

No Absolution

Written by

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2<sup>nd</sup> Draft  
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FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING

Daybreak slowly illuminates a single lane road winding around a chain of hills bordering a misty valley.

The road eventually cuts through farmland as the valley broadens out.

The only traffic traversing the road is an early model Volvo sedan.

INT. TREVOR'S VOLVO - MORNING

PHIL, late thirties, awakens from a nightmare. He finds his face pressed against the passenger side window. Sunlight streams into his eyes as he attempts to focus them. Road and country side blur past.

Without moving his head Phil looks over to the driver. With the angle of the sun so low the windscreen is saturated with sunlight.

TREVOR, early forties, seems happy as he drives. Phil looks around at the interior. They are travelling in Trevor's Volvo sedan.

TREVOR  
It's beautiful.

Phil looks back at Trevor. He is smiling.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Don't you think? Phil! Have a look.

Phil rigorously moves his head and looks around. Dawn sunlight bathes the road ahead of them.

PHIL  
(squinting)  
What am I looking at?

TREVOR  
You're looking at God. He's washing the earth of all it's troubles.

Phil gazes at Trevor.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry Phil. I forgot you're not a  
very religious man.

PHIL  
No I'm not.

Phil closes his eyes and goes back to sleep.

TREVOR  
I get a little overzealous sometimes.

Phil doesn't react.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
I can't help myself. Just ignore me when  
I start waffling on.

Phil tries to ignore him.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
(pause)  
Phil!

Phil doesn't respond.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Phil?

Phil reluctantly opens his eyes.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Can I stop the car for a few minutes.

PHIL  
Why?

TREVOR  
Driving throughout the night,  
especially during the predawn time of  
the day is very dangerous.  
(pause)  
I need a rest.

Phil contemplates this for a moment. He scans the road up ahead.

PHIL

Pull over at that truck stop.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - MORNING

The Volvo enters a truck stop and parks neatly between two trucks. Phil and Trevor exit and walk over the store.

TREVOR

We should find someplace to crash for a while. The next town is still a whole day away.

PHIL

I can drive.

TREVOR

We both need some rest, Phil.

They both enter the store.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING

A police patrol car cruises along a winding country road.

INT. POLICE PATROL CAR - MORNING

In plainclothes Senior Detective EDMONDSON, early fifties, sits in the back seat watching the outside scenery.

Two uniformed police officers are in the front seats. The younger one of the two is driving.

The older one, a police captain turns over to face Edmondson.

Police captain

You want us to pull over at the next truck stop. We could stretch our legs and go for a piss.

EDMONDSON

I'm right, thank you.

POLICE CAPTAIN

(pause)

This is some operation. Why all the

secrecy, Edmondson?

EDMONDSON

I don't want the press fucking it up for me.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Any special reason why our town is the focus of your manhunt? This is a manhunt is it not?

EDMONDSON

I'm setting a trap.

The two policemen in front look at each other.

POLICE sargent

A trap? Please explain.

EDMONDSON (CONT'D)

(smiles)

I'm going to give everyone a detailed briefing as soon as possible.

POLICE SARGENT

(to Police Captain)

Do you still want me to pull in at the truck stop.

POLICE CAPTAIN

For Christ's sake Sargent, you know I've got a weak bladder. Pull in before I piss in your ear.

Edmondson smiles again. He sits back and tries to relax.

INT. TRUCK STOP - MORNING

Phil and Trevor are making themselves some cheap coffee at a vending machine.

TREVOR

Some tasty breakfast would go down nice. That's right. And some sleep.

Phil doesn't respond. He takes his coffee and walks toward to

newspaper rack. Trevor walks over and chitchats with the store attendant.

Phil picks up and peruses a newspaper when he spots a police car enter the truck stop.

Through the window Phil observes two uniformed policemen get out and stroll towards the store. A senior looking plainclothes policeman remains in the back seat.

Phil focuses on the plainclothes policeman, barely distinguishable behind the reflective glass.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - MORNING

Facing away and eyes to the ground Phil exits the store at the same time as the two policemen enter.

Phil approaches and enters the Volvo in haste.

INT. TREVOR'S VOLVO - MORNING

Phil sits in the driver's seat and waits for Trevor.

Dissolve TO:

INT. TREVOR'S VOLVO - LATER

Annoyed and impatient, Phil is still waiting for Trevor.

Phil tensely watches the policemen exit the store and enter their patrol car. They drive off.

Phil gets out of the car.

INT. TRUCK STOP - MORNING

Searching the aisles Trevor is nowhere to be found. Phil seems dumfounded as he approaches the counter.

Store Attendant

You're friend is in the dunnies mate.

Phil turns and finds the entrance to the toilets over by the back.

INT. TREVOR'S VOLVO - LATER

Phil is driving quietly. Trevor sits restlessly in the passenger seat studying a local brochure.

TREVOR

Apparently there's this reputable inn up ahead.

Phil continues to drive silently.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Where is this place, Phil? Have you got us lost or something?

PHIL

It's not too far off.

TREVOR

You have been saying that quiet a lot lately.

PHIL

(annoyed)

It's a three day drive. I told you this from the outset.

TREVOR

Relax boss. You're paying me by the day so I'm not complaining.

PHIL

Sounds like whining to me Trevor.

TREVOR

No. You haven't heard whining. You haven't had the luxury of living with my ex-wife for eight years.

Phil falls silent, contemplating his reply.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Believe me. You'd want to kill her for sure.

Phil grins.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

I used to call her the pressure cooker.

Phil looks at him curiously.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
(yells)

COOK YOU BASTARD.

Trevor indicate to his watch.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
(yells)

NOW! WHAT'S WRONG YOU FUCKING CUNT?

Trevor finishes off by laughing. Phil simply shakes his head.

INT. TREVOR'S VOLVO - LATER

Trevor spots a hitchhiker up ahead.

TREVOR  
Slow down. Let's give her a ride.

Annoyed, Phil doesn't respond. He drives right past the young female hitchhiker.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
What's the matter with you. She was a honey.

PHIL  
I don't want no hitchhikers.

TREVOR  
Why not? She could've been in strife or something.

PHIL  
We don't have time to fuck around with strangers.

TREVOR  
Are we behind schedule or something?

PHIL  
No.



TREVOR

Then giving someone a lift to the next town wouldn't of put us off at all.

PHIL

Who knows where she wanted to go?

TREVOR

You're not a very charitable man, Phil.

Phil refuses reply. Trevor begins to show signs of restlessness.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

(exited)

Have a look at that? Pull over.

PHIL

She's way too far now.

TREVOR

No. Not her. I'm talking about that valley over there. I want to take a few shots.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING

The Volvo slows down and parks over to the side of the road. Trevor climbs out and walks over to the boot.

Phil also gets out and starts stretching his legs. When he turns he finds Trevor holding a camera bag and tripod.

PHIL

You're a poet, a preacher and a photographer. What else are you?

TREVOR

Hope you don't mind.

PHIL

Go ahead.

Trevor jumps a wire fence near a grazing cow and disappears behind a hill.

EXT. FARM PADDOCK - MORNING

Trevor buries a small plastic bag into the ground. He then sets up his tripod. He pauses for a moment and looks behind him, towards Phil and the Volvo.

Shaking his head Trevor resumes adjusting the camera. He points it towards the valley.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING

Phil studies the surrounding area for a few moments. He walks over and opens the car's boot. He unzips a suitcase and takes out a sawn-off shotgun.

Inspecting the weapon Phil again studies the surrounding area.

Phil notices the cow standing behind the wire fence, watching him. He decides to put the shotgun back into the suitcase and shuts the boot.

As he waits for Trevor to return Phil stares angrily at the cow.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TONY'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK

TONY, a short balding man in his late forties opens the front door of his home. He walks into the lounge room to find Phil sleeping on his couch. The TV is quietly on.

TONY  
(infuriated)  
Philip? What the fuck are you doing?

