

THE MOMENT OF CONTACT



DOUG

Listen to me Sarah, they always say you should stay at the car.

SARAH

If you want to stay, Doug, stay.

DOUG

Where are you going?

SARAH

There's a property over there.

DOUG

How do you know?

SARAH

It was on the map, Doug. Bloody hell.

As Doug considers this, Sarah starts walking again.

DOUG

For christsake, Sarah. Can you stop just one minute. Sarah? The water's back in the car.

SARAH

It's not that far.

DOUG

Argh! This is exactly what I was talking about!

LATER

Sarah is walking at a fair pace towards that horizon, which doesn't appear to be getting closer. Doug follows a long distance behind.

Sarah hears the sound of a distant MOTORBIKE. Searching around, she pinpoints a direction and climbs a dune--

Sarah sees a motorbike approaching, a plume of dust in its wake. She waves.

SARAH

HEY!

Sarah turns to Doug.

SARAH

Heeeeeeeey! Doug!

Sarah turns back to the motorbike.

The bike stops and the BIKER (unknown age, wearing heavy biker gear and a helmet) dismounts.

Sarah is about to yell again when she notices that something large, wrapped in a blanket, is slumped over the back of the bike; a body? And the biker has a SHOVEL.

The biker begins digging a hole--

Sarah falls back behind the dune and peers over the crest.

The biker digs a long, shallow hole, drags the wrapped "body" into the hole, before covering it with sand.

The biker suddenly glances up the dune--

Sarah runs back down the dune, hides behind a shrub.

Sarah sees the Biker intermittently through the shrub. The biker looks around only briefly before returning to his bike.

DOUG

What is it?

Sarah gestures frantically at Doug; shut up and get down!

Doug crouches, unsure.

Sarah watches the top of the dune, but then hears the bike start and power away. She climbs the dune, sees the motorbike riding into the distance.

Sarah rushes down the other side of the dune to where the biker dug the hole. She starts digging, first with a stick and then with her hands.

Doug arrives, begins helping her dig although he doesn't know why.

DOUG

What's going on? Sarah? Sarah?

SARAH

He buried something here. I think it was a body.

DOUG

What? Hold on a sec. Who? Who buried a body?

SARAH

The guy on the bike. You didn't hear the bike?

DOUG

A motorbike?

SARAH

Yeah, the guy on the motorbike. You really didn't hear it? He stopped right here, dug a hole and dropped a body in, Doug. I'm sure it was right here.

Sarah keeps digging. Doug stands, looks around. Sarah notices some BLOOD on Doug's shirt.

SARAH

You're hurt?

DOUG

What? It's not that bad.

Sarah pulls Doug's shirt up, finds an small but bloody wound.

DOUG

I think it might have actually been part of the steering wheel. How about that?

SARAH

Dammit, Doug. Why didn't you say something?

DOUG

I thought you knew.

Doug gently touches a large bruise on Sarah's forehead.

DOUG

You're hurt. We should go back to the car.

Sarah gives Doug a nasty look and then starts walking in the direction she has always been walking.

DOUG

There aren't any tracks, Sarah.

Sarah ignores him.

LATER

Sarah is leading again, one eye on the ground looking for that bike track. Doug keeps pace a few meters behind.

DOUG

You want me to say I'm sorry? I can't help if wildlife leaps out in front of me like that. Animal leaping out like that, it's just one of those things.

SARAH

You were driving too fast. I said you needed to slow down a dozen times...

DOUG

That's not the direction you were walking a minute ago.

SARAH

Why did you have to say that? Why couldn't you support my decision? Just once. Just once, Doug.

DOUG

I'm not trying to be a smart-arse. I'm trying to help. I really am. We were walking that way before.

He points to the left a few degrees.

SARAH

It's a big property, Doug, it doesn't matter if we're off by this.

DOUG

There's no farm out here, Sarah. Nothing. Just one imaginary biker.

Sarah takes off her WEDDING RING, THROWS IT as hard as he can at Doug, screams.

Then Sarah hears a SOUND--

There's a motorbike in the distance--

Sarah grabs Doug's hand and they both run as fast as they can for some trees.

LATER

They reach the tree-line, the sound of the motorbike growing louder behind them. They run deep into the trees, leaping over fallen branches.

The biker chases them, seems to be teasing them as they dodge and weave. And then it's gone.

SARAH

Where'd he go?

DOUG

Who?

SARAH

Where'd he go?

DOUG

Sarah, what's going on? What are we doing?

SARAH

The biker!

Doug is looking at her with a worried expression.

SARAH

(beat)

It's not real?

Sarah sits down and Doug has a closer look at the bruise on Sarah's forehead.

DOUG  
How real are these visions?

SARAH  
Pretty real.

Sarah is staring at something that Doug can't see.

DOUG  
You can see it now?

Sarah nods.

The biker is on his bike, maybe ten meters from them. He's just sitting there, watching.

DOUG  
What's it doing?

Sarah stands, takes a few steps towards the biker.

SARAH  
Hello?

The bike RAISES HIS VISOR -- he's young, maybe 20 years old.

SARAH  
I know him...

DOUG  
Who?

SARAH  
...it's you.

DOUG  
Me?

SARAH  
When you were younger.

DOUG  
(beat)  
Do you remember how we met?

SARAH  
How we met?

Doug walks over to where Sarah can see the biker.

DOUG  
Someone run over your dog, do you remember?

SARAH  
Tippy.

DOUG

Someone ran over Tippy. I was riding my bike nearby and I came over.

SARAH

I kept telling him not to play on the road, but he wouldn't listen.

DOUG

Well, dog's got a mind of its own. Makes its own choices.

SARAH

I wanted to bury Tippy in the desert.

DOUG

That's right.

SARAH

He loved running around out there.

DOUG

I dinked you out to his favourite spot and helped you bury him.

SARAH

That was nice.

(beat)

I don't remember if I ever thanked you.

DOUG

You married me. That was thanks enough.

The biker pulls down his visor, starts his bike, and rides off.

LATER

They're in trees, this time walking together, arm in arm.

Doug suddenly pulls up.

SARAH

Doug?

He doesn't look good. He swallows heavily.

Sarah pulls back his shirt -- the wound looks bad.

And then she notices that there is A SECOND BLOOD STAIN ON THE BACK of his shirt. She examines Doug's back where she finds a second, equally nasty wound.

SARAH

Oh, no.

DOUG

Now don't get upset. You can't say you didn't know this was coming.

SARAH

It went right through? Keep walking! We've got to keep moving.

Doug leans on Sarah and they begin to make slow progress.

But then Sarah SEES SOMETHING and stops--

SARAH

You tricked me?

DOUG

Hmm?

Sarah can see an UPSIDE DOWN CAR CRASHED INTO A TREE ahead.

SARAH

You led me back to the car.

DOUG

Yeah.

SARAH

I didn't want to come back here.

DOUG

I know.

Doug sits down by a tree.

Sarah hears an AMBULANCE SIREN approaching.

SARAH

Thank you.

She walks to the wrecked car.

The ambulance pulls up behind the car and the crew leaps into action.

On the other side of the road is a row of suburban houses. Some people have come outside to look at the car crash.

AMBULANCE DRIVER

Ma'am, are you okay?

Sarah walks around the car to where DOUG IS LAYING DEAD ON THE GROUND -- where he had been all along.

A metal rod protrudes from his stomach.

Sarah doesn't look back at the hallucinated Doug, who is no longer there.

Sarah lays down beside the body of her husband as the ambulance crew buzzes around her.

And then a STRAY DOG runs out of the scrub and lays down near Sarah.

AMBULANCE DRIVER  
Can you hear me, ma'am?

Sarah nods.

AMBULANCE DRIVER  
What's your name?

SARAH  
Sarah.

AMBULANCE DRIVER  
Are you okay, Sarah?

SARAH  
Yes.

AMBULANCE DRIVER  
It's gunna be alright, Sarah, just  
take a deep breath for me...

FADE OUT: