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Long Weekend

By Everett De Roche

Cricket.

Cricket.

How are you?

All right, boy?

No, you can not come.

The boss says you're a nuisance.

Not this time.

How are you?

I want to leave early.

It is busy on the road tonight.

You were going to Mrs.. Dunlane ask for Cricket
for sure.

Peter, I do not like it,
to an old woman asking...

To your dog fit.

- Carla, it was just a question.

Forget it.

- They will really not starve.

There are three cans of dog food...

You do not put dog
ready and then think...

A dog that understands ..

Yes, it's a wonder that the breed...

Already survived one million years.

- Well, you're right.

And I'm a jerk.

Come.

Let us not on the wrong foot
start. Good?

We go to Moondah Beach.

Fresh air, sunshine.

Relaxing with Luke and Skybird.

Skybird?

Do I share a tent with a woman who called Skybird?

No.

You share a tent with me.

Come on, relax.

I continue packing.

Can you hurry up a bit?

I have Luke told him that we are in
roadhouse in Pakenham meet.

Damn.

I was listening.

Bad reception.

I will turn on some music.
Peter.
Let a little.
I had already seen them.
Have you Mark and Carol talked?
Did you tell them that we could not come?
Do you think this week they without us?
So they're still going to Portsea?
Yes, indeed.
Have we still fight?
- Well...
Honey, I'm not looking for a fight.
I think we have a few days
nice to each other should be.
We all four.
Enjoyed the beach and relax.
'Recharge'?
It sounds like I'm a disease recovery.
I meant myself.
I also need variety.
A little surfing with Luke...
While I Ladybird are stuck?
- No, Skybird.
Damn you, Carla.
You do not like camping,
but we have sat stuff with us.
I hope so. We have
\$ 10,000 to camping equipment with us.
For the money we had in a
VIP suite in Thailand can sit.
Yes, you know all rooms off, huh?
Fuck.
Well, there is little chance of this weekend.
How long will it be then?
We are available until midnight...
And it takes an hour to the tent.
Wait, the reception is poor.
Yes, that's better.
The Eggleston Pub?
Yes, that's fine.
Luke is in the file.
We should go forward.
He said...
That we meet each other in the pub for the exit.

LAST GAS STATION FOR Tathra

Luke, Peter.

I just leave a message for you behind.

I'm at the pub and I stay here

20 minutes.

Then.

Hey, guys, how are you?

Can I have a few bottles of your best rum.

Yes.

A little quiet for a long weekend, right?

- Yes, we are far from the highway.

Here only got lost and people from the neighborhood.

Heading to Moondah Beach.

Ever heard of it?

It seems the best surf spot on the north coast to

.

70 Dollar.

Is there a

exit at about eight kilometers from here?

I hear for the first time.

Then we need not worry

to the pressure will be.

I have agreed with my size.

He drives a green bus,

but I can not reach him.

The reception is poor.

He sits within one half hour behind us.

If he comes,

want him to say...

That we have on the way to Moondah?

To the beach that does not exist?

Yes, but it's a secret surf spot.

Perhaps it is known under a different name.

It should be.

Thanks.

Where are we?

We're almost there,

a little further.

And Luke and "How-hot-it ' ?

- I...

A message in the pub before they left.

Taronga ABATTOIR

Useless motherfucker.

NO ACCESS PRIVATE AREA

What is it?

- Nothing.

Is this the right place?

- Yes. That must hurry though.

Do you really know where we are?

Just about.

The ocean lies behind.

We just need to find a way.

That looks promising.

We're almost there.

You can smell the sea air.

How should Luke and How-hot-she find her way?

I call them, when we get there.

Nice.

Hello, sweetie.

Fancy a party?

- No, thank you.

Cricket.

Want a drink?

Honey, we have a stowaway.

How did you get in here?

Damn, that was close.

I can not.

This is the same tree.

- How can that same tree?

Because we laps.

We drive for 30 minutes in the same path.

How can we drive around?

Where are we, Peter?

Peter, may I suggest something?

Can we go back and

the night in a hotel to spend?

No. We sleep here tonight.

- In the car?

Yes, in the car. The

can not be far more.

We look for the beach when it's light.

Great.

You give a power to camping gear from...

And then we sleep in the car.

- Want to drive?

Go ahead, Carla.

I figured

Tomorrow.

Where are we?

- Here.

The sun is shining and the birds singing.

The bacon was burnt.

- Damn.

last night just missed the signpost.

50 meters further,

than we were before.

Where did you put my clothes?

- Your clothes?

There is no one sees us.

And your friend Luke then?

Also be sure slept in the car.

So, Peter, you have a nice camping
made.

Please.

- Smart boy.

What do you do with that tree?

- On the chopping.

Why?

- Why not?

Firewood.

What is that?

Look.

I have bought.

Look.

A harpoon.

What you gonna do with it?

- No idea. A fish kill?

Watch where you're targeting.

I hate guns.

This is not a weapon.

Come.

You gotta see this.

It's not what you think.

Come.

What do you think of that?

Are there restrooms?

- 'Toilets'.

Cricket, they want to go to the toilet.

- I'm not an outdoor type.

And? We live in the country
and pay with our precious guano.

And pay us valuable guano.

You know what?
- What?
I think I still love you.
Although you often...
A cantankerous curmudgeon are.
Really?
- And you know what?
In your hair.
Really, in your hair.
I chase it away.
What did you call me?
- A bastard.
What?
What did you call me?
- Nothing.
No idea. A sweet boy.
A sweet boy.
How sweet?
Get off me, otherwise
I pee in my pants.
Oh, my God.
Cricket, watch out.
You're a bully.
Do you love me?
Maybe.
That hurt.
I'm gonna eat burnt bacon.
What the hell is that now?
This is the old rifle from my father.
I see.
But what is it doing here?
Because it is here.
- Peter.
Come on, sweetheart.
It has the last decade
in our garage.
I do not even know if it still works.
Do you momentarily not do so stressed?
That tree with the arrow on it is there.
I said. Fifty meters further
and we had made it.
Yes, but the trail ends here.
How can we have laps?
We have apparently not done.

But...

- Hey. We are here now.

What does it matter?

Come on.

Give back.

Suits.

Come on.

Good girl.

Come on.

Good girl.

Come on.

Peter.

What is it?

Cricket, shut up.

What is it?

- There's something in the water.

What? Where?

I do not know.

Honey, I was scared to death of you.

Cricket saw it too,

they did not in the water.

Maybe it was a shark.

Let's go.

What do you want to eat tonight?

Chicken or beef?

What's wrong with fresh fish?

- Nothing.

Only that we have not.

- I'll go catch some fish.

Prima.

I will be sure

something thaw.

Prima.

Damn it.

- What is it?

Where is the bug spray?

- In the tent.

What was that noise last night?

What noise?

It sounded like a baby crying.

I'm not sure I heard something.

Where are you going?

- Even on the beach watching.

And you?

I hang the shower.
Goddamn.
Okay?
The safety catch is still on.
Sorry, sweetie.
It was not allowed to go off.
Sorry.
I'll fill it.
Cricket.
Come on, girl.
Look at all these ducks.
I'll blow you all away.
Come on.
Funny.
I'm asleep.
How you doin ' ?
- Good.
Sorry.
Okay.
Dr. Hargraves said it
a few weeks.
It's been a few months.
Sorry, but I can not disable
like you.
Is it a mental thing or...
Something chemically?
I think I need to understand things like
. .
I'm just a guy.
I'm sure it's only temporary.
Why do not you come surfing?
I have severe headaches from the sun received.
That goes surfing talking about.
Come on.
You have always wanted to try.
No, you always says that I should try.
Fine then.
What happened to Luke and his girlfriend happened?
I have no idea.
Should we not look for, or are they...
Honey, they can be found from here
to Pakenham.
Luke knowing...
He became stoned and went to the wrong beach.

I find it strange that they have not been showing up

.

Maybe we're on the wrong beach.

- Maybe.

I have another car on the beach seen.

I thought we found this place to ourselves.

You can shoot them.

Cheers.

What is your way across?

- I have a headache, I told you.

What's really bothering you?

- I'm bored.

Come on you lazy ass off...

And do something,
instead of complaining.

I wanted to Portsea,
remember?

Look, Peter...

I'm not the type to
outside to shit and be smashed.

The sun is too hot,
the water too cold.

You have your surfing and your toys.

What should I do?

No idea.

Go play with yourself.

Cricket?

What is that?

Peter.

I thought...

I have not seen you...

It's good.

There was something in the water.

Cricket?

What is that?

My God, what is that?

- No idea.

It looks like a seal.

I've heard that sound again.

As if something was crying.

There is definitely something in the water.

Can not we just go home?

How's your headache?

I was not kidding.

Do we really have to spend a night?

We just got here.

We may at midnight back home.

I'll make it worth your,
beauty.

"Home" is where I leave my dirty socks.

You had your mother to marry.

You have nicer tits.

I mean it, baby.

- That I should marry my mother?

Peter...

- Honey...

Do you really want after a night
leave again. Come on.

Come here.

- Forget it.

What is it?

Honey, the chicken is spoiled.

That is not possible.

- Yes.

It is terribly spoiled.

You're out too long leave.

- Impossible.

Come over and see.

You should have left out too long.

I have not done.

Then we should eat steak.

We need something else thawing.

- Can we just go home?

Can we just go home?

Why? Because the chicken spoiled...

And moldy?

- It's not that fucking chicken.

That thing in the water could've
kill, and it is terrible.

I want to go home.

- It was probably a dolphin.

That was not a dolphin.

- What then?

Carla, calm down once.

Look here.

What is that? A adelaarei?

Can you eat them?

I'm an eagle attacked.

These are not people.
- Why are you laughing?
Harpoons are not going off
with the safety catch on.
Do not you realize what's happening?
- Honey...
He wanted to fix the chicken steal.
That smell for miles.
No, he was a 'she',
and she searched her egg.
You have not even seen.
Fuck.
Why did you do that?
It was just an egg, Peter.
You should not have to break throw.
- Why not?
Why are you so full of hate?
- That's not so.
Do not you see, what you doing to
?
Where are you going?
- I'm leaving.
Come back to talk to.
- I'm leaving.
You're not going anywhere.
- You just enjoy the wilderness.
I go to a hotel.
- Carla, come back.
Are you coming or not?
Prima.
Cunt.
Decided to continue anyway?
What's wrong?
I have the batteries changed,
to the refrigerator to join.
Change them again.
- Do it yourself.
Fuck.
Where do you like, asshole?
What happened?
Tomorrow morning we leave.
My head...
How's your hand?
Good. But my head hurts.

I want to leave early.
- Yes, I see.
Maybe we can use
Portsea drive home.
Prima.
That's just...
250 km detour.
It's a shame the rest of the weekend
ruin.
I will pack up the rest.
- I'll do that.
Then I have a table...
- No.... amazing.
You have the spilled sugar.
See those ants everywhere?
I'm sorry...
- I need your help.
Go for a walk or something.
I'm packing it.
From now on.
I told you it was not a dolphin.
Yes, that's a Dugong.
A manatee.
There were thousands of coastal...
Before they were slaughtered for their oil.
She searched her young.
This explains the sounds you hear.
It is said that the youth
as crying like babies.
It's terrible.
I'm going to talk to those people.
Ask if they have seen Luke.
I mean...
Come.
- I mean...
It's a pity to just leave.
We have the whole day to relax.
You promised, Peter.
- I know. I do not say...
That we have here one night stay.
- You promised.
I'm not...
- You promised.
Fuck my promise.