Phil wakes and sits up rubbing his eyes.

PHIL  
Waiting for you.

TONY  
(angry)  
Are you fucking out of your mind?

PHIL  
No.

TONY  
No? You have Edmondson and the whole

fucking police force after you. Have you lost your senses?

PHIL  
(insulted)  
No I haven't.

Tony paces across the room holding his head.

TONY  
What are you doing here?  
(panicked)  
They've already been here looking for you.

PHIL  
When?

TONY  
When you got out I was the first Edmondson paid a visit to.

PHIL  
(pause)  
I want my money.

Tony stops pacing and looks sternly at Phil.

TONY  
And what the fuck are you going to do with it.

PHIL  
What's that suppose to mean?

TONY  
(shouts)  
You only have, sorry, had four more fucking years left to serve.

PHIL  
So what?

TONY  
All you had to do was do your fucking time and you would've been a free citizen. But no...

PHIL

(shouts)

You go do four fucking years.

(calm)

After the hold up they offered me a very sweat deal.

(pause)

I should've turned you in. I could've been out two years ago.

TONY

If both of us went in we would have lost everything you fucking moron. What's the matter with you?

Tony waits for Phil to answer.

TONY (CONT'D)

Haven't we discussed this. We had an agreement. Why couldn't you stay in?

PHIL

I couldn't do it.

TONY

Well you can't do this. You're still in prison. You're not free.

Phil stands up and watches the television screen. His mug shot fills the screen.

TONY (CONT'D)

What are you going to spent it on?

Phil watches the screen.

TONY (CONT'D)

You can't buy anything.

Tony walks over to the front window and peers outside.

TONY (CONT'D)

You can't rent anything.

(pause)

House, car, nothing. You can't even use the fucking electricity.

(thinks)

You're a fugitive. You'll be a fucking

gypsy for the rest of your life.

Tony turns towards Phil who is still mesmerized by the television.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Is that what you want?

Tony looks outside again.

TONY (CONT'D)  
(alarmed)  
Fuck! He's here again.

PHIL  
Who?

TONY  
That fucking detective friend of yours  
is back. Get the hell out of here.  
(thinks)  
Go through the back and jump the  
neighbours fence. Keep jumping fences  
until you get to the trains.

Phil remains still.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Listen.

PHIL  
I need some cash.

TONY  
Listen to me. Turn yourself in.

PHIL  
Just enough to get by.

Tony quickly grabs his wallet, pulls out a handful of cash and shoves it into Phil's hand.

TONY  
For fuck's sake. Turn yourself in.

Phil is already dashing toward the back yard.

TONY (CONT'D)

You might do only few extra years.

Tony is left alone until there is a knock at the door.

INT. TREVOR'S VOLVO - DAY

Phil is at the wheel driving. Trevor is in the passenger seat unloading a roll of film from the camera.

TREVOR  
Ever been married?

Trevor waits for an answer. For a long moment Phil remains silent.

PHIL  
No.

TREVOR  
So no kids then.

PHIL  
Not that I know of.

TREVOR  
Lucky for you.

A few moments later.

PHIL  
What's wrong with marriage?

TREVOR  
(thinks)  
Nothing! Wouldn't recommend it, though.

PHIL  
Sounds like you've had a rough  
experience.

TREVOR  
Oh yeah.

Phil grows concerned.

PHIL  
So you still see your ex?

TREVOR  
Only in my nightmares.

Trevor's big grin unnerves Phil.

PHIL  
Any kids?

TREVOR  
Two boys.

PHIL  
(stressed)  
Still see them?

TREVOR  
(laughs)  
Not any more. Relax. You haven't missed out on anything.

PHIL  
Do you see any of them at all?

TREVOR  
No. I am dead to them. As far as I'm concerned, they're dead to me.

They sit in silence for a few moments.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
You have any hobbies, Phil?

PHIL  
Not really.

TREVOR  
Nothing at all?

PHIL  
Nothing.

TREVOR  
Come on. You must be into something.

Phil looks over at Trevor, annoyed.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Films? Books? Porn?

(smiles)  
Music? We've been on the road for three days now and not once have we listened to the radio.

PHIL  
I had this neighbour who lived across the road from me. She was fat and sang opera.

TREVOR  
(smiles)  
Soprano!

PHIL  
Every Saturday without fail she sang, loudly.

TREVOR  
I once had a neighbour like that. I would open all the doors and windows and then sit back and listen.

Trevor turns to Phil.

PHIL  
I threw stones at her roof and vandalized her car. After a few weeks she stopped.

TREVOR  
(laughs)  
You're a real connoisseur of the arts.

Trevor notices something run across the road in front of them. There is a loud thud.

PHIL  
What the fuck was that?

TREVOR  
Stop the car.

Phil slows down and eventually stops. They both turn around and look behind them.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Shit! You hit a poor little kitty cat.

Phil studies his rear vision mirror. He spots a small animal



wriggling insanely on the side of the road.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Poor bastard.

PHIL

Nothing we can do now.

TREVOR

Wait. We can't just leave it like that.  
It's in agony.

PHIL

It'll die.

TREVOR

When?

PHIL

I don't know. It looks pretty fucked up  
to me.

TREVOR

Wouldn't you prefer somebody put you out  
of your misery.

Phil attempts to hit the accelerator and drive off.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Wait up! Think about it. If you were in  
agony like that, what would you want?

Phil stops. He looks again at the cat in it's death throes. Phil rolls his eyes and angrily opens the door.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Phil gets out, walks over and opens the boot. He takes out a small shovel and walks up to the little cat wriggling on it's back on the roadside.

With the shovel Phil bashes to death the writhing cat. After a few big hits it finally is still and dead.

As Phil returns to the car he spots an elderly woman in a nearby house looking at him with dismay. Phil gets into the car and drives off.

EXT. COUNTRY INN - AFTERNOON

The Volvo arrives and parks in front of a country inn. Trevor and Phil get out and look around.

TREVOR  
Are we staying?

PHIL  
(considers)  
Might as well.

TREVOR  
We're not in a rush?

PHIL  
No.  
(pause)  
There's no rush.

Both men begin taking out a few bags from out of the Volvo.

INT. COUNTRY INN/RESTAURANT - EVENING

Phil and Trevor are sitting down at a small table having their meals.

TREVOR  
Poor kitty cat.

Phil continues eating in silence.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Don't feel bad. Clobbering it to death  
like that was the right thing.

PHIL  
I don't feel bad.

TREVOR  
You seem troubled.

Trevor watches Phil as he looks around the room at the other diners.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
What's wrong?

PHIL

What's everyone's fucking staring at.

TREVOR

This is the country dude. A big white city fella like you shows up. They'll stare.

Phil finishes his food and gets up.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Stay man. Talk some more.

PHIL

No. I'm going to bed.

Phil leaves.

Alone, Trevor finishing his drink. A few moments later Trevor spots the hitchhiker entering the room.

INT. COUNTRY INN/ROOM - NIGHT

Phil hastily enters the room and walks over to his bags. Rummaging for a few seconds he eventually pulls out a map.

Using the bedside lamp Phil studies the map. He then marks changes in the map using a pen.

Once finished Phil finds his wallet and opens it. Counting his money he discovers how little of it is left.

INT. COUNTRY INN/RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Trevor sits across the hitchhiker, staring deeply into her eyes.

TREVOR

(impressed)

Julia! It's a nice name.

JULIA

(blushing)

What about your friend? What's his name?

TREVOR

Grumpy.

(laughs)

No. It's Phil.

JULIA  
What's his story.

TREVOR  
Phil doesn't like hitchhikers. I don't  
think he likes anyone.  
(pause)  
Julia, have you had dinner yet?

JULIA, early twenties, seems reluctant to answer. With bags  
under her eyes she looks tired and worn.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
(smiles)  
Come on, it's my shout.

Julia shyly picks up and studies the menu.

