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Mystery Road

By Ivan Sen

Yeah?
Alright.
OK.
Jay.
Hey, Robbo.
What's the story?
We got a truckie pull up
to check his trailers.
Heard a wild dog growlin'
from here under the bridge.
Smelt somethin' rotten.
How'd he know it was a wild dog?
Guess he just knows the
difference, I s'pose, you know,
between a wild dog
and a... wild kind of normal dog.
Who let Macca talk to the truckie?
I've cleared off all
the dust off the truck.
Guess he just, uh,
let himself, mate.
Are these your footprints?
Yeah, I guess they are.
So the other ones there
belong to the truck driver.
Why isn't this crime scene
locked off?
I didn't think we'd worry
about it out here, Jay.
It's the middle of nowhere.
So, you know her?
Yeah.
She's a local girl.
I'll send a car out, then, eh?
Nah.
I better do it myself.
How's it going, Jim?
Nice to see you back, Detective.
Laceration to the throat,
consistent with a knife wound.
Capable of causing death.
Time of death, oh...
48 to 72 hours ago.
And it probably wasn't here.

A few post-trauma wounds
around the upper arm.
Probably canine in origin.
Yeah. Truckie said he heard
a dog growling in here.
Big bastard, was he?
The dog, I mean.
I don't know.
He didn't see it.
But he said it was a wild one.
How did he know
it was a wild dog, Jay?
I was, uh... I was reading
about wild dogs.
They were terrorising a town
in Russia or someplace.
The people were too scared
to go out at night.
Get this...
the dogs had learnt
to travel on the subway.
They'd take the late-night trains
into the city and scavenge for food,
and then take the early
morning train back out.
Can you believe that?
Dogs taking trains.
It's a crazy world,
getting crazier.
What've you got there, Jim?
Looks like a wild grass seed.
Oh, look at that.
Last moments of life.
It's a picture, ain't it?
That's basically when
I found the body.
Thanks for calling it in.
Cheers.
Jay.
Sarge.
Bit early for ice-cream.
Nice welcome home for ya.
Hope they taught you something
down there in the smoke.

Who is she?
Her name's Julie Mason.
I haven't seen her in a while.
Sarge, you know
I've had nothing like this.
I know, Jay.
But sooner or later,
you were gonna get it.
I guess today's your lucky day.
So, what can you give me?
I got every spare wheel on the
drug squad or the theft squad.
And Frank's leaving tomorrow.
Don't forget his dinner's tonight.
You're just gonna have to
ride bareback for a while.
There's too much shit going down.
Things have changed
since you've been away.
Sarge...
we got a young girl
stuffed under the highway.
I know. I know, Jay.
Just see what you can come up with.
Ok?
This is very similar, but...
Hang on.
Jay. Got somethin' for me?
Hey, Macca.
Got somethin'?
I got no comment.
Oh, come on, mate.
Was she a local girl?
Come on, Macca.
Come on, Jay.
This is your first big case.
You'll be surprised
how much I can help you out.
We'll see what happens. If I
need your help, I'll let you know.
Oh, just off the record.
I mean...
mate, off the record, something.
Thanks, Macca.

Come on, mate.
I need something, alright?
No comment, Macca.
Muckin' up all the time.
Ashley!
You there?
Yeah, what?
It's Julie.
She was found dead this morning.
True?
Yeah.
I'm sorry.
She was found under the highway...
out of town.
She's been there a few days.
You know if anyone
wanted to hurt Julie?
I... I don't know...
much about what she
was up to these days.
When was the last time you saw her?
Oh, I don't remember
what day it was now.
Ashley...
Did Julie wear any jewellery?
Mm-hm.
She had a silver necklace
with her name on it.
I gave it to her
when she was little.
Did Julie have a phone?
Like that one.
Like this one. You sure?
Mmm.
I need a drink or somethin'.
You got a loan there, Bread?
Rightio!
69. 6-9. 20.
Number 4.
45, 4-5. 54.
5-4. 79, 7-9. 70. 7-0.
Number 9. 24, 2-4.
75, 7-5- 37.
Hey, nephew.

