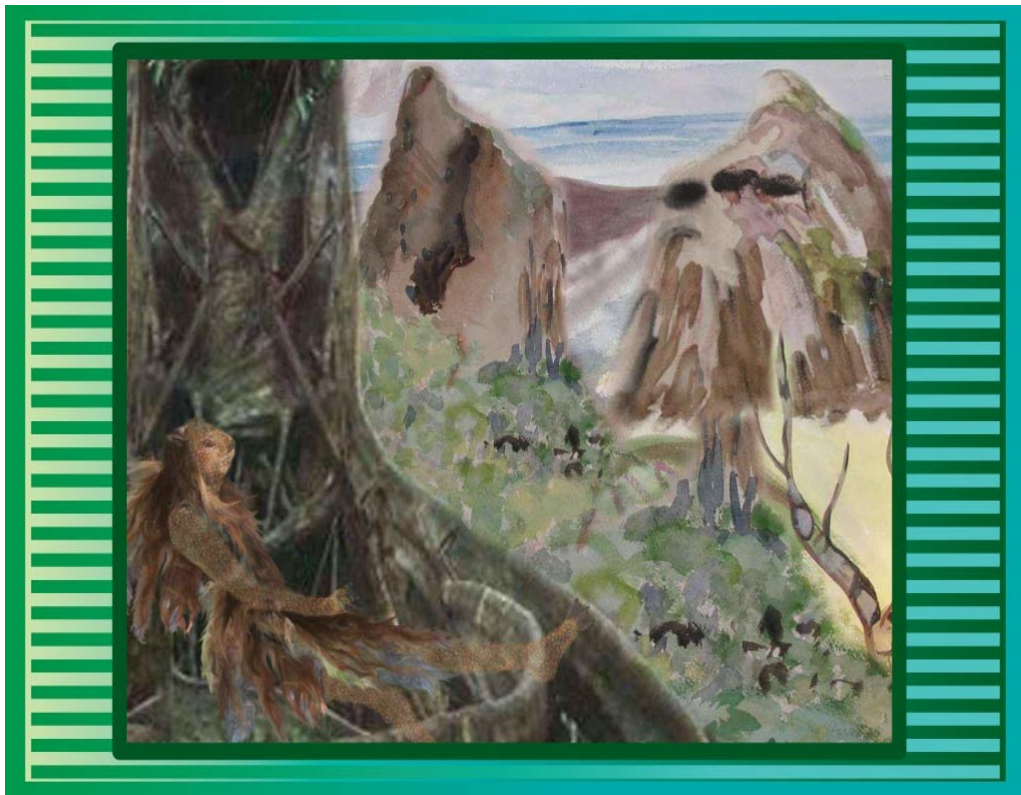


Bunyip Whispers



in the Dreamtime

by Suzanna Joy Fisher

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Script dedication

Dominic and Sapphire McMullan Fisher.
Also Jay Justice.

Cast

These are the people performing in the downloadable audio recorded at Rob Ruger's Studio in Boreen Point, QLD and Noosa District Community Radio 101.3 fm.

Main Voices

Narrator - **Diet Simon**
Bruce - **Peter Reynolds**
Anna - **Mary Anne Vale**
Bunyip - **Evelyn Thomas**
Beerwah - **Hinemana Johnson**
Tibrogargan (Ole Tib) - **Geoffrey Peckitt**

Animals

Parrot - **Carol Baxter**
Miss Ko - **Vicki O Brien**
Mr. Kookaburra - **Jack Schlink**
(Jumping Jack Flash) Nicholson
Butcher Bird - **Bridget**
Wombat - **Peter Young**
Platypus - **Liz Gaborit**
Pademelon - **Anita Tilly**
Woylie - **Jacqueline Burgess**
Quoll - **Tara Craig**
Kingfisher - **Michelle Dennis**
Powerful Owl - **Kenny Griffith**
Wallum sedge frog - **Ruby Hoad**
Wallaby - **John Nepal**
Pigeon - **Dotty Evans-Lefau**
Lobby - **Gale Nicholson**

Crew

John Hartley, Elizabeth Esprester, Jo Hendrie, Rob Baillie, Mark Rodriguez, and the other supportive people from the Noosa Community Radio without whom the production would never have been born.