INT. COUNTRY INN/ROOM - NIGHT

Phil is on a mobile phone dialling a number. He waits.

PHIL  
Answer the fucking phone Tony.

He waits a while longer.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
Tony. It's me.

INT. TONY'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dressed in only his underwear Tony jumps off his bed.

TONY  
What the fuck are you doing?

TONY'S WIFE enters the room. She gives him an angry stare.

Tony's wife

Is that him?

Tony stares at a pile of mobile phones on the bedside table.

TONY (CONT'D)  
This phone's good. What is it?

INT. COUNTRY INN/ROOM - NIGHT

Phil sits on his bed.

PHIL  
I need more money.  
(pause)  
Because I've run out.

INT. TONY'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tony pushes his inquisitive wife out of his way.

TONY'S WIFE  
(whispers)  
Find out where he is.

TONY  
Where the fuck are you?  
(pause)  
How am I suppose to get it to you,  
dickhead?

TONY'S WIFE  
(whispers)  
Find out..

TONY  
Listen Phil. Are you listening?  
(pause)  
Give yourself up.

TONY'S WIFE  
No.

TONY  
Just give yourself up you stupid cunt.  
(pause)  
Ok. Where are you? Yes! I'm bringing the  
fucking money.  
(shouts)  
Do I have a fucking choice?

INT. COUNTRY INN/ROOM - NIGHT

Phil hangs up the phone and drops back onto the bed. In the darkness Phil closes his eyes and falls asleep.

INT. COUNTRY INN/RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Trevor watches Julia scoff down her food. He waits patiently while she tries to chew down a mouthful.

TREVOR

Where are you headed?

JULIA

(chews)

I'm meeting someone at the next town.  
Then hopefully we're on our way to the  
city.

TREVOR

(smiles)

That's funny. I'm on my way out of the  
city.

JULIA

To where? Out here? Why?

TREVOR

Why? You haven't lived in a big city.

JULIA

(defensive)

It can't be much worst than out here.

TREVOR

People are mean in the city.

JULIA

So are people out here.

TREVOR

(thinks)

The city costs lots of money. Even if you  
stand still all day and simply breath the  
stinking air it cost money?

JULIA

I'm prepared to work for it. Unlike this fuckhole there's always work in the city.

TREVOR

That's the worst part. Instead of working to live you end up living to work.

Julia attempts a reply.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

You become it's slave. Like sluts we make money. Like sluts we spend money. It's crazy Julia. Trust me.

JULIA

We're all slaves in one way or the other. All we can do is choose what were enslaved to.

TREVOR

Everyone in the city is enslaved to money. Is that what you want?

JULIA

(pause)

There is nothing wrong with that.

TREVOR

You are wrong if you think money changes anything.

JULIA

(thinks)

I think money is worthless if you don't know what you're living for.

Trevor pauses and nods, he notices Julia's mood change.

TREVOR

You're definitely right about that.

(considers)

We can give you a lift if you want. To the next town that is. Catch up with your friend.

JULIA

What about Mr. Grumpy?

TREVOR

(smiles)

I'm sure he won't mind.

Trevor sits quietly watching Julia wash her food down with a beer.

INT. TONY'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tony paces the room as his wife attempts to get his attention.

TONY'S WIFE

What the fuck are you going to do?

Tony continues pacing.

TONY'S WIFE (CONT'D)

You know he's going to get caught.

TONY

I fucking hope so. Sooner the better.

TONY'S WIFE

No. You're going to do something about this. I can't live like this.

TONY

Shut up.

TONY'S WIFE

I can't do it. This is not a life. He can implicate you at any time.

TONY

He hasn't up till now. Don't you understand. He wants his money. He won't fuck that up.

TONY'S WIFE

No. You have a chance now to do something about him.

TONY

What?

(pause)



Say it.

TONY'S WIFE

You know very well what I mean. Tony.  
This house and this family can be taken  
away at anytime unless you do  
something...

(loud)

...now.

TONY

Do you realise what you're asking me to  
do?

TONY'S WIFE

Do you want me to go.

TONY

You're an idiot.

TONY'S WIFE

I'll go.

TONY

(shout)

This is bullshit.

Tony stops pacing and stares at his wife, exasperated.

INT. COUNTRY INN/ROOM - MORNING

Phil wakes up from a nightmare sweating like a pig.

INT. COUNTRY INN/RESTAURANT - MORNING

Phil enters and searches the room. He finds Trevor sitting at  
a table with a woman. Both are quietly having breakfast.

TREVOR

Morning Phil. Join us.

Phil pulls up a chair.

JULIA

Hello. I'm Julia. Trevor and I met  
yesterday.

Phil shakes her hand.

TREVOR

Phil. I knew you wouldn't mind so I offered Julia a lift to the next town.

Phil is noticeably stunned at the news.

JULIA

I hate to be a bother.

Half asleep, angry but not wanting to seem ominous, Phil reluctantly nods his head.

INT. TREVOR'S VOLVO - MORNING

Excited, Trevor sits in the back seat studying Julia resting in the front passenger seat.

TREVOR

Julia. Did you know that Phil loves opera.

Julia looks over at Phil who is grumpily driving along.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

He also wants to get married but I'm trying to talk him out of it.

JULIA

Why? What's wrong with marriage?

TREVOR

You haven't had meddling and vindictive in-laws have you?

JULIA

No.

Trevor points to himself and nods.

TREVOR

I called mine the outlaws.  
(laughs)  
They were my hell.

PHIL

Trevor here reckons he has had a very hard life. Don't listen to him.

Julia laughs quietly to herself.

JULIA  
(softly)  
Hard life indeed.

Phil looks over at her. Trevor has also heard her comment.

TREVOR  
It's time driver.

PHIL  
(annoyed)  
For what?

TREVOR  
See that long wire fence over there. It needs to be immortalized.

Annoyed, Phil slowly pulls over.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The Volvo pulls over and the three passengers get out. Trevor goes through his ritual of taking out camera equipment. He then marches off into the field.

JULIA  
We should have a picnic.

Phil ignores her. He waits at the car while Julia grabs her bag and follows Trevor up the hill to watch the photo shoot.

Phil sees this as a good time to execute his plan. He begins pacing around the Volvo looking around for any witnesses.

He mentally prepares himself.

EXT. COUNTRY MEADOW - DAY

Trevor finishes burying a package when Julia arrives. He begins taking photographs.

JULIA

Have you known your boss long?

Julia sits down and takes out a packed lunch.

TREVOR

Not really.

JULIA

He seems strange.

TREVOR

He's quite a character.

JULIA

You don't sense that something's wrong?

Trevor stops his work and turns toward her.

TREVOR

No.

(smiles)

What do you think is wrong?

JULIA

He seems dangerous.

TREVOR

Dangerous?

JULIA

Just be careful of him.

Trevor nods understandingly.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING

Phil stares at the shotgun in his trembling hands. Suddenly he spots a large truck approaching fast. Phil fumbles to get the shotgun into the bag and back into the Volvo's boot.

As the truck thunders past Trevor and Julia return to the Volvo. Phil wipes sweat of his brow.

INT. TREVOR'S VOLVO - DAY

Phil is agitated as he drives along. Julia is in the back silently watching the landscape go by. Trevor is sitting quietly in the

passenger seat. He looks over at Phil and observes him for a while.

TREVOR  
Ever plan on having kids, Phil?

PHIL  
(cynically)  
I've already got a kid in each capital city.

Trevor laughs.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
(frowns)  
Can you stop with all the fucking questions?

TREVOR  
Seeing we're going to work together I thought we should...

PHIL  
(snaps)  
We're working together for only a short period of time. I don't see the point in getting to know each other.

TREVOR  
I can understand that, Phil.

PHIL  
I was hoping to keep this at a professional level. Besides, I'm too boring to get to know.

TREVOR  
(laughs)  
You're far from boring mate.

In the back seat Julia watches the interaction with interest.

PHIL  
(succumbs)  
Alright.  
(thinks)  
So you're divorced. Why is that?

TREVOR  
(thinks)  
Well! I was married to the devil.

Boom! Phil loses control of the steering wheel.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The Volvo swerves across the road. One of the front tires is ripped to shreds as the Volvo leaves the main road and enters a dirt road.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

After a few metres the Volvo hits a gully and comes to a stop.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - HOURS LATER

Trevor is sitting on the ground next to the front end of the Volvo. He is struggling to loosen a wheel nut.

TREVOR  
Heap of shit.

Anxious to get moving, Julia gets her bag from within the Volvo. She puts it over her back and proceeds to walk back towards the main road.

TREVOR (CONT'D)  
Where are you off to?

JULIA  
To where I was going originally.

Phil is at the rear end of the Volvo. He is nervously scratching his head and scanning the surrounding area.

TREVOR  
Did you say something to her?

PHIL  
No.

Julia disappears up the road.

PHIL (CONT'D)

How did you get stuck with this piece of  
junk? Who the fuck painted this thing?

Phil scrutinizes the paint work.

TREVOR

It's the ex-wife's. She didn't really  
have much use for it in the end.

Phil stops scratching himself and opens the boot. He takes out  
the small shovel and slowly walks around the Volvo.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

She didn't have much use for me.

Phil slowly steps closer. He tightly clutches the handle.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

She was one mean lady.

Phil flinches as he swings the shovel.

He swings again and strikes Trevor in the back of the head. Trevor  
tries to turn around but is smashed again in the face.

Phil pounds Trevor again with the shovel. A third, fourth and  
fifth time.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Phil flinches as he swings the shovel.

TREVOR

She used to beat me on occasion.

Sweaty and nervous Phil slowly lowers the shovel and stares at  
Trevor's back, harrowed.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Can you believe that shit? I can't  
believe I put up with that witch.

Phil quietly creeps back to the boot and replaces the shovel.

EXT. COUNTRY AIRPORT - DAY

Carrying luggage, Tony and his wife are walking across the car park.

TONY

This feels like we're on our honeymoon again.

TONY'S WIFE

Shut up, Tony.

They arrive at a small car rental office.

While Tony loads up a rental car with luggage his wife takes care of the paperwork.

EXT. COUNTRY TOWN - DAY

The Volvo parks in front of the pub. Trevor and Phil get out and make their way inside.

INT. COUNTRY TOWN PUB - DAY

At the bar Phil drinks his beer as he contemplates his next move. Trevor joins him, eating a meat pie.

TREVOR

I haven't really thanked you properly.

PHIL

What for?

TREVOR

This job. It really means a whole lot to me.

Phil looks away.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

It's great to get out of the big city. I just want to thank you for the opportunity.

PHIL

Yeah sure. No worries.

TREVOR

Speaking of which. When do we get there?



PHIL

Soon. It's not too far from here.

Trevor takes out a few rolls of film.

TREVOR

I'm going across the road to put these  
in. Meet you back here.

Trevor leaves. Phil is left alone at the bar.

Watching the other patrons Phil is convinced that they a sneaking  
looks at him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RENTED OFFICE - FLASHBACK

Phil enters to a small shabby office room. He sits on a chair  
behind a desk and goes through the paper. There is a knock on  
the door and Phil looks up to see a large female wearing a school  
uniform enter the room.

JOB SEEKER #1

Hello. I'm here for the interview.

Phil stares at her dumbfounded.

CUT TO:

Phil studies an elderly job seeker in front of him.

JOB SEEKER #2

I am very experienced in this type of  
work.

PHIL

(annoyed)

I can see.

CUT TO:

Wiping his brow Phil looks up at an Asian man in front of him.

JOB SEEKER #3

Here for job.

PHIL

Have you any experience?

JOB SEEKER #3

You have job?

PHIL

Do you speak any English?

CUT TO:

Phil appears stressed and worried as a smiling man enters the room.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Hello. I'm Phil.

TREVOR

Trevor Walker.

PHIL

Have a seat Trevor.

CUT TO:

Phil studies Trevor intently.

TREVOR

I didn't catch your name.

Phil blinks. An unexpected question.

PHIL

Phil. Have you any close family, Trevor?

TREVOR

(pauses)

No. Not really.

PHIL

Nobody at all?

Trevor sadly shakes his head.

PHIL (CONT'D)

I just need a next of kin contact, but that's OK.

(thinks)

Do have a mailing address.

TREVOR  
I'm of no fixed address at the moment.

PHIL  
Where do you live?

TREVOR  
Here and there.

PHIL  
(elated)  
Trevor, I'm a contractor and I need  
someone to assist me in the construction  
of a fence around a large property.

TREVOR  
I have experience as a labourer.

PHIL  
It's a fair bit out in the sticks.

TREVOR  
That's perfect for me. I just hope I'm  
right for you.

PHIL  
You're perfect.

Trevor sits back and relaxes.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
You drive a car?

TREVOR  
Sure. An old Volvo.

PHIL  
Good.  
(thinks)  
Do you have any identification papers?

Trevor nods yes.

EXT. COUNTRY TOWN - DAY

Outside on the street Phil finds the Volvo gone. A police car  
drives past. Phil quickly heads for a nearby phone booth. He

hides in it.

He has a mini heart attack when he spots another police car drive past. Phil's convinced that someone from the pub recognized him and has called Crime-stoppers.

Phil leaves the phone booth and heads across the road. He spots a one-hour photo lab and rushes towards it.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Edmondson enters to store and orders a coffee. When he casually scans the tables he discovers Tony and his wife quietly sitting down together in the corner.

He walks up to them, grabs an empty chair and sits right between them.

TONY

Detective Edmondson. You have to stop following us around like this.

EDMONDSON

Truth be told. I have much more important things to do.

Tony's wife gives him a deadly stare.

TONY

What's this then? A coincidence?

EDMONDSON

I don't know. You tell me.

TONY

Tell you what?

EDMONDSON

What are you and your misses doing here?

TONY

We're on our second honeymoon.

Edmondson leans back on his chair and sighs.

EDMONDSON

You know what? I really don't give a

shit.

Tony shows signs of surprise and nervousness.

EDMONDSON (CONT'D)

When Phil eventually discovers that both of you have eaten up his share of the money, he's going to do one of two things.

Tony and his wife stare blankly at Edmondson.

EDMONDSON (CONT'D)

He's either going to come crying straight to me. Or he's going to hunt both you shitheads down and cut each of you up into little pieces.

Edmondson stands up and casually walks away. He picks up his order from the counter and exits the store.

INT. ONE HOUR PHOTO-LAB - DAY

Phil looks anxiously around inside the photo-lab but there is no sign of Trevor.

EXT. COUNTRY TOWN - DAY

Phil crosses the main road and is almost struck by an oncoming police car. As the police car stops Phil panics and walks the other way.

Attempting to be as unassuming as he can Phil crosses the street again.

Holding a coffee in one hand and a donut in the other, Detective Edmondson walks out a coffee shop and suddenly blocks his route. Edmondson looks up but Phil quickly faces away.

Phil is dumbstruck, his plans in tatters.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRISON CAFETERIA - FLASHBACK

Phil is sitting by himself eating lunch at a small table. His

eyes are constantly scanning the other inmates.

INT. PRISON INTERVIEW ROOM - AFTERNOON

Phil is escorted into the room by a prison warden. Edmondson is sitting at the conference table waiting for him. Phil takes a seat and the prison warden leaves the room.

EDMONDSON

(smiles)

So how's prison treating you, Phil?

Phil looks away and doesn't say a thing.

EDMONDSON (CONT'D)

Come on. Don't be like that.

PHIL

What do you want?

EDMONDSON

What I always want. Conclusion! I hate leaving things unresolved.

PHIL

Piss off Edmondson. You're wasting your time.

EDMONDSON

(angry)

No. You're wasting my time.

PHIL

I'm fucking halfway doing my time. Four more years and I'm out. As far as I'm concerned this matter is closed.

EDMONDSON

(irate)

This matter is far from fucking closed.

PHIL

Is this an informal meeting or should I have be having legal representation.

EDMONDSON

You think you and your mate have got this

all worked out.

(sternly)

Listen carefully. If I don't get a testimony off you some time soon, I'm going to make these past four years seem like a vacation.

PHIL

Can I have that threat in writing.

Edmondson abruptly gets up and starts walking out of the room.

EDMONDSON

Your sex life is about to get very interesting.

Phil is left pondering his new predicament.

EXT. COUNTRY TOWN - DAY

Standing in the middle of the street blocking traffic Phil almost gets the attention of Edmondson.

Determined not to get caught he rushes towards a small plaza.

EXT. COUNTRY TOWN PLAZA - DAY

Phil stops in the middle of the plaza. He realises the town police station is situated right on the opposite corner.

Phil watches as policemen crowd around the steps of the station. Edmondson is loitering at the other end of the plaza.

Phil quickly scans his surroundings. He spots a public toilet and rushes towards it. Finding the male entrance he sneaks inside.

INT. PUBLIC TOILET - DAY

Phil hides inside a toilet cubicle. He sits on the bowl and waits, thinking out his next move.

Phil hears someone enter the toilets. Peeking out the cubicle door he sees no one.

Stepping out to investigate further he is confronted by a

stressed out Tony pointing a handgun at him.

PHIL

What the fuck, Tony?

TONY

You have put me in a fucked situation.

PHIL

Put it away and give us some cash.

TONY

I want you to go outside and turn yourself in.

PHIL

You go outside and turn yourself in. Do you know Edmondson is out there?

TONY

We had a little friendly chat earlier.

PHIL

(frustrate)

Shit? Don't point that fucking thing at me.

TONY

You're not sticking with the plan.

PHIL

Fuck the plan. I've change the whole thing now.

Phil approaches Tony and searches his pockets. He pulls out some money. Tony bites his lower lip. He aims the gun at Phil's chest.

PHIL (CONT'D)

In a couple of days I'm coming to collect my money.

TONY

(upset)

And do what with it?

PHIL

That's none of your fucking business. You just have it ready for me.



Phil casually turns to walk out of the toilets, completely disregarding Tony who's pointing his gun at him.

TONY  
(angry)  
Cunt!

Tony aims the gun to shoot Phil in the back of the head. He quickly hides the gun when a little boy and his father enter the toilets.

Tony quickly unzips and pretends to go to the urinal.

EXT. COUNTRY TOWN/BACK YARD - DAY

Phil jumps down from a corrugated iron fence and hides behind it. He waits a few seconds and then makes his way across the yard.

EXT. COUNTRY TOWN/CAR PARK - DAY

Phil crosses a large open car park behind the main shopping strip.

In the corner of his eye he catches a glimpse of something familiar. An older model Volvo. He rushes towards it for a closer inspection.

It's Trevor's Volvo. Phil scans the rest of the car park.

On the other side there is a group of people congregating outside a small church. Trevor is also there talking amongst them.

EXT. SMALL CHURCH - DAY

Phil taps on Trevor's shoulder who then turns and greets him with a big smile.

PHIL  
What are you doing?

TREVOR  
I want you to meet someone. Brother Peter. This is my good friend and employer Phil.

BROTHER PETER turns to face them.

BROTHER PETER

Welcome Brother Phil. Brother Trevor,  
you and Brother Phil are invited to join  
today's session.

PHIL

We should get going.

BROTHER PETER

No. No. I insist.

TREVOR

Go on. This will do you good.

Phil is horrified.

INT. SMALL CHURCH - DAY

Fretting and clearly annoyed Phil is sitting amongst a group of  
people seated around Brother Peter.

BROTHER PETER

I looked back and He showed me two trails  
of footsteps in the sand.

Phil looks over at Trevor who is mesmerized.

BROTHER PETER (CONT'D)

He explained to me that the trail  
represents my life. One set of footsteps  
belonged to me and the second set  
belonged to Him.

Phil looks over at the door and then at his watch.

BROTHER PETER (CONT'D)

I asked, "Why is there sometimes only one  
set of footsteps?"

Phil shuts his eyes.

BROTHER PETER (CONT'D)

"Those are the times you faced  
difficulties and hardships." He  
replied.

Growing frustrated Phil opens his eyes.

BROTHER PETER (CONT'D)

I said "Why Lord? Why did you abandon me at times of need?"

(pause)

He replied, "I never abandoned you at all. In times of need I carried you on my back."

Phil leans over to Trevor.

PHIL

(whispers)

We need to get going.

BROTHER PETER

Has anyone else have a similar experience that changed their life. Brother Trevor?

TREVOR

Yes.

Phil rolls his eyes and shakes his head. Trevor stands up.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

The experience that changed me forever was the revelation that my own family didn't truly love me.

(pause)

I had a disrespectful wife. I was ridiculed by her parents. My parents having died a while ago.

Phil sits quietly with the other audience members.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

One day God gave me a gift. It came in the form of winning lotto numbers. To the tune of twenty million dollars.

Phil's back straightens. He can't believe his ears.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

For the first time my family began treating me with affection.

Phil looks around. Everyone is mesmerized by Trevor.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

But was it genuine affection? I decided to find out. I tore up the ticket in front of them. It was yet to be claimed and not registered.

Everyone in the room nods understandingly. All except Phil who seems horrified.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

That's when they turned. I have never known loathing like that before. Even my children hated me.

(distraught)

That hurt the most.

Phil simply cannot believe his ears.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

And that is when I changed. I washed my hands of all of them and became free.

Trevor sits down. The room is quiet. Phil is clearly mad at the revelation.

BROTHER PETER

Thank you Brother Trevor. Bother Phil. Please, stand up. Tell us about your life changing experience.

Phil stares blankly at his audience.

INT. TOYOTA HIACE - FLASHBACK

Phil sits in the passenger seat of the van looking anxious. He is reading the paper checking his lotto numbers.

His accomplice Tony is sitting in the drivers seat staking out a bank across the road.

TONY

Did you win anything dickhead?

PHIL

Fuck all.

(pause)

How long did you say they'll take?

TONY  
Seven minutes.

PHIL  
How sure are you?

TONY  
I've checked. Twice I've called them. It  
took seven minutes both times.

Phil tenses up when he spots an armoured truck approaching the bank.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Are you up to this dickhead or what?

Phil nods his head slightly as he clutches his revolver.

EXT. BANK - AFTERNOON

The armoured security truck stops and parks in front of the bank. Two guards jump out leaving a third inside.

INT. TOYOTA HIACE - AFTERNOON

Tony starts up the engine and slowly drives off. Phil inspects a sawn-off shot and then places it on Tony's lap.

Both men simultaneously pull stockings over their heads.

EXT. BANK - AFTERNOON

The two guards unlock and open the rear door of the truck. Guard #1 stands on the lookout as Guard #2 steps inside the truck.

A short moment later Guard #2 exits the truck holding a case. Guard #1 routinely inspects his surroundings as Guard #2 approaches and enters the bank.

As Guard #1 begins to shut the back door a van double parks along side the armoured security truck. Before Guard #1 can react he is set upon by Tony waving a shotgun.

Tony smashes the guard in the face with the butt of his weapon. Guard #1 falls to the pavement clutching his broken nose.

Phil appears and stares into the back of the armoured security truck. Tony faces the bank, waiting for Guard #2 to return.

PHIL  
(surprised)  
Shit!

TONY  
What!

PHIL  
It's full!

TONY  
(excited)  
Just start loading up. Take it all.

Phil jumps into the truck and begins unloading the cases into the van. Tony spots Guard #2 behind the highly reflective glass sliding doors.

Glass shatters and bullets fly past Tony's head as he attempts to run for cover. Sheltering behind a brick wall Tony spots a terrified Guard #3 who has locked himself inside the truck.

Police sirens can be heard in the distance.

PHIL  
Seven minutes?

TONY  
Keep going you fucking moron.

The armoured security truck's engine kicks over while Phil continues unloading cases. The truck attempts to drive off and is trapped between two parked cars and the double parked van.

Guard #3 decides to force the truck out.

The truck smashes into the van moving it slightly. Tony fires four shots at Guard #3. They fail to penetrate into the truck. Guard #2 has finished unloading eleven shots through the glass sliding doors.

TONY (CONT'D)  
Let's get fucking going.

The truck slams again into the van nudging it further. On it's

third attempt it clears a path.

Tony looks up the road and spots several police cars racing towards them. He runs towards the van and climbs in.

INT. ARMOURED SECURITY TRUCK - AFTERNOON

Phil realises the truck is moving. Looking out he sees Tony driving the van. The van U-turns and heads the other way.

Desperate, Phil jumps out of the speeding truck.

EXT. BANK - AFTERNOON

Phil hits the ground rolling. Once stopped he picks himself off the road and limps back down the road.

Behind him police cars are bypassing the fleeing truck and thundering down towards him.

INT. TREVOR'S VOLVO - DAY

Phil and Trevor are back on the highway. Both are silent as Trevor drives.

PHIL  
(troubled)  
Did you really do it?

TREVOR  
(calm)  
Throw away all that money? Yes I did.

Phil shakes his head.

PHIL  
Why?

TREVOR  
I thought you understood me by now.

PHIL  
Did you at least consider the alternatives?

TREVOR

(dispirited)  
I didn't see no other alternatives,  
Phil.

PHIL  
With that kind of money you could of had  
a fresh start. Fuck them.  
(thinks)  
Fuck them all. Go out and start again.

TREVOR  
What? Buy another family?

Phil struggles to come up with a reply.

PHIL  
(resolute)  
There is nothing wrong with money.

TREVOR  
(cynical)  
Sure! Money fixes everything.

PHIL  
It does. Fuck yeah. It solves fucking  
everything. The bigger the problem the  
more money it takes.  
(thinks)  
What are you doing here?

TREVOR  
Where?

PHIL  
This job. Are you here for the joyride  
or to work?

TREVOR  
I have my reasons.

PHIL  
You're not here for nothing. You want to  
get paid. Right?

Trevor falls silent.

TREVOR  
We are forgetting something.



Phil looks at him, concerned.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

We can't leave town. The photo's should be ready by now. It's been over an hour.

PHIL

We can pick the photo's up on the way back.

Trevor hesitates for a moment. He watches Phil looking impatiently outside.

TREVOR

How far is this place? Are you sure we're not lost?

PHIL

It's actually not far at all.

TREVOR

(pause)

Can I ask you something, Phil.

PHIL

(annoyed)

Sure.

TREVOR

(hesitates)

Do you think God really is as forgiving as he is punishing.

Phil rolls his eyes.

PHIL

(angry)

Are you one of those fucking Born Again mugs.

(irate)

I hired you to work for me not convert me into some Jehovah cocksucking witness.

Trevor doesn't respond or react.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Look here. I'm a devout atheist so don't

waist your fucking time.

TREVOR

(calm)

I'm not trying to convert you, Phil. Only making conversation that's all.

PHIL

Really. How about this for conversation. God is only for guilty people. Makes them feel loved and that they can somehow escape punishment.

TREVOR

What if one is truly sorry?

PHIL

Bullshit! How can child fuckers and the like expect forgiveness from God?

TREVOR

If He's infinitely all-forgiving they can.

PHIL

Infinitely? Are you that stupid? There is no forgiveness. There is no punishment and there is no immortal fucker called God.

Trevor remains silent. He seems happy. Phil gets more aggravated.

PHIL (CONT'D)

There's no Heaven. How can there be? After an eternity it would become a hellhole.

Trevor grins.

PHIL (CONT'D)

There can't be no Hell either. After an eternity you'd get used to it. Maybe grow to like it.

TREVOR

What is there then?

PHIL  
There's only guilt.  
(pause)  
Shame. Fear. And all those other...  
(thinks)  
...fucking emotions.

Both fall silent for a moment.

TREVOR  
At least you've thought it through.  
You're quite a philosopher if nothing  
else.

Phil sees Trevor grinning at him. He somewhat relaxes.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - LATER

The Volvo follows the winding road into a valley that opens out  
around a small estuary.

INT. TREVOR'S VOLVO - AFTERNOON

Trevor's attention is focused on the surrounding landscape as  
he drives. Phil is silent in the passenger seat, deep in thought.

TREVOR  
Hate to be a pain.

PHIL  
Is it snapshot time?

TREVOR  
It's up to you.

Phil thinks it though.

PHIL  
Let's stop and camp out the night.

TREVOR  
(excited)  
Really?

PHIL  
I feel like doing a little fishing. How

about you?

TREVOR

Mate, some fishing and some drinking.  
Sounds good to me.

EXT. CAMP SITE - EVENING

Phil and Trevor have set up camp on a sandy hill not too far from the beach. Phil is throwing in a line while Trevor, drinking beer watches him.

TREVOR

I feel bad.

PHIL

Why's that.

TREVOR

You have been paying me a retainer for almost a week now. So far I haven't done an ounce of work.

PHIL

There will be plenty of work soon enough.

TREVOR

What about the future?

PHIL

What about it?

TREVOR

What happens after?

PHIL

Hopefully we make some money and then we go our separate ways.

Trevor finishes his beer. He grabs two more, opens them and hands one to Phil.

TREVOR

Can I ask you something personal.

PHIL

Why the fuck not. Can I stop you?

TREVOR

Ever thought of offing yourself.

Phil looks back at him. Not sure how to answer.

PHIL

A while ago I had this plan. It involved buying a large boat and sailing to some Pacific island.

(thinks)

There I planned to watch the dawn of the new millennium and then pop myself.

They both sip their beers in silence for a moment.

PHIL (CONT'D)

I got as far as buying the boat.

Trevor laughs hysterically. Phil smiles and drinks some more.

EXT. CAMP SITE - NIGHT

Phil is sitting in front of a small camp fire. Trevor is struggling to get his tent up. Both are clearly intoxicated.

PHIL

Fuck the tent. Sleep on the ground.

TREVOR

Jesus! There's crabs crawling everywhere.

PHIL

Shut up you whining cunt.

TREVOR

Get ... fucked.

Trevor starts throwing small crabs at Phil. Phil doesn't react. He just gazes into the fire.

INT. COUNTRY TOWN MOTEL - NIGHT

Cleaning his revolver Tony sits on the bed watching his wife pace the room.

TONY'S WIFE

(hysterical)  
I can't believe you've done this to me.

TONY  
Quiet the fuck down.

TONY'S WIFE  
(shouts)  
Why couldn't you just shoot him.

TONY  
There was cops everywhere.  
(angry)  
Next time you come and you shoot him.

TONY'S WIFE  
(angry)  
There won't be a fucking next time.

TONY  
Don't yell.

TONY'S WIFE  
(shouts)  
Now he knows.

TONY  
Can you shut the fuck up?

TONY'S WIFE  
(screams)  
Don't tell me to shut up. I can't live  
like this.  
(hysterical)  
I am not going to spend the rest of my  
life looking over my shoulder.

Tony holds up the revolver to get her attention.

TONY  
I said shut your fucking mouth you dumb  
shit for brains.

TONY'S WIFE  
(yells)  
What are you going to do about this Tony?

TONY

(loud)  
It's all under control.

TONY'S WIFE  
(yells)  
That's just it. This is not under  
control. You have to do something.

Tony angrily bites his lip and points the gun to his head.

TONY  
How about this?