Hey, Old Boy.
I still see you're dyeing your hair.
How's it goin'?
Ah, no good. Them kids, they
busted me out again.
How's the neighbourhood?
Oh, she's pretty wild
these days, nephew.
Lots of drugs and shit goin' on.
A few new drug labs
started up out of town.
There's more than enough people
walkin' around on the gear,
goin' schizo.
You know Julie Mason,
who belongs to Ashley?
Yeah, I know her.
What do you know about her?
So, what's going on?
I'm not too sure.
Well, Julie's into a bit of shit.
Mostly drugs.
I know she owes
a lot of fellas money.
People say she's been
goin' out with truckies.
What do you mean?
Well, having sex with them
for money.
The trucks pick 'em up
just outta town...
and they usually take 'em up
out there and park...
near the big antenna.
What about her friends?
Oh, she's got a few.
I seen her getting around
with that, um, Tarni Williams.
She lives in your old street.
It's a green-roof house
across from the red-roof house.
Right next to the park.
Thanks, Old Boy.
Hey, you watch your back.

Time to get my money back, eh?
Hey, you kids!
Hey, cuz.
Your parents home?
What about Tarni?
Is she home?
Tarni, someone's here for ya.
What?
Just wanna ask you a few questions.
About what?
About Julie Mason.
I got nothin' to say.
Tarni!
Now I'd just like to
start by saying, Frank...
Frank, you're a real one.
Thanks.
Scarce as rockin'-horse shit.
Seriously, it's been a long time.
And I reckon the drug squad's just
gonna be lost without ya, eh, Johnno?
Oh, no. Speak...
speak for yourself, Sarge, eh?
Ah, it's gonna be
hard to replace you.
Jesus, it's hard to replace
anyone out here.
As you know, this joint was
robbed five times last month.
By the same teenage kid.
And just last week,
a junkie held a knife
to a woman's throat.
Just across the road from here.
And let us never forget poor
young Constable Bobby Rogers.
Who died last year in
the line of the duty.
Hear, hear.
Jesus,
maybe we should all shoot
through while we still can.
But for some of us,
It's the only home we know.

And we gotta stop the rot.
And protect our way of life.
We hope you're gonna think of us...
when you're sinkin' cold
ones on that tropical isle.
Yeah!
Raise your glasses.
Let's drink a toast to...
Frank and Joyce.
To Frank and Joyce.
Frank and Joyce!
Happy trails.
Good on you, Frank.
How's it goin'?
Yeah, not bad.
Here about that girl, are ya?
Yeah, that's right.
I can tell you now
I don't know nothin' about it.
Well, that might be true, but I still
need to ask you a few questions.
Yeah, well...
I got a herd of cattle here I gotta
drench. Won't get done by itself.
I understand, Mr...?
Bailey. Sam Bailey.
Mr Bailey, do you remember seeing any
train stopping down on the highway...
on Friday or Saturday night?
There's always
someone stopping there.
Mostly truckies
checkin' their load, I guess.
What about last Friday
or Saturday night?
Might've been.
I don't recall any details.
Like I said,
I don't know nothin' about it.
Normally in bed by 9:00.
I'm up at sparrow's.
Do you remember seeing anything
strange out here lately?
Well...

We got these wild dogs
running round everywhere.
Killed two of me
young calves last week.
Only other thing strange is...
these young hoodlums
come out from town,
tryin' to steal everything I own.
Yeah, I got signs and guard dogs
and bloody car alarms.
Don't stop their little black
hands gettin' on somethin'.
Are you a real copper or are you...
one of them black trackers
who turns on his own type?
No disrespect intended.
How much land you got here,
Mr Bailey?
Far as you can see.
That's a lot of dirt.
Yeah, I guess.
Well, your children will have a pretty
good future, then, won't they, eh?
You're a lucky man.
You know your way
back to town, don't you?
He had a smile on
him like a shot fox.
Johnno.
Jay boy.
Look, I'm gonna have
to get back to ya, Jack.
I will. Bit later.
Hooroo.
What?
What do you know about young girls
prostituting to truck drivers...
out on the highway?
Oh, come on, Jay.
It's only rumours.
Nothing's ever been
officially reported.
Yeah, well, I wanna put a sting
on the truck drivers.

