

YOWIE

Radio Drama Series Created By

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Chapter 1 of 5

"Secrets and Lies"

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SCENE 1: THE INTERVIEW

INT. BAR — DAY. IAN IS BEING
INTERVIEWED BY JAMES. A TV DRONES
QUIETLY IN THE BG AS GLASSES CLINK.

1. IAN: This interview is over.

BARSTOOL SCRAPES ON THE WOODEN FLOOR.

2. JAMES: I have a right to know. I mean, the
people, have a -- (*right to know*).

3. IAN: Goodbye, Mueller.

4. JAMES: Off the record, then. Come on. Ian.
This is no 'dingo ate my baby' story.
I mean, we're talking --

5. IAN: You don't think I know how crazy it
sounds? I never believed they were
out there. I saw what I saw.

6. JAMES: So, what was it? Exactly.

7. IAN: I've been telling you people for the
last three years. You're just not
listening.

1. JAMES: Then make it clear, to everybody.
Just the facts...as you remember
them.
- IAN SIGHS EXHAUSTEDLY.
2. IAN: Why can't you just leave it alone?
3. JAMES: The 'Linville Grampians
Disappearance' is --
4. IAN: Don't call it that.
5. JAMES: Ian, please. (BEAT) Put this to bed
once and for all.
6. IAN: Why do you even care?
7. JAMES: You want to spend the next couple
decades being dragged through endless
inquests and a Royal Commission,
that's your business, but think of
the victims' families --
8. IAN: Those victims, are my family.
9. JAMES: You're right. So, let's just put it
all out on the table. Your own words.
Unbiased, unedited, unadulterated.

1. JAMES: I'm offering you the chance to finally air your real side of the story. (BEAT) But the offer expires in the next twenty seconds.

IAN DOESN'T RESPOND.

2. I'm sorry I wasted your time.

CAR KEYS JANGLE AND A STOOL SCRAPES ON THE FLOORBOARDS.

3. IAN: Wait. (BEAT) If I do this, you can't screw me over and twist everything.

4. JAMES: I'm invested in this, believe me. I just want the truth. Your family deserves it.

IAN LETS OUT A LONG SIGH.

5. IAN: (BEAT) I'm gonna need a top-up.

6. JAMES: Thank you.

IAN'S STOOL SCRAPES AGAIN AS JAMES POURS HIM ANOTHER DRINK.

7. Okay, walk me through it.

SCENE 2: SETTING UP CAMP

EXT. CAMPSITE — DAY. OUTDOORS, BIRDS
CHIRP, MAGPIE WARBLER, KOOKABURRA IN
THE DISTANCE.

*

1. IAN (V/O): It was supposed to be a fresh start.

TENT PEGS HAMMER INTO THE GROUND. A
CAMPER VAN DOOR SWINGS OPEN AND SLAMS
AGAINST THE SIDE OF THE VAN.
FOOTSTEPS RUN ON GRAVEL.

2. AARON: Dad, come on. Let's go.

3. SARAH: Wait for your father, Aaron. No
running unless you want another
episode.

4. IAN (V/O): We'd just come off the back of a
'bump' in our marriage.

FOOTSTEPS SKID TO A HALT IN THE DIRT.

5. AARON: I'm not a kid, Mum. I can manage it *
on my own.

HAMMERING STOPS. A TENT FLAPS.

1. IAN: Sarah, give us a hand with this fly, would ya. Throw it over the top.
2. SARAH: Please keep an eye on him.
3. IAN: He's practically a man.
4. SARAH: He's fifteen.
5. IAN: You're overreacting.
6. SARAH: No hunting. (BEAT) Promise me. (BEAT) It's barbaric.
7. IAN: Does fishing count?
- SILENCE.
8. Come with us if you don't believe me.
9. SARAH: I'll do some stuff around camp.
(BEAT) Don't give me that look.
10. IAN: What look?
11. SARAH: Come on, Ian. We said --
12. IAN: I wasn't. There was no look.

1. SARAH: I'm trying. I'm here and I'm trying.

IAN WHISTLES AT AARON.

2. IAN: (SHOUTS) Aaron, grab the rods.

3. SARAH: Don't be too long.

SCENE 3: DEER SPOTTING

EXT. STREAM - DAY. A BABBLING STREAM
RISES. A FISHING LINE ZIPS OUT AND
PLONKS INTO THE WATER.

4. IAN: Nice cast.

5. AARON: Whatever.

6. IAN: She worries about you.

7. AARON: I can take care of myself.

8. IAN: I know that. (BEAT) You seeing
anyone? Girlfriend. (BEAT) Boyfriend?

9. AARON: Dad.

10. IAN: You're not doing drugs, I hope.

1. AARON: Shut up.
2. IAN: Because that would really ruin your mother.
3. AARON: No seriously, shut up.
4. IAN: Listen, you mightn't live with me anymore but I'm still your old man and you can't --
5. AARON: Dad, shut up and look.

SILENCE FROM IAN.

6. (WHISPERS) Right there, across the stream.

A BABBLING STREAM WITH THE OCCASIONAL
SNAPPING TWIG AND AN UNUSUAL
SQUEAKING ANIMAL SOUND.

7. You see it?

8. IAN: (HUSHED) Whoa. Don't move a muscle.

AARON'S FISHING REEL CLICKS A FEW
TIMES.

9. Shhh.

1. AARON: I can't believe it's right there.

2. IAN: Don't spook it.

3. AARON: Holy shit, my friends are gonna freak.

4. IAN: I said freeze. Let's see if we can get closer --

AN IPHONE CAMERA CLICKS AND SPOOKS *
THE CREATURE. IT SQUEAKS AS IT LEAPS *
OVER LOGS AND INTO THE BUSH. *

5. Jesus, Aaron. It was right there. I told you. You'll never get that close to another deer in your life.

6. AARON: Hashtag, 'best-pic-ever'. Check it out. Do deers have blue eyes? It was staring right at me, like we were connected. That was so awesome. I'm gonna call him 'Frodo' coz of his blue eyes --

THE DEER LETS OUT A HIGH-PITCHED SQUEAL LIKE IT'S BEING GARROTTED.

FOR A MOMENT THE BUSH IS COMPLETELY SILENT.

1. AARON: What was that?

2. IAN: (BEAT) Stay behind me.

SCENE 4: THE CARCASS

EXT. BUSHLAND - DAY. WE NO LONGER
HEAR THE STREAM, BUT INSTEAD,
FOOTSTEPS CRUNCH CAREFULLY OVER TWIGS
AND BRANCHES. BIRDS TWEET.

3. AARON: Anything?

4. IAN: Not yet. You right, mate?

AARON STARTS TO WHEEZE.

*

5. Got your inhaler?

AARON SUCKS A FEW DEEP BREATHS.

6. AARON: I can manage.

7. IAN: Well, don't cark it on me out here,
your Mum'll have a fit.

*

AARON'S WHEEZING SUBSIDES.

8. AARON: Thanks for your concern.

1. IAN: I just want you to be safe.

AARON'S FOOTSTEPS STOP, BUT WE GO
WITH IAN. AARON'S VOICE FADES AS IAN
MOVES AWAY FROM HIM.

2. IAN: Keep close to the trees --

3. AARON: (DISTANT) Dad.

4. IAN: Don't expose yourself.

5. AARON: (DISTANT) Dad.

6. IAN: (CALLS) Keep up. What are you doing
back there? (BEAT) Come on, mate.

IAN TRUDGES BACK TO AARON.

7. Look, I'm tough on you for a reason.
It's not fair, I know. But in the
long run -- What are you staring at?

A SWARM OF BUZZING FLIES RISES.

*

8. Holy crap.

9. AARON: I think it's Frodo. (BEAT) His eyes
really are blue.

1. IAN: Must be an anomaly, I reckon.
2. AARON: So much blood. What happened?
3. IAN: It was quick. Not even twitching.
4. AARON: What's that smell?
5. IAN: Shat itself.
6. AARON: (GAGS) So rank.
7. IAN: Must have been scared.
8. AARON: His eyes, so dull now. I think I'm gonna be --

AARON HURLS CHUNKS.

IAN SIGHS IMPATIENTLY. AARON COUGHS AND SPLUTTERS.
9. AARON: So gross.
10. IAN: When you're ready.
11. AARON: (RECOVERS) For what?
12. IAN: We'll roll it over.

1. AARON: Don't kneel -- (*in the...*)

CRUNCH AND SPLOOSH OF BLOOD AND TWIGS.

2. Too late.

3. IAN: Well, these jeans'll need a wash. Get down here, help me turn it.

4. AARON: Oh, man.

AARON STRAINS TO LIFT IT.

5. IAN: Get your hands under the belly.

6. AARON: Uh, it's still warm.

7. IAN: Lift.

THEY BOTH STRAIN.

8. AARON: Sorry, Frodo. I'm gonna hurl again.

THE CARCASS FLOPS OVER. FLIES BUZZ.

9. IAN/AARON: (SURPRISED) Whoa.

10. IAN: (BEAT) That's interesting.

*

AARON COUGHS AND WHEEZES SLIGHTLY.

1. AARON: Who would do this? Poachers?
2. IAN: No bullet wounds.
3. AARON: He was so beautiful, so alive --
4. IAN: Throat's torn out, bled out pretty fast.
5. AARON: But who?
6. IAN: Not who. What. And by the size of these tear marks, it's pretty big.
7. AARON: (BEAT) How big?

SCENE 5: VOICEMAIL

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY. SARAH STIRS A POT OF BUBBLING STEW OVER THE CAMPFIRE. TAPS THE SPOON ON THE EDGE, *
TAKES A SLURP. *

8. SARAH: Mmm, bit longer.

MOBILE PHONE BEEPS. SHE PULLS IT FROM *
HER ZIP POCKET. *

1. SARAH: Voice message?

IN THE DISTANCE, IAN AND AARON ARRIVE
BACK IN CAMP.

2. AARON: (DISTANT) Mum, you'll never guess
what we saw in the bush.

3. SARAH: (UNDER) Oh, shoot.

SNAPS HER PHONE COVER SHUT AND SLIPS
THE PHONE BACK INTO HER ZIP POCKET.
IAN AND AARON'S FOOTSTEPS APPROACH.

4. AARON: It was amazing.

5. SARAH: Where's the fish?

6. IAN: We got waylaid.

7. SARAH: I bet.

8. AARON: It was a blue-eyed deer. I called him
Frodo.

9. SARAH: I got the fire going and there's stew
on the boil.

10. IAN: Where are you going?

1. AARON: He came right up to us, I took a pic on my phone. Look.
2. SARAH: I gotta use the ladies room.
3. AARON: Something killed it.
4. SARAH: Won't be long.

SARAH CRUNCHES OFF INTO THE BUSH.
5. AARON: (CALLS) It's throat was torn out, blood everywhere.
6. SARAH: (DISTANT) That's nice, hon. Back in a bit.
7. AARON: But, Mum. Mum...
8. IAN: Sorry mate. When you gotta go, you gotta go.
9. AARON: Well, she left the bog roll behind.
10. IAN: She did? (BEAT) Huh.

SCENE 6: THE AFFAIR

EXT. BUSHLAND - DAY. SARAH'S PHONE BUZZES ON SILENT. SHE HURRIEDLY UNZIPS HER POCKET AND PULLS OUT HER PHONE. SHE BEEPS A BUTTON.

1. VOICE MESSAGE (V/O): You have six new voice messages.
2. SARAH: Six? Jesus, James.
3. IAN: Forget something?
4. SARAH: Ian. Bloody hell, you frightened me.
5. IAN: Unless you're planning on using dead leaves?

SARAH PANICS AND SLIDES HER PHONE BACK INTO HER ZIP POCKET.

6. SARAH: Um, yeah. Thanks. Actually, it was just gas. (BEAT) We should probably get back.

SARAH'S FEET CRUNCH ON THE GROUND.

7. IAN: It was him again, wasn't it?
8. SARAH: What? Who?

IAN SAYS NOTHING.

1. SARAH: It was work.
2. IAN: I thought we were done with this.
3. SARAH: We are.
4. IAN: The whole reason we're out here --
5. SARAH: I know. I promise you.
6. IAN: Let me see the phone.
7. SARAH: What?
8. IAN: Just give me the damn --

AARON SCREAMS IN THE DISTANCE. IAN
AND SARAH FREEZE.

*
*

9. IAN/SARAH: Aaron.

SCENE 7: THE RANGER

EXT. BUSHLAND/CAMPSITE - DAY. MUSIC
PUMPS AS IAN AND SARAH TEAR THROUGH
THICKETS, BREATHING HARD.

10. SARAH: (PANICKED) Aaron.

1. IAN: (PANICKED) Aaron. We're coming.

AARON'S WHEEZING RISES AS SARAH AND IAN RUN INTO THE CAMP.

2. Over here.

AARON HYPERVENTILATES LOUDLY.

3. SARAH: He's having another episode.

AARON FIGHTS FOR BREATH.

4. (TO AARON) Where's your Ventolin?

5. IAN: He said he could manage it.

6. SARAH: Does it look like he's managing?
Check the car.

WE GO WITH IAN AS HE RUNS TO THE CAR. THE DOOR SQUEAKS OPEN. IAN RIFLES THROUGH THE CONSOLE. SARAH AND AARON QUIETLY UNDERNEATH.

7. (DISTANT) Big breaths. Follow me.
In...out. Bring it down. Easy now.

AARON BREATHES ACCORDINGLY. IAN RIFLES THROUGH THE GLOVEBOX.

1. IAN: Bloody hell.

IAN SLAMS THE CAR DOOR SHUT AND RUNS
BACK TO AARON AND SARAH.

2. Nothing there.

AARON'S BREATH STEADIES.

3. SARAH: He's good. We're okay.

MUSIC FADES. A 4WD TRUCK SQUEALS TO A
HALT.

4. Might be one in my bag in the camper.

5. IAN: What the hell happened?

A CAR DOOR OPENS AND MARTHA CLIMBS
OUT. SHUTS THE DOOR AND APPROACHES
THE FAMILY.

6. MARTHA: (DISTANT) You folks okay? You need
assistance?

7. SARAH: Who's that?

8. IAN: Park Ranger, I think?

MARTHA REACHES THEM.

1. MARTHA: Martha Jacobs, from Parks Victoria.
Routine check-in with new campers.
Everything alright?
2. IAN: Yeah, thanks. It's just asthma.
3. MARTHA: I have Ventolin in the Med Kit.
4. IAN: He's pushed through it now. He'll be right.
5. SARAH: Bit of a scare is all.
6. MARTHA: Snake? They're pretty active this time of year.
7. AARON: (RASPY) It was a bear.

(BEAT) IAN AND MARTHA CHUCKLE.
8. IAN: Ah, I doubt it.
9. AARON: Near the treeline.
10. IAN: This is Australia, mate. We don't have bears here.
11. AARON: Peeking behind the tree.

1. IAN: (TO MARTHA) Sorry, he's fifteen.
2. MARTHA: (PLAYFULLY) Might have been a Yowie?
3. IAN: (BEAT) Ha, ha. Yeah, nice one.
4. MARTHA: (MATTER-OF-FACT) We've had reports in the past.
5. SARAH: What, like the chocolate eggs?
6. MARTHA: No, ma'am. Like Bigfoot. Sasquatch. Large humanoid ape-like creatures.
7. IAN: Or it could have been Santa or the Easter Bunny.
8. MARTHA: Well, they're just stories. There's never been any physical evidence.
9. SARAH: Well, clearly he saw something.
10. AARON: Is that what killed Frodo?
11. MARTHA: (CONCERNED) Who's Frodo?
12. IAN: It was a deer.

1. AARON: A blue-eyed deer. It's throat was all ripped.

2. IAN: (TO SARAH) Maybe take him inside the camper, get him some water or something.

3. SARAH: Good idea. Come on mate.

SARAH AND AARON'S FOOTSTEPS CRUNCH OFF. AARON'S VOICE TRAILS OFF.

4. AARON: It was real, I'm not making it up.

5. MARTHA: (TO IAN) Want to show me this deer?

SCENE 8: SUSPICIONS RAISED

EXT. BUSHLAND - DAY. MAGPIES WARBLE, FLIES BUZZ, A KOOKABURRA LAUGHS. FOOTSTEPS CRUNCH ON LEAVES.

6. IAN: That's weird. This was definitely the spot.

7. MARTHA: Sure it was dead?

8. IAN: You can see how much blood there was. Something must have dragged it off.

1. MARTHA: Or someone. (BEAT) You injured, Mister Linville?
2. IAN: What? No, it's from the deer when I knelt down to examine it.
3. MARTHA: You a vet?
4. IAN: No.
5. MARTHA: Blue-eyed doe. That's pretty rare.
SHE DUSTS HER HANDS OFF.
6. Valuable even, wouldn't you say?
7. IAN: I don't know what you mean?
8. MARTHA: You have any firearms back at camp?
9. IAN: It wasn't shot. Foxes most likely. We're pacifists. We detest guns.
10. MARTHA: Can I see your camping permit?
11. IAN: Unless this animal up and dragged itself into the bush, which I highly doubt, there's potentially a big problem here.

1. MARTHA: Your permit, Mister Linville.

2. IAN: Yeah, 'course. We're all legit. It's right here in my wallet.

IAN RUFFLES THROUGH HIS WALLET,
UNFOLDS THE PERMIT FOR HER.

3. MARTHA: You never know what animals are capable of once they're cornered. *

4. IAN: (PEEVED) If it's alright with you, Martha, I'd like to get back to my son.

SCENE 9: RIFLES REVEALED

INT. CAMPER VAN - DAY. MUFFLED
OUTDOOR BG SOUNDS. SARAH POURS A
GLASS OF WATER FROM THE SINK.

5. SARAH: Here, drink this.

AARON GULPS THE WATER DOWN. CLINKS
THE EMPTY GLASS ON THE SINK.

6. Got your breath back now?

7. AARON: I told you, I can manage.

1. SARAH: I'll fold out the bed, you can listen to your iPod.

2. AARON: You never listen to me. Either of you.

3. SARAH: If you say it was a Yowie, then a Yowie it is.

4. AARON: Whatever.

MUFFLED ROCK MUSIC PUMPS THROUGH AARON'S HEADPHONES. SARAH RATTLES THE LATCH ON THE FOLD DOWN BED.

5. SARAH: Damn, it's stuck. It won't fold down. Aaron, see if it's caught --

AARON'S MUSIC PLAYS ON.

6. (TO HERSELF) Why do I bother? (BEAT) Come on, you --

SHE STRAINS HARD. THE BED COLLAPSES DOWN. METAL OBJECTS CLANG AGAINST EACH OTHER.

7. (BEAT) Jesus Christ, what are these doing here?

1. OMITTED

SCENE 10: SARAH CONFRONTS IAN

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY. WE'RE OUTSIDE
THE CAMPER AGAIN. BUSH SOUNDS IN BG.

2. MARTHA: (SUSPICIOUS) I'll swing by again this evening on my way out, just to check you folks are okay. If there are poachers in the area, it's best not to wander too far from camp. Especially at night. Enjoy your stay in the Grampians, Mister Linville.

3. IAN: (ICEY) Yeah, cheers. Thank you, Martha.

THE CAMPER DOOR SQUEAKS OPEN.

4. MARTHA: Mrs. Linville.

MARTHA'S FOOTSTEPS CRUNCH AWAY.

5. SARAH: Ranger.

MARTHA OPENS HER 4WD DOOR.

6. MARTHA: (DISTANT) Oh, and watch out for Yowies.

1. IAN: (SARCASTIC) Yeah, will do.

THE 4WD ENGINE STARTS AND DRIVES OFF.

2. What a snake. You know she
practically accused me of --

3. SARAH: (FUMING) I said no hunting.

4. IAN: Yeah?

5. SARAH: So what are those rifles doing
stashed in the bed?

6. IAN: It's not what you think.

7. SARAH: You lied to me.

8. IAN: Ah, pot. Kettle.

9. SARAH: Don't put this back on me.

10. IAN: It's just target practice.

11. SARAH: It's a National Park, you idiot. What
if you get caught?

12. IAN: You're the one who wanted me to bond
more with Aaron.

1. SARAH: Like soccer or something normal. Just
be there for him.

2. IAN: Well, maybe you should be there for
him too, instead of dicking around
with work colleagues.

3. SARAH: You're such an ass.

SARAH SLAMS THE CAMPER DOOR AND LOCKS *
IT BEHIND HER. IAN FUMES, NOSTRILS *
AUDIBLY FLARING. *

4. IAN: Sonofabitch. *

KICKS OVER THE POTS AND PANS NEAR THE *
CAMPFIRE. WE MOVE AWAY AS HE SPITS *
AND CURSES. HIS VOICE GROWS QUIETER. *
AS WE DO, LEAVES RUSTLE, HEAVY *
BREATHING AND SNORTS GROWS LOUDER, *
FOLLOWED BY A LOW ANIMAL GROWL. *

END CHAPTER 1.