Tony shoots himself in front of his stunned wife.

EXT. CAMP SITE - MORNING

Phil suddenly wakes up.

He gets up and stretches. Looking around he sees no sign of anybody.

Phil then spots Trevor in the distance walking off into the hills carrying equipment.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MORNING

Phil quickly goes to the Volvo and stops at the boot. Taking a deep breath he opens the boot lid. He notices a bad smell as he takes out his hidden shotgun.

Phil studies the surrounding countryside. He takes another deep breath and follows Trevor's path into the hills.

EXT. HILLSIDE - MORNING

Trevor finishes burying an item and then begins setting up camera equipment. Slowly approaching from behind is Phil, placing his footsteps carefully.

He gradually advances towards Trevor who is routinely focusing his camera.

Phil notices that his hands are trembling. He loosens the grip he has on the weapon and takes another deep breath.

When only a few metres away Phil stops. Trevor still with his back towards him.

When Trevor senses that someone is standing behind him he freezes.

TREVOR

(calm)

I was beginning to think you weren't going through with it.

Phil is stunned.

TREVOR (CONT'D)

Oh! For fuck's sake Phil. Just do it.

Trevor remains faced away. Sweaty and losing his composure Phil holds up the shotgun and points it at Trevor.

Closing his eyes Phil pulls the trigger and shoots Trevor in the back.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Phil nervously returns to the car. He is giddy and weak at knees as he walks over to the open boot lid.

Wiping his sweaty brow he hides the shotgun in the boot and takes out the small shovel.

Phil heads back towards the hillside.

INT. TREVOR'S VOLVO - DAY

Sweating and shaking Phil struggles to drive calmly. He takes out Trevor's wallet and rummages until he finds identification cards.

Phil gradually begins to relax.

EXT. COUNTRY TOWN - DAY

Phil parks the Volvo and gets out. He studies the main street around him. Confident, he walks down the footpath towards the fast food store.



INT. FAST FOOD STORE - DAY

Sitting at a table Phil gets stuck into a burger. He is searching through Trevor's wallet.

Behind him Julia exits from the women's toilets. She spots Phil and decides to approach him.

When she reaches the table she stops.

Phil is busy rummaging through the wallet. Julia changes her mind and turns to leave. She walks right out of the fast food store.

Unaware, Phil finds the photo-lab docket neatly folded up inside the wallet.

INT. ONE HOUR PHOTO-LAB - DAY

Phil enters the photo-lab. He shows the docket to the nervous looking store assistant.

The store assistant hands Phil a pile of envelopes jam packed with photographs. Phil walks hastily out into the street.

INT. TREVOR'S VOLVO - LATER

Phil notices a police car appear in his rear vision mirror. Phil automatically shows signs of panic.

Finding Trevor's license he quickly regains composure as the police car catches up with him.

The police car flashes its lights and Phil confidently pulls over. Phil waits patiently for the officer to walk up to him.

POLICE SARGENT

Good day sir. Are you aware this stretch of road is designated 60KPH.

PHIL

No, I wasn't aware of that.

POLICE SARGENT

Sir. I'd like you to step outside.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Once out Phil offers Trevor's licence and is accepted by the policeman.

POLICE SARGENT  
Is this your vehicle.

PHIL  
Yes it is.

The policeman studies Trevor's licence.

POLICE SARGENT  
Are you aware of an incident involving  
this vehicle and the driver.

PHIL  
No.

POLICE SARGENT  
We have a complaint that the driver of  
this vehicle was involved in the  
bludgeoning to death of their pet cat.  
Would that be correct?

Phil recalls the incident.

PHIL  
I ran it over by accident.

The policeman looks at him sceptically.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
I only killed the damn thing to put it  
out of its misery.

The policeman studies the Volvo.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
It was in agony.

Phil follows the policeman to the rear. They both smell something bad.

PHIL (CONT'D)  
I felt sorry for it.

The policeman kneels down and checks beneath the Volvo. He reaches behind the tailpipe and pulls out a bloodied and grimy

cat carcass.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Fuck!

POLICE SARGENT

What we have here is two dead cats and  
a very upset old lady.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY HOME - FLASHBACK

An old lady watches helplessly as a stranger walks up to her  
frolicking cat and starts beating it to death with a shovel.

POLICE SARGENT (V.O.)

I can only imagine how distressing it was  
watching you bash her perfectly healthy  
kitten to death.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The dismayed officer shakes his head.

POLICE SARGENT

For no apparent reason.

The policeman returns to his vehicle to run a check on the  
licence.

INT. TREVOR'S VOLVO - DAY

Phil waits nervously in the driver's seat. The policeman seems  
to take forever.

On the passenger seat Phil spots the envelope containing the  
photographs. He decides to go through them. They are pictures  
of Trevor and of himself. Plenty of scenery shots. And then there  
is a stack of gruesome images.

Freaking out he throws them to the floor and looks at the police  
car via the rear vision mirror.

Nothing! The police remains in his squad car. Phil can't suppress his panic. He kicks over the engine and stamps the accelerator with his foot.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The police car rushes off in pursuit of the fleeing Volvo.

INT. TREVOR'S VOLVO - DAY

Phil is concentrating on driving as fast as he can. Every now and then he glances at the horrific photographs on the floor.

EXT. COUNTRY TOWN - DAY

The Volvo stops in the middle of the crowded street. Phil gets out and is confronted by police officers immediately. He marches to the boot to acquire his shotgun.

Phil accidentally opens up Trevor's luggage only to discover that it contains the grim remains of a human body. Parts wrapped in plastic.

Overcome with panic, confusion and sheer anger, he starts crossing the road, shooting and shouting at police. As tourists and locals scam for cover the police return gunfire.

Phil enters a fast food store.

INT. FAST FOOD STORE - DAY

Phil enters waving his firearm. Customers scramble to the floor. He notices someone trying to sneak out.

PHIL  
(screams)  
Get back here.

Phil jumps the counter and hides behind it. Employees start crawling away from him. Phil watches the police positioning themselves outside. He closes his eyes.

He can hear a policeman shouting at him. A helicopter hovers above. A phone begins to ring. Phil opens his eyes and searches for the phone. Finding it he crawls over and answers it.

PHIL (CONT'D)

What?

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

Is this Trevor?

PHIL

What?

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

Can we talk?

PHIL

(hostile)

I've got fucking hostages. Tell them to back off.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

Trevor! We're not going to do anything as long as you don't do anything.

PHIL

(panicked)

I've got fucking hostages.

DETECTIVE (V.O.)

Trevor.

Phil pauses and stares at the police outside.

DETECTIVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Trevor? I want you to know that there is still hope.

Phil stands up. He gazes at the police outside.

DETECTIVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

There is another way.

Phil lowers the shotgun.

DETECTIVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Let me come in and talk to you.

INT. FAST FOOD STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Hiding behind the counter Phil waits for the detective to arrive.

Edmondson steps through the glass sliding doors. His arms are raised as he makes his way to the counter. Once he spots Phil crouching behind the counter he stops.

EDMONDSON

Phil? What on God's earth are you doing here? Where the hell is Trevor?

Phil looks up and recognizes Edmondson right away.

INT. FAST FOOD STORE - DAY

Edmondson is standing in the middle of the store watching Phil pace up and down behind the counter. On the ground the hostages are clearly distressed.

EDMONDSON

Let's sum this up shall we.

Phil doesn't respond.

EDMONDSON (CONT'D)

So you're claiming that you broke into and stole Trevor's vehicle.

Phil looks at him but doesn't respond.

EDMONDSON (CONT'D)

Hours ago Trevor was issued with a speeding ticket. Was that you?

Phil doesn't react.

EDMONDSON (CONT'D)

Did you ever meet Trevor?

Phil remains poker faced.

EDMONDSON (CONT'D)

Did you speak with Trevor?

(pause)

As I see it you're already facing a number of serious charges. Murder aside, you've practically committed every other offence under the sun.

