Jane squats, taking a piss. Torch on.
In the B.G. we can see the glow of the
campfire. She stands, pulling up her
track pants. She's about to turn when
she stops, seeing something. Her eyes
widen and she turns and bolt.

Jane appears out of the gloom. She
pauses.

Phil looks around in surprise.

>   PHIL
>   What's wrong?

>   JANE
>   There's something
>   out there.

>   PHIL
>   What?

>   JANE
>   I saw some
>   hovering weird
>   kind of lights.

They stand peering out into the darkness,
faces glowing in the torch light. WE PAN
OVER: the darkened landscape. Nothing
moves. BACK ON: The two hold their
breaths. Then Jane points.

>   JANE
>   (unnerved)
>   There there there.

BACK ON: the landscape, we see a VERY
BRIGHT LIGHT gliding across it.

>   PHIL
>   What the hell...

They watch silently. Tense. Jane pulls
up the torch, Phil slaps it back down.

>   PHIL
>   Don't fucking put
>   that thing up
>   there. What are
>   you doing?

Jane just looks at him.

                    JANE
It could be a car.

                    PHIL
That look like a
car to you?

                    JANE
It's coming this
way.

The continue to stare. It's growing
larger. They stare, now really scared.

                    JANE
The fire. Should
we put it out?

Fuck.

                    PHIL
Fuck it is coming
this way. Get
down.

They crouch down into the low brush. The
light is getting closer and closer. As
it does it's getting brighter. Too
bright for car headlights. A deep
building rumbling noise accompanies the
blinding lights.

                    JANE
    Shall we run?

                    PHIL
    No, don't move.

Jane is fighting tears -- terrified. The
light is now only meters away and slowly
closing. Phi cocks his head, listening.

                    PHIL
Hang on, hang on,
it's a car.

                    JANE
How do you know?

                    PHIL
It's a bloody car!

He quickly stands, grabbing the torch
from Jane. He starts waving it around.
The light slows, then moves directly
toward the duo.

Jane and Phil look to each other,
breaking into broad smiles. They'd let
their imaginations run wild — they look
back appreciatively at the friendly
middle-aged couple in the 4WD that are
slowing down to greet them.

END