I want to drive to the beach...
And just talk to the people who camp.
We have here no later than 12 hours away.
It takes only half an hour.
They are no longer there.
Not everyone is afraid
Mother Nature, sweetheart.
Not everyone is afraid.
- Well, let's go then.
Come on.
Is not this fun, sweetheart?
What time for ourselves.
You wanted
riding along the beach and we do so.
You know, Carla, I feel like I
sucks.
I have the feeling that everything
what you come close...
A little closer to death.
I do not know how I would stand by the nature...
But I do not think Mother Earth
is very fond of you.
Is fixed a feminine touch?
Other chemicals.
You know, the truth is, that I
the world brighter than you see.
Must be something male.
- Egocentric asshole.
You're a selfish bastard.
You drag me here...
To this terrible place and stick your head like a turtle...
From your tent of \$ 10,000.
You call this reality?
Reality is dealing with the right people...
Mountains and earn money.
Those are your own words.
- All right, go on.
There are holidays for.
Let me ask you this.
Is it true if you Mark fucks
and then the unborn child murder?
You're unbelievable.
You were so horny on Simone, you
Mark and I spent together.

And now you scream like a pig,
while everything is fucked up. Or not?
Everything is fucked.
If it was not murder,
why did you not tell me?
Did you think I would agree
votes to destroy it?
Nothing is destroyed.
Nothing is destroyed.
- Since then it gnaws at you.
Fuck.
Fuck.
- Val yourself dead.
You said you could not handle it.
A child taking.
I love children.
I wanted a son, which
I could surf.
My God, how I hate you.
- Would you hold ..
It was a horrible mistake?
You fucked, panicked and attacked...
Because you knew that the child was mine.
I can not take it anymore, Peter.
We drive to the end of the beach and look for
people.
I'm talking about us, Peter.
This week will divorce you,
next week you want new curtains.
Then the headache,
facial at Pepe.
What we enjoy the taste of human flesh.
The new cannibals.
Estranged cannibals.
Monday I the divorce filing.
Then you can not play tennis
Tuesday and you should do, honey.
It's a long weekend.
Where are they?
Yesterday they were still there.
Not anymore.
Can we go now?
What you gonna do?
I'll look around.

You know that Luke is not there.

- I'll be right back.

Five minutes, Peter.

Five minutes, otherwise I'm leaving without you.

Is anybody here?

Can not you go faster?

- Unless you want a shaft breaks.

What was happening?

It looked like a murder and a suicide.

Like it just happened.

The camp looked like it had not been used for months.

Cricket...

Is she come with us...

When we were at the beach?

- I do not know.

When did you last see her?

- No idea.

Not since this morning.

- Great.

It's your dog, Peter.

You've taken her.

Do you find her on the beach. Then I
over everything.

Then I could help you.

- We get here...

Before sunset road.

- Hurry up.

What is it?

- It's alive.

It's alive.

- Nonsense, it's dead.

How can it still move?

- This is probably...

By the flood.

- Bullshit.

Carla, please. Where is Cricket?

Cricket?

- Where is Cricket?

Fuck you, Peter.

- Carla, please.

I'm going home.

- Where's the fucking dog?

I'm going home.

I'm not leaving without her.

- I'll let you pick.
I'm not leaving without her.
Understood.
We're not leaving without her.
- She's dead.
Liar.
I found her among the bushes.
Where?
Where?
Liar.
Say on.
- I buried her.
You're a dirty liar.
It is so dark.
Cricket. Get out there.
Etterbak.
She'll be back.
She'll be back.
Give paw.
She should come back.
They have...
She'll be back.
That's just a stupid tree cricket.
Where is she?
Go Search.
Run, girl.
Why did you leave?
Why?
Why?
Come on.
Damn.
What the hell?
That way.
Come on.
Peter.
You said you could not handle it.
A child taking.
Everything is fucked.
Fuck.
Nothing is destroyed.
I can not take it anymore.
Peter.
I'm leaving.
I want to go home.

Jesus.

- Stop.

Damn, what was that?