Phil looks at him intensely.

EDMONDSON (CONT'D)

Help me and maybe, just maybe I can help you. We need as much information as possible about this Trevor.

Phil stares back at the hostages.

EDMONDSON (CONT'D)

(sincerely)

Phil. Help me arrest this man.

(thinks)

He's already butchered his wife and both his in-laws. His two kids were also found drowned in the bathtub.

Phil again doesn't respond. Instead he shuts his eyes.

EDMONDSON (CONT'D)

Tony's dead.

Phil opens his eyes, alarmed at the news.

EDMONDSON (CONT'D)

Apparently he shot himself in the head last night. Bummer. I guess the stress of you running about finally got to him.

PHIL

(angry)

Fucking bastard.

EDMONDSON

Come on Phil. Help me out here.

PHIL

That fucking bastard.

EDMONDSON

Tony's gone. The moneys long gone. Just help me out. Did you meet Trevor at any time.

Phil stops pacing to think.

PHIL

I hitchhiked with him yesterday.

Edmondson moves closer.

EDMONDSON

Phil listen to me.

(thinks)

Trevor's wife's body is still missing. In his last call he threatened that he was going to bury her piece by piece all over the country side.

PHIL

He called you?

EDMONDSON

He's been calling us and dropping hints for days now. How do you think we traced him out here?

Phil shakes his head to clear it.

PHIL

I think I know where he's been burying her.

EDMONDSON

I tell you what. Tell us where and I can guarantee you a deal.

PHIL

You can't guarantee me shit.

EDMONDSON

Yes I can. I'm in full control of this investigation.

Phil thinks it through for a moment.

PHIL

I'll take you to the place. Just you, me and a hostage. Do that and I can help you further.

EDMONDSON

Further?

PHIL

I can deliver you Trevor.

Edmondson contemplates this for a few seconds. He raises his talk-back radio.



EDMONDSON

Edmondson here.

EXT. FAST FOOD STORE - LATER

Edmondson exits the store. He is followed by an armed and cautious Phil pushing a female hostage in front of him. They walk through a gauntlet of police towards the Volvo.

Edmondson approaches his colleagues as Phil forces his hostages into the front passenger seat. Phil then gets into the back seat. The police captain walks up to Edmondson.

POLICE CAPTAIN

You sure you know what you're doing?

EDMONDSON

Yes. I know exactly what I'm doing.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Seems like a big risk to me. I understand he's a convicted criminal.

EDMONDSON

Him and me go way back.

POLICE CAPTAIN

(surprised)

Do you know him enough to endanger the life of that hostage?

EDMONDSON

(blase)

He's not dangerous.

POLICE CAPTAIN

(frustrated)

He shoots up my town and you're telling me he's not dangerous.

EDMONDSON

Unless you find someone who outranks me out here keep your boys at a distance.

Upset, the police captain turns and walks away.

EDMONDSON (CONT'D)

Don't do anything until you hear from me.  
Otherwise you'll be endangering me and  
the hostage.

A fellow detective arms Edmondson with two hand guns and a talk  
back radio.

Once finished Edmondson makes his way to the Volvo and gets into  
the drivers seat. The Volvo starts up and slowly leaves the  
scene.

INT. TREVOR'S VOLVO - AFTERNOON

Edmondson studies Phil via the rear vision mirror.

EDMONDSON  
We don't need the hostage, Phil.

PHIL  
You changing the deal already?

EDMONDSON  
I'm improving it. She's not only a  
hostage, she's now also a witness. We  
can't negotiate privately like this.

Phil thinks it over.

EDMONDSON (CONT'D)  
You still have me.

Phil nods agreement. Edmondson pulls over and the hostage  
hastily gets out.

PHIL  
Give her your gun and radio.

Handing over his hand gun and talk back radio Edmondson winks  
at the terrified hostage. Shutting the passenger door Edmondson  
drives off.

INT. TREVOR'S VOLVO - LATER

In the back seat Phil scans the sky for helicopters.

EDMONDSON  
Phil. What happened to Trevor?

Phil doesn't reply.

EDMONDSON (CONT'D)

Did you kill him?

(groans)

You dickhead!

Phil starts getting restless in the backseat.

EDMONDSON (CONT'D)

OK then.

(sighs)

Where's the body?

PHIL

Forget it.

EDMONDSON

Listen to me. The deal is, you deliver me Trevor and I go easy on you.

PHIL

By charging me with murder?

EDMONDSON

Well you should've thought of that before you killed the bloke.

PHIL

You can forget it. No deal.

EDMONDSON

I won't implicate you. Just take me to the body. That's all I ask. No one has to know about your involvement.

PHIL

Why? What's your angle.

Edmondson pauses to think. He scratches his chin.

EDMONDSON

I just want to give the families involved some closure.

(pause)

Bringing in Trevor dead or alive will do that.

PHIL

Well I'm not going back to jail.

EDMONDSON

I'll give you a head start.

(thinks)

The authorities will still be after you  
but I won't be.

PHIL

Why's that?

EDMONDSON

I don't give a shit anymore, Phil. I used  
to be this real crusader locking up  
filthy scum-bags like you.

Edmondson turns to face a shocked Phil.

EDMONDSON (CONT'D)

These days I simply couldn't give a rats  
arse. Least of all for you.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - AFTERNOON

Edmondson steps out of the parked Volvo. Phil also gets out,  
cautiously.

PHIL

It doesn't bother you one bit that I  
killed you're suspect.

Phil points out the direction to Edmondson.

EDMONDSON

Why? Does it bother you?

Edmondson sets off along the path followed closely an armed and  
suspicious Phil.

EXT. CAMP SITE - AFTERNOON

Phil follows Edmondson towards a beach-side hilltop.

PHIL

I don't believe it.

EDMONDSON

What?

PHIL

I can't believe he did that to his kids.  
His wife yes. He bitched about her. His  
kids?

EDMONDSON

Believe it. The man went totally insane.

PHIL

He went insane alright. He fucking tore  
up a twenty million dollar lotto ticket.

Edmondson slows down his walking.

EDMONDSON

(rattled)

He told you that?

Phil stops dead in his tracks. Edmondson's strategy and  
intentions suddenly dawns on him.

PHIL

(unsettled)

We're here.

Edmondson stops walking. He stands motionless, facing away from  
Phil who is now suffering from deja vu.

EDMONDSON

Killing a mass murderer is one thing.  
Killing a copper is quite another. You  
do understand that.

Edmondson's hand slowly reaches into his crotch.

PHIL

Killing me for twenty million isn't  
exactly part of your job description  
either.

Edmondson slowly pulls out a small hand gun.

EDMONDSON

Sure it is. I get paid to kill cunts like  
you. I just don't get paid enough.

Holding the sawn-off shotgun Phil's arms shiver at the prospect of killing again. Sweat pours down Phil's forehead.

Edmondson slowly turns to face Phil.

EXT. BUS STOP - EVENING

Sitting in a bus shelter a tired looking Julia waits for the next bus. For a while she watches some children playing on the road. She begins rummaging through her backpack.

Julia takes out a half eaten sandwich and starts to unwrap it. A piece of paper falls onto her lap.

Surprised, Julia picks it up. It is a small envelope with a brief hand written note on the outside.

It reads, EASY LIFE.

Julia slowly opens it and takes out a lotto ticket. It is recently dated and unregistered. Looking around she hides the ticket inside the palms of her hands.

Julia then hides her hands in her lap. She keeps looking around her until a bus arrives.

Julia gets up, grabs her backpack and enters the bus.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - EVENING

Edmondson returns to the Volvo. Holding a small shovel he is covered in sand and dirt. He throws it to the ground.

EDMONDSON  
(frustrated)

Fuck!

Edmondson paces around the Volvo. He eventually sits on the bonnet and rests. With nothing else to do he simply watches the sun disappear behind distant hills.

FADE OUT.