The Last Wave

By Peter Weir
[Bird Squawking]
[Deep Rumbling]
[Kids Chattering, Indistinct]
[Chattering In Native Dialect]
- [Thunder Rumbling]
- [Giggling]
- [Chattering Continues]
- [Baby Crying]
[Thunder Continues]
[Kids Shouting]
[Goat Bleating]
[Thunder Rumbling]
[Shouting, Bleating Continue]
My turn next!
[Thunderclap]
There's no clouds.
There's no clouds, miss.
[Chattering, Laughing]
[Bell Ringing]
[Woman]
Quickly, children. Inside now!
- [Ringing Continues]
- [Dog Barking]
[Thunderclap]
[Cheering]
Children, come on!
Get inside!
[Shouting Continues]
[Goat Bleating]
Come on. Come on.
Everybody sit down now.
[Shouting Continues]
Sit down!
All right.
Sit down and calm down!
Everybody, calm down!
Get down!
[Shouting, Chattering Continue]
Wayne, stop that screaming.
We are witnessing nature at work.
As we all know, it never rains
in November. Karl, will you get down!
[Banging On Roof]
- [Banging Continues]
- [Window Shatters]
- Shit!
- Away from the window!
- [Children Screaming]
- [Bleating]
- [Banging Continues]
- [Thunderclaps]
- [Car Horn Honks]
- [Man Singing In Italian]
  - Good night, Guido.
  - Oh, Mr. Burton.
- Mr. Burton. Sorry.
  - Sorry. I almost forgot.
  - I have a surprise for Mrs. Burton.
- Annie will be delighted.
  - I grow it in my garden.
  - Yes?
  - Yeah.
  - Well, I've never seen a yellower pepper.
  - Thank you. Thank you.
  - Thanks.
- [Singing Continues]
- [Speaking In Italian]
- [Man Shouting Back In Italian]
- [Car Horns Honking]
  - Listen, will you get this bloody thing out of the way?
  - [Arguing Continues, Indistinct]
  - What are you doing?
  - Hey, move it!
  - Move the bloody thing!
  - What do you think this is, bush week?
  - You can't park here.
  - Open the door! Door!
- [Horn Honking Continues]