We'll put a young girl
out on the highway...
and we'll get a pool of suspects.
Where am I gonna get
the men for that?
What makes you think you're
looking for a truckie?
Come on, Sarge, this shit
has to be cleaned up anyway.
One war at a time, Jay.
It's all we can afford.
I'll tell you what...
I'll put in a request for
a reward for information.
A reward?
Jesus, Sarge.
That's the best I can do.
Jay, got Jim on line one for you.
Approximate
time of death occurred sometime, oh...
last Friday night.
Cause of death is...
is definitely from the
laceration across the trachea,
probably from a, say,
20cm knife with a serrated edge.
Like a hunting knife?
Yeah.
But not a cheap one.
High quality, very sharp.
And the bite marks are definitely
from a dog, a bloody big one.
You got any fibres?
Hang on a sec. Yeah, yeah.
Um, a fight brown fibre...
was found in one
of the girl's fingernails.
It's been sent away for analysis.
What does it look like?
Oh, I really couldn't say, mate.
Well, what about the blood tests?
Uh, nothing, really.
Pretty much came up
with a blank except for...

minute alcohol traces.
Alright, thanks, Jim.
No Worries, mate.
G'day, Jay.
Long time, no see.
Hey, Mick. How you going?
Oh, can't complain.
How's your old man's Winchester
holding up?
Still shootin' straight.
Yeah, don't make 'em
like that anymore.
Well, what can I do you for?
What have you got
in the way of hunting knives?
Let's see. Uh...
This is the range I got here,
but I could, uh...
get somethin' in special
on order if you want.
Give us a look at that
big Blackhawk you got there.
She's a beauty.
You sold many of these lately?
Yeah, quite a few.
Pig hunters and roo
shooters just love 'em.
Do you remember
who you might've sold them to?
Ooh. Gee whiz.
Memory's not what it
used to be and...
only take cash for those,
so I got no records.
OK. Thanks, Mick.
This wouldn't have
anything to do with that...
girl they found on the highway?
I really can't say, Mick.
Thought as much.
But I'll take a box of your
best .308s... hollow points.
Yeah, no problems, Jay.
How you going, my little brothers?

Good. You a copper, brah?
Yeah.
We hate coppers, brah.
We kill coppers, brah.
Who you lookin' for?
Ashley. You seen her?
They gone.
Gone where?
Different town.
Yeah? How'd they go?
Train.
OK. Thanks, little brother.
I found a phone like that.
Yeah? Where'd you find it?
Just there.
Just there, on the road?
Yeah.
Is that a real gun?
What do you think?
Can I look at it?
Well, you tell me what you did
with that phone first...
and I'll give you
a look at my gun.
Show me your gun first.
Let me hold it.
You're not allowed to look at it!
Thanks, little brother.
Heard you was back.
How ya been, Mary?
Not bad.
What you up to?
Oh, not much.
Just workin'.
Ah, still workin' hard.
Yeah, uh... heard you
were a big detective now.
Yeah.
Guess so.
So you must be on good money, eh?
You look good.
Yeah?
Except for...
You know what I'm like.

I'm not gonna back away
from a fight, am I?
Is Crystal home?
You here about Julie?
You know about her?
So, what?
You're just here for work?
Not here to see your daughter?
Crystal!
Your father wants ya.
What you been doin'?
Oh, nothin'.
Just Facebookin' and watchin' TV.
What happened to you?
Just fightin'.
How you goin' with your mother?
Still drinkin'?
All the time.
You know Julie Mason's dead.
Are you good friends with Tarni?
Sort of.
What did Julie call you about?
Nothin' much.
Was she in trouble?
She never said anything about it.
Did you know
she was goin' with truckies?
Out on the highway?
Crystal, maybe you should
come live with me for a while.
What for?
Get out of here for a few
months. It'll do you good.
Or what about I get a job for ya?
I don't know.
Like in a dress shop or something.
What am I gonna do
in a dress shop?
Jay boy.
Hey, Johnno.
What you doing out here
in the middle of the night?
Oh, you know, working late.
You work too hard,