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BUNYIP WHISPERS IN THE DREAMTIME

0_Preface

_____ (DISTANT CAR SOUND BUILDS UP GRADUALLY)

Narrator: Bruce is completely oblivious to the blur of trees caught in his headlights. His mind is out of control as his ute tears along - a red streak shooting through the dark Queensland countryside. Enveloped in a euphoria of drugs and alcohol - he presses down harder on the accelerator. (SOUND OF INCREASE ENGINE) Harder. FASTER. His unseeing eyes miss the stop sign at crossroads atop a hill. The bright red ute swoops off the hump and becomes airborne.

Bruce: Wheeeeeee!

Narrator: Cried Bruce. The first Anna and the Bunyip knew about it was the roar of his engine and the screeching of brakes.... (SOUND EFFECTS MIMIC WHAT THE NARRATOR SAYS. SILENCE /CRASH/ SILENCE / REACTION FROM BIRDS AND ANIMALS...NIGHTNOISE)

Narrator: The last thing Bruce thought he saw before losing consciousness, was a bunyip.

(BOARDFADE)

BUNYIP WHISPERS IN THE DREAMTIME

Chapter 1_In the Beginning

(FLUTE/OBOE UNOBTRUSIVE) (BUSH)

Narrator: Magical stratus clouds were strewn across the sky like finest silken wisps. So white against the bright wintry blue.(FADE IN BACKGROUND MUSIC) Australian day on the large continent was dawning with the redness of the sunrise pouring over the rim of the Pacific. It flowed like lava on the mirrored surface of the sea, fragmenting into navy and turquoise facets throwing their light up towards the mountains.

(SURF)

This dawn split the sky from the ocean. Opposite, the dreaming mountains seemed to listen as if they could hear the sound of the surf pounding, and see the white sands of infinity with paper bark scrub fringing the shore. Endless time rolling outwards and onwards away from us with the eternal waves, into the future. Towards the horizon, a school of opalescent dolphins fled from the great whale that had disturbed their dark. (BIRD SOUND) A magpie lark was fluting his heart out to herald the dawn. Other thrushes and wattlebirds joined in. The clouds streaked orange across from the mountainous rim of trees to the other side where the sky turned brilliant aqua. At the head of the valley huge balls of cotton wool were beginning to pile up into the heavens, all tinged with magenta, in an unbelievable show of light.

Shrouded at the top of the hill, hiding gently behind a veil of mist, the giant fig looked over the tops of the trees. She had been standing there in the forest for 500 years. Today, pale lilac mushrooms with glistening waxy tops, splitting at the edges, grew where her roots grasped at the earth.

A couple of gigantic sauropods foraged (*SOUND EFFECTS* H TO MAKE?) along the banks of a nearby billabong. Measured in 20th century terms, they would have been five times as big as Bruce's ute. Sinuous long limbed lizards scurried in and out among their thumping feet, catching insects attracted by the huge piles of dung. On the opposite bank, a muttaburrasaurus paused to eat the fronds of a tree fern, watched by basking crocodilians.

(BOARDFADE)

BUNYIP WHISPERS IN THE DREAMTIME

Chapter 2_ The Bunyip

(BUSH)

- 1.Narrator: The bunyip yawned and sat up. She turned to see a gleaming sliver disappear...it was the tail end of the rainbow snake.

- 2.Bunyip: (*MURMURING TO HERSELF*)Dreams, dreaming. All that dino stuff is past. 93 million years have past!

- 3.Narrator: She moaned, and turning over to make herself more comfortable, she repositioned herself to sleep some more.

- 4.Bunyip: (*WORRIED TONE*) What are we going to do? My sister down south says that the poor little Brown Bandicoot is in critical trouble. Feral cats are decimating them. We have to make a new plan about those darling creatures; their numbers have dwindled across this wide land.

5. Narrator: Leaning back against the inside wall of the fig, she gazed upwards towards the branches framed against the sky.

- 6.Bunyip: (*STILL MURMURING TO HERSELF*)Look at the strange way that these fig trees grow. This hollow interior could house many people inside. (*CALL OUT ALOUD*) What is the day like?

7. Narrator: She hollered up to the parrots in the branches that rose up so high. One of them, wearing green pyjamas, looked out across the coast and called back.
8. Parrot: Sunshine, sunshine today!
- 9 Narrator: From Bunyip's viewpoint there was a black hole that went up, up, up so high, that it became the frame for a tiny pinpoint of light that represented the outcome of the internal tunnel.

1.Narrator:

The old tree had grown with this emptiness all the way up to the top. Slipping into meditation, Bunyip's vibrations and energy drifted away in the air, away and across to the great one the father of them all. Father of all the local mountains. Ole Tib.

And so it was as the sun was climbing up towards midday, the bunyip shifted with irritation, dreaming of the happenings in those bad old daze before even the dinos.

2.Bunyip: (REMINISCING OUT LOUD) That was when old Tib broke Coonowrin's neck in a furious temper.(SOUND EFFECTS) In the days before the dinosaurs, Beerwah had been angry with her children because they **would** run away. She found it hard to keep up with them, as she was again great with child. Ole Tib had sent Coonowrin, the eldest Child Mountain, to watch after Ngun Ngun and Coochin, the twins; who had wandered off following the littlest *Wild Horse* mountain who liked paddling in the sea. Tibrogargan worried that the great rising of the waters would swamp them. But the young mountain, Coonie boy, was having such a good time getting up to mischief, not realising that his mother was pregnant again. He didn't pay any attention to his Daddy, and deserted her. Ole Tib completely lost it, and erupted. (SOUND EFFECTS ROCKS GRINIDING) He clobbered his son over the head.

3.Narrator: The bunyip shivered involuntarily. It had been ghastly.

4.Bunyip: Coonie has never been the same since. He frequently weeps over his cowardice. The rivers of tears flow down to the sea.

5.Narrator: Today Tibrogargan the great Old Man Mountain and his wife Beerwah, stared from their craggy heights across to the Pacific, the mighty ocean separating the Australian landmass from the Americas.

(BOARDFADE)

BUNYIP WHISPERS IN THE DREAMTIME

Chapter 3 Glasshouse Mountain

(BUSH OCCASIONAL CAR & PLANE) (BREEZE THROUGHOUT)

- 1.Narrator: The Mother Mountain, squatting huge and pregnant spoke to Tibrogargan.
 - 2.Beerwah : This gestation period is taking forever.
 3. Narrator: A small stream had sprung up, and ran down between her lumpy, rocky outcrops. The mica in her eyes twinkled from the grey-green lichen covered rocks filmed with water, set deep in her massive hollow face. She was listening to what her husband had to say.
 - 4.Tibrogargan: (IN A CONFIDENTIAL TONE) We've had upheaval and change since the beginning of our time. The dinosaurs were here for ages, but the earth spirits couldn't tolerate **them!** They became too successful and outlived their welcome. Oh, yes asteroids, floods and ash wiped out the dinosaurs. I feel it deep in my lurking labyrinths. Methinks we are coming to the end of another era. Watch out for falling rocks!
Bunyip whispered many things to me that she overheard from one of the koalas. It makes me worry at what the humans are doing to the forests embroidering my slopes.
 - 5.Beerwah: (TRYING TO UNDERSTAND WHAT HE IS TALKING ABOUT)Are you talking about the Bunya tree?
 - 6.Ole Tib: No that's a pine. You know Bunyip, the strange creature?
 - 7.Beerwah: (CONFUSED)Whatta you mean?
 - 8.Ole Tib: Well, Bunyip talks to the koalas when they are awake. She comes and meditates long, on my mountainsides and I hear her. She has a great deal of concern for the koalas.
- (BREEZE SOUND CHANGES NOTICEABLY)
- 9.Narrator: The breeze wafted over Beerwah like a gentle sigh.
 - 10.Beerwah: They are funny cuddly lil things.
- Ole Tib: Their closest living relative is the Wombat.

Beerwah: (SURPRISED)Huh?

Narrator: Beerwah almost popped in her surprise.

Ole Tib: Humans call it 'biodiversity', part of the immense number of differences on this planet.

Beerwah: (*ECHO UNCERTAINLY*) Bio...?(*IRRITATED*) Now you are really confusing me!
(*REALLY ANNOYED NOW*) I can't take anymore.

Narrator: Tibrogargan worried that she might quake the land.

Ole Tib: (*REASSURING*) Don't think about that now, Momma Beerwah. Concentrate on the koala troop.

Beerwah: Well, I know they are fussy eaters. They are hardly ever awake. (*GENTLE MOAN*) I wish that **we all** could sleep like they do, the little beauties. Small furry, quiet packages that sleep 23 out of the 24 hours and then rush about looking for what they need.

Ole Tib: Their consciousness is different to ours. People say that the leaves they eat are like a drug, but it is simply their unique way of life: that biodiversity again. Those lovely leaves, ah! You know that they eat the little leaves of a particular swweeeet eucalyptus?

Beerwah: (*AGREEING*)They taste exquisite I believe.

Ole Tib: Huh? Well the chief koala says the numbers of their tribe have dwindled because they don't have enough of their favourite type of tree anymore. Those ones with the special leaves.

(TRAIN SOUND BUILDS UP FROM THE DISTANCE)

Narrator: The earth shuddered slightly.

Beerwah: (UNCERTAIN)What's happening?

Narrator: Tib paused till the distant train had passed, before commenting:

Ole Tib: (*SADLY*) I know the bad feeling, deep down, shaking me to my depths. Too many humans! That's what it is.

About six thousand years ago Eve gave Adam a fire stick instead of an apple reversing the forward progress of the evolution.

2. Beerwah: A fire stick? There you go again! What are you talking about?

3. Ole Tib: A weapon, a gun, something to shoot with. Now it has become a sex symbol and they don't know where to stop or how.

(ROCKS GRINDING AND SLITHERING)

4. Narrator: Tibrogargan gave a little landslide.

5. Beerwah: (*MUTTERING HALF TO HERSELF*) Daddy Tib and I don't like what's goin' on. But I like some of them. They have babies like my twins.

6. Narrator: Momma Beerwah gazed proudly across at the little Glasshouse Mountains Ngun Ngun and Coochin.

7. Ole Tib: Yes some of them are good. Let me show you one right now. I want you to take a look at the human down there in one of those old houses. You know the homesteads standing like a mangrove, with wooden pillars and room underneath for the floodwaters to flow through. They hang out the washing underneath when it rains. Look! There is a great paper bark tree in the garden. Her father built the house. That man knew how to build! He was a woodsman from the icy North, and came from far away in foreign parts.

8. Beerwah: Well that must've cost a few trees!

9. Ole Tib: Yes, but he always replanted as fast as he cut down, so the balance of nature was not affected.

Anyway, let me tell you about this young lady. She has a spiritual spark in her consciousness like no other.

The original source gave it to her so that we can use her to change the course of destiny here. It will make me feel a bit better. (*SADLY*) There's not much I can do about young Coonowrin.

1. Beerwah: (*HURRIEDLY INTERRUPTS*) What can the bunyip do about it?
2. Narrator: Beerwah was keen to keep the conversation away from the painful subject of the past. Tibrogargan still felt guilty about his son whom he had injured, and could not look at him.
3. Ole Tib: She can act as a mediator. It won't be hard to talk to a young adult like Anna, who has spent much of her time on her own since her mother died. The mother was rather fond of the port and didn't have time for the girl. That wasn't really **her** fault, either. It was due to some really painful things that happened during her own childhood. The mother had a father who was a very hard man, and the drought played havoc with his temper. That's the way the misery gets handed on generation after generation. Anna was isolated and learned to be close to the koalas and great white and purple herons. She was blessed from birth and hardly knows fear, unlike most of those spiritually poor humans down there, who are driven by it.
4. Beerwah: (*SADLY BUT WITH COMPASSION*) Seems to me that is the problem, Ole Tib. The rushing, I mean. Their fear makes them rush. Out there making so many plans for the 'future'. They don't see what is happening in the here and now. The paradox is why they come here! They come here because it IS so pristine. Then they rubbish it. I heard one of them call it the Garden of Eden. (*STARTS WHINING*) The baddest of them is simply the most fearful and strong. Like my poor Coonowrin who is still crying rivers down to the sea.

1. Ole Tib: (*GROAN*) Why, maybe even he can dry up if no one can address this problem.

Bunyip whispers more bad news.

The Paroo is the last wild river in the Murray Darling System. In over a quarter of Australia's rivers the fish are losing the fight for life. This is due to the removal of the indigenous plants during the past decade and permanent clearing of our vegetation. People take away and don't put back. They don't realize what they are doing. All that green stuff has been sucking up the carbon dioxide since time began.

2. Narrator: Mistress Beerwah spoke with discomfort. A storm was brewing.

3. Beerwah: I keep getting stuck in this time zone, it's disturbing me. I want to hurry up and have this baby, but the bunyip is holding us up here. We've got stuff to sort. What are we going to do about it?

4. Ole Tib: (*REASSURING*) Hmm, don't you worry sweet Mummy. Bunyip can handle the problem. Your husband has taken care of everything.

(BOARDFADE)

BUNYIP WHISPERS IN THE DREAMTIME

Chapter 4 Bunyip Whispers

(BUSH SOUNDS)

- 1.Narrator: Bunyip crawled out from inside the old fig tree.
- 2.Bunyip: This is Paradise. Smell the wet earth and feel the wind wafting.
- 3.Narrator: The sound waves of Bunyip's whispers flew past the leaves of the stag horn fern. (SLOWED BOOMERANG NOISE) Pulling the spider web from her left claw and gently easing the long leggy spider to rest on a nearby buttress root, Bunyip spied the *hygros* (purple mushrooms) that she so dearly loved to eat. They were hiding down one side of the wiggly wall. So she picked one and stuffed it eagerly into her wide mouth. Making a walking stick from the linospadix palm to assist her in her day's ramble, she paced the Glasshouse range looking for *Lentis*. This is a cinnamon brown mushroom with a depressed, furry cap, which looks like a cute little goblet. Only a bunyip can eat them for she has special, cosmic insides to neutralize their poison. She ambled down the mountainside muttering a mantra from a couple of millennia before:-

4.Bunyip: (CHANTING IN A MEDITATIVE WAY)

Eumundinoosamaroochywallumblibliinambourmaloola...

Eumundinoosamaroochywallumblibliinambourmaloola...

- 5.Narrator: This particular refrain kept her centred on the planet. A rock face was reddening out at her. The bunyip wandered along pondering the upcoming corroboree.
- 6.Bunyip: Having asked for the responsibility of being chairman, wombat now wants to step down.

(BOARDFADE)

BUNYIP WHISPERS IN THE DREAMTIME

Chapter 5 Anna & Bunyip

(BUSH & POOL SOUND, PLUS COUCAL BIRD SOUND MAYBE BROOK SOUND)

Narrator: Anna was a bright form, crouching on the hillside in a secret cleft beside a spring pool. She was at one with her creatures. They were used to her being there. The purple heron foraged hopefully in the dawn light. He regarded Anna casually, and a puff of wind behind him spattered out the bluish feathers behind his head into a sort of feathery star.

Anna: Here have some of my sandwich!

Narrator Anna tossed the bread towards him. The gulls scrabbled and ate it before the heron could get a hold of it with his long spiky beak. Anna commiserated aloud to the heron:-

Anna: You're better at digging in the mud aren't you Monty?

Narrator: Out of the corner of her eye, the young woman was dimly aware of a nearby fisherman giving a small fish to the great white heron standing expectantly beside him. The graceful bird battled with it for some five minutes, killing it and arranging it in his strong beak. Finally it slipped down in to his crop making a weird shape stand out in his apparently delicate and slender neck. Overhead a huge fish eagle soared looking for prey. A silly duck kept wandering over to Anna to see what she was up to, and then rushing back down to the water to find his lady friend in case she had something better to eat than he did. Anna was still dreamy.

Anna: (CHANTING IN A MEDITATIVE WAY)*Dawn is so fragile in that it passes unnoticed easily.*

It is also powerful.

It may take more tangible form when I am awake, I dunno...

We never know how it will turn out...

How the day will progress

Narrator: She thought back to the crash she had heard as she sat on the toilet around four a.m.

The moon had beamed its beacon in the sky that night, lighting up the bush with the ethereal silver light that flattened everything. The brightness broke the night reverie of one of the birds who, thinking that it was dawn, called out and woke Anna.

She had swung out of bed in excitement.

Anna: What was the other noise? Was it a dream? No, I'm almost sure it was real.

Narrator: A curious uncertainty came over her and she had wondered what was going on. It was then that she had made up her mind to go down to her favourite pool below the house.

Opening the wooden door with frosted glass panes in the kitchen cupboard, she pulled out a freshly baked loaf of bread. She cut several slices making herself an herb and pigeon egg sandwich. Then she dug out a battered thermos and filled it with tea, before escaping out the back door into the eerie light. She lingered on the balcony watching the dawn break, hinting at glorious prospects of a new day. She descended the stairs quietly so as not to wake her father, and then walked out across the piece of land that she and her father tended so lovingly. Two cormorants were sitting on a piece of wood that had been stuck in the pond for some reason a long time before anyone could remember. One of them was drying his wings. Anna felt sure he was saying:-

Anna: 'Come on in why don't you take a dip Miss Anna it will cheer you up!'

Narrator: So she slipped off her dress and went paddling in her bloomers.

A couple of grey things with a yellow beak were husband and wife for the long haul. Their nest had survived the last storm. A tiny refuge in the huge camphor laurel tree at the edge of the stream.

Sunlight sifted down through the leaves (a shower of lime green), as the blossom exploded with the promise of spring.

Butterflies made bobbing white blotches through the mottled, fragmenting undergrowth. They were camouflaged. Anna stared at a big black and white one marvelling at how it blended into the scenery.

Anna: (*MURMURING TO HERSELF*) People think they are gaudy and exotic because of their bright colours and intricate designs on their wings, but here in the undergrowth they disappear completely particularly when their wings are vertical, and they look like a leaf on a twig.

Narrator: Studying the fisherman more closely Anna realized it wasn't human at all. She recognized the creeping Bunyip who was trying to hide her big feet in the water. Anna was totally unfazed by this turn of events. Having this creature nearby helped her feel safe. She identified the earth spirits as part of her family. Moreover she could tell intuitively that the bunyip wanted to talk, so she began the conversation herself.

Anna: Hello Miss Bunyip! How are you going? The fish are biting well today!

Narrator: Bunyip creaked against a stick and looked with curiosity at Anna, attracted by her energy. She noticed the way her ginger hair curled around her face.

Bunyip: (*MURMURING TO HERSELF*) Those turquoise eyes are so clear it is as if I can see through to the lassie's soul. With hair that colour you would never be in danger of getting lost!

Narrator: She stretched her claw out tentatively.

Bunyip: Can I touch your hair? It is so orange!

Anna: (*WITH LAUGHTER IN HER VOICE*) Go ahead, they used to call me *carrot-top* and all those names at school, but I'm used to it by now.

Bunyip: (*IN A CONFIDENTIAL WAY*) I have a message for you. A message from Ole Tib and all.

Anna: Ole Tib, the Glasshouse Mountain? How's **he** doin'?

Bunyip: Oh, nothing has changed. Ole Tib still can't even look at Coonowrin, the eldest. You know the legend of the mountains? Coonowrin ran off instead of takin' care of his momma. You remember how his Dad was worried about the waters rising in the sea and had told Coonowrin the eldest to round up the twins Ngun Ngun and Coochin. Yes, round up all his brothers and sisters and move them to safety. Coonie boy thought his Momma was big enough to look after herself. He was scared and ran away. Tibrogargan became so angry he picked up his nulla nulla and whacked his eldest over the head, busting his neck .

Anna: (*IN A GOSSIPY MANNER*) I can never get all the names of those Glasshouse Mountains. I think there are another four children!

Narrator: (*SLOW, WITH LOVING WARMTH IN VOICE*) Anna was drawn to Bunyip by a wave of sensation. It was a warm feeling, a sense of relief - as if she had always known her.

Bunyip: Hmm, there's that other one on the way! Momma hasn't had the baby yet. She's b-b-b-b-big now, big with child. And that sad old face staring out over the trains... she doesn't like the shaking one bit. They are all the same as ever, looking out over the coast, weeping rivers into the sea... Meantime Boodies and Woylies have been besieging me. They know their time is limited on the planet unless the humans can accept them. There has got to be something special in this for EVERYONE. Come on Anna, It's been really bringing me down, all this. You are the only one who can help us. You are personally acquainted with our fantastic animal and plant friends. Do you want to help me arrange a hearing?

Narrator: Bunyip began to warm up to her cause.

Anna: (*WITH CURIOSITY*) Hearing with whom?

Bunyip: Well the humans would be best...but they don't all talk the same language.

Anna: (*POLITELY*) Most of