[Radio:]
- [Newscaster]
  - During the last 24 hours.
  - Following a freak thunderstorm,
  - hail hit the desert town
  - of Milawee in Central Australia...
  - the first ever recorded
fall of hail in the region.
Weather experts say
the situation is being caused...
by an unusually widespread
low pressure drop...
moving up from the southern
polar ice...
[Car Door Closes]
[Footsteps Approaching]
- Hello, Daddy!
- Hello, Sophie!
Oh, what a nice surprise.
- It was so wet today, we couldn't go out to play at school.
- Oh, really?
[Low Chattering, Indistinct]
Nice and sweet.
Tell us about school, Sophie.
Oh, yes, um, we started
painting windows today.
- Painting windows?
- Mm-hmm.
[Annie]
What windows?
[Chattering Continues]
- Very dark.
- And when the sun shines through, we got all these different colors.
- That should be pretty.
- Darling, Andrew asked us to dinner on Wednesday.
I know.
Betty phoned me this morning.
Mmm. She did?
- Yes.
- Doesn't trust me anymore.
Well, after last time...
Grace, darling, will you,
will you let Daddy by, please?
What's the matter?
Annie!
Oh, my God!
- [Both Giggling]
- It's raining!
[Annie] Children, up here at once!
Come on, out of that wet!
Come on. Come on! Hurry!
- Oh!
- Who left these taps on?
- Did you children leave these taps on?
- [Both] No.
Well, they don't go on
by themselves.
Come on. Out, out, out.
Take off those wet things.
I'll get something to help clean it up.
God, the carpet!
[Girls Chattering]
[Water Draining]
[Thunder Rumbling]
- Was Grace out of bed again?
- Mm-hmm.
- [Yells]
- Dave?
- Wh-What's the matter?
What's happened? - Mmm?
It was a dream.
Just a dream, darling.
It's all right.
[Humming]
Grace, chop's ready now!
[Humming Continues]
Here you are, Sophie.
It says, "Make it mullet
if you want a saver in seafood."
- I know. The price of fish is appalling.
- Is it?
Mmm. Even mullet's expensive.
We never eat mullet.
But the accountant
in that end of the company...
was supposed
to know nothing about it.
Well, uh, listen.
I'll contact Ed about it Monday.
It's a taxation problem, mainly.
It's all right.
I can understand your getting upset.
It's all right.
Yes, I'll see you Monday. Bye.
You lawyers
are worse than doctors.
[Chuckles]
You look tired.
Well, I, I haven't been sleeping well.
- Problems at the office?
- No.
- I've been having bad dreams.
- Are you serious?
- Yes.
- Oh.
You used to have those terrible dreams when you were a little boy.
Nightmares. Used to worry your poor mother sick.
What sort of dreams?
Oh, I don't know.
The usual...
witches, ghosts,
- the wind.
- [Chuckles]
- Whoo!
- [Kids Laughing]
I remember one night, not long after I married your mother,
you came to me and told me you were afraid to go to sleep at night.
Because, explained this very serious little boy,
when you go to sleep, people come and steal your body.
[Laughing]
Did I say what sort of people?
- I asked that, and you said taxi drivers.
- Taxi drivers?
Taxi drivers on night shift stole people's bodies...
and took them on a long ride to another world and returned in the morning.
That's why, you said, you wake up feeling tired in the morning.
[Laughing]
Whee! It's pouring!
Mommy, I'm getting dizzy!
- Are you?
- Yes.
Oh. Come on.
[Rumbling Continues]
[Grunting]
- [Gasps]
- You stole our things.
You die!
[Tribal Drumming]
[Drumming Continues]
[Folk]
[Hooting, Laughing]
[Hooting, Laughing Continue]
[Man]
Get him, boys!
[Men Shouting, Indistinct]
[Shouting Continues]
[Man Shouting, Indistinct]
[Thunderclaps]
[Sirens Wailing]
[Man Hooting]
[Speaks In Native Dialect]
[Man Whispering In Native Dialect]
[Whispering Continues]
- [Man Chattering Over Radio]
- [Chattering]
Car 49, five suspects...
detained in connection with this matter
now being conveyed to the station.
- Hold it!
- [Screaming]
- In you go!
- [Screaming Continues]
He was a strong,
healthy young man.
He was pissed.
I'll tell you that.
Not more than the usual
Saturday night.
Bruising on the neck.
Some facial abrasions.
Water in the lungs.
Not a lot.
I don't think
there was enough to drown him.
So what killed the bastard?
- His heart stopped beating.
- Geez.
Well, don't look at me.
You're the doctor.
What's the charge going to be?
Manslaughter?
Probably.
There's something about this.
You once told me a cup of fresh water
was enough to drown a sheep, right?
So half a cup
would drown an Abo, right?
[Chuckling]
David!
Telephone.
It's Don somebody or other
from the Legal Aid office.
- Ah, Don Fishburn.
- Yeah.
[Kids Chattering, Laughing]
Don, how are you?
Well, I'm fine. Thanks.
How are you going to ruin my Sunday?
Well, I hardly do any criminal work.
You know that.
I know that, but I also know
you support Legal Aid.
Well, yes,
of course I support Legal Aid.
It was Sammy Damo
who suggested your name to me...
because he said you had a little
experience working with Aborigines.
No, I've never worked
on a case involving Aborigines.
I did give some advice once
on a land rights question.
Can we get together tomorrow,