Jay boy, too hard.
You should learn to
relax a bit, eh?
Maybe you should ask Sarge.
Ask Sarge for a bit of down time.
Yeah, I wish.
Yeah, don't we all.
Don't we all.
What about you guys?
What are you doing?
I don't know. Just doing
a bit of intelligence.
Intelligence work.
Intelligence work, eh?
Yeah. Intelligence work.
We've been working out here
a long time now, a long time.
Gone a long, long way
to get where we are.
Is that right?
Yeah.
And we'd really hate
for someone to come along
and fuck up all the hard work.
Hey, can I, um...
can I ask you something,
if you don't mind, eh?
You know, from one cop to another.
You ever... ever kill anyone?
Come on, Johnno.
No, I mean by accident.
Sounds like you're the one
who needs a break.
No, seriously, Jay boy.
Would you... would you tell
anyone? You know, if you did?
I mean, if you could... you know,
if you could get away with it,
would you tell anyone?
Is there something
you wanna tell me, Johnno?
Nah, I'm just fuckin' with ya,
Jay boy! I'm just fuckin' with ya!
Yeah, well,

I better get home to sleep.
Yeah, good idea, Jay.
Good idea.
Mate, maybe we could
go out for a feed sometime.
Have a bit of a yarn.
Hmm? Bit of a yarn.
Yeah, maybe.
No worries.
Goodnight, Jay boy.
Jay.
Hey, Sarge.
How are the grandkids?
Spoilt.
Nice horse.
2- year-old.
Worth a penny.
Or two.
You know your horses.
I'd expect that from a bloke...
whose father was head stockman
round these parts.
My first memory's
on the back of his horse.
Out at Slaughter Hill Station.
That's before everyone left
the mission and moved into town.
The simple life, hey, Jay?
Whatever happened to it?
Warming up.
Yeah, she's gonna be
a hot one, alright?
I could do with a bit of amber.
Cheers, Jay.
So, how's it going?
Still lookin' for a truckie?
I don't know what I'm looking for.
It's hard to keep track
of these young girls.
They don't like talking much.
I can imagine.
What do you know about Johnno
before he joined the cops?
What do you mean?

Well, I saw him out on the highway last night with Robbo. He was acting a bit strange. Probably thought the same thing about you. Her's from up north. He got in a bit of trouble with the police up there. Had to cop a transfer. What kind of trouble? I don't know the details, to be honest. What do you reckon he was doing out there? Not too sure. Now, come on, Jay. Don't get all paranoid on me. Sometimes Johnno's gotta go for a while without a wash. That red dust can be hard to get off. What if that red dust don't come off no matter how hard you try? Ah, come on, Jay. Your hands are gonna get a bit grubby from time to time. You'll get used to it. Johnno's doing a good job. He's got some big busts coming up. Make sure you don't get caught in the middle. That's OK. Been there all my life. What, caught in the middle? Yeah, I guess you have, you poor bugger. I've just remembered there's something I've gotta do. I'll see you later, Jay. Yeah, no worries. Thanks, Sarge. What are you doing here? What's going on? With what?

With Crystal.
What about her?
What's she hanging around
those crazy girls for?
She's been hanging around
them girls for years.
She got a boyfriend?
I don't know. Why don't
you go ask her yourself.
'Cause she won't talk to me.
Of course she won't.
She told me you asked
her to go live with ya.
She spent the whole night in
her room crying after that.
Nothing I could say to her.
Too late, Jay
10 years too fuckin' late.
What happened to you?
What?
Who the fuck do you think you are?
Livin' over there all by yourself
in the big, empty house.
Who do you think you are.
What did you want me to do?
Stay around here and watch
you drink your life away?
I did that one with my old man.
Hey, you weren't doing too badly
yourself, remember.
At least I'm trying to make
a difference in this town.
Yeah?
How's it workin' for ya?
You see, I know I've got problems.
And I made mistakes.
But at least I know who I am.
Do you? Really?
G'day, Mr Murray.
Mr Murray.
Mr Murray?
Who's there?
Mr Murray?
Who wants to know?

I'm Detective Jay Swann.
Policeman, hey?
Well, you don't have to worry
about me...
driving without a license anymore.
Old girl finally packed it in.
I got everything I need right here.
Until my old wheels pack it in.
Yeah, it's the roadkill.
I eat the roadkill.
Kangaroos and the rabbits and...
occasional pig and...
Can't come at the foxes.
You just got to be quicker
than those...
mongrels.
Did you see them
on the way in, did you?
See who, Mr Murray?
The fuckers are everywhere now.
What's everywhere?
Those mongrel wild dogs.
Fuckers come in.
They... they tore him to bits.
Bless his little soul.
I'm sorry about your dog,
Mr Murray.
Dog?
He was more than a dog!
He was everything.
Mr Murray...
do you remember you called
the police a few months ago?
You said that you saw
one of those wild dogs...
out on the highway.
You said that it was carrying
something in its mouth.
You said it was a human bone.
A human bone?
Yeah. That's right, Mr Murray.
You said that you saw one of
those dogs out on the highway...
and it was carrying

a human bone in its mouth.
And you said something
terrible had happened
Do you remember, Mr Murray?
Could've been.
My memory's not what it was.
Never be the same again.
You also said...
the police should check
the town for missing people.
Do you remember, Mr Murray?
You don't know what something is...
until it ain't there anymore.
When time has its way with you...
not even your dreams
can bring it back.
Hey, nephew!
Hey, Old Boy.
How you going?
Why didn't you tell me
Julie was murdered?
I couldn't say too much, you
know? Secret police business.
Yeah, right.
You know the family
who used to live here?
Yeah.
But I don't want
any trouble or anything...
you know what I'm saying?
You know what I'm getting at here?
Yeah, don't worry.
I get ya.
I won't say anything.
Hmm.
Yeah, well, that mob
moved out some time ago.
Do you know why?
No, a lot of trouble in there.
Lots of trouble.
Oh, schizin' out on drugs,
booze, carryin' on, fightin'.
Well, I remember
the old man in there...

held the baby over the oven.
Threatened he was gonna cook
the baby in the oven. Yeah.
Serious he was, too.
Was there a teenage girl
living here? Nelli Dargon?
Yeah, she was living there for
a while, but she moved out. Yeah.
Did she have any friends?
Yeah, next door there.
She belong to Mavis MacDonald.
Jasmine's her name.
Jasmine, yeah.
She a good girl too.
Alright, thanks,
I'll catch up with you later on.
Alright. And don't forget...
keep it dark.
OK. Don't worry.
I'll keep it dark.
Yep.
Yeah.
Oh, Mrs MacDonald.
I was just wondering if I could
have a word with Jasmine.
Is she home?
What's this about?
I just want to ask her
a few questions about her friend...
that used to live next door...
Nelli Dargon.
Oh, that crazy house.
Jasmine!
Policeman wants you.
Yeah, she was on drugs and grog.
What kind of drugs?
Anything.
She didn't care.
What about you?
You take drugs?
No way. My man'd kill me
and send me to hell.
Did she have a boyfriend?
Nah, no-one could handle her.

But she used to see
this one fella.
What fella?
I don't know. She said...
he'd give her drugs and grog
if she'd meet him at the motel.
What motel?
"Dusk till Dawn".
Did she ever say if this fella
was black or white?
White fella.
Do you know my girl, Crystal?
Yeah, I know her.
Does she ever do this
kind of thing, like Nelli did?
I don't know her that well.
OK.
Thanks, Jasmine.
How you going?
Pretty good now.
Do you have any regular customers?
Yeah, one or two. Um...
Some truck drivers, contractors.
Did any of them
stay here around October 10?
Um, let me just check for you.
Ah!
Got one.
It's a William Smith.
Do you happen to have
a vehicle registration number?
No. He always left that
part blank, actually.
Do you remember what
this William Smith looked like?
Look, I get so many
people through here...
I really can't remember. He was a
pretty average-looking cowboy, I guess.
Hey, you must have worked with
that poor young police officer.
Which police officer?
He was killed out on the highway.
He came in here to last year...

you know,
asking me if I had any regulars.
Is that a fact?
Was a terrible thing for that
poor man's young wife and child.
It was just terrible.
Do you happen to remember
what type of vehicle...
this William Smith
was driving at the time?
Oh, let me think. Um...
It may have been...
white utility.
That's right, um...
covered in spotlights and bullbars
Like a hunter's truck?
Hey, you know what?
The strange thing...
he always asks for the same room.
How's it goin'?
You that Abo copper?
The old man's not here.
He's out droving.
Oh, that's OK. Actually,
I wanted to talk to you.
Is that right?
Yeah.
I'm just wondering whether
you saw any vehicles...
pull up on the highway
last Friday night.
Can't say that I did.
What were you doing
last Friday night?
I was working.
Yeah?
Where do you work?
Roo shooter.
I run the meat freezer in town.
You got any witnesses
to prove your whereabouts?
How many do you want?
So you're a roo shooter, eh?
That's right.

Well, you'd be a pretty
crack shot, then, wouldn't ya?
What do you fuckin' think?
What are you packing?
Rem 700.
Pull a head shot from 1,000 yards.
Woo.
That's a fair way.
Nice rig.
Mind if I take a look at it?
And why would you want to do that?
Well, I was thinking about
buying a hunting truck.
To go hunting with.
Mmm.
And what are you hunting for?
I don't know.
I'll find something.
Maybe wild dogs.
They seem to be running amuck
around here these days.
Mmm.
Yeah, I guess I wouldn't mind...
if you had a warrant.
I was just curious.
I wouldn't worry about it.
Listen...
we usually shoot at fellas who
turn up here without an invite.
Especially ones of the dark breed.
Is that a fact?
Man's got a right
to protect his property.
Well, thanks for your time.
Pete.
No worries.
You have a good day, fellas.
Yeah?
G'day, Jay.
Hey, Jim. How's it going?
Not bad, mate. We just
got the results from the lab.
- I'm typing up a report now.
- OK, great.

Thought you might want to know,
the light brown fibres
found on the girl's fingernails
are of a synthetic material.
They've got the microstructure
consistent with the material
found in the production
of car seats.
Which kind of car?
Well, that is the question.
It'll take a few
weeks to get a match.
The fibres were so deep
under her nails...
that they drew blood, Jay.
This girl went through
a lot of pain.
Thought you should know that.
Oh, one other thing, mate.
We also found something
a little bit strange.
The dog left its
saliva on the girl...
and the lab identified
a special gene in its DNA.
They're having trouble
matching it with other dog DNA.
Like it was some kind of,
well, superdog.
Anyway, that's just a bit of trivia.
I'll send this report over ASAP.
Alright. No worries, Jim.
Thanks.
It was a Friday night.
Bobby was at home
watching the footy.
I remember it was his team
playing when he got a phone call.
Said he had to go
out and meet someone.
Did he say where?
Nah.
Just that he'd be gone an hour.
Two hours later I was

getting worried.
So I called the station, but they
said they didn't know anything.
And then the phone rang

at 3:

I just had this bad feeling.
Took me a few minutes
to pick up the phone.
Highway patrol...
found his car on the
side of the highway...
and his body lying
in a pool of blood.
Did your husband ever
talk to you about his work?
Never.
Said he didn't want to bring
it home to the family.
I couldn't find Bobby's case file
at the station. Any idea why?
A special team came up
from the city, but...
nothing really came of it.
I guess it all got
turned over to 'em.
Did they ever tell you
who called Bobby that night?
They wouldn't tell me anything.
But I know it was
another policeman.
How do you know that?
Well, I didn't hear
any names but...
Bobby always spoke a certain way...
when he was talking
to another cop.
Which way was that?
Like he trusted them.
Thanks, Peggy.
175 to 21.
You copy?
Copy, 175.
Can I get a name

for a registration number?

Golf-Uniform-Whisky-3-0-2.

Copy.

Golf-Uniform-Whisky-3-0-2.

Copy that.

Should be a silver Excel
registered to a Wayne Silverman.

You got a record summary?

How long you got?

Just give us the last few years.

OK, several counts of possession.

Supplying and selling narcotics.

Five counts of receiving
stolen goods.

One count of break and enter,
two counts of assault.

Two fail to appear for
one count of car theft.

Two counts of driving unlicensed,
and the list goes on.

OK. Thanks for that.

So you heard about Julie Mason?

So what do you know about her?

She ever get drugs from ya?

Wayne.

Sometimes she'd come
to me for a stick.

