

THE CUTTER

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FADE IN:

EXT.WASTELANDS' HIGHWAY-NIGHT

Dead bugs cake a car's windscreen.

Its headlights highlight the bleak landscape, disused mine's rusty shaft leading...

INT. CAR-CONT'D

TANK(Child)pauses rolling his toy truck stares out the car's rear window at the mine.

DAD drives, MUM trying to make head or tails from the map she's reading.

She gives Tank a reassuring smile.

MOM

Soon be there.

Unseen by them, the ground ruptures to a copper veined pit.
It shakes as if devil is rattling it.

EXT.WASTELANDS' HIGHWAY-CONT'D

PIT: a grinding growl ... roars to a chain sawing crescendo as the CUTTER (blocky, armoured vehicle, massive steel circular blade fixed to an iron guilder arm on its roof, human skull bolted to its bonnet).



It bolts out the pit, exhaust belching flames, gives chase.

HELL 666, its number plate.

Tyres smoking, crunching- burning the road, leaving a red-hot trail.

Its cutting blade crackling with menace.

Slicing- snarling- jutting forward on its steel arm.

Its boned grilled spotlights...

INT.CAR-CONT'D

ghosts Tank its engine rumble rising his neck hairs.

TANK

Mom.

Mom's eyes fixed on the map, but Dad sees the glare of headlights in his mirror.

He slows to let pass, what he supposes is another car.

It rams them.

The whirling disk ripping, tearing chunks out the car's bumper, boot space.

Red hot the blade, molten metal sprays.



INT.CAR-SAME

Tank's eyes widen as the devil's disk shatters the rear window.

Gorges on his flesh.

EXT.WASTELANDS-TANK'S GARAGE-DUSK

CAPTION: TWENTY YEARS LATER.

It's a rundown affair, a single pump, coca cola machine, office, apartment, large, corrugated shed round the back.

It curbs a flat stretch of road in the middle of nowhere.

Empty for miles.

A family in their Estate car, waiting to be served.

BURT (Mean) slaps the horn.

The office door clatters open, and Tank views the sun dipping towards sunset.

He yawns, stretches, muscles rippling scared flesh.

Burt winds down his window.

BURT



(To Tank)
Today.

Tank strides to their car.

TANK
Evening, what will it be?

BURT
Fill it up.
And give them bugs a beating.

He motions to dead and dying bugs squatting on the windscreen.

Tank gasses the tank.

Wipes the bugs of the windscreen.

CLARE nervously twiddles with her cheap silver ring, sliding it up and down her sweating finger.

Faded bruises stain her wrist, darken an eye.

Her tongue wets her parched lips, she screens her eyes, so Burt doesn't see her eyes dart to Tank, winces at the vicious scars that runs his's face and body (Wounds from the Cutter).

Eyes the coke machine.

She pops the door open, slides out it.

BURT
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Where you think your heading?

CLARE

Cola for Jamie.

Parched, JAMIE (Clare's daughter) watches the pantomime, eyes darting to the cola machine.

She's sitting regimental stiff: fear drilled into her by Burt.

BURT

Sit!

Clare scrambles back into the car, her eyes sniper Tank as he strides to the coke machine.

His coins rattle the slot... collects two coke bottles.

Passes them through Clare's window, as she takes them, he sees a cigarette burn on the back of her hand.

She throws a nervous glance at Burt.

Doesn't meet Tank's eyes.

CLARE

Thanks.

BURT

I didn't ask for no soda.

TANK

You didn't get one.

BURT

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I ain't paying for theirs.

TANK

They're free.

Jamie clambers over the backseats, pokes shy glances- Burt's meaty hand shoves her back.

BURT

Monkeys climb.

Clare gives her a cola bottle.

Burt pays for the petrol... rolling the window back up- Tank's palm stops it.

TANK

It'll soon be dark.

BURT

Yeah, I guess that what happens at night.

TANK

You aim to drive tonight?

BURT

Is it any of your concern?

CLARE

He's just being friendly.

He gives her a sour look.



BURT

And I guess you just
want to be "friendly" back.

Clare casts her eyes down.

TANK

That're a spare room
round back, you and your
family could use it tonight.
It's free.

Clare gives Burt a hopeful look.

CLARE

We could do with the break-

WALLY

You want a break?

He grips- squeezes Clare's wrist... takes joy from the pain on her face.

He again goes to roll up the window- Tank stops him.

BURT

You're starting to rile me.

TANK

Safer for your wife and
kid to be indoors:



the Cutter hunts at night.

Burt gives Tank a sneer.

BURT

Brat could be yours, for all
this tramp knows.

He grips Clare's wrist.

BURT

(To Clare)

Ain't it so?

There's a brief look between Tank and Clare: it's saying these two have history, that Jamie could be Tank's child.

CLARE

(Mumbles to Tank)

How long can we stay?

TANK

As long as you want.

Tank's arm is still in the car, Burt keys it, pulling away.

As Jamie creeps forward, Tank sees a bruise on her arm.

JAMIE

(To Tank)

What's the Cutter?



Tank twists the keys out the ignition... car rolls to a stop.

BURT

Boy, now I'm pissed-off!

Burt yanks the door open-fists ready- Tank seizes Burt's wrists in his iron grip, bends them, bringing Burt to his knees.

TANK

Hurts, doesn't it.

Clare and Jamie scramble out the car.

She grabs a battered suitcase out the boot.

Tank shoves Burt into the car.

TANK

Say hi to the Cutter.

BURT

(To Clare)

Tramp!

The car speeds off.

TANK

Nightmares over.

Tank picks up her suitcase.



EXT.WASTELANDS-NIGHT

Wreckage of Burt's car lies on its slashed roof.

Blood stains its hacked door.

We follow Burt's fleeing boot prints... they end, seemly swallowed up by the sand.

Meters away from a disused mineshaft.

INT.CAMPERVAN-DAY

VAN'S RADIO PLAYS: ECHO AND THE BUNNEYMAEN (THE CUTTER).

Air com rattling but DIRT'S (20) sweating.

Slouched, he grins at DIXIE (18).

An insect's antennae pokes through his rotten teeth as the BUG searches for an escape route.

Fascinated, Dixie leans closer.

DIXIE

Your little buddy got a name?

Dirt winks.

He inserts his cig into the tooth gap, draws deeply on it.



Drawbridges his teeth an inch, smoke rushes out, insect scuttles to escape.

Dirt crunches it.

Chews, swallows it.

DIXIE

Gross.

Dixie wipes her seating brow, eyes the dismal terrain through the dusty window.

A disused mine scars the landscape.

AXEL'S (18, heart tattoo with barbed wire through spelling pain) breath races with excitement as she views a woman been tortured on her tablet's screen.

She smiles as the hooded woman, doing the torturing, dons rubber gloves strangle the woman with barbed wire.

The image dies: no internet coverage.

Axel snaps shut her tablet; gives Dixie a hard look.

AXEL

Your necks in the grinder as well.

DIXIE

I know.

Axel coolly glances out the window.



AXEL

You've got a little thing for her.

DIRT

I've got a big thing for her.

Dirt picks an insect leg out his teeth, twirls, flicks it at Dixie.

AXEL

Spill it.

DIXIE

It's like torturing a puppy.

Axel gives a throaty laugh.

AXEL

Dixie's in love, what
do we do about that Rake?

RAKE (18), driving the van, grin meet Axel's in the driving mirror.

RAKE

Shotgun wedding.

On the dashboard, a pin with several squirming insects impaled on it rolls off as Rake reaches for his sawed off shotgun.

He aims it at Dixie's head, she gives him the finger.



Pokes it into the shotgun's barrel.

AXEL

(To Dixie)

You'll get your playtime
with your doe eyed puppy.
You all will.

KIM'S (18) eyes snake from Dixie to Axel.

KIM

(To Dixie)

Bitch, do you every
stop bitching.

Dixie's crazy eyes narrow.

DIXIE

That's not nice.

Kim leans forward... lets the tip of her "spider design" tattooed tongue caress the shotgun barrel.

KIM

(To Rake)

I'm soaking just thinking about
Dixie's splattered head- blast her.

The camper smashes into a car wreck, splitting it as it ploughs through.

The force jerking Rake's fingers; the shotgun blast spraying Kim's brains.

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Rakes crazy laugh rolls as he slams on the breaks.

The camper skids to a stop.

Dixie dusts bits of Kim's brains out her hair.

DIXIE

(About Kim)

Messy bitch.

RAKE

Did you see her ears fly?

Like fucking bats!

The group laughs.

Dirt finds Kim's tongue, wags it as he says:

DIRT

(Mimicking Kim's voice)

Bury me between my legs.

The group laughs.

EXT. WASTELANDS-CONT'D

Our happy campers spill out, checkout the car wreck Rake has crashed through.

RAKE

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Well look at that...

Jagged saw cuts crisscross the wreck's frame.

RAKE (CONT'D)
lost a fight with a
grizzly.

Rake drags a blooded child's doll out the car.

RAKE
Somebody stolen my fun.

Axel spots the car's occupants fleeing footprints in the sand...
scans the horizon.

Huge tracks circle the wreck.

AXEL
(To Rake)
Get your spade, digger boy.

Dixie grins.

RAKE
Vultures got to eat.

AXEL
True.

Dirt drags Kim out by her boots, her neck slapping, sloping
blood.



He dumps her.

Dixie has followed the fleeing footprints and car tracks; they suddenly disappear as if the desert had swallowed the people and vehicle up.

A blotch of blood-stained sand their gravestone.

She heads back to the others.

Pokes the toe of her boot into Kim's chest.

Bends steals Kim's gold dagger chain.

Spreads Kim's legs.

The bits of Kim's head in a plastic bowl, Dirt crouches next to Kim.

He arranges the pieces to form a head, using the ears for Kim's eyebrows.

The tongue between Kim's legs.

Grins up at Dixie.

DIXIE

She'd like that.

Dixie views Kim as Dirt adds a couple of insects to the mush of Kim's eyes.



DIXIE (CONT'D)

You're a budding Picasso.

Dirt scratches his name in the dirt next to Kim's body.

Axel takes Kim's photo.

AXEL

(About photo)

Her media account's getting
updated to DEAD.

They laugh.

DIXIE

Her folks might worry,
maybe miss her.

Dixie crouches next to Kim's Head, strokes Kim's blood matted hair.

DIXIE (CONT'D)

We could post them
her head.
What do you think?

AXEL

Dixie, your all heart.

EXT.WASTELANDS-TANK'S GARAGE-DAY

Hanks' dinar, sprayed on its side; a jeep pulls up.

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Tanned, looking healthy, Clare slides out.

She smothers down her waitress uniform, skips towards Tank's office.

INT.TANK'S OFFICE-CONT'D

Tank sleeping behind his desk.

Clare tiptoes to him, places a boxed homemade lemonade meringue pie on the desk.

Kisses his forehead.

TANK

Clare.

CLARE

The sleepy prince awakes.

She sits in his lap.

Takes out her pen and pad.

CLARE

What can I get you?

TANK

What's good?



CLARE

Everything. But I recommended
today's special.

Tank breathes in Clare's perfume.

TANK

Smells gorgeous.

She kisses his nose.

CLARE

You've picking up yesterdays
reheats, todays special got
emerald eyes, blonde and
legs longer than a highway.
She just started working at Hanks.

TANK

What's Hank think about
you pimping his staff?

CLARE

He's cool as long as he gets
his cut.

She slides around so she's on his lap facing him.

CLARE

Serious, Tank you need
a girlfriend.



Her hand caress his scarred face.

CLARE

I hate seeing handsome
going to waste.

Car horn blares.

EXT.HANK'S GARAGE-CONT'D

The camper van waits at the pump.

Rake tots the horn.

Scans the office.

RAKE

Wake-up slob.

He blares the horn jumps as Tank's hand grabs pulls his hand of
it.

TANK

Heard you, no need for
a chorus.

Rake grins at Tank.

RAKE



(Sarcastically)

Why pardon me.

TANK

What will it be?

RAKE

Gas, pretty, please.

As Tank moves away.

RAKE

(To Axel)

Pretty boy been sleeping
on a cheese grater.

Axel gives Tank a glance look- stares hard when she clocks his scars.

Eyes greedily roaming them, she slides out.

Struts to the coke machine, gets one.

Rolls the icy bottle on her sweating forehead.

Pops the cap, sucks coke- belches.

As Tank fills it up, Axel rubs the pump's nozzle... touches Tanks scarred arm.

Takes a firmer grip on it.



AXEL

(About the scars)

They're beautiful...

Her nails dig in, he gently removes her hand.

AXEL (CONT'D)

sexy.

She slips her tee-shirt off; a wicked scars criss-crosses her tanned body.

AXEL

Touch it... dig your nails in.

Tank ignores her.

Finishes filling the tank.

Checks out how much they owe him.

TANK

That it?

Rake points at the bugs on the windscreen.

RAKE

Lose the hitchhikers.

DIRT (O/S)

Save me a live one.



Tank wipes the bugs of the windscreen... studies one, it's still kicking.

Catches it.

Dixie steps out the van to collect the bug.

She holds out her hand; he opens his; the bug takes flight.

DIXIE

That not nice.

Dixie's eyes narrow, her hand slips behind her back; Tank doesn't see it fingering a switchblade.

Her crazy eyes twitch with rage.

AXEL

Dixie, back on board, there's
a good girl.

Dixie stomps back onto the camper.

AXEL

She's real friendly when
you get to know her.
We all are.

TANK

That's nice to know.

AXEL



We're out yonder, camping,
if you get lonely, come...

She touches his scarred face.

AXEL (CONT'D)
you can cut up my face.

TANK
Keep riding... it ain't safe out
there.

Rake bellows his crazy laugh.

RAKE
Tell us something we don't know.

AXEL
No fun without fear.

Tank checks out the petrol dial, sees how much they owe him.

TANK
Ten dollars please.

Rake drops the note at Tank's feet.

Axel picks it up, slides it into Tank's tight front jean's
pocket... keeps her hand there.

AXEL



So, you do like me.

Clare exits the office, stares: Axel smiles at her.

AXEL

(About Clare)

Fluffy can come too.

She knuckles her hand in his pocket, still clench, she slides it out.

Tiptoes so her nipples brush his chest.

Cavorts into the camper.

RAKE

You folks have a nice day.

He grins, drives, as it pulls away, Tank hears a thud coming from the trunk as if someone is kicking it.

INT.HANK'S DINAR-JAMIE'S BEDROOM-DAY

Several of Jamie's drawings of the CRUNCHER (Vehicle Tank has built to destroy the Cutter) decorate the wall.

Deep in concentration, she is drawing another one and doesn't notice her mother enter.

Clare slides onto the bed next to Jamie.

CLARE



Sweetie, are you happy?

Jamie bites her pencil's end... carries on drawing.

JAMIE

I'm always happy...

Clare smiles.

CLARE

Do you like it at Hanks?

JAMIE

It's okay.

Jamie colours parts of the Cruncher in.

CLARE

That's Tank's truck.

JAMIE

The Cruncher, mom, it's
going to splatter the Cutter.

She grinds her knuckles into her palm.

CLARE

Sweetie, there's no Cutter...
it's a story to scare kids.

JAMIE



It's true- it bit Hank... the
Cruncher's going to protect us.

Clare puts her arm around her daughter.

CLARE

That's my job and Hank's.

JAMIE

Tanks got our hides.

CLARE

"Got our hides?"

Jamie smiles at her mum.

JAMIE

Our backs.

(Beat)

Tank's going to protect us,
not Hank.

Clare's smile fades.

EXT. WASTELANDS-NIGHT

MUSIC BLARING.

A campfire burns.



Our happy campers drinking, partying except for Axel; she's honing a knife... test its sharp edge on her tongue.

AXEL

Bring the meat.

Dirt pops the camper's trunk, drags out the bound and gagged CRYSTALL (18).

By her feet, he drags her to Axel.

DIXIE

(To Dirt)

Not so rough.

She kneels over Crystall, gently loosens the gag from her mouth.

Crystall gulps on the bottle of water Dixie puts to her lips.

CRYSTALL

Dixie you-

Dixie stuffs the gag back in.

AXEL

Dixie's lovesick, so

be nice to her.

Are you going to be nice?

Crystall nods: Dixie takes out the gag.

Gripping Crystall's hair, Axel licks the salty sweet of Crystal's cheek.

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Nods at Dixie; Dixie licks Crystall's neck.

AXEL

Taste good, doesn't she?

DIXIE

Sweeter than honey.

Dirt and Rake hammer stakes into the ground, pulls Crystall's legs wide, tie her ankles to them.

Crystall clings to Dixie as Rake brings out a razor scalping knife.

DIXIE

(To Rake)

You can't scalp her yet!

(To Axel)

Tell him, he's spoiling my fun.

AXEL

(To Dixie)

Hurry up then... unless...

Axel yanks a fistful of Dixie's hair.

DIXIE

I'll be quick.

CRYSTALL



Axel-

AXEL

Begging, you know it
doesn't wash with me.

Crystal draws back her head- headbutts Dixie.

Axel snorts a laugh.

AXEL

That's better.

Dirt and Rake tie Crystall's hands to the stakes as Dixie wipes
her forearm over her bleeding nose.

DIXIE

That wasn't nice.

Dixie mounts Crystall's chest.

Springs her switchblade.

Delicately, she slices Crystall's tee-shirt exposing the
breasts.

Kisses them.

Dirt crowds them, paws them.

DIXIE



(To Dirt)

Fuck of!

Crystall spits at Dirt.

Dirt backs up.

DIXIE

(To Crystall)

I be gentle.

Dixie bites Crystall's nipple- Crystall screams.

Spotlights cut through the darkness, heading their way.

Dixie puts her switchblade to Crystall's throat, looks to Axel for conformation to slash it.

Axel squats next to Crystal.

Puts a gun to her head.

AXEL

Hunter or prey?

CRYSTALL

Hunter.

She strips of her tee-shirt, throws it at Crystall's face.

AXEL



Cut her.

Crystal slices Crystall's binds.

She strokes Crystall's hair, helps her put on Axel's tee-shirt.

DIXIE

I didn't mean to bite you...

She smiles at her as she massages Crystall's ankles getting the blood back into her feet.

DIXIE

I won't do it again, promise.

CRYSTALL

(Faking she's interested in Dixie)

I liked it.

Dixie grins.

DIXIE

I wanted to tear your fucking
nipple of... swallow it.

CRYSTALL

Sounds like fun.

A PINK sand buggy careers towards them, does a dirt spraying doughnut.

Empty beer bottles spill out as they pull up.



BARBIE and BRANDY, identical twin sisters, and KEN driving it.

KEN

(Drunk)

Saw your beacon-party?

BARBIE AND BRANDY

Party! Party!

The trio climb out... dance.

Axel grins at Rake and Dirt.

AXEL

(To Rake and Dirt)

Party, party.

RAKE

Yes mam.

They join the dancing trio as Axel squats next to Dixie and Crystall.

She points to Barbie.

AXEL

Skin her face.

Axel wanders... watches the dancing group.



EXT.TANK'S GARAGE NIGHT.

Using binoculars, Tanks scans the highway.

He strides to the corrugated shed; slides open its hanger door.

Enters.

INT.CRUNCER'S BUILDING-CONT'D

In the dim light, a menacing, hulking, truck.

As Tank's eyes accustoms to the light, the truck reveals itself: steel guilders armor its sides, a gap runs its roof, in it a massive spring-loaded axe.

Wire grills protect windows and spotlights.

Tank gets in.

INT.CRUNCER-CONT'D

He straps himself in.

Keys the ignition.

Smoke bellows, engine snarls, the Cruncher prowls out of the building... takes to the night.

EXT.WASTELANDS-NIGHT

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Gagged and staked: Ken and Brandy.

Knife at her throat, Dixie drags Barbie out into the darkness, Crystall follows her.

AXEL

(To the bound couple)

Yall having a good time?

She seats herself between Dirt and Rake, spins a beer bottle... it slowly comes to halt facing Rake.

AXEL

(To Rake)

Brandy got a secret.

Rake gets up, kneels next to Brandy.

He yanks off her gag- grabs her tongue before she can scream.

DIRT

(To Brandy about her tongue)

It's got a date.

(Winks)

A bit of French kissing.

EXT. WASTELANDS- AWAY FROM THE MAIN GROUP-NIGHT-SAME

Dixie straddles Barbie her tongue thrusting down Barbie's mouth.



She cuts away the straps that secure Barbie's bikini top- digs her nails into Barbie's breasts.

DIXIE

(To Crystall)

Claw them.

Brandy's scream cuts the night.

Dixie turns to Crystall; Crystall smashes a rock into her scalp.

EXT.WASTELANDS-SAME.

Dirt hunkers down next to Axel presents her Brandy's tongue, wags it as he says:

DIRT

(Mimicking Brandy's voice))

At summer break I French kissed
a snake.

Dirt spins the bottle... it points to Axel.

DIRT

(To Axel)

Dare you to crush
Ken's plastic balls.

Axel grins- grabs a hammer, stiffens.

AXEL



Hear that?

They strain their ears: a sound, like bees buzzing faintly carries... nearer now, it roars like a chain saw.

The trio scrabble to their feet as blinding spotlights fixes them.

The whining sound intensifies, but the vehicle stops fifty feet away.

Axel nods to Dirt, he springs to his feet, cuts to the camper... brings out an assault rifle.

DIRT

(To the vehicle)

Storms coming- hail to the hailstones!

He lets rip at the vehicle- bullets thud, glass shatters- spotlights explode.

Metal whines as he fires another round.

He grins at Axel and Rake, saunters towards the vehicle... the whining sound rises to a crescendo.

Twenty feet from the vehicle, Dirt sees what he's up against- flees.

The Cutter's shattered spotlights REFORM- their lights track the darting Dirt.

The Cutter tears after Dirt, its blade rotates- thrusts- blood sprays from Dirt's mouth as head-tongue- are sliced into two.



His body parts: cut into a vertical half's, slaps the ground.

The Cutter's exhaust belches fire as it circles the group...
waiting for the chase.

Axel and Rake spring into the camper, she keys it- stops.

AXEL

It's waiting for a mouse.

She kills the engine, jumps out.

Darts to Ken and Barbie, frees them.

AXEL

Get!

They stumble into their buggy- take flight.

Bouncing over the terrain, their rear lights fading, before the
Cutter gives chase.

Axel hops into the camper, keys it.

RAKE

Dixie? ... Crystall?

AXEL

(Concerned but not showing it)

They're big girls...

The camper van heads into the night, its headlights catch the
bleeding, Dixie.

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Dixie collapses into the camper.

AXEL

Crystall? Where the fuck is she?

DIXIE

Gone- she trashed me!

EXT.WASTELANDS- NIGHT

The Cutter hot on the buggy's backside.

Brandy clutching her bloody mouth, gapes as its killing blade extends on its steel arm.

Her gurgling warning lost in the roaring din of the blade.

Steam spurts as metal fries, it carves a slice of the buggy's side.

Ken lurches the buggy right.

The Cutter dogs them-swipes; Brandy slipping as she tries to avoid it- her hands held out.

Her fingers fly.

In the seconds, left to live, numb, she studies her fingerless hands.

The spinning blade follows through, halving her head.

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Her brains slosh Ken as he serves the buggy.

He glances over his shoulder, the Cutter not in sight.

The night silent; no whirling blade sound.

He slows the buggy, kills the spotlights.

Creeps through the night.

The Cutter shoots out the darkness- rams the buggy.

Barbie is flung as the buggy flips several times... comes to rest on its side.

Ken tries to crawl out, but his foot is trapped.

The Cutter blade kicks into life.

Roaring, it kisses Ken goodnight.

EXT.WASTELANDS-NIGHT.

Crystal and Barbie stumble in the dark.

Crystall goes to help her when Barbie slips.

BARBIE

Stay away from me.

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CRYSTALL

I just want-

BARBIE

What has your friends
done with my sister and
Ken?

CRYSTALL

There not my friends... they
abducted me.

(Beat)

We've got to trust each
other. I'm Crystall.

Crystall holds out her hand; Barbie tentatively takes it.

BARBIE

Barbie.

Crystal scans the ground, spots the buggy tracks.

CRYSTALL

We need to move

BARBIE

We'll get lost in the dark.

CRYSTALL

Stay then.



Crystal walks... Barbie joins her.

LATER:

They spot the buggy; it has been righted now standing on its wheels.

Barbie runs to it.

Checks it out: no bodies just splattered blood.

Crystal joins her.

BARBIE

(Shouts)

Brandy! Ken!

Barbie screams as she sees the blood on her hands.

Crystall checks out the buggy; the keys are in the ignition slot.

CRYSTALL

Why didn't they take the keys?

Crystal climbs in, twists the key, the buggy's engine sparks a timid growl.

Barbie joins her.

BARBIE

What are you waiting for?

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Crystall kills the engine.

CRYSTALL

Can't you hear it?

BARBIE

Hear what?

CRYSTALL

Get out!

Crystall jumps out the buggy.

CRYSTALL

Get out!

BARBIE

Your mad- go back to your
demon friends!

Barbie keys the buggy to life.

It's rear wheels spray dirt at Crystall as the buggy springs
away.

Before it got thirty feet, the Cutter attacks.

Crystall bites her lip as she dives to the ground.

CRYSALL'S POV: the Cutter plays cat and mouse.



Each time Barbie thinks she can escape it, it blocks her way.

It's whirling blade extends as it bounds after the buggy.

On the buggy, Barbie throws it terrified glances.

BARBIE

(Screams)

Leave me alone!

The Cutter's blade teases, swooping over Barbie's ducking head.

It cuts into the buggy's engine.

Chunks of metal fly as the engine coughs... dies.

The buggy rolls to a standstill.

Barbie goes to her knees, clasps her hands together.

BARBIE

Please-

Blood sprays- Barbie's head flies as the Cutter butchers her.

It's grinding roar dies as its spinning blade slows to a hissing stop.

Clamps feed Barbie's body into its chomping jagged grill.

Its spotlights narrowly miss Crystall as it searches for Barbie's head.



It collects it- tosses it into its grill teeth.

Heads away.

Roars back- it's headlights on Crystall.

Crystall runs.

Hears the cutter's whirling blades whine.

She turns to face it- the Cutter disappears as the first rays of dawn sunshine touch it.

EXT.WASTELANDS-DAWN

Rake checks the cut on Dixie's head.

RAKE

You'll live.

DIXIE

You sure I've bled a lot.

Axel pokes the lit tip of her cig onto Dixie's neck- Dixie jumps, curses.

DIXIE

That's not nice.

Her hand reaches for her switchblade; finds it gone.



AXEL

Your one dumb cow.

Axel tosses her cig numb at Dixie's face, scans the horizon.

RAKE

Maybe that thing got her.

AXEL

She's too cunning.

Axel scans the sky, spots vultures.

AXEL

Move!

She bounds onto the camper.

Axel drives... heads out into the wastelands, eying the vulture.

EXT.WASTELANDS-DAY

The sun baking her, Crystall looking for shade.

She rubs her parched lips... a rock stumble sets her down.

Her fingers shade her eyes as she spots the vulture eying her,
waiting for its microwave meal to die.

Crystall clambers to her feet.

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Walks.

LATER:

Dazed, Crystall collapses.

The vulture lands near her- backs away as Crystall feebly kicks out.

The vulture waits: time is on its side.

Crystall closes her eyes, a desperate jerk her only response as the vulture attacks.

Gunshot.

EXT.WASTELANDS-DAY

The camper pulls up.

Axel gets out.

Axel's grin widens as she watches the vultures tear, scavage a body.

DIXIE

Reckon it's Barbie?

RAKE

(For FREE professional screenwriting software check out [StudioBinder.com](https://www.studiobinder.com))



Ask them.

Dixie points at a vulture

DIXIE

It's got a fried foot.

Rake points at a vulture.

RAKE

That one's got fries and cola.

Dixie stares hard at the vulture Rake's pointing at, grins at him.

DIXIE

It's a regular picnic.

INT. GARAGE-TANK'S ROOM-DAY

Crystall asleep in bed, a fan cools her.

Tanks picks up her vulture torn jeans; Crystall's wallet falls out, spills photo booth photos of her and Axel.

He slips it pack into the wallet as Crystall stirs... leaves the room... returns with a glass of iced water.

CRYSTALL

Who the fuck are you?

She is clinging the quilt to her neck.

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TANK

Tank. Take it easy
you've heat stroke.

He offers the water as a peace gesture-she snatches it, gulps it down.

CRYSTALL

You bring me here?

TANK

Nope, a vulture dropped
you on my porch.

CRYSTALL

Funny.
You get a good feel when
you stripped me?

TANK

Did you want your leg
infected?

CRYSTALL

You a doctor?

TANK

Got healing hands... had medical training.

She gives him a cool look.



Ducks her head under the covers, checks out her bandaged thigh.

CRYSTALL

A vulture did this?

TANK

Yep. I guess it was mighty
hungry.

CRYSTALL

You saying I don't taste good?

TANK.

They don't usually tuck
into their meals till
they're dead.

CRYSTALL

You kill it?

TANK

Nope. Warned it: bolting its food
it might be getting indigestion.

CRYSTALL

Funny.

Car horn.

Crystal glances out the curtained window: a police patrol car at
the pump.



TANK

You won't to speak to him?

Crystall shakes her head; Tank strides out the room.

EXT. TANK'S GARAGE-CONT'D

Tank fills the patrol's car as the SHERIFF wafts his hat at the billowing insects.

SHERIFF

(About insects)

Critters love me, must
be the pork.

He gives his ample belly a tug.

SHERIFF

What she fixed me last night

(Smacks his lips)

pigs' ears and trotters.

Death row convict would have
dashed his appeals just for
a bite.

Tank smiles.

SHERIFF

Business good?



TANK

It's okay?

SHERIFF

Seen any hippies?

Sheriff's hand strays to the butt of his gun.

SHERIFF

You never guess who I
stopped the other day.

Gives a leer.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Barbie twins and Ken.

(Of Tank's look)

You know like the dolls but
hard bodies not rubber- not
Ken's, I didn't notice his...
well, I be off. What do I owe
you?

Tank checks the amount; sheriff pays him.

The patrol car pulls away... lost to the horizon.

Crystall hobbles out, joins Tank.

TANK



You should be resting.

CRYSTALL

Things to do.

The sun blares down, Crystall trembles with dizziness, Tank captures her as she falls.

EXT.WASTELAND-SAME

AXEL'S POV through binoculars sees Crystal collapse and Tank catch her, carry her into the garage.

Rake pumps a shell into his shotgun.

Dixie checks the bullets in her gun, slips pilers into her pocket.

Axel eyes their eager faces.

AXEL

We'll hold back to tonight.

DIXIE

(Whines)

Why?

AXEL

Because I said so.

DIXIE

(For FREE professional screenwriting software check out [StudioBinder.com](https://www.studiobinder.com))



You're not being nice, bitch
bumped my head!

Dixie reach for her gun.

Axel punches Dixie... she flips lands on her arse, scrambles for
her spilled gun.

Axel stomps Dixie's hand- boots Dixie's head, plants her boot on
Dixie's neck.

AXEL
Is that nicer?

Her boot crushes into Dixie's neck.

DIXIE
(Chokes)
I thought we were friends.

AXEL
We are.

She removes her boot, yanks Dixie to her feet... dusts Dixie's
clothes down.

Licks blood of Dixie's face as she kisses her.

AXEL
No hard feelings?

Dixie shakes her head, smiles.



DIXIE

We'll go tonight.

Rake grins at Dixie.

RAKE

(To Dixie)

You sure know how to
get your own way.

INT.GARAGE-TANK'S ROOM -DAY

Crystall gulps down water.

CRYSTALL

You must think I'm a drama
Queen?

TANK

Nope. Sheriff could help
you find your friends.

CRYSTALL

Friends.

TANK

Your wallet fell out your
jeans... spilled a photo-



CRYSTALL

You're a right little sneak
aren't you?

Tank looks down.

CRYSTALL

Go on.

TANK

I saw her; she came here
yesterday with her buddies.

CRYSTALL

And?

TANK

I didn't see you in the camper.

CRYSTALL

I was under some blankets,
sleeping.

TANK

There was a noise in the boot...

Crystall looks down, avoids his eyes.

CRYSTALL



Did Axel- the girl in
the photo- come onto you?

TANK

She liked my scars.

CRYSTALL

I bet she did.
You give her the cold
shoulder?

TANK

Yep.

CRYSTALL

Got any guns?

TANK

Why?

CRYSTALL

She'll be back tonight
to torture and kill you.

Tank smiles.

CRYSTALL

I ain't joking.

(Beat)

I didn't thank you for
rescuing me.



Crystall kisses him.

Their mouth locked onto each other; he lifts her as her hands grip him.

INT. GARAGE-HANK'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Axel, Dixie, and Rake creep into the bedroom.

Knives raised, Axel thrusts back the sheets.

AXEL

Wakey, wakey.

Under the sheets just pillows and a note addressed to Axel.

Axel reads the NOTE: A Tank ride gets a gal hungry, love Crystall xxx.

Axel screws up the note.

DIXIE

She mention me?

AXEL

She did.

An expected Dixie waits for Axel to say more.

AXEL



What she say?

DIXIE

She loves you...

Dixie smiles.

AXEL (CONT'D)

as much as she'd love
to fuck a rattlesnake.

INT. THE CRUNCER- NIGHT.

A photo of Tank's murdered parents, by the Cutter, on the
dashboard.

CRYSTALL

I don't want deputy dog
touching her.

TANK

You said there not
your friends.

CRYSTALL

They're not... Axel's...

TANK

A nutter, you said.

Crystall picks up the photo of Tank's parents.

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CRYSTALL

You've got your mother's eyes.

Tank checks-out Crystall's eyes.

TANK

She's your sister.

CRYSTALL

My nutty sister.

TANK

Does it run in the family?

He gives her a grin.

CRYSTALL

Funny.

Talking about nutters, who
built this thing?

Crystall reaches to press one of the knobs on the dashboard;
Tank stops her.

TANK

I wouldn't.

CRYSTALL

What will it do- change into
Batman's mobile?

TANK



It springs a fifty-foot axe.

CRYSTAL

Funny.

INT.CAMPER VAN- NIGHT

Rake floors the pedal, the van does a semi leap as it thrusts forward; Rake gives out a cowboy yelp.

Dixie catches a flash of a disused mine as they speed by.

DIXIE

They give me the creeps.

AXEL

They're mines, got deep shafts
where stupid cows can fall in.

DIXIE

That's not nice.

Axel glances at the mine- at Dixie.

AXEL

Keep digging you're going
to hit hell.

Dixie looks down- jerks up as the POLICE SIREN cuts the night.

Axel clocks the patrol car following them- flashing its lights.

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Rake cocks his pistol rest it on the seat.

Slows down.

AXEL

Play it cool.

Rake dons his shades.

INT.PATROL CAR-SAME

Sheriff on his radio, reporting to a deputy, it's cut out.

Spotlights highlight the patrol car.

Sheriff glances in his mirror.

SHERIFF

Holy Moly, he's desperate
for some rock breaking.

He brakes!

Snatches his shotgun, jumps out.

EXT.WASTELANDS-CONT'D

He motions for the Rake to stay in the van.



Shotgun raised; Sheriff holds his hand up to halt the vehicle approaching.

The Cutter's screeching blade saws him into half.

His top half, hand still raised, flung into the air... tumbles onto the camper's bonnet.

Dixie scrambles over her seat to get a better look at it.

DIXIE

Pigs can fly!

The Cutter careers away, the crumbled patrol car ploughed under it.

INT.CAMPER VAN-SAME

Axel watches the Cutter smash the patrol car.

Sees its cutting blade as serves to come at them.

She shoves Rake's back.

AXEL

Move It!

EXT.WASTELANDS-CONT'D

The Cutter in hot pursuit of the camper van.

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Another patrol car flashes by- screeches to halt, turns, pursues them.

INT.CAMPER VAN-CONT'D.

Axel scrambles into the seat next to Rake.

RAKE

Got another pig on our tail.

AXEL

Ain't worried about the pig-
just the bacon slicer.

The Cutter's blade carves a chunk at the camper- Dixie screams scrabbles as far away from its spinning blade.

EXT.WASTELANDS-CONT'D

The DEPUTY barrels his car alongside the Cutter.

He leans out roaring at the Cutter to pull over... sees no one is driving it.

DEPUTY

That ain't stopping to
it gets to hell.

The Deputy fires shotgun at the Cutter's tyres.



One explodes; the Cutter jerks- hits a ditch- barrels over.

The patrol car pulls up.

The deputy darts out.

The Cutter's spinning blade churning up dirt.

Its busted tyre MENDS... defying gravity, it rights itself

The deputy darts into his patrol car- screeches away- the Cutter hot on its heels.

Rams the patrol car.

Spikes in the Cutter's bodywork weaves into the patrol car, they heave it off the ground as if it's on an escalator.

Now the patrol car, upside down, above the spinning blade.

The Cutter feeds the patrol car and deputy, slice by slice, into the spinning blade.

Blood and steel rain.

INT. HANK'S DINAR-NIGHT.

In a booth, Tank and Crystall.

Clare enters, her pen poised on her pad to take their orders.

She gives Crystall the once over.

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CLARE

(To Tank)

So, you won't be having the special.

Tank smiles.

TANK

Crystall, Clare.

CLARE

Pleased to meet you.

CRYSTALL

Same.

CLARE

What it be?

CRYSTALL

Crisp- burnt- burger
and a milkshake.

CLARE

Flavour?

CRYSTALL

Strawberry... bloody red.

Clare gives Tank a "nice" date look.



At the bar, HANK (bear of a man) watches them.

He moseys over as, runs his hand over Clare as she leaves.

HANK

Tank. Got yourself a new lady.

He gives Crystall his leer.

INT.CAMPER VAN-NIGHT.

Dixie scans out the window looking for the Cutter.

DIXIE

I reckon it's gone back to hell.

AXEL

Pull over.

Rake pulls over.

AXEL

Kill the lights.

Rake turns them off.

EXT.WASTELANDS-NIGHT

Axel gets out, listens.



DIXIE

What are you listening for?

AXEL

A cow farting.

She gets back in.

INT. CAMPER VAN-CONT'D

Axel thinks.

AXEL

It's gone.

RAKE

I reckon we should too.

AXEL

Let's eat, I hear Hank's
got some fresh steak he
needs carving.

DIXIE

I'm a vegetarian.

INT. HANK'S DINAR-NIGHT



Crystall bites into her burger.

Tank tucks into his.

CRYSTALL

You know your ex keeps
glancing over.

TANK

Who said she's, my ex?

CRYSTALL

She did... but she's not sure.

Tank sees Clare glancing over at them.

TANK

You read a lot in a glance.

CRYSTALL

I'm a woman... we all do.

INT.JAMIE'S BEDROOM-NIGHT.

Using binoculars Jamie stares out the window, clocking the
highway for the Cutter.

INT.HANK'S DINAR-NIGHT.



Mid bite, Crystal's mouth freezes: Axel, Rake and Dixie enter... take a booth.

TANK

What's up?

CRYSTALL

The devil's posse arrived.

Tank turns, Axel gives him a wave.

AXEL

Dixie, Rake wants to dance.

DIXIE

(Excited)

Do you- with me?

RAKE

My whole life.

DIXIE

You've got a sweet tongue,
Dirt would have liked that.

She grins at Rake, follows him to the juke box.

Rake clatters a coin in.

JUKE BOX MUSIC: Talking Heads (Psycho Killer) or Stealers Wheel (Caught in the Middle with You).



Dixie does a "Mr White" (From Reservoir Dogs).

As she dances round Rake, her crazy eyes give him coy glances.

Customers gape at them, meals forgotten.

TANK

You want to leave?

CRYSTALL

It's too late.

Hank approaches Dixie.

HANK

Sister, freak shows done.

DIXIE

That's not nice.

Dixie headbutts Hank.

Shotgun pointing, Axel climbs onto her table.

AXEL

This stud a pump action...

She kisses the shotgun.

AXEL

it going to whisper sweet nothings,



kiss, finger you-
blow your fucking heads.

Dixie and Rake pull their guns.

Dixie grabs Hank's hair drags him to a seat.

Ties him to it.

Rake waffs his pistol at customers.

RAKE
You all hit the floor.

Customers dive down.

Dixie fronts Clare.

DIXIE
I used waitress, you
make much on tips?

Clare shrugs.

CLARE
Depends.

DIXIE
They used to grab
my arse.



CLARE

It happens.

DIXIE

But it's not nice.

CLARE

No.

DIXIE

Any of this scum grabbed yours?

Dixie catches a quick dart of Clare's eyes towards Hank, Dixie winks at Crystall.

Clare is bound by Dixie.

Dixie drifts to Hank- snaps a couple of his fingers.

Axel clambers off the table, eyeballs Crystall as she makes to her table.

CRYSTALL

Your one crazy cunt.

AXEL

Pot calling the kettle black.

Axel tosses a switchblade onto the table.

Aims the shotgun at Crystall's face.



AXEL

Prey or hunter... what's going
to be my "sweet sister"?

CRYSTALL

I ain't playing this game
no more: I could have fucking
died in the desert!

Axel gives a throaty laugh.

AXEL

You think I'd let you die?
Who did you think shot the vulture?

Crystall kisses her sister.

CRYSTALL

Which one?

Crystall smiles sweetly at Tank.

AXEL

(About Tank)

He's mine.

CRYSTALL

Pity.

(To Tank)

It would have been quick.



Dixie takes a seat, shotgun pointing at Tank's head.

AXEL

Greasy fucker who sells
the rat burgers.

CRYSTALL

Pleasure.

Crystall sashays to Dixie.

Tongue darting, she kisses her.

DIXIE

Nice to have you back babes.

CRYSTALL

(To Rake)

My song.

Rake puts a coin in the jukebox.

JUKEBOX PLAYS: Echo and The Bunnymen (Nothing Every Lasts Forever).

Crystall whispers something in Hank's ear; he wets himself.

DIXIE

What you say?

Crystal winks at Dixie... strokes Clare's cheek as she strolls past her into the kitchen.



DIXIE

(To Hank)

What'd she say?

Hank vomits as he watches Crystal head out the kitchen.

She holds her hands up: empty.

Head twisting, Hank tries to watch her as she gains his blind side.

Dixie grins as Crystall shows her the shish kebab skewering pole.

Crystall grabs Hank's head- thrust the pole through his ear, it burst out his other ear.

RAKE

You, hear that?

Fucking brain fart.

DIXIE

I want to kebab one.

She drags the skewer out Hank's head eyes Clare.

Crystall skips over to Axel, grinning from ear to ear.

She sits on her sister's lap.

AXEL

That's my sister.

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TANK

The nutty one?

AXEL

Funny.

CRYSTALL

What you got planned?

AXEL

I'm thinking on it.

CRYSTALL

Let's skin him alive, we
haven't done it since
mum and dad.

Axel spins a pistol on the table.

AXEL

(To Tank)

Prey or Hunter?

CRYSTALL

Hunters have all the fun.

Dixie places the skewer next to Clare's ear.

DIXIE

I'll be gentle.



Jamie bursts into the room.

JAMIE

(Shouts)

The Cutter's coming!

Tank grabs Axel's shotgun, triggering it: it blasts the ceiling.

Clare flips back her chair as Dixie goes to stab her ear.

The window explodes, frame splinters as the Cutter cuts in.

Tank dashes, scoops Jamie up.

The Cutter crunches tables, churns customers under its wheels.

Heads fly as a couple of customers peer over a table.

Dixie springs onto Clare fixing to kebab her.

JAMIE

Mom!

Tank boots Dixie's head- knocking her out.

He bends to free Clare.

RAKE

Pretty boy.



Rake aims his gun at Tank- sinks to his severed knees.

His legs caught in the Cutter's spinning wheel.

It prunes him.

Runs wild.

Slashing, mincing customers under its wheels.

Crystal grabs her sister's hand drags her up.

Dodging body parts, they dash for the entrance.

The Cutter onto them, its blade flays a strip of Axel's back.

Crystal, at the entrance, turns, sees the Cutter's grill mashing teeth.

She darts to her sister as the Cutter snarls- bites Crystal's legs.

Feeding Axel into its grill jaws.

AXEL

What a fucking checkout!

The blade slices half of Axel's head.

Tank, Clare, and Jamie head into the kitchen, going for the back door.



EXT. HANK'S DINAR-CONT'D

The Cruncher fifty feet away, they charge to it.

The Cutter smashes out the dinar, blocks their path.

Blood spraying from its spinning death disk.

He ushers Clare and Jamie back into the dinar.

TANK

I'll come and get you.

Jamie claws at his tee-shirt trying to tug him back.

Clare holds Jamie as Tank darts towards the Cruncher.

Sprinting takes out the Cruncher's key.

The Cutter's grinding revs shotgun the night as it bolts at him.

He waits till its wheel's teeth slash at him- dodges them.

Zigzags.

Leaps onto the Cruncher.

Shoves the key into the lock- jerks back his blood spurting wrist, his hand sliced off by the Cutter's wheel.

Tank hits the ground rolling- scrambles under the Cruncher as the disk hunts him.



JAMIE

Tank!

Jamie runs towards him.

Clare gives chase.

The Cutter whirls on them.

Tank rolls out.

TANK

Here fucker!

He waves the stump of his hand at the Cutter, stumbles down the street.

The Cutter catches him- carves him to bits.

Clare and Jamie rush into the Cruncher.

Clare keys it.

The Cruncher shakes as its monstrous V12 engine stirs.

Clare shifts gears; The Cruncher roars away from the Cutter.

JAMIE

Tank needs our help!



CLAIRE

He's dead!

She leans over her struggling daughter, straps her in.

JAMIE

He's not- he needs us.

The Cruncher speeds the highway.

Clare gives the mirror frantic glances.

Jamie wipes the tears out her eyes.

JAMIE

The Cruncher can mash it.

Claire shifts gear: the Cruncher engine bellows, picks up speed.

CLARE

We're safe.

She soothes her daughter's cheek.

Jamie eyes the mirror: the Cutter fills it.

JAMIE

It's got our scent.

The Cutter's blade slices into the Cruncher's rear.



Screeching-steaming- metal flies as it cuts into the girders.

JAMIE

Break mom! Break!

Panicking, Clare looks at her daughter.

The Cutter mincing metal.

JAMIE

If it's on your back; Tank
says BREAK!

Jamie slams her foot onto the break.

They're rocketed forward but their safety harness protecting them.

The Cutter smashes into the Cruncher, its spinning blade shattering.

It flips into the air... vaults over the Cruncher... smashes, rolls as it hits the road.

Tumbles to a stop.

JAMIE

Ram it!

It's engine thunders as Clare kicks the Cruncher back into life.

She ploughs into to the Cutter, spinning it down the highway.



JAMIE

It's not dead.

We need to split it.

Clare serves the Cruncher, heads away from the Cutter.

The Cutter REFORMS.

JAMIE

Tanks says we need to split it, mom.

CLAIRE

We need to get the hell out
of here.

The Cruncher charges up the highway.

Clare and Jamie checking the mirror.

She smiles at her daughter.

CLARE

We really busted it up.

JAMIE

No mom- it's coming.

Spotlights fill the mirror.

Clare steps on the gas.



Engine snarling- blade swishing- the Cutter burns tarmac as catches them.

Clare serves the Cruncher as the Cutter's blade bites.

Slams on the brakes; the Cutter dodges them.

Side by side they steam up the highway.

Its steel arm rotates so it's killing blade can attack the Cruncher's side.

Side window shattering, its swirling teeth poke in.

Slashes Clare.

Her blood splash the windscreen, Jamie.

Clare pulls back, twists the Cruncher- it wobbles... going to flip... regains its balance.

Tears up the highway.

The Cutter brakes, switches to Jamie's side, gunning for her.

A ragged piece of skin hangs of Clare's face.

It flaps as Jamie touches it.

JAMIE

Mom.



CLARE

I'm alright.

Her frantic gaze flicks from the mirror to her daughter trying to reassure her.

Screeching, sparks fill the cabin as the blade tears in.

Jamie pops her harness-dives over her seat as the disc rips at her.

It tunnels metal, carves a gaping hole.

Half the door clattering the highway as Clare serves away.

Jamie tumbles, climbs back into her seat.

Locks the harness around her.

CLARE

You, okay?

JAMIE

Sweet.

The Cruncher lurches as the Cutter tears into its back tyres.

Tubes exploding, sparks fly as the wheels steel rims torch the tarmac.

Clare floors the pedal- the Cruncher spurts smoke; its engine rumbling.



It shudders on its dodgy rims.

They jerk forward as the Cutter rams them.

CLAIRE

(To Cutter)

Fuck you!

(To Jamie)

Sorry.

JAMIE

Cuss it, mom! Smash its
fucking head in.

The Cutter cuts a front tyre- the Cruncher slows as its rims
burn into the tarmac.

The Cutter burns past them... soon lost to the horizon.

CLARE

It's gone.

JAMIE

Brace yourself-
it's going to skull us!

Spotlights blaze the horizon.

The Cutter's bonnet skull issues a scream as it charges towards
them.

Its eye's blazing.



Clare grips her daughter's hand.

Mumbles a pray.

The Windscreen scatters, crushed engine slams forward- buckling the pedals as the Cutter crashes into them.

Clare's ankles caught in the twisted pedals.

Jamie pops her harness, tries to free Clare's feet.

Fails.

The Cutter's blade extends slowly.

Inch by inch it heads for Clare's face.

CLARE

Run!

Jamie smiles.

JAMIE

Tanks says let it think it's
got you...then...

Jamie watches the blade extending, her hand hovers over a red button.

JAMIE

- CRUNCH!



She swats it.

Out the slit in the roof, a steel pole with a massive axe head spring.

It thunders into the Cutter- springs back into the Cruncher.

Jamie jabs the switch.

The axe smashes the spinning blade as it hacks a chunk out of the Cutter.

Several times Jamie jabs the button.

The axe swishes- blasts the Cutter.

The Cutter tries to back up, but its body is twisted into the Cruncher.

A pit opens in the ground and the Cutter, dragging the Cruncher heads for it.

JAMIE

No, you don't!

Jamie jabs the button- the axe swishes shatter the Cruncher's aisle.

Metal tears as several more strikes split the Cutter into half.

Trying to reform, spasms, reveals a blacken mechanical heart.



JAMIE

Mom let's send it back to hell.

Jamie takes her mother's hand, together they press the button.

The axe strikes the Cutter's heart- exploding it.

The pit closes.

JAMIE

It's dead.

CLARE

You sure?

EXT.WASTELANDS-CONT'D

Jamie and Clare slide out the Cruncher.

They view the crunched remains... it slowly becomes transparent as the Cutter fades away.

JAMIE

Nightmares over.

EXT.WASTELANDS- NIGHT

Pulled off the road, the camper van.

Someone in the boot kicking to get out, pops it open.

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Trussed up, Dixie struggles to free herself.

Crystall drags her out the boot.

Wrenches her gag out.

DIXIE

I was only playing the game.

CRYSTALL

Games not done.

Crystall sits on Dixie's stomach.

She tears Dixie shirt, exposing her breasts, with a switchblade.

CRYSTALL

I'll be gentle.

Kisses- bites Dixie's nipple.

Wipes her hand over her mouth- spits out Dixie's nipple as Dixie screams.

EXT.HANK'S GARAGE-DUSK

CAPTION: SIX MONTHS LATER:

A family in their car wait as Clare fills up their car's tank.



Her eyes drift over the horizon.

CLARE

Soon be dark, there's
a free room at the back
for your family.

The MAN hesitates as he views the vicious scars on Clare's face.

His eyes go to his wife and son... back to Clare's

MAN

I'll think we carry-

Jamie appears, yawns, stretches, joins her mom.

WOMEN

Thanks, we'll stay.

Woman smiles at Jamie.

Jamie helps the family get their suitcase out their boot.

Gives the boy a cola.

JAMIE

(To boy)

Your safe now: the Cruncher
got your back.

FADE OUT:



