously at their surroundings.

(C) SEMI-TORN-DOWN FARM HOUSE - The pair are looking at the old house. The roof is caved in. Pollock is waiting out the front. McArthur is inside, looking for anything of value.

EXT. WOOD 1 - DAY

McArthur is sitting under a tree, smoking a cigarette. In the background Pollock is taking a piss. McArthur is looking at the long swaying grass, peacefully, and then he notices a fallen tree.

There, sitting on the fallen log are the hallucination of a YOUNG INJURED SOLDIER WITH RED HAIR and The Soldier from the night before. The Injured Soldier is staring into space and The Soldier is reading a novel to him.

McArthur closes his eyes, taking a drag of his cigarette.

Pollock taps McArthur with the back of his hand. McArthur looks back at the spot where we saw the two figures. They are gone.

EXT. RIVER NEAR BRIDGE - MORNING

Pollock and McArthur are ducked behind bushes, scanning a wooden truss bridge set across a wide river, 200 metres away.

MCARTHUR
We can't wait until dark.

POLLOCK
But he could have eyes on it.

McArthur looks at the map.

MCARTHUR
There's nowhere else to cross.

McArthur points at the map.

MCARTHUR (CONT'D)
There's bush across that field over the bridge. We'd be mad not to.

EXT. BRIDGE - LATER

Pollock and McArthur are walking swiftly across the seventy metre long bridge. hunched low. McArthur keeps looking back into the distance.

They cast looks down the thick wide river, before getting close to the other end.

MCARTHUR

Stop.

Pollock pauses as McArthur reaches him, then looks down the bridge, far into the distance. Pollock squints. A vehicle is coming. Kicking dirt into the air.

POLLOCK

Quick.

They kick into action, running in the direction the vehicle is coming, to the end of the bridge. It's still far enough away not to see them.

McArthur and Pollock reach the end of the bridge, where it's safe enough to jump over the side into thick long grass.

They jump off, one by one, landing in the green grass, then immediately move out of sight under the bridge.

The familiar sound of the Tow Truck's engine becomes audible.

The vehicle drives onto the bridge above them. Then the engine turns off.

McArthur and Pollock hear a car door open, followed by slow footsteps along the bridge. The footsteps are uneven. Paced strangely. THUD. DRAG. THUD. DRAG.

Shadows pass over the strips of sunlight in the wooden beams. The Figure stops.

Breathing quickly, they hear the sound of a lighter lighting a cigarette.

McArthur motions upward, then makes a circle shape with his two index fingers. Pollock nods. He knows what McArthur's suggesting.

They quickly and quietly each move to one side of the road under the bridge.

They turn and look across at each other, pull out their pistols, and mouth "one", "two", then "three".

McArthur and Pollock race up the bank of the river, either side of the road, both rounding a wooden post, and jump onto the bridge with their pistols raised.

MCARTHUR

POLICE!

POLLOCK

DROP THE RIFLE!

The Figure, far from them, hat on, near the other end of the bridge, immediately turns and dives into the Tow Truck.

McArthur and Pollock walk forward, each firing off some rounds. Some hit the tow truck, but it is way too far for a pistol to get an accurate shot.

The vehicle's engine roars as it speeds off away from them.

Pollock turns and quickly heads off in the opposite direction, back over the bridge. He gets twenty metres away from McArthur, who's still staring after the tow truck.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)

He'll come back.

McArthur turns and quickly follows.

EXT. PINE FOREST - DAY

McArthur and Pollock are walking through a dense forest of ancient looking pines. McArthur is a few paces ahead.

There is a clicking sound, almost to a beat. Pollock is slowly revolving the cylinder of his pistol, over and over. Like a metronome. Mist is steaming from his mouth. McArthur looks back at him.

MCARTHUR

It works.

POLLOCK

I know.

Pollock continues clicking the cylinder round and round.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)

Your five and my three.

MCARTHUR

What about em'?

POLLOCK
God knows how many it really is.

MCARTHUR
We should have widened our search
last year.

POLLOCK
How were we to know?

POLLOCK (CONT'D)
This guy. He's...all over the
place.

MCARTHUR
It can't be random.

POLLOCK
Why not?

MCARTHUR
He seems too particular. Too
patient.

POLLOCK
Your first, Phillips...

MCARTHUR
Greg Phillips.

POLLOCK
When did you know he was more than
missing?

MCARTHUR
I suspected. Never had any proof.

POLLOCK
But you did know?

MCARTHUR
He was a POW. Survived the war. He
was a wreck. But he wasn't
suicidal. That was an easy label.

POLLOCK
How did you know he didn't wanna
neck himself?

MCARTHUR
I got a tip, actually.

POLLOCK
Mutual friend?

MCARTHUR
Mutual psychoanalyst.

Pollock starts polishing his gun with his handkerchief.

POLLOCK
Be a hard life coming back from
those camps.

McArthur stops walking. Then Pollock. Pollock senses he's hit a nerve. He walks on past McArthur.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)
(quietly)
I get the impression.

McArthur glaring at Pollock, continues after him.

MCARTHUR
No other cops thought it was worth
it to look into Phillips. But I
did.

POLLOCK
Well, it worked out a bit different
to those first theories.

MCARTHUR
It did.

POLLOCK
He's a bit more dangerous. More of
a sicko than you thought, huh?

MCARTHUR
Sure.

POLLOCK
Just some crooks. Just some crims.
No way it's all the same guy.
(beat)
That's what they said. That's what
I said.

MCARTHUR
He's someone we don't understand.

POLLOCK
Or even realised existed.

MCARTHUR
You didn't really believe that. You
came out here with me.

Pollock stops and turns.

MCARTHUR (CONT'D)
Don't beat yourself up.

POLLOCK
Isn't that what you're doing?

McArthur walks on again past Pollock.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)
You were doing pretty well. Until
we came out here. Jesus. How did
you get us this far?

MCARTHUR
In our car. On a gravel road.

POLLOCK
But you are all fucked up, aren't
you?

McArthur stops suddenly, then turns back. A dark look on his face. Pollock stands up straight, staring back - challenging McArthur's stare. Then he walks past McArthur and continues ahead.

EXT. PINE FOREST - LATER

McArthur and Pollock are moving silently through the trees. Lost in their own worlds.

McArthur hears rustling to his left. He stops. Eyes strained to see through the dense pine branches. He moves past a few trees to see better.

He looks back to his right for Pollock, but he's walked on ahead.

McArthur looks back, trying to spot movement. He pulls his pistol, and walks forward, pushing branches out of his way. There's a figure moving further ahead and obscured but for the moments it blocks light from the gaps in the trees.

McArthur squints, trying to see better. We see the occasional patch of khaki.

It's not their pursuer, or Pollock. It's the Soldier. He is hallucinating again.

McArthur comes to the edge of the forest. He looks like he has seen something other than his hallucinations.

EXT. FIELD OF CARS - SAME TIME

McArthur moves out of the forest into a wide field. We see what he sees; cars. Dozens of them. Parked in a line, further in the distance about fifty yards away. These aren't trucks or country Utes. These are city cars. Some bright, clean, perfect, new. Others worn with age. Worn down and rusted under the constant sun. All of them completely out of place in the countryside.

EXT. DENSE PINE FOREST - SAME TIME

Pollock stops walking. He looks around. Silence.

POLLOCK

Mate?

Silence. He moves forward quickly, weaving through trees.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)

McArthur? Where are you?

Pollock almost trips on something.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)

Damn it.

Pollock reaches the edge of the woods and slows to a stop. He can see McArthur out in the field. He checks left and right, then continues toward McArthur.

EXT. FIELD OF CARS - DAY

McArthur is staring at the field of cars. Pollock appears, then runs past him, ducking into the nearest car. He looks for a key, before attempting to hot wire it. It doesn't spark.

He gets out, opens the bonnet, but then stops. The engine's been sabotaged.

Pollock moves to the next car. Opens the bonnet, investigates, then slams the bonnet back down. McArthur, meanwhile has walked to another car.

MCARTHUR

These things stink.

McArthur opens another. He looks inside. It's empty.

They keep weaving through the cars. As Pollock approaches a newer car, he notices flies resting against the lid of the boot. He puts his hand on the latch and opens it slowly.

POLLOCK

Jesus!

He bats against an invisible scent, then looks back inside the boot.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)

Look.

McArthur rushes over and peers in.

MCARTHUR

Here they are.

McArthur turns and picks up a rusty star picket from an old fence, using it to open the boots of the newer looking cars. Pollock quickly follows suit. Every time they open the boot of a new car, they bounce back in disgust.

POLLOCK

There's too many here.

Finally, we see what they've both been finding in the car boots. Bound bodies of dead women and men in blood smeared clothing. All in different stages of decomposition.

Pollock is staring somberly at another group of cars. One is a dusty Blue Holden FX. We recognise it.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)

That row over there. They're from Melbourne.

MCARTHUR

Do you know the plates?

POLLOCK

I know one.

(points)

That's Eastman's.

Pollock walks away from McArthur - a bitter look on his face. As he does he spots a bottle half buried in the soil. It's an unopened creaming soda. He opens it.

McArthur turns at the sound of the bottle opening. Pollock is gulping it down. Pollock stops and burps, before offering the bottle to McArthur.

McArthur ignores him, rounding one car in particular. He looks extremely troubled by it.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)

What?

McArthur says nothing. But steps closer to the car.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)

You know it?

MCARTHUR

This is Phillips' car.

He makes his way round to the boot. His breathing gets faster as he reaches for the door handle. A slight tremor visible.

POLLOCK

You don't need to see it.

McArthur stops, considering. But then his hand continues forward, grabbing the boot handle.

Before he can open it, Pollock steps forward, placing his hand calmly on McArthur's. He recoils quickly, taking a few steps from Pollock.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)

We'll come back for him. These cars are staying here. But we can't right now.

Pollock pulls McArthur's shoulders round, turning McArthur to face him. McArthur nods. The two walk out of the car graveyard and off into the distance.

Pollock hands McArthur the bottle of creaming soda.

EXT. HILL ABOVE COTTAGE - AFTERNOON

McArthur is walking ahead of Pollock.

They're approaching a lonely hill in the flat landscape. As they reach the crest, a COTTAGE comes into view, surrounded by a neglected garden of native and foreign flora, guarded by a barbed wire cattle fence. Like the blue Holden FX, we recognise the cottage. McArthur and Pollock drop onto their stomachs, with the map flat in front of them.

MCARTHUR

What do you think?

MCARTHUR (CONT'D)

Maybe it's his.

POLLOCK

Stay here for a sec.

MCARTHUR

Where are you going?

POLLOCK

Gonna have a closer look.

Pollock gets up to leave, but then turns to McArthur, pointing his finger like a teacher.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)

Stay. Here. Please.

EXT. HILL AROUND COTTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Pollock cautiously makes his way in a wide arc around the hill to get a look at the building from the other side.

McArthur is lying down on the hill above the cottage, watching. Pollock disappears from view.

EXT. HILL AROUND COTTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Pollock has wandered down to the cottage, and is cautiously scanning through the windows. There's not a sign of life.

EXT. HILL ABOVE COTTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

McArthur still can't see Pollock. He anxiously stands up and starts to walk around the hill to get a better look. Suddenly, Pollock returns from the other side, appearing over the crest.

POLLOCK

Were you about to bail?

MCARTHUR

No.

POLLOCK

Are we good?

MCARTHUR

We're good. What did you see?

POLLOCK
Looked empty to me.

MCARTHUR
Did it look like there was anything
to eat or drink?

POLLOCK
I couldn't see much.

McArthur scans the horizon.

MCARTHUR
Let's wait.

POLLOCK
Just in case I'm wrong?

MCARTHUR
Just in case.

EXT. HILL ABOVE COTTAGE - AFTERNOON

The two Detectives haven't moved. McArthur is staring down at the house. Pollock is on his back, eyes closed. There's a slight sprinkle of rain in the air slowly collecting on Pollock's face. He licks his lips unconsciously, trying to absorb the moisture. Pollock slowly opens his eyes.

McArthur looks at his pocket watch.

MCARTHUR
Two hours.

POLLOCK
What?

MCARTHUR
We've waited two hours.

McArthur looks uneasy, staring at the barbed wire fence bobbing in the wind.

POLLOCK
You alright?

McArthur nods.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)
I was thinking. What if our friend
fought too?

Pollock snaps his fingers in McArthur's face.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)

Am I boring you?

MCARTHUR

No, sorry. But that'd be right. He fought.

POLLOCK

Imagine if you'd met him.

MCARTHUR

This guy is the one in ten you'd see smile after firing off a round into a screaming Jap. But back here, with the war over? He's been blending in for years. If you ever met him, you'd never know it.

POLLOCK

Yeah, but imagine.

McArthur goes back to staring at the Cottage. Pollock turns away to look off in the distance, pulling his coat up for warmth. McArthur looks out of the corner of his eye.

MCARTHUR

Ask me why I keep the cars?

POLLOCK

Eh?

MCARTHUR

Ask me.

POLLOCK

What are you going on about now?

MCARTHUR

Ask me why I keep all those cars, lined up in a neat car park, in the middle of a field, in the middle of nowhere.

POLLOCK

Okay. Why do you keep the cars?

MCARTHUR

Because I like the cars.

POLLOCK

You like the cars?

MCARTHUR

I like them. In their cars.

POLLOCK
Who are they?

MCARTHUR
Just some nobodies.

POLLOCK
You sure?

McArthur shakes his head. He's thinking hard.

MCARTHUR
No. I'm more...organised than that.

POLLOCK
I definitely agree with that.

MCARTHUR
I'm more particular about what I like.

POLLOCK
So who are they then?

MCARTHUR
People I'm particular about.

POLLOCK
Okay. But back to the cars. You told me you like them. But why do you keep them?

MCARTHUR
I like...looking at them.

POLLOCK
That doesn't make sense. You think he's some kind of petrol head?

MCARTHUR
No, no. It's not the cars. It's the people inside them. But you saw how clean the cars were. Maybe I relish taking care of them? Cleaning them. Looking after them. Keeping the dust off them. Shit, I sound like McKinnon.

POLLOCK
Who?

MCARTHUR
The sapper in our company. He talked like that about his kit.
(MORE)

MCARTHUR (CONT'D)

About his bombs. The wires. All that stuff. Just obsessive as hell.

POLLOCK

Okay then. You might be a sapper.

MCARTHUR

I'd bet you I'm a soldier. You see his limp?

POLLOCK

Yeah.

MCARTHUR

And I'm particular. Organised. I'm a neat person.

POLLOCK

There's neat and there's neat.

MCARTHUR

I'm a very neat person.

POLLOCK

So you have to park those cars like that?

MCARTHUR

It frustrates me if I don't.

POLLOCK

I think it might do more than frustrate a man of your...disposition.

MCARTHUR

It...burns.

The two men pause for a moment.

POLLOCK

What do you think of us?

MCARTHUR

I don't know. Maybe nothing at all.

POLLOCK

Try.

MCARTHUR

I'm cautious of you.

POLLOCK

Why?

MCARTHUR
Because you're cops.

POLLOCK
You aren't afraid of cops.

MCARTHUR
Not normally. But I don't know you.
Not well.

POLLOCK
You just found out about us?

MCARTHUR
Yes.

POLLOCK
And now you're worried.

MCARTHUR
Yes. I've got a good thing going
out here.

POLLOCK
You scared?

MCARTHUR
I'm not...scared. I just...Maybe
the ceiling's getting a little low.
Walls are getting a little close.

POLLOCK
You sound scared to me.

MCARTHUR
We'll see.

EXT. FRONT OF COTTAGE - AFTERNOON

McArthur and Pollock are at the front door of the cottage,
pistols out. Pollock grabs the rusted door handle, which
breaks off in his hand. He hands it to McArthur.

POLLOCK
You try.

McArthur pushes against the door, which swings open easily.

MCARTHUR
You first.

POLLOCK
You've got more bullets.

McArthur breathes deeply and walks into the dark interior. We can see Pollock looking sheepish at how quickly McArthur braved the darkness. He follows on.

INT. COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

The inside of the cottage is made up of a large kitchen and dining room, with a single table in the centre, a kitchen bench along one wall, and an iron wood burning stove on a far wall. A hallway stretches off into semi-darkness on the left.

McArthur moves slowly around the table - a single tea cup on a saucer sits on its surface. Pollock walks down the hallway to check the other room.

McArthur walks to the kitchen bench, running his hand along the surface. He holds his hand up, noticing how clean it is.

INT. COTTAGE BEDROOM. - CONTINUOUS

Pollock opens the door. A single iron bed frame. A leather arm chair in the corner facing the bed. Nothing else.

INT. COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

McArthur looks to a single jar near the windowsill. He grabs it and looks inside - a light coloured tea - then smells.

Pollock reappears.

POLLOCK

Coffee?

MCARTHUR

Tea. Herbal tea I think.

Pollock surveys the room, before his eyes land at the stove. He clocks the neat stack of wood next to it.

MCARTHUR (CONT'D)

What's in the other room?

POLLOCK

Nothing, just a bed. A chair.

Pollock kneels down and opens the iron door of the stove, putting his hand inside. He brings his hand out, fingers now covered in charcoal.

McArthur reaches over to the sink and turns the taps. Clean water comes rushing out, and he places his head under the faucet, drinking as much as he can. He finishes.

MCARTHUR
Pollock. Come drink.

Pollock, still looking at his charcoaled hands, gets up and comes to the tap.

McArthur heads over to the hallway while Pollock drinks.

INT. COTTAGE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

McArthur is staring down the corridor. The door at the end is open, washing light into the cottage. He slowly walks toward it.

INT. COTTAGE BEDROOM. - CONTINUOUS

McArthur enters the bedroom. Lace curtains hang over the windows. Dead flies are stuck in the threading and laid across the window-sill. He shakes the curtains to get them off. Warm sunlight filters in.

McArthur looks at the chair. Sees the bed frame.

He looks under the bed. Nothing. He gets up and inspects the walls. Nothing.

He looks at the floorboards, staring for a moment, then looks to the floorboards in the corridor. They are different colours. The bedroom floor is pale, compared to the dark wood outside in the corridor and main room.

McArthur looks again at the armchair, before walking over to it and moving it slowly into the corner. Two floorboards previously underneath the chair have been cut to make a man-hole. McArthur kneels down, removes the boards, and reaches under the floor into the darkness. He pulls out several items one by one.

Lengths of rope. A large paint tin. Neatly folded rags and several towels - all clean.

MCARTHUR
Pollock.

McArthur opens the tin and smells. Pollock walks in and clocks the man-hole.

McArthur gets up and kneels close to the bed, inspecting it.

Pollock sits down in the arm chair looking at the items on the floor. He picks up the tin.

POLLOCK

Bleach.

MCARTHUR

For the floors.

McArthur's fingers glide over the side of the bed, to the springs that attach to the iron frame. Long hairs are caught all along the springs. Tufts of hair, enough to see different colours - brown, blonde. Red.

McArthur stands up quickly.

POLLOCK

What?

MCARTHUR

Look at the springs.

McArthur walks out of the room as Pollock takes his place, seeing the hairs for himself.

INT. COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

McArthur sits down at the kitchen table, placing his pistol and pocket watch in front of him. He checks the time, before his eyes rest on the tea cup. He grabs it; it's an intricately designed ASIAN TEA CUP and SAUCER. He surveys the design.

McArthur hears the front door open and shut.

He turns suddenly as The Soldier walks through the room, heading towards the sink.

McArthur looks back at his tea-cup. It's suddenly full. The Soldier, his back to us, is over at the sink pouring himself a cup of tea. McArthur closes his eyes, before letting out a calming breath.

The Soldier turns round, holding his cup of tea, leaning back on the bench. McArthur opens his eyes.

SOLDIER

G'day Mac.

The voice shocks him. McArthur turns away quickly from the sight of the soldier, knocking the tea cup to the ground.

It smashes on the floorboards. There's no tea in it.

INT. COTTAGE BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pollock hears the tea cup shattering in the next room. He gets up from inspecting the bed and steps to the door, pointing his pistol round the corner. But it's just McArthur sitting there, slouched in the chair, staring at the shards of the broken teacup on the floor.

INT. COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Pollock walks in slowly.

POLLOCK

McArthur.

McArthur looks up at Pollock with unfocused eyes.

MCARTHUR

What?

Pollock looks down at the broken tea cup.

MCARTHUR (CONT'D)

I smashed the teacup.

Pollock puts a hand gently on McArthur's soldier.

POLLOCK

Let's get out of this house.

McArthur reaches down and picks up a shard of the clean teacup, the handle still attached.

Pollock, seeing McArthur is somewhere else, walks out the front door.

MCARTHUR

Pretty cup.

EXT. TREE LINE BEHIND COTTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Pollock walks over the small hill surrounding the cottage, staring out at the horizon.

He looks exhausted and hopeless. He turns back to the house. The weight of their situation heavy on his shoulders.

The wind is howling around his ears.

Then movement.

Slowly, a dark shape emerges from the wood behind him.

The tow truck. The bellowing wind masking the engine's rumble. Pollock looks to his left. He spots it.

Pollock moves quickly, darting down the hill, making for some large gum trees that line a nearby fence. He looks out from behind the trees. The truck is closer, slowly moving toward him.

POLLOCK
Shit. Shit. Shit.

Pollock ducks behind the trees and pulls out his pistol. The approaching truck is now close enough we can hear the FAMILIAR HUM OF THE ENGINE. Pollock peaks out. The driver is obscured behind the windscreen.

Suddenly, the driver's door opens. Pollock drops back behind the tree line, holding his breath. The truck is heading directly for him.

But then the screeching of breaks ring through the air.

Pollock steps out from behind his tree, and sees the truck has stopped. He cautiously tries to see who was driving, but his sight's obscured by a row of trees between him and the now stationary vehicle. He creeps from one tree to the next. Gun raised.

Pollock steps out from the trees.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)
Police! Show me your hands!

But there's no one there.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

McArthur is still at the kitchen table. He hears Pollock shouting. It's faint, but there in the wind. His eyes move to the window, scanning outside.

On the hill, a silhouette stands, looking down at the house. McArthur tenses. He knows it's their pursuer, the Figure. He calmly places the handle of the tea cup on the table, picks up his pocket watch and pistol, and slowly shifts his chair back, eyes never leaving the Figure.

He slides out of the chair and crouches through the room to the hallway. Through another window, he sees the Figure is moving with a slight limp down the hill. Rifle raised.

EXT. COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

McArthur opens the front door, trying to remain quiet. Over at the tree line through the garden, Pollock appears. They make eye contact. They both know he is here.

McArthur, on the verandah McArthur gets down low, and quietly makes his way to the corner of the verandah where he stops and waits.

Pollock gestures "where?". McArthur gestures to his right. Pollock waits tensely for the Figure to appear.

The sound of boots stepping onto the wooden verandah grabs McArthur's attention. THUD. DRAG. THUD. DRAG. He raises his gun. Pollock raises his pistol and props it on his forearm, waiting.

POLLOCK
(to himself)
Get out of there McArthur.

McArthur looks left and right. His eye line strays to the barbed wire fence surrounding the cottage. It's bobbing in the fierce wind, up and down. He looks down. Takes deep breathes. Closes his eyes.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)
Don't...

Pollock looks back at the corner of the house and we begin to see the shadow of the Figure, moving slowly towards McArthur.

On the verandah, McArthur is trying to stay focused. His breathing is fast and sharp. Panic is setting in. Anger visible too. His eyes open and close frantically. His vision starts to blur. He slaps his face in panic.

Pollock watches on helplessly.

McArthur's loses his vision. He starts scrambling slowly back, away from the sound of the approaching Figure. He fumbles his pistol, dropping it.

Pollock makes a snap decision. He steps out from behind the tree, gun raised, and fires two shots in the direction of the Figure, who's rifle tip has just appeared at the corner of the house. Pollock's round hits the wall. The Figure's rifle goes off in retaliation, sending a shot into the trees behind Pollock.

Pollock drops to the ground, hugging the grass tightly as he scrambles on his belly toward the house.

As he gets closer he jumps up and dives onto the verandah, slamming his back against the wall. He moves quickly to McArthur covering him protectively, raising his gun to point to the corner of the house. Moments pass.

MCARTHUR

Can't see a fucking thing.

POLLOCK

Don't move.

Pollock moves to the corner of the house, takes a breath, and swings his arm and pistol round. No one there.

Then suddenly, the loud backfiring of an engine. Pollock winces. The sound of the engine fades over the gusts of the wind and is gone.

EXT. FIELD OF GRASS - AFTERNOON

The two figures hobble through the landscape. Pollock leading, McArthur at the rear.

EXT. DARK WOODS - LATE AFTERNOON

McArthur and Pollock are silhouettes moving amongst the tall trees.

EXT. BOTTOM OF A SMALL HILL - LATE AFTERNOON

McArthur is leaning against a rock staring at a sea of sandy coloured grass stretching off toward the horizon. He looks up the incline of the hill to see Pollock staring off too.

Pollock turns to McArthur and gestures to keep moving. McArthur steps off and walks after Pollock. They continue on into the vast landscape and setting sun.

FADE TO:

EXT. TREELINE - NEAR SHEARING SHED AND SILO - DUSK

McArthur and Pollock are hiding behind some trees. Ahead of them, across the field, is an OLD SILO and run down SHEARING SHED. Thunder cracks over their heads.

POLLOCK

He won't see a fire in there.

McArthur looks unsure and scans the trees, then turns his eyes to the sky.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)
We're going to freeze to death.

MCARTHUR
Okay.

They get to their feet start marching towards the shearing shed, huddled against the cold.

INT. SHEARING SHED ROOM - NIGHT

McArthur and Pollock have made a small fire on the dirt floor of a corner space of the huge shearing shed. Pollock is sipping from his flask.

POLLOCK
My Captain is gonna be pretty happy about those cars.

MCARTHUR
Happy?

POLLOCK
Well. A few closed cases.

MCARTHUR
I thought the bodies might be more of a find.

POLLOCK
Automotive Theft care more about where the number plates end up.

MCARTHUR
I knew you weren't homicide.

POLLOCK
You never asked.

MCARTHUR
It was either that. Or Victorians do it differently down there.

POLLOCK
My Captain didn't give two shits when I connected Sholl and Davis to Eastman. I wasn't trying to make a fuss. I just knew they all were missing under similar circumstances. Cars didn't show up.
(MORE)

POLLOCK (CONT'D)

Drivers didn't show up. Similar ages. Maybe all had drug issues. Anyway. He didn't care. Just said "find the cars, even if their bodies are in the boot".

MCARTHUR

Did he actually say that?

POLLOCK

He did.

(beat)

Anyway. You called. Turned out the case had legs. Cheers.

Pollock takes a swig from his flask.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)

How did you get the job?

MCARTHUR

I just asked.

POLLOCK

The old silver spoon?

MCARTHUR

It hasn't worked in my favour.

POLLOCK

Or mine.

MCARTHUR

So you're the gold standard for police work?

POLLOCK

Well I can see straight during work hours.

MCARTHUR

I'm not in the best state. I've had that certified by brighter minds than yours.

POLLOCK

Oh yeah? And what did they say?

McArthur says nothing, staring into the fire stubbornly.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)

A lot of people came back different. I know.

Pollock throws his hip flask to McArthur.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)

What do you see? Before your eyes
stop?

McArthur sniffs the hip flask, before throwing it back.

MCARTHUR

Nothing.

POLLOCK

Get fucked. You're not seeing
nothing. What is it?

McArthur just shakes his head, staring into the fire.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)

Who do you see?

MCARTHUR

Don't know.

POLLOCK

Who was he?

MCARTHUR

Just stop.

POLLOCK

What happened to him?

MCARTHUR

Stop. I don't want to see him
again. I can't look.

POLLOCK

But you did look.

McArthur puts his head back against the wall.

MCARTHUR

My neck. My fucking neck.

Pollock gets up and walks over to McArthur, crouching down
next to him.

POLLOCK

I know we saw horrible things.
Things that were made even worse
cause we'd caused them. But
whatever it was you saw. Who ever
it happened to. It's done now. You
don't have to see it again.

MCARTHUR
It's all I see Pollock.

POLLOCK
(whispered)
What?

MCARTHUR
I thought it was better for us folk
not to talk about it.

POLLOCK
You started all this. You called
me. And I'm here.

Pollock goes back to his spot and lies down.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)
We're dealing with a serious piece
of work, and we will see him again.
You're gonna get me killed. And
you're not even gonna see it.

INT. SHEARING SHED ROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight shines through the walls onto Pollock's face, waking him. Smoke from the dying fire is drifting up through the roof. Pollock pushes dirt onto the embers to stop the smoke. He pauses, hearing a creak of timber above him, then looks across to where McArthur was sleeping. He's not there.

INT. SHEARING SHED HALL - CONTINUOUS

McArthur is moving slowly across the open floor, meandering towards a rickety stairwell to the second level. Moonlight is entering the room in strips, shining through the gaps in the timber walls.

There, standing against an open window, we see the Soldier. Clean cut, dressed in a Military uniform. He sees McArthur and smiles.

McArthur pulls out his Pocket Watch and checks the time.

The Soldier is still at the windowsill looking out.

SOLDIER
There you are, Mac. Come and have a
look at this.

McArthur walks over to the window and looks out onto the moonlit field.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)
Bloody quiet.

MCARTHUR
Makes one anxious though.

McArthur doesn't notice, but the Soldier is now grubby, thin, and gaunt. He's suddenly wearing tattered and dirty POW clothes. He stumbles slightly on the windowsill. McArthur puts an arm around his shoulder to steady him.

MCARTHUR (CONT'D)
You know I can't sleep well in the quiet now.

SOLDIER
You need noise?

MCARTHUR
Just...something to listen to. But I'm okay

SOLDIER
Nah, you're not.

McArthur looks down and sees blood on the floor. It's pouring out of a wound in the Soldier's torso. McArthur looks up, panicked. The Soldier is gone. He closes his eyes and stumbles, reaching out to steady himself. His hand hits the window frame. There's not a drop of blood. Small tears drip down his face.

McArthur looks away and starts blinking. The world goes quiet. The crickets outside have stopped. McArthur opens his eyes. Sweat drips off his face. The sound of a barn door swinging open pierces the silence.

McArthur hears a creak from downstairs. He pads his pockets for the pistol and pulls it out. In the shards of light he checks the chamber. He slowly creeps toward the stairs near him. It's pitch black but for the moonlight. He looks down into the dark stairwell. He has his gun held up, waiting for something to move in the darkness. He whispers.

MCARTHUR
Pollock?

The shuffling of clothing can be heard. A quiet footstep. Then a slow and precise voice reverberates from the shadows.

It's the Figure from the cottage. The person who shot at them at their car. The killer they've been searching for, and the man that has been pursuing them. OWEN KNOX (60s).

KNOX

No.

McArthur, eyes wide, stares into the darkness of the shed. He can't see a thing in the shadows. He holds his pistol firmly, trying to sense where the voice is coming from.

KNOX (CONT'D)

Which one are you?

MCARTHUR

I'm armed.

KNOX

Who were you talking to?

MCARTHUR

What?

KNOX

I only counted two of you. But there's more isn't there? If not in the flesh.

There is a shuffling of feet down the stairs. McArthur hears and moves positions to the other side of the door frame, trying to get a better look.

KNOX (CONT'D)

Who's up there with you?

MCARTHUR

No one.

KNOX

Okay. Where's your other friend then? The one who you seem determined to leave by himself.

MCARTHUR

He can handle himself. He's got a badge.

KNOX

What does he need that for out here?

MCARTHUR

It helps when you need to convince someone you're a policeman.

KNOX

I imagine that must be hard for the two of you.

A bullet suddenly explodes through the wooden wall in front of McArthur. The blast has missed him by inches. For a brief moment it lights up the room and we see the body - not the face - of a tall, lean, male.

It's Owen Knox, in the flesh. Finally.

Knox runs across the bottom of the stairwell. McArthur breaks cover and fires twice, narrowly missing.

Knox fires again, breaking a hole in the wall behind McArthur, lighting the room with moonlight. McArthur hears the loading of the rifle.

He moves to a corridor to get clear of Knox, but a collapsed roof blocks his way. McArthur turns sharply as the silhouette of Knox enters the room at the other end.

Knox fires.

A bullet hits McArthur sharply in the chest below his left arm.

McArthur fires two rounds in shock before stumbling back down a wool-shoot onto the ground floor. His pistol falls down a dark gap in the wood, disappearing. Holding his breath, looking up, he can see the silhouette of Knox above him, stepping across the floorboards.

McArthur turns in pain in the dirt, crawling, splayed out, military-style, but dragging one arm. Ahead, he can see an opening to the misty paddock outside.

INT. SHEARING SHED - CONTINUOUS

Pollock is creeping through the shed, toward the commotion.

EXT. FIELD NEXT TO SHED - CONTINUOUS

The dawn has arrived. Mist has descended, engulfing the surrounding plains in white cloud. Thick and deceptive and pulsing.

McArthur crawls out of the opening. He stands with great difficulty, blood flowing from his wound, and stumbles forward away from the shed. The mist engulfs him.

INT. SHEARING SHED - CONTINUOUS

Pollock moves out of cover, pointing his pistol down a long room of the shearing shed.

Pillars and corridors move off in all directions and in the low light the shapes appear life-like.

There is movement ahead. Knox crosses Pollock's view at the far end of the room. Pollock creeps along, trying to get a better view. The wood at his feet creaks and Pollock winces at giving off a sound.

Movement ahead again. But closer. Pollock has given away his position.

Pollock moves to a new spot.

The two are playing a game of chess. Trying to get the upper hand on one-another.

Pollock takes a deep breath and moves fast to a new spot. Then quickly sets up - holding his gun high. Waiting.

Footsteps. Movement. Pollock breathes in. Holds his gun steady. Squints in the darkness.

A shape appears. Just visible. It's Knox. But it's not a clean shot.

Pollock fires a round. It hits Knox in the lower leg. We hear a loud shout of shock, then Knox disappears from view.

Pollock stands, ducking under a wooden beam, moving quickly across the room. He turns the corner, gun up.

Nothing.

He races along the corridor and turns.

No one there.

Another corridor. Empty.

He reaches the double doors to the shed and jogs out into the mist. He can't see a thing.

He's alone.

EXT. MISTY FIELD - OUTSIDE SHED - CONTINUOUS

McArthur is stumbling through a field of lavender-coloured flowers. It's a surreal landscape amidst the fog.

We hear the sound of feet running in wet mud.

EXT. FOG / P.O.W CAMP - BURMA RAILWAY - CONTINUOUS

McArthur feels something grip his forearm. It's the Soldier, weighing McArthur down, pulling him into the field he's trying to cross. Slowly McArthur collapses to the ground.

He lands with a violent thud into the dirt. His hand has fallen into a string of barbed wire, badly cutting him. He presses himself up with great difficulty, untangling his hand.

McArthur is hallucinating again ...

McArthur is staring at the Soldier's corpse, strung over a barbed wire fence, within the thick fog. The Pocket Watch, slipped from his pocket, sits below him in the grass.

Blood is dripping down the corpse. The fog starts to clear revealing a jungle forest, not at all like the Australian gum trees we've become used to. McArthur looks thinner and younger, and terribly malnourished.

He is metres ahead of a group of emaciated Australian soldiers, standing in queue to a railway, still looking at the body hanging over the barbed wire.

MCARTHUR

Can you take him down, at least?

Out of the fog, a Japanese soldier marches over to McArthur and belts him with his rifle.

JAPANESE SOLDIER

(in Japanese, facing
prisoners)

You will all remember next time.

MCARTHUR

I don't under--

McArthur is beaten again.

The Japanese Soldier stares at McArthur resolutely for a moment, before whistling to someone nearby. Another two Japanese soldiers come out of the fog and pick up McArthur, dragging him over to a wooden post. They stand him up against it, first tying his legs, then his body, then his arms. Finally they grab his head and push it aggressively back against the wooden post, wrapping a thick strip of canvas around his forehead to stop him looking anywhere but forward. He grimaces in pain.

MCARTHUR (CONT'D)

My...my neck.

Ahead of him he sees the Soldier's body. Hanging lifelessly. McArthur looks beyond, trying to see through the mist. Slowly he passes out.

TIME LAPSE / MONTAGE - MCARTHUR, TIED TO POST, WATCHES SOLDIER'S BODY DECOMPOSE.

A) POST - McArthur is awake, tied to the post, staring forward. Water drips off the lifeless body.

B) POST - McArthur is exhausted. Still staring forward. The rotting Soldier's body hasn't moved. It's hard to tell the difference between the buzzing of flies, and the screech of crickets.

C) POST - McArthur's lips are completely chapped. He nods off. The Japanese Soldier standing nearby steps forward and whacks him across the torso with a bamboo stick. They are not letting him sleep. He starts to develop his nervous blinking tic.

D) POST - Flies are still buzzing around the corpse. McArthur screams.

E) POST - Birdsong. The beautiful sounds rouse McArthur. The Soldier's body is picked at by the birds. The body is a foul light green. Bruising has gone dark purple. McArthur is trying to avoid looking at the body, but can't. A JAPANESE SOLDIER picks up the Pocket Watch next to the Soldier. He walks over to McArthur, placing it in McArthur's pocket. McArthur, staring at the rotting corpse. His blinking tic reaches a crescendo.

FADE TO:

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - DAWN

Joyce is making a cup of tea. The water is bubbling away in a pot on the stove.

EXT. CHICKEN COUP - DAWN

Joyce pulls eggs from inside a coup at the side of the restaurant.

EXT. VEGETABLE PATCH - DAWN

She cuts some winter asparagus from the soil of a pretty vegetable garden.

INT. DINING ROOM - SERVICE STATION - EARLY MORNING

She walks through the room back toward the kitchen. A basket with vegetables is in her hand.

INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Joyce is placing the vegetables and eggs onto the kitchen bench. She turns--

--Owen Knox is standing in the doorway.

JOYCE

My god.

There's a long moment of silence. Knox is not staring at Joyce, but through the window. To the road. He is sweaty, grubby, and bleeding.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

Owen.

Knox turns to her.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

What's happened?

Knox spots the pot on the stove and walks to it.

KNOX

(to himself)

Cup of tea would be good.

He sets about making some tea. Joyce watches on.

JOYCE

Owen?

KNOX

Yes.

JOYCE

Are you going to tell me where you've been?

KNOX

Tractor's broken again.

He turns to her.

KNOX (CONT'D)

Spent all morning trying to fix it.

A bird crows outside, and Knox turns back to the window looking out.

KNOX (CONT'D)

Bloody thing.

Knox looks down at his grubby, bloodied hands. They start to shake. He looks down further and sees a bullet hole in his pants below his knee. There's no blood.

KNOX (CONT'D)

Stupid old thing.

Joyce comes over to see him. Then spots the hole in his trouser leg.

JOYCE

What is wrong? Look at you.

He can't look at her. He moves to the small kitchen table and sits down, before pulling his trouser pant up revealing a wooden and metal prosthetic leg from the knee down. He pulls it off in relief.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

I filled up the car for those two men. I came back and you weren't here.

KNOX

I haven't slept in two days. I've been in the paddocks. Down near Brooks' farm. All over. Driving. Walking. My leg Joyce. It's killing me.

Joyce sits down next to him.

KNOX (CONT'D)

You can't tell by looking at me.
But it is.

She brushes his hair back off his face.

JOYCE

I can tell.
(beat)
Those men.

KNOX

They killed Brooks.

Joyce's eyes go wide and she holds her hand up to her mouth.

KNOX (CONT'D)
Strangled him.

JOYCE
They were looking for him. When
they came here. Where are they now?

KNOX
They had to, I think. I don't know
why. But I found Brooks' body. They
wanted him for something.
(beat)
I think they want me.

JOYCE
For what?

KNOX
I don't know, but I think it has
something to do with the war. They
think I did something. Something
bad.

JOYCE
What?

KNOX
They think...

Knox can't finish. He looks on the verge of a breakdown.

KNOX (CONT'D)
They think I've killed lots of
people.

JOYCE
You have.

KNOX
But not...
(beat)
Killed people when I shouldn't
have.

JOYCE
It was a war. You have to kill.

KNOX
That's right.

JOYCE
I don't care about that. I've never
cared about that.

Knox smiles. She's calmed him.

But then he sees something. On the road. He immediately starts putting on his leg. Joyce turns to look. It's McArthur, staggering up the road into the Service Station. Joyce looks at Knox questioningly.

KNOX

Let him in.

JOYCE

No! You let him in.

KNOX

It's okay, he won't hurt you. I won't let him. Sit him down. Make him a cup of tea.

Knox walks to another door at the far end of the room.

KNOX (CONT'D)

I need to find the other one.

JOYCE

Owen, I'm scared. What am I going to say to him?

KNOX

(to himself)

He won't be far.

JOYCE

Look at me!

Knox snaps out of it.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

What am I meant to say?

KNOX

You always know the right thing to say.

EXT. SERVICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

McArthur, white as a ghost from blood loss, leans against the glass window of the service station, looking in. He bangs a few times on the glass.

Joyce appears from a doorway and heads to McArthur with her keys, opening the double doors.

INT. DINING ROOM - SERVICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Joyce, panicked, helps McArthur into the restaurant. The lights come on in the room, lighting the space so we can see the details that we couldn't when Pollock first came in days earlier. Red lanterns shining brightly, strung across the ceiling, cast a sinister glow everywhere.

Joyce sees McArthur's gunshot wound. Her eyes hang on it.

JOYCE

What, what, happened? You--

MCARTHUR

--Water... Please.

JOYCE

Yes, yes. Quick.

Joyce helps McArthur to a booth against a wall and collapses onto the seats. Joyce has grabbed a glass of water from the bar nearby and placed it in front of McArthur.

McArthur drinks it down between ragged breaths.

Joyce is just standing there, not knowing what to do.

McArthur slumps forward onto the table, staring into space. He looks up at Joyce.

MCARTHUR

I need tweezers.

Joyce stares at his wound.

MCARTHUR (CONT'D)

Can you get them please.

Joyce goes behind the bar - we hear her rooting around in a box. It's an old first aid kit. She comes back with some tweezers and a bandage and places them in front of McArthur on the table.

He pulls his shirt back and we see his wound. He picks up the tweezers and holds them to the wound. But he stops. His hand is shaking like mad. He looks at Joyce.

MCARTHUR (CONT'D)

I won't be able to do this.

JOYCE

Oh god.

MCARTHUR
If you could.

He holds them out.

Joyce comes over and sits next to him. McArthur looks at the door to the restaurant.

MCARTHUR (CONT'D)
(to himself)
We need to be quick.

Joyce follows his gaze to the door. Then back to the wound. She hesitates, then takes the tweezers.

JOYCE
Am I...

MCARTHUR
There's a bullet in there. And you're just going to stick those in - wait until you feel the metal hit something rock hard - then pull it out. It'll be slippery as hell.

Joyce takes a deep breath. Then sticks the tweezers into the gunshot wound. McArthur groans in pain. But he keeps it under control.

MCARTHUR (CONT'D)
Yep. Keep going.

Joyce has the tweezers all the way in.

JOYCE
I can't feel anything hard!

Joyce looks at the door in panic. McArthur's eyes are closed in pain.

MCARTHUR
(through ragged breaths)
Feel around.

Joyce continues. But nothing.

MCARTHUR (CONT'D)
Okay stop. Stop. Take them out.

Joyce pulls the tweezers out.

MCARTHUR (CONT'D)
Fuck it.

Joyce isn't moving. McArthur leans back into his chair in momentary relief from pain, his breathing coming more steady.

MCARTHUR (CONT'D)

It hasn't gone in straight.

McArthur looks around the room, then down at the white table cloth of the booth. It's no longer pristine like all the others in the room. It's now covered in his blood and grime.

MCARTHUR (CONT'D)

Sorry. It's been a rough day.

Joyce watches as McArthur pulls out his pocket watch, and slowly shakes it.

MCARTHUR (CONT'D)

Couple of days.

JOYCE

You didn't drive back. You...saw Brooks?

MCARTHUR

We had some car trouble. We had to walk.

Joyce looks suspicious.

JOYCE

Where is your friend?

MCARTHUR

I don't know. Hopefully not far.

Joyce looks at the door. McArthur notices her alarm.

They lock eyes for a moment.

JOYCE

I'll...get you something warm. Tea.

MCARTHUR

Okay.

Joyce walks to the bar and prepares some tea for McArthur.

Half-dazed, McArthur scans the room. He is sitting close to the bar. Photos are stuck to the wall haphazardly. WEDDING PHOTOS OF JOYCE AND OWEN KNOX. They are happy and smiling, and appear in their 20s and 30s. Knox is surrounded by many of Joyce's Chinese family members - elderly parents. Three sisters. But Knox is alone. No family with him.

There are other photos of the pair, from across the decades. They have had a long life together.

McArthur, having never seen Knox's face, doesn't notice the connection.

Joyce walks to the table and gives McArthur his cup of tea.

MCARTHUR (CONT'D)

Thank you.

JOYCE

How did that happen?

Gestures to his wound.

MCARTHUR

We got to Brooks' farm. We were attacked.

JOYCE

By who?

MCARTHUR

Is there a phone in here?

JOYCE

The man shot you?

MCARTHUR

I'm a policeman. My friend too. I'm sorry we haven't told you, but we didn't want to cause a stir out here.

McArthur looks out the window, to the phone booth outside.

MCARTHUR (CONT'D)

I need to use that phone. I need help.

McArthur grabs the bandage on the table and starts wrapping it around his torso above his arm. He groans again in pain.

JOYCE

I didn't realise you were policemen when you showed up. But I...knew there was something wrong. Will more of you come?

MCARTHUR

Not unless I can use that phone.

McArthur picks up his tea and gulps it down. He looks at the teacup in front of his face, and suddenly recognises the Chinese print. It's exactly like the cup he found earlier in the cottage.

MCARTHUR (CONT'D)

That's an interesting print.

JOYCE

My father's set.

MCARTHUR

And it's jasmine tea.

JOYCE

Yes.

MCARTHUR

You the owner?

JOYCE

My husband and I.

MCARTHUR

Is he here? Your husband?

JOYCE

No.

Joyce hesitates.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

He's out.

MCARTHUR

Picking mushrooms? Slaughtering duck?

JOYCE

Excuse me?

MCARTHUR

For your kitchen.

JOYCE

I've told you, the restaurant is closed this time of year.

McArthur looks at the front doors.

MCARTHUR

Should we be expecting him anytime soon?

JOYCE

He's always working. He comes and goes all hours.

MCARTHUR

He go into town much?

JOYCE

Of course.

MCARTHUR

Sydney?

JOYCE

Yes.

MCARTHUR

Melbourne too?

JOYCE

Do you have a wife?

MCARTHUR

I don't.

JOYCE

If you did I'm sure you wouldn't tell her everything.

MCARTHUR

Fair enough.