And...?

Always had no money but.

So?

I owed a few favours to some fellas so
I sent her out to give 'em a good time.

What about the missing girl,
Nelli Dargon?

You know her?

Missing?

Probably just fuckin' OD'd
somewhere.

Fuckin' mad on money
and having a good time.

They'll use anyone
to get what they want...

and they deserve
everything they get.

So Why'd you run, Wayne?
Thought you were someone else.
Someone after you?
You in some trouble?
I might be able to help you.
Don't think so.
You've got a pretty
big record here.
You got two warrants right here.
So what would I find
if I searched your house?
I stole a car and stripped it.
I found a case
full of brown sugar in it.
On our way we stopped
at Chooka Chook for a feed.
Some prick stole it from my car.
What kind of car?
It was a Merc.
An old one.
And where'd you dump it?
Out near
the old mission garbage tip.
Who owned the gear?
Crystal's your girl.
What?
You own Crystal?
You own her?
Yeah.
Thought so.
How do you know her?
Small town.
How do you know her?
They all come looking for a hit
sooner or later.
Do anything to get it.
How do you fuckin' know
my daughter, Wayne?
How do you sleep at night...
locking up your own people
all the time?
Pardon me, Jay boy.
Can I, uh... can I see you
for a sec?

What?

You realise
what you're doing in there?

Yeah.

I'm doing my job.

Well, brother, I have to tell ya...

you're fuckin' with
my number one informer, eh?

How about that?

Should watch where you step,
Jay boy.

Those big boots of yours
will get you in trouble.

They'll get you in trouble.

Don't worry, I'll make sure
he gets home, mate.

I pulled a few strings
with the district commander.

There's a detective team coming
down from the homicide branch.

I think you'd better get
out of town for a few days.

Sarge, we both know
what's gonna happen.

No-one'll talk to them.

They'll do their paperwork,
they'll keep their mouths shut...

and they'll go back
to where they came from.

But maybe that's what you want.

Keep everything in its place.

There'll be more than a few
black girls to worry about...

if this town turns into a
fuckin' war zone...

For some people
it already is a war zone.

What happened?

I just come home from Bingo.

Front door was busted in.

You know what they
were looking for?

Nah.

Where's Crystal?

I don't know where she is.
Probably off looking for something.
Where does she go?
Mary.
Where does she go?!
I don't know.
What if they come back, Jay?
Call the police.
Got nothin' to say to you, Jay.
I never saw anything.
Come on, Ted.
You see everything in this street.
I just want to know one thing.
Was it an old Statesman?
Just say yes or no.
How 'bout that feed?
Thanks, Ange.
You're not hungry?
Look, Johnno, I don't have
a lot of time right now.
I know how you feel, Jay boy.
Not enough seconds in the day.
No time for friends, family.
See, we've got
the same problem, mate...
this fuckin' job.
And I don't know about you,
but I'm a real sad case.
Live on my lonesome.
No woman, no kids.
Just the ugliest bull mastiff
mongrels you've ever seen.
What do you carry?
68 Winchester 308.
Well, that's a classic
right there, right there.
Not easy to come by.
Belonged to my old man
before he passed away.
Do you think you can
really use that thing?
Take a man's life.
You think you can really
make a difference to this place?

Kittens in Washing machines,
babies in ovens...
you know, all that fun stuff.
It was just a matter of time before
it got out of control, you know.
Out of control, just like those
fuckin' grassfires they always light.
So what do you know about
the Bobby Rogers murder?
Fuck.
What were you doing
out there today?
Just sightseeing.
Did you see anything interesting?
Maybe.
Look, what do you want, Johnno?
I just need to find out what's
missing and I need to do it pronto.
That's all.
That, um...
that daughter of yours...
she's a beautiful girl.
You're a lucky man, Jay boy.
You're a lucky man.
But you should learn
to look after her.
Yeah.
Jay boy.
I've got it.
What have you got?
What's missing.
Hey, good boy, Jay.
Good boy, hey? Good boy.
There's a place... called
Slaughter Hill.
It's off Mystery Road.
Fuck!
Ugh!
Fuck!
Ugh!
Fuck!
Ugh!
Argh!
Agh!