say around 2:
just to go through
the whole thing?
Would you go in now, please?
Okay. Here we go.
Right.
Gerry, where's your brother?
Where's Chris?
Now, listen, all of you.
You heard the magistrate.
You're in serious trouble.
Now, where is he?
I want the truth.
- He hasn't run away, has he?
- Chris wouldn't do that.
You tell him from me that if he
or any one of you let David down,
he'll drop the case, all right?
Well, I'll let you
get on with it.
- Thanks.
- That's okay.
- And you blokes make sure you turn up for your appointments.
- [Door Closes]
My field
is corporate taxation.
Please bear with me.
I have here...
Oh, sit down. Sit down.
We have here...
a police statement...
a statement
you gave the police...
uh...
which I can't seem to find.
Anyway, they say that you had
a fight with... Billy Corman,
kicked him into a pool of water
and he drowned.
Is, is that what happened?
- Gerry?
- We didn't do it.
What did happen?
Billy died. That's all.
How? How did he die?
Too many drink.
Fight.
Billy died.
They're keeping something from me.
- Why should they do that?
- I don't know.
It's just a feeling.
Little things.
One of them says they
knew Billy only slightly.
Another one says they were old friends.
Things like that.
"Latest evidence suggests that
the Aboriginal people have been here...
for over 50,000 years."
A few blacks...
get drunk, have a fight,
kill a man.
It seems simple.
They get three or four years.
Perhaps they're tribal Aborigines.
Don says there aren't any
tribal people in the city.
Maybe he's wrong.
Darling,
he works with these people.
[Sighs]
Well, I'm going to bed.
- You come too.
- No.
- I must do some more work.
- That's not the real reason, is it?
You're worried
you won't be able to sleep.
Sweet dreams.
Don't drink too much coffee.
- Good night.
- Good night.
[Thunder Rumbling]
[Animals Noises, Wind Howling]
[Thunderclap]
[Croaking]
Yeah, it's been raining,
hasn't it? Very hard.
[Grace] Daddy said we could have
cream on our toast.
[Sophie]
I'm putting rice balls on mine.
What did he talk about?
What, what, what did he say?
Oh, he said he knew things...
um, that, um, uh, he had things.
He, uh,
said that he could get rich.
What sort of things
do you think he had?
Oh... an old kangaroo skin?
You know the way these blokes
brag when they're drunk.

[David]
Why do you think they attacked him?
I don't think.
I got work to do.
What have the Aborigines got to say for
themselves? There's nothing here of any value.
They won't tell me anything...
nothing important.
You mean, you couldn't get
anything out of them.
I don't know.
I've been reading about a case in the
desert region above South Australia...
a tribal killing.
Some of the men were talking
about tribal secrets.
A woman overheard them. One of the men
broke a bottle and... slit her throat.
  - [Man Whistling]
  - So?
  - They were let off.
  - [Glass Shatters]
  - Bastard!
  - The judge...
  put them in the hands
  of, of his tribal elders.
Uh, they speared him in the leg three
times, and that was his punishment.
Yes. Well, the tribal law angle
might work...
if you were dealing with
tribal people in a tribal area.
But we're not.
These are city people.
- You might be wrong.
- Oh, come on, David!
I think I've got to dispel
a few romantic notions you seem to have.

**Number one:**
culture of the Aborigines...
only survives among full-bloods
in the far north...
and in some parts of the desert.
The nearest tribal Aborigines
live a thousand miles from Sydney.

**Number two:**
Aborigines in the cities...
are no different culturally
from depressed whites.
We destroy their languages...
and their ceremonies,
their songs, their dances...
and their tribal laws.
- The only thing to do is to...
- [Door Opens]
Is to plead guilty,
from the beginning.
Get a light sentence, send them up the river
for six months then to their wives and kids.
That's all we can do.
This is Gerry.
- Jacko.
- Gerry.
- Lindsay.
- Lindsay.
And Larry.
Michael Zeadler.
He'll be your barrister in this case.
Hello. I'm Chris Lee.
[Zeadler] All right.
Now I want to help, and I will help you.
But first of all,
you've got to help me.
I've got to know certain things that happened here on that night, and you've got to tell me exactly as it happened, all right? Now, the first thing I have to know is where exactly were you standing. So can you tell me, please? Where were you standing on the night that it happened? Here's Daddy!
You can have a go at my bird, Daddy. His name is Monty.
- David, hello!
- Oh, darling, er...
One of the Aborigines is coming here to dinner.
- Tonight? - Yes, l-I thought if I could get him away from the others, he might give me some sort of line on the case.
Sorry I didn't call.
- Who is he? What's his name?
- Chris.
[Doorbell Rings]
[Ringing Continues]
[Chris]
Charlie there?
[Thunder Rumbling, Cracking]
Did you tell this Chris that you'd seen him in the dream thing?
Yes, I did.
Well?
He just nodded... as if it were quite an ordinary thing to say.
[Knock At Door]
[Sighs] You know, I'm a fourth-generation Australian. I've never met an Aboriginal before.
[Chuckles]
[Raining]
This is Charlie. Well, come in.
Come in, please.
Annie, uh, this is Chris.
- How do you do?
[Girls Giggling]
Back to bed this minute!
[Giggling Continues]
Excuse me.
Shall we go in for a drink?
Beer, wine?
What would you like?
He doesn't speak English.
- Ah.
- Uh, water will be fine.
Water. Yes, um, I'll just get some.
[Whispering] Why didn't you tell me he was bringing somebody with him?
- Well, I didn't know.
- Well, who is he?
I don't know.
Is Charlie a relative of yours, Chris?
- He's a painter.
- Oh.
I paint too.
That's some of my work over there.
[Speaking In Native Dialect]
- Very nice.
- Thank you.
Are you and Charlie tribal people?
No tribal people in the city.
Charlie?
[Chuckling]
Oh, no, darling.
They've asked to see it.
Ah.
This is my stepfather.
[Native Dialect]
He's a minister.
And my mother.
She died when I was still a little boy.
Both my parents are dead.
[Chris Speaking In Native Dialect]
Uh, let's see. Older ones.
This is my grandfather.
[Chris Continues Translating]
Ah, yes. Here are two pictures of my mother's grandfather.
[Native Dialect]
Where is your...
clan... territory?
- My clan territory?
- I don't know what he means.
Uh, from sunrise or sunset?
[Chuckles]
From sunrise.
From South America.
I was born there.
Why is he so interested
in my, my mother's grandfather?
He's interested in you.
[Charlie Speaking In Native Dialect]
We're nothing but the law...
we learned from our forefathers.
But surely men
are more important than laws?
No.
The law is more important...
than just man.
[David]
Why did Billy die?
I'll, um, get some coffee.
He saw things,
took things...
the things he shouldn't touch.
What sort of things?
Just the things.
Could I see them?
- No.
- Why not?
Then you must die too.
[Native Dialect]
He wants to know
about you seeing me.
I was in my study, asleep.
I woke up and you were...
in the next room across the hall,
standing, holding a stone.
What was on the stone?
A carving.
Um... a kind of face.
There was blood
on one corner of the stone.
What did I see?
A dream.
What are dreams?
A dream like...
seeing...
hearing... talking.
The way of knowing things.
Like what?
Like, if my family's in trouble,
from dream,
they send me a message.
- In dreams?
- And through my body.
Part of my body will move...
if my brother call me.
I'll show you a dream.
Dream is a shadow...
of something real.
[Man Speaking In Native Dialect]
[Native Dialect Continues]
[Yells]
What is it?
[Traffic Passing, Horns Honking]
[Car Door Opens]
[Car Door Closes]
[Doorbell Rings]
Hello, Chris.
In the jail,
you're in one little room...
all day and all night.
Chris, I can't help you unless
you tell me what Billy saw.
No! Can't you see
it is hard for me?
Your people pulling me this way.
Something more strong is holding me back.
- You'll go to jail, all of you. You're in desperate trouble.
- No!
You in trouble. You!
Why do you say that?
You don't know
what dreams are anymore.
Chris.
What are you trying
to protect me from?
Charlie?
Where is he?
I want to talk to him.
He's not here. He's gone away.
I had another dream.
You're dreaming about secret.
- It is death to know them.
- What secrets?
Chris, if you tell me,
I can get you off.
- For Christ's sake, you've killed a man!
- Listen to me!
Why don't you go away?
You'll die!
Leave us alone! Go away!
I can't go away.
Charlie is an owl.
He can fly through the air.
He can do many things.
Lots of magic.
He got the power.
[Chuckles]
But you...
I think you may be... Mulkurul.
What is that?
You different tribe...
from another world.
Across the sea...
from sunrise.
Mulkurul.
Mulkurul.
- Mr. Zeadler.
- He's in conference at the moment.
He's not to be disturbed,
Mr. Burton.
- David, what are you...
- It's tribal.
What's tribal?
What are you talking about?
I've just had my life threatened. They're all part of some secret tribal group.
- There's an old man... Charlie...
- It doesn't happen in the city.
I want to plead "not guilty."
I think we can get them off.
I think you're making a mistake.
Then I suggest you drop out.
Good...
'cause I don't want to make a fool of myself...
or of them.
You know something?
That middle-class patronizing attitude of yours towards the blacks revolts me.
For the best part of ten years,
I've worked with these people.
While you sat, making a fortune on tax dodges for corporations.
And you come in here with this idiotic, romantic crap about tribal people.
Send the papers to my office.
[Man]
Personal effects of Billy Corman.
I want these stones photographed.
[Man Singing In Foreign Language]
- Sorry. The gallery's closed.
- I have an appointment with Dr. Whitburn.
This one I've seen before.
A spirit from the Dreamtime.
Aborigines believe in two forms of time...
two parallel streams of activity.
One is the daily objective activity to which you and I are confined.
The other is an infinite spiritual cycle called the Dreamtime...
more real than reality itself.
Whatever happens in the Dreamtime...
establishes the values, symbols and laws of Aboriginal society.
Some people of unusual spiritual powers
have contact with the Dreamtime.

How?
Through their dreams.
Through ceremonies involving
sacred objects... like these stones.

What is the name of that spirit?
Ah. Its name is one
of the few words recorded...
from a tribe
once active in Sydney.
- Now extinct, of course.
- Mulkurul?
Mulkurul.
This is a name given to a race of
spirits who came from the rising sun...
bringing sacred objects
with them...
like these stones.
This tribe believed...
that the Mulkurul expressed themselves
through people of unusual spiritual power.

You mean,
they're sometimes human?
Yes, the local belief was
that they acted through humans.
- White men?
- No.
Frankly, I don't think that
any of us has the spiritual powers...
that tribal people
expect from Mulkurul.

You see, a Mulkurul has
incredible premonitory dreams.
They usually appear
at the end of a cycle...
when nature has to renew itself.
Most primitive cultures
see life in cycles.
Each cycle ends
with an apocalypse of some kind.
And then there is a rebirth.
What sort of apocalypse?
Oh, usually
a natural cataclysm...
a freeze, a flood, a big rain.
- [Grace] I don't like that man, Mummy.
- What man?
That black man.
- What black man?
- I think he's a witch.
Listen to me.
I want you to go straight to your room,
join Sophie and stay there until
Daddy gets home, all right?

[Knock At Door]
[Whispering]
Go away.
[Whispering]
Go away.
[Knocking Continues]
[Woman]
Mrs. Burton?
You there?
Hello, Mrs. Burton.
Are you all right?
Yes, yes. Come in.
- Did you see anybody in the street?
- No.
Why?
Are you expecting someone?
No, no. Only David.
[Sophie] Can we come
downstairs now, please, Mummy?
Yes, of course, darlings.
- Hello! Hello!
- Hello!
Hello! Come on.
Let's go and have some tea.
We're going to the Potters', Sue.
Their number's by the phone.
Okay.
[Sue] Hey, my mother's
had her cruise cancelled.
Something to do
with the weather or something.
Cyclones in the South Pacific.
They're all in the wrong season.
- Really?
- Do you think it's the stars, Mrs. Burton?
I don't know what it is.
[Quiet Chattering]
No, I just thought I'd find out
if everything was all right.
- That's all.
- [Indistinct Voice On Phone]
Oh, that's good.
Well, we'll be home early anyway.
Lots of pollution right over here.
You know, I'm convinced that
the weather's changed since I was a boy.
Over here.
You know, Annie,
I never see David nowadays.
- Neither do I.
- He's always at Redfern.
We're no longer Potter,
Davies and Burton.
We're Potter, Davies and Aboriginals.
[Guests Laughing]
[Man]
Here comes the southerly.
[Wind Howling]
[Quiet Chattering]
Mummy!
Yes, darling?
I saw them.
What did you see?
Angels...
in pink satin robes.
Oh, they must have been
lovely, my precious.
And there was a beautiful light.
Why don't you snuggle down, darling.
It's very late.
I'm glad you and Daddy are back.
You sleep now.
And in the pink satin robes,
the angels were floating around.
And Jesus was there, Mummy.
I love Jesus.
He loves you too.
And I love you, Mummy.
And I love Daddy too.
Of course you do.
Settle down now.
Daddy'll come
and give you a big kiss.
[Wind Howling]
[Whimpering]
Annie! What's wrong?
He was here. The old man.
[Sobbing]
- What are you saying?
- He was out there in the street watching us, watching...
Darling, why didn't you tell me?
Why didn't you...
Why in the name of God are you helping
them? Why are they so important?
Annie. Annie, Annie,
Annie, Annie.
[Sobbing Continues]
Darling,
why didn't you tell me?
Because I can't
talk to you anymore.
I can't get...
I don't know you anymore.
[Wind Howling]
[Man On Speaker]
Plenty of parking. Come along.
The young gentleman in that Volvo car
and the other one in the Volkswagen.
We've got plenty of space here
for you. Do come along...
and we'll look after your car
like a newborn baby.
And also, we'll be
very moderate in our charges.
Would you like to come?
And please do. We'll be happy to...
[Continues, Indistinct]
Ladies and gentlemen, there's plenty
of parking available for you.
Do come drive straight in and
leave your car with impunity.
We'll look after it, and
then we'll deliver it to you.
We want your cus... We want your custom
very, very badly. Come along. Do come.
And the other young man in the Torana,
we like you as well.
Come along.
We like your face.
And, of course, some of these
lovely little babies from the country.
Oh, my, with apples
on their cheeks.
Oh, they've brought
those country apples along.
How sweet to see
these smiling faces.
[Doorbell Rings]
[Distant Rumbling]
[Doorbell Rings]
Does Charlie live here?
Can I see him?
Do you speak English?
Could you stay awhile?
I speak English.
Sometime I speak English.
Sometime I don't.
You were outside my house...
yesterday.
You frightened my wife.
What do you want?
Who are you?
Who are you?
What?
Who are you?
Who are you?
Who are you?
Who are you?
Who are you?
Who are you?
Who are you?
Who are you?
Who are you?
[Chanting]
[Chanting Continues]
Are you a fish?
No.
Are you a snake?
Are you a man?
Who are you?
Who are you?
Who are you?
Who are you?
Who are you?
Who are you?
Are you Mulkurul?
Yes.
[Chanting Resumes]
Don't speak in that court.
[Thunderclap]
[Man On Radio]... has been falling
in most parts of the Sydney area today.
Now, opinion around town seems
to favor the pollution theory,
and I must say that
I'm inclined to agree with that.
I took the liberty
of checking with the CSIRO,
and they tell me that the prime content
of whatever it was that fell...
was petroleum, oil.
Could be the answer
to the current energy crisis.
But maybe you have an opinion
on this that you'd like to express.

- [Horn Honks]
- [Radio Static]
"...found the most beautiful and amazing
rock paintings Australia possesses.
The most mysterious with their
hints of Egyptian sun gods.
Hallucinations are real."
I didn't hear you come in.
Where are the children?
I sent them to Mother's.
Just till the trial's over.
Do you want me to go too?
Yes, I want you to go too.
Oh, David!
Listen, darling...
I want you to take the children
and go away.
Go away from the city.
Do you understand?
But what is it?
I, I don't know yet.
But I'm frightened, Annie.

[Prosecutor] The events of the
The accused,
in a state of intoxication,
attacked and killed Billy Corman.
Now, you mustn't permit
the sorry history of conflict...
between the Aboriginal and European
cultures to cloud your judgment.
Your verdict must not in any way
reflect the sympathy we all feel...
for the few unhappy survivors of
the original inhabitants of this land...
who operated, until the arrival
of the white man,
under a system of tribal laws.
Your verdict must be based upon
the law as it prevails today...
over and for the protection
of all Australians.
And the accused,
in killing Billy Corman,
broke that most sacred
law of all.
The entry into the lungs of quite
a small quantity of fresh water...
can kill a person
in a matter of seconds.
The same quantity of seawater
would often not be lethal.
Would you describe the condition
of the deceased's neck and throat?
There was severe bruising,
consistent with manual strangulation.
The hyoid bone was intact,
so death was not due to strangulation.
- [Prosecutor] It was caused by...
- Drowning.
In my opinion, the deceased fell
or was pushed into a pool of water, some of which he inhaled.
No further questions.
Doctor, do you ever have any difficulties... determining the cause of death, particularly when confronted by a number of possibilities?
Yes.
This case, for example? This was not straightforward. And yet you're absolutely certain that the cause of death was drowning?
Yes, I am.
Do you know what this is, Doctor?
A bone.
It's an Aboriginal death bone.
Your Honor, I must object.
I fail to see any relevance.
Your Honor, the relevance of the bone will become clear, I think, as I continue.
Well, Mr. Burton, with your assurance, continue.
Do you know what tribal sorcerers do with a bone like this?
Well, I thought that was common knowledge.
He points it at his victim and... the victim dies.
Exactly.
If you examined the body of such a victim, is it possible that you would find no apparent cause of death?
It's possible.
I put it to you that Billy Corman died as the result of tribal sorcery.
No! Because the deceased was not a tribal man.
Your secret is linked to the water. The black rain, the weather. Is that what it is?
Tell me!
It affects us all, doesn't it?
Doesn't it!
I don't know everything.
My dreams are about water.
My dreams frighten me,
and they frighten Charlie.
Am I dreaming your secret?
Chris... something,
someone wants me to know.
Mulkurul wants me to know.
Chris, in my dream... of you,
you offered me a sacred stone.
You offered the secret to me.
I die!
I'm gonna ask you questions in court.
You must answer me, truthfully.
Do you swear that the evidence
you are about to give will be the truth,
the whole truth
and nothing but the truth?
Say, "So help me God."
So help me God.
Chris...
are you a tribal Aborigine?
You must answer
the question, Mr. Lee.
Yes.
[David]
Where is your tribal ground?
Here.
You mean here in the city?
- Yes.