(beat)

Long drive into the city. Isn't it?

JOYCE

Yes.

MCARTHUR

Be a slower drive back.

Joyce looks confused by this.

MCARTHUR (CONT'D)

I'm going to use the phone.

With great difficulty, McArthur makes to move out of the booth but stops.

Knox is standing in the entrance doorway. Rifle in hand.

He stares at McArthur. McArthur stares back. Although McArthur hasn't seen Knox's face, he knows who he's looking at.

Joyce gets up and walks quickly to Knox. They are out of earshot of McArthur.

JOYCE

Owen. They're policemen--

KNOX

--Go to the house. Lock every door and wait there for me. Can you do that?

Knox and McArthur haven't taken their eyes off each other.

Joyce hesitates, before quickly leaving.

Knox walks through the room and stands over McArthur. The two stare, saying nothing. McArthur has sweat pouring down his white face. His breaths are laboured. His panic is rising. He tries to hide it, but he can't stop the occasional blinking tic.

MCARTHUR

Can you help settle a bet?

KNOX

Okay.

MCARTHUR

You were a soldier?

KNOX

I was.

Knox pulls up his trouser leg to reveal his wooden leg. McArthur nods.

KNOX (CONT'D)

What'd you wager?

MCARTHUR

Doesn't matter.

KNOX

You've got a serious wound there.

Knox looks from his gunshot wound back to McArthur's face. McArthur blinks. Blinks again.

KNOX (CONT'D)

Amongst other things.

Knox raises his gun.

KNOX (CONT'D)

Come with me.

McArthur gets up slowly from the booth. Knox helps.

Knox leads McArthur down to the far end of the room.

INT. RESTAURANT HALLWAY

Darkness. A door opens in the middle of a long hallway and light pours in. McArthur stumbles into the corridor. Knox behind him.

They walk down a few paces to a door with multiple locks.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

We see the office door and hear multiple keys unlocking multiple complicated locks. There's a pause. Then the door opens and McArthur walks in. Knox behind him.

The room is a far cry from a restaurateur's office. From the decor, maps, and radios, it is obviously a functioning office for a farm. Nice wall paper. A well-made desk. A lamp. Maps of the area cover one wall, as well as maps of NSW and Victoria.

Knox seats McArthur at the desk. McArthur's eyes move to another area where two large maps of Melbourne and Sydney are pinned against a cork board. There are thirty or so pins scattered across the two maps.

McArthur's eyes then spot two shotguns in the corner. His and Pollock's, stolen from the back of their car.

Knox locks the door to the office with a large set of keys.

KNOX

I'm normally quite private.

McArthur stays silent.

KNOX (CONT'D)

No one else has ever been in here.

Knox sits down at the desk.

KNOX (CONT'D)

Secret to a happy marriage.

(beat)

What's your name?

McArthur stays mute. Knox shuffles forward and holds out his hand.

KNOX (CONT'D)

Good morning, I'm Owen Knox. And you are?

MCARTHUR

William.

KNOX

William?

MCARTHUR

McArthur.

KNOX

What are you doing here William McArthur?

MCARTHUR

What do you want me to say?

KNOX

Why not tell me the truth?

Still silence from McArthur.

KNOX (CONT'D)

Don't be modest. You're a detective.

MCARTHUR

Then why do you think I'm here. What do you think we do all day?

KNOX

That's a great question.

Knox shuffles his seat closer.

KNOX (CONT'D)

I'll ask one more time. Why are you really here?

MCARTHUR

Closure.

KNOX

I can certainly offer you that. Although I doubt it's the closure you hoped for.

Knox stands and walks to a basin in the corner of the room. He washes his hands meticulously.

KNOX (CONT'D)

As you are here, you must know, I'm fond of offering closure.

Knox dries his hands, then moves past the cork-board with the map of Sydney. McArthur stares at the map.

KNOX (CONT'D)

You know those spots?

MCARTHUR

Some.

Knox sits back down in front of McArthur.

KNOX

How long have you been looking for me?

MCARTHUR

Three years.

KNOX

You can see why I wonder what you do all day.

MCARTHUR

Depends how you look at it.

KNOX

How so?

MCARTHUR

We didn't even know we were looking for you. For the best part of it.

KNOX

But you realised at some point?

MCARTHUR

We guessed.

KNOX

How? Please. I'm interested.

MCARTHUR

The first man that went missing, Greg Phillips. We both came out of the war at the same time. Were treated in the same hospital.

KNOX

So?

MCARTHUR

Some people I know hadn't seen him for a while. And he wasn't suited for suicide.

KNOX

You had a missing man. So what?

MCARTHUR

After that I found four more. Started looking into them under the veil of car theft.

KNOX

Car theft?

MCARTHUR

It wasn't a complete lie, having seen your little car park out there.

(beat)

My superiors didn't believe these cases could be related. That one person could have...

KNOX

-- Done all this?

MCARTHUR

Yes. But I kept looking. All traces of these people had vanished.

KNOX

It's perfectly normal for people to run away now and again.

MCARTHUR

Usually the car turns up, even if the driver doesn't.

KNOX

Okay, so you had some men and women, and they vanished. Then what?

MCARTHUR

About a thousand dead ends.

KNOX

Frustrating.

MCARTHUR

But then you made a mistake. One of my missing men was seen at a motel on the night of his disappearance. In Albury. I checked it out. Nothing much there.

(beat)

But then something interesting happened. The hotel owner gave me a call. Turned out a cop from Melbourne paid a visit there. He was looking into a missing woman who was also last seen at that same motel.

KNOX

So?

MCARTHUR

This happened a year later.

KNOX

Ahhh.

MCARTHUR

What are the odds of that?

KNOX

Not good.

MCARTHUR

Either it was a coincidence. Or maybe they knew each other. Or they had a mutual friend. A friend that had a fondness for that motel --

KNOX

Friend is not the right word. Don't worry, I'm following. But that doesn't answer why you drove out to pay a visit to my neighbour.

MCARTHUR

Brooks called us.

KNOX

I know. He used our phone. I could see he was skittish. I talked to him. Asked him who he called. He said his son, or some rubbish. I could tell he was lying. I knew he'd called you the moment you showed up.

MCARTHUR

He found Eleanor Eastman's purse.

Knox's posture changes.

KNOX

Where?

MCARTHUR

Don't know. He left a message for us. Said he recognised Eastman from the newspaper. Said he had it. She wasn't a country girl. So that was enough for us.

KNOX

And here I was thinking he'd found my cars. Ever the pessimist. I had to kill him William. Believe me when I say I didn't want to.

Knox looks sorrowful. McArthur stares at him, inviting him to keep talking.

KNOX (CONT'D)

The first person I ever killed was in the war. I was so relieved afterwards. It wasn't my first time thinking about killing. About what I might need to do. I'd been thinking about it for years before that. Gotten close a few times. I didn't realise at the time - when I'd follow people home - that it was practice. I was building up the courage. It was the only way I could...get excited about the world. But once I pierced that man's torso and he lay down and stopped breathing...I knew I could do it. I just needed to find the right ones.

There's a long pause in the room. Knox stands and walks over to the corner next to the shotguns. His back is to McArthur.

KNOX (CONT'D)

You saw the cars.

MCARTHUR

I did.

KNOX

Did you see inside?

MCARTHUR

Yeah.

KNOX

I need you to tell me who'll be coming out here William. Who else knows about me.

(beat)

Who else is coming?

MCARTHUR

We're already here.

McArthur blinks. Then blinks again. Knox turns. He sees McArthur's declining state.

KNOX

I'm not sure they sent the right person for the job. How do you even get through a day?

Knox points to his eyes.

MCARTHUR

I haven't always been like this.

KNOX

You need a stronger stomach for this line of work.

MCARTHUR

It's not my stomach.

KNOX

Tell me. It's okay.

MCARTHUR

My eyes. I...can't see. Sometimes.

KNOX

Can you see me now?

McArthur nods. Knox looks out through a window for a moment, before turning back to McArthur and leaning in close.

KNOX (CONT'D)

What do you think of me?

MCARTHUR

I think you've found a way to be yourself.

KNOX

For better or worse.

MCARTHUR

For worse.

KNOX

But you understand.

Knox turns to the cork board. McArthur looks again at the shotguns. Then looks to the cork board too before Knox notices.

MCARTHUR

You going to put a pin up there for me?

KNOX

You don't get a pin William.

MCARTHUR

No?

KNOX

You're not my type. There's a difference between damage and self damage. I've watched you these last few days. You don't hate yourself for who you are William. You just had the world place something terrible on you, whatever it was. But you can come back from that. Do you know why I picked these people? Not because they hide away. No, no, I understand the need to hide. I don't lack respect for that. But it's what they do while they hide. What they think of themselves. What they've let the world make them. The weakness in them. They hate themselves. So I relieve them of that. It's pathetic, to not be true to yourself. To be who you are. You have to own it. Be proud of it. I am.

McArthur laughs.

KNOX (CONT'D)

You've got a heavy burden William. But you don't hate yourself. I can see it. I knew it when I first saw you. Self-loathing men don't fight for their lives like you have. So no. You're not my type at all.

MCARTHUR
Then unlock that door.

KNOX
I don't follow.

MCARTHUR
Tell her who her husband is.

KNOX
I can't.

MCARTHUR
You know what you are. Let her know too. Otherwise this is just...weakness. You're just like all these people you call weak.

Knox looks out at the window.

KNOX
It's not weakness.

MCARTHUR
I think it is Owen.

McArthur stands quickly, pushing his chair back, and sluggishly dives for the shotguns nearby. He hits the wall, grabbing one.

Knox turns slowly. Calmly.

McArthur Raises the weapon. Cocks it. Stares Knox in the eye.

Knox takes a confident step forward as McArthur pulls the trigger. Nothing fires. The gun isn't loaded.

Knox sends a quick, sharp punch into McArthur's wound. McArthur shouts in pain.

McArthur raises his other arm to strike, but weak from his injury, he's easily overpowered by Knox. Knox grips McArthur's chin roughly, squeezing, looking into his eyes. Then, with strength and precision, grabs McArthur's head and slams him into the wall.

McArthur slides down to the ground unconscious. Knox is panting, but takes a deep breath to calm himself. He looks down at McArthur.

INT. RESTAURANT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Knox is dragging McArthur's limp body through the hallway.

EXT. EDGE OF DAM - MOMENTS LATER

Knox has taken McArthur behind the the restaurant, next to a small dam alongside sheds and a water tank. Farm gear and random junk sits amongst the grass near them.

Knox is tying the unconscious McArthur to a post.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Joyce sits at her bed. Her hair is pulled back, face bare. There is no anger. Only the waiting. The tick of the old wall clock is the only sound.

We hear the door unlock. Knox enters and stands at the end of the bed. A long silence.

JOYCE

(quietly)

You always hum before you come in.
Always. This morning you didn't hum. I
can see why.

KNOX

I forgot.

JOYCE

You never forget. You hum like it's a
... charm.

KNOX

Didn't work, did it?

Joyce doesn't blink. Eyes on him. Knox shakes his head. Can't decide what the truth is supposed to be.

JOYCE

Do you remember the girl from the
telegraph station? The one with the
birth mark on her face ?

KNOX

I remember her.

JOYCE

She smiled like she was apologizing
for it. The birth mark.

(beat)

They never found her, did they?

Knox doesn't answer.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

Owen.

He meets her eyes. Softly.

KNOX

Don't ask me.

JOYCE

You said that once before. Just after we were married. Remember? I asked you about the war, about why you never spoke about what happened. You said - "Don't ask me, Joyce."

He looks at her now. Really looks. His eyes glassy, the mask slipping.

KNOX

There's something inside me, Joyce. I don't know how it got there. A door opened when I came back. And I never knew how to shut it again.

JOYCE

I could forgive you. Not for what you've done. But for what you couldn't stop.

Her hands tremble slightly, but she doesn't hide it.

JOYCE (CONT'D)

I need to understand. Where does it come from Owen?

KNOX

It's not a place. It's like...a hole. Sometimes it fills with rage and, and..sometimes it's just cold. But it's always there.

JOYCE

Then why love me ?

KNOX

Because you made me believe ... for a little while ... that I was just a man.

She stands, slowly. Walks over. Close. She places her hands over his.

JOYCE (SOFT)
I haven't stopped loving you. Not
once. Even now. Even if.

KNOX
I thought if I could love you ...
That maybe it would ... burn it out
of me.

Then – she reaches out. Takes his face in her hands. Like she's
tending a wound.

Her thumb brushes his cheek. A small act of impossible kindness.

He breaks. Quietly. No sobbing. A man hollowed by what he is.

He leans into her touch like a child.

EXT. HILLS BELOW SERVICE STATION - DAY

Pollock is crouching low behind a rock, staring at the
Service Station in the morning light.

EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Pollock staggers off the fields, reaching the road. He scans
the road in both directions. He can hear a thumping
mechanical rhythm of the station.

The sound of birds taking flight grabs his attention. Then as
he stumbles along, the heavy, mechanical sound becomes
clearer. It's the petrol generator thumping away.

EXT. SERVICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Pollock arrives at the Service Station. He staggers quietly
along the wall, shivering, smearing a bloody handprint on a
window.

He reaches the entrance and opens the doors.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

The restaurant is empty and quiet. Pollock walks slowly
through the room, listening, passing the circular tables and
the booths against the walls.

POLLOCK
Hello?

Silence.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)

Anyone he--

He stops.

He's staring down at his feet. McArthur's pocket watch is sitting on the carpet. Grubby and scratched.

Pollock pulls out his pistol, crouches down, and puts the watch into his pocket.

He turns back to the entrance and his eyes land on the phone booth outside. He moves back to the entrance, still looking cautiously around, and opens and closes the front door quietly.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Pollock picks up the receiver. There's no dial tone.

POLLOCK

Hello? Operator? Hello!

Pollock bangs the receiver against the glass in frustration, as he does, he notices the line has been cut. He closes his eyes, takes a deep breath, then puts the receiver down.

Pollock heads back towards the restaurant entrance. As he does he passes the window with his own bloody hand print smeared against the side, drying slowly. As he passes, he smears it with the same hand.

He walks past along the building, crouching low underneath the windows. He reaches a side door and opens it, peering in. He draws a breath. Then enters.

INT. RESTAURANT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Pollock creeps down a long hallway with doors and corridors going off on each side. He pauses to listen. Silence. He passes the dining room, then sees another door down the hallway. He looks inside, seeing Knox's office.

Knox's office keys are sitting in the open door.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Pollock looks around Knox's office. His eyes settle on the wall with the map of Melbourne.

He puts his finger on the pins, eyes going wide. Next he sees a small wooden box, uncovering a trove of WWI medals. Then his eyes move to the corner of the room. He spots his shotguns.

He picks up one of the weapons, checks it, and sees it is unloaded. He picks up a box of shells on the cabinet and empties it into his jacket pocket, before loading several into the weapon.

He grabs the second gun, now awkwardly holding both, and moves to leave the office. He opens the door to the hallway to see Knox standing in the restaurant opposite. Knox raises his rifle.

Pollock dives back into the office as gunshots fire in his direction. For a moment, Pollock goes deaf except for the ringing in his ears. He lands on the desk, then quickly moves to the office door, kicking it shut.

He cocks one of the shotguns, pointing it at the door. There is silence for a moment.

Suddenly, bullets fly through the door, hitting the back walls, sending wood and paper flying through the air. Pollock moves methodically across the room and blasts three shotgun shells through the door and wall. Instantly he pulls his pistol out and let's off two rounds before the gun goes empty. He discards it and raises the shotgun again.

Dust and debris scatter around the room as Pollock crouches behind the desk.

He quickly grabs the legs of the desk and lifts it onto its side for cover, sending the desk's contents everywhere.

There's a brief silence. Followed by footsteps, a door banging open, and then more loud consecutive gunshots violently hitting the walls in the office.

Pollock is breathing deep with his eyes closed, staying calm amidst the violence as dust settles on his head.

Pollock looks across the room to the open window. Then goes for it. He stands, fires two shotgun rounds into the door and wall and runs across the room, staggering through the window as quickly as possible.

EXT. SIDE OF RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Pollock lands onto the grass outside. But in an instant he's up, moving round the side of the building, hugging the wall for support. Pollock rounds the wall, opening onto a beautiful view of the valley.

Pollock takes a few more steps, then stops, seeing something.

POLLOCK

Fuck a duck.

It's Pollock and McArthur's car. Parked next to a shed and sitting under a tree. Boot and doors open.

He looks around, checking it's clear, then sprints to the car. He looks under the bonnet, seeing the engine cables have been restored.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)

(whispered)

Yes.

He runs round to the open boot, takes the second shotgun, loads three shells into it, and places it inside. He then covers the gun with the tartan blanket.

Pollock doesn't miss a beat. He calmly turns and runs back to the restaurant, the first shotgun raised high and ready.

Pollock hits the wall of the building quietly, and looks left and right. Then he starts to circle the it, back against the wall, and reaches the corner. He pokes his head round, looking at the back of the restaurant.

EXT. BACK OF RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Pollock is staring at a maze of small sheds and outhouses. There's farm gear, old fridges, and dilapidated equipment, stacked haphazardly, gathering dirt and dust.

He takes off, moving quickly and calmly amongst the small maze of sheds, using the cover to get round to the other side of the restaurant.

A soldier raiding a trench.

Gunfire suddenly bursts out. Birds fly from the trees nearby. Pollock dives behind an old lead fridge. He lands in a heap, before staggering to his feet slowly. He peeks out to get a view of Knox. He sees him briefly, then lifts his shotgun and lets off a round.

The shells blasts at the shed Knox is hiding behind. Knox runs out from the other side and takes cover behind a tractor.

Pollock gets his breath, and looks around. No good options. He looks to the back door of the house, then peeks his head out for a moment. He sees Knox again, snaking quickly between two sheds.

Pollock makes a break for it, sprinting back to the building. Bullets hit the ground behind him as he reaches a door.

INT. RESTAURANT GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Pollock closes the door behind him. He's in a huge garage, walls of wooden timber and corrugated iron, and lined with dusty work benches. A tractor and a large car are parked in the middle. Wooden crates and old furniture covered in Chinese floral linen sheets line another side, and in the far corner a rusted old door to somewhere.

Pollock silently moves through the space. The shapes of the linen draped over lamps and couches look like figures in the dim light. Pollock cautiously looks between them and the windows of the tractor as he crosses the room.

Pollock starts pulling shotgun shells out of his pocket and begins loading them into the gun one by one, all the while never taking his eyes off huge double doors at the far wall where he hears muffled movement. His training with the weapon clear and confident.

The gun fully loaded, he moves across the garage and ducks behind the car. He considers the double doors - back outside - or the spiral staircase, which looks like it leads back into the restaurant section of the building.

He moves to the workbench next to him, grabs a wrench, and throws it up through a window next to the double doors. It smashes the glass loudly and lands outside.

He hears movement outside turn into a run.

Pollock then moves back away from the windows, running fast through the maze of the garage.

He reaches the rusted old doorway in the corner.

INT. RESTAURANT CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The door opens slowly. Through the slit we see Pollock's eyes.

He's in a dark corridor, but we see another door open with light coming through. He moves toward it, gun raised.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Pollock enters the restaurant and looks across the room. The red light from the lanterns giving the sweaty and grubby Pollock a hellish appearance.

Pollock can't see or hear anyone. The window shutters are all closed up.

He moves low through the restaurant and reaches the wall. He sees a light switch and flicks it. The main lights turn off, but the red lanterns stay on, making the room even more dark and sinister.

The room is dead quiet.

Pollock takes two slow steps along the wall.

A gunshot rings out. A bullet slams into him.

He groans in pain and staggers forward through the tables. He lets off one, two, three shells from his gun. Holes open in the walls of the restaurant and light shoots in. Two lanterns explode in a shower of glass and sparks. Pollock crashes down to the cover of a table.

He looks down. He's been shot on the side of his thigh.

He turns and peeks out. We see Knox, like a ghost, move from the cover of one wall to a table. Pollock lets off two shot gun blasts before taking cover again.

Pollock pushes off, crouching fast along the ground. A gunshot hits the table next to him and he dives headlong for cover, before rolling to a stop behind some chairs. His shotgun falls from his hands, skidding along the floorboards away.

He looks up. Joyce is there. Cowering behind the bar for cover. She's holding a vintage double barreled shotgun, but it's lowered to the ground. She looks at Pollock, and turns the weapon ever so slightly.

He shakes his head at her.

POLLOCK
Put the gun down.

She is shivering with fear. Pollock holds her gaze, unsure. He pulls his pistol loose from his pants.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)
Please don't.

Joyce raises her gun.

But he's faster. He quickly raises his pistol and fires.

We don't see the bullet hit Joyce. We just see Pollock's face. He closes his eyes from pain and shock.

A noise behind him.

KNOX
Put your gun on the ground, slowly.
Then move away from her.

Knox is behind Pollock. He comes up close. Pollock can't see him. Pollock places the pistol on the floorboards.

KNOX (CONT'D)
Arms..put your arms out.

Pollock puts his arms out. He still can't see Knox. Neither can we.

Moments pass.

Pollock, on his knees, turns around, looking up at Knox.

Knox is staring down at Joyce's lifeless body. He turns his gaze from Joyce to Pollock.

KNOX (CONT'D)
Up.

EXT. SIDE OF RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

A side door to the restaurant opens and Pollock limps through. Knox is behind him. Rifle up.

KNOX
Down there. Go.

Pollock heads toward the dam.

He looks around, squinting into the sun, trying to see where Knox is leading him.

EXT. EDGE OF DAM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Pollock turns round a shed. He sees McArthur tied to the post. McArthur's eyes open. He groans.

Pollock is led to an old tractor near McArthur and Knox ties him to it. Pollock sees McArthur's wound.

POLLOCK

Jesus.

MCARTHUR

Yeah.

Knox finishes tying Pollock. He walks to a nearby small metal drum, kicks it over, and drags it towards the two of them.

MCARTHUR (CONT'D)

You alright?

Pollock looks at his leg - the bullet has grazed him. He looks at McArthur. His wound is far worse.

POLLOCK

I'll be fine.

Knox sits down on the drum like a like a stool.

KNOX

Here we all are then.

We haven't seen Knox like this. Emotionless. Terrifying.

KNOX (CONT'D)

Who's going to come looking for you?

MCARTHUR

More of us. I'm surprised they aren't here already.

KNOX

So am I.

MCARTHUR

They know we're here.

POLLOCK

Just a matter of time.

KNOX

I'll ask again. Who. Is. Coming?

POLLOCK

Men from the city. Melbourne and Sydney. We haven't checked in and they know where we went.

Knox is looking Pollock in the eye.

KNOX

This isn't going to work is it?

Suddenly Knox is up. He kicks away the small metal drum on which he'd been sitting, and leans down close to Pollock.

Holding the scruff of his neck, he starts punching Pollock.

KNOX (CONT'D)

WHO ELSE KNOWS ABOUT ME?!

McArthur looks at Knox beating Pollock. Then he begins blinking. Closing his eyes over and over again. He's having a breakdown. Knox looks over and sees his reaction.

KNOX (CONT'D)

Hey! None of that!

Knox marches over to McArthur and grabs his chin, making him look up.

KNOX (CONT'D)

Who else knows about me William?

McArthur closes his eyes, holding them shut.

KNOX (CONT'D)

You can't avoid this, even if your eyes want to. This is real.

McArthur looks at Pollock.

KNOX (CONT'D)

Who else is going to come out here?
Tell me! How much do they know?

Pollock shuffles on his knees, spitting blood. Knox pulls out a pistol and walks back over to Pollock.

KNOX (CONT'D)

I'll kill him.

McArthur's vision goes blurry. He's about to pass out.

POLLOCK

McArthur.

McArthur holds himself still.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)

Mac.

His breathing slows.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)

Look at me.

The blinking stops.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)

I'm here.

McArthur is focusing himself.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)

I can see you.

He looks up, into Pollock's eyes first, then into Knox's.

MCARTHUR

It's just us. No one else is here.
No one else is coming.

McArthur looks back at Knox.

MCARTHUR (CONT'D)

For now.

KNOX

For now?

MCARTHUR

We didn't tell anyone where we were going. Because they wouldn't have let us come. That's the truth.

(beat)

But there's always going to be people out there who want those men and women found. We kicked over the rock you've been hiding under. You can't just put it back.

KNOX

Do you really believe that? No one cares about them. No one ever cared. Where have you been all these years? Huh!?

Knox stares him in the eye, before walking over, and untying McArthur.

KNOX (CONT'D)

Untie him.

McArthur walks forward and unties Pollock.

KNOX (CONT'D)

Up.

Pollock stands.

KNOX (CONT'D)
Move. Slowly.

EXT. SIDE OF RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

McArthur and Pollock appear from the back of the restaurant. Knox is pressing them forward slowly, toward their parked car. Knox opens the boot.

Knox turns to McArthur and Pollock, each dripping blood all over the ground.

KNOX
(to Pollock)
Go on.

Pollock climbs in first, then stares up at McArthur. McArthur stares back.

KNOX (CONT'D)
It's a big valley down there.

McArthur is still looking at Pollock. Then he turns around. He's face to face with Knox.

KNOX (CONT'D)
I'll find you a spot of your own.

McArthur holds Knox's gaze. They say nothing. Then McArthur steps calmly to the side.

Pollock sits up swiftly, his hidden shotgun now in his arms, pointed at Knox. He let's a round loose, the muzzle flashing bright.

Knox is violently hit in his torso, and thrown backward. He staggers back a few steps, then collapses to the ground. Knox's shirt and torso are covered with blood. We hear the pump and click of the shotgun as Pollock reloads it.

Pollock climbs quickly out of the boot, gun pointed at Knox, and limps over to him cautiously.

Groaning, Knox tries to lift himself up but it's no use. He can barely move. The blast has torn the side of his hip and torso. Blood is spilling everywhere.

McArthur staggers slightly, holding himself steady against their car. He looks pale and close to death. He props himself up, watching on.

Knox coughs blood. He stares at McArthur, before slumping back, dead.

MCARTHUR
(quietly)
Pollock.

Pollock picks up his pistol from Knox's dead body, turns and quickly comes to his partner, helping him into the back seat of the car. McArthur grimaces in pain as Pollock helps him in.

Pollock shuts the back passenger door, and watches McArthur for a moment, before looking at his own hands. They're covered in McArthur's blood.

Pollock takes one look back at the sky, then gets in the car.

McArthur stares out at the Service Station, and Knox's dead body as they drive off.

INT. FORD SEDAN - TWILIGHT

The car is driving along the country road at speed. Pollock is in the front seat driving. McArthur is lying in the back. He looks pale, sweaty, half asleep. Blood still wet on his clothes where he has been shot. McArthur is staring at the trees whipping by the window.

Pollock turns around, sees him, then reaches back and pulls the tartan blanket up higher on him.

Exhausted, Pollock drives on, rubbing his eyes. McArthur begins to talk, struggling to get out many of the words.

MCARTHUR
Kit.

POLLOCK
What's that mate?

MCARTHUR
My mate's name was Kit.

Pollock looks back.

MCARTHUR (CONT'D)
He was always a real fucking smart
ass.

(MORE)

MCARTHUR (CONT'D)

Even with everyone walking around
with rashes on their bodies, ribs
poking out, assholes drooping out
of their pants - he'd still make
everyone laugh. Show off all day.

McArthur's eyes close for a moment, then open, like he almost
fell asleep.

MCARTHUR (CONT'D)

His spirit - tough as nails.

Pollock is watching through the rear view mirror. He's
watching McArthur slip away.

MCARTHUR (CONT'D)

Kit would make you laugh.

(quietly)

You should meet him.

POLLOCK

Okay Mac.

MCARTHUR

(barely audible)

Go out sometime.

POLLOCK

What's that?

McArthur isn't moving. He dies, eyes staring forward, still
open. At peace.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)

McArthur?

Pollock watches McArthur's still body for a moment, before
turning his eyes back to the road in front.

He slowly pulls the car over and stops.

After a moment he turns.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)

I'd better keep going, ay?

He pulls the blanket further up, before turning forward in
his seat.

POLLOCK (CONT'D)

It's a long drive.

Pollock turns the car back onto the road and drives off into
the dying light.

END.

Architect