

EXT. CLIFF EDGE. SUNSET.

Straddling barbed-wire, SUSIE shreds her colourful jacket.

SUSIE
Damn it.

SUSIE looks down at a wild coast.

A distant sound intrigues her.

SUSIE cautiously sets off.

EXT. THOROUGHFARE.

Through crowded wild outfits and looming storm, CURTIS spots and approaches SINEAD.

SINEAD
Something's not right.

A drugged-out REVELLER sniffs SINEAD'S hair, she recoils.

CURTIS
Wall-to-wall freakazoids.

CURTIS notices SINEAD'S hand is bandaged.

REVELLER exits.

SINEAD puts her bad hand behind her back.

CURTIS
War wound?

SINEAD
Where's--

CURTIS
Go. I'll find SUSIE. Meet back at
the tents.

They separate.

EXT. COASTLINE.

The volume of a motor increases as SUSIE nears a precipice.

SUSIE rounds the outcrop. Noise almost deafening.

Baffled by what she sees, SUSIE creeps closer.

In front is a small, white fishing boat with its exposed motor at full throttle.

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Driftwood *snaps* under SUSIE'S foot. She collects herself and edges closer.

The hull is wedged hard into the pebbles. The tide laps at the rasping blades.

Suddenly, a hand *claws* out, SUSIE falls onto her backside.

A large, bloodied hand slaps the side of the boat.

The weathered MAN'S flesh is covered in fresh bite marks, he smears a scarlet hand-print.

SUSIE scrambles back and grabs the wooden club.

The frothing FARMER reaches out.

Motor splutters to a stop, SUSIE frozen.

Bloodshot sodden FARMER strains every sinew. The tide laps.

FARMER
They're coming.

The FARMER flops out of the boat and expires on the crackling pebbles.