- Objection, Your Honor.
- Overruled. Continue.
- I fail to see any relevance.
Chris, at the time
of the settlement of this colony,
how many people
were in your tribe?
Many thousands of people.
And how many of you today?
Just a few.
Do you have sacred sites
close to the city?
Yes.
Caves?
Yes.
What does it mean to be tribal?
You know things... secret things.
Is that tribal law?
Yes.
What happens if you break tribal law?
You are punished.
Was Billy Corman a member of your tribe?
- I must object, Your Honor. That's a leading question.
- Overruled. Continue.
Was Billy a member of your tribe, Chris?
- Was he?
- He wanted to be.
- But he didn't go through yet.
- Through what?
The law.
Did Billy Corman break the tribal law?
Yes.
How did he do that?
Did he see things?
Did he touch things or steal something?
- Yes.
- What? Stones?
These stones?
Are these stones sacred?
Chris, what is the secret Billy died for?
Does someone forbid you to say? The one who pointed the bone? The spirit man?
I must protest of this.
Objection, Your Honor.
- Mr. Burton!
- Does he not want us to know about the rain?
- Mr. Burton!
- I must object to this!
- Chris, tell them about the rain!
It's you saying that!
No more stones!
No more sacred things,
what our fathers did!
You think it still happen? No.
You got me mixed up.
It was long time ago.
We got drunk,
had a fight... and that's all.

[Judge] Mr. Burton,
I will overlook it this time,
but I must warn you...
I will not tolerate
such behavior in any court...
over which I have control.

[Sighs]
You lost the case.
Yes.
Annie phoned me this morning.
You sent her away.
David, what's happening to you?
Are you in trouble?
Yes.
But I don't know
what sort of trouble.
Do try and get it into perspective.
You lost the case,
but you haven't lost the world.

Haven't I?
I've lost the world I thought I had.
The world where what
you just said meant anything.
Why didn't you tell me
there were mysteries?
David, my whole life
has been about a mystery.
No! You stood in that church
and explained them away!
Dad, I'm being, being taken
into some sort of otherness...
and I don't know what to do.
We've lost our dreams.
Then they come back,
and we don't know what they mean.
The other day...
when you asked me about those terrible
dreams you used to have as a child,
you remember nothing about them?
When your mother died,
for a whole month before...
you dreamt it.
And what you dreamt... happened.
Charlie!
Charlie!
[Didgeridoo]
[Charlie Chanting, Indistinct]
- Hello, Daddy.
- Hello, Sophie.
Oh, what a nice surprise!
Where's Mummy?
Upstairs.
[Chanting Continues]
[Rumbling]
[Thunderclap]
Charlie!
Charlie!
[Thunder Continues]
[Window Shatters]
I take you! Now!
Hurry up! Quickly!
[Charlie]
Let's go, please.
Come on. Climb down.
Hurry up.
Come on.
Mulkurul built this?
Madayan!
This is a sacred place.
Since the Dreamtime.
Then the white man came.
Many time, he nearly find it...
when this city was built.
But we always tricked them.
And now,
because of your dream...
and my dream too...
I brought you here.
But I've broken the law
of my people.
Down there... past the snake...
you will find
what you're looking for.
Go! Now!
Will you wait here for me?
No. I'm going back to my people.
Back to the Dreamtime.
The Mulkurul.
Black rain.
Hail.
A wave.
A wave.
The priests new a wave was coming.
A second wave.
A calendar.
A calendar.
A calendar!
[Didgeridoo]
[Yelling In Native Dialect]
Charlie!
[Grunting, Panting]
[Whimpers]
[Low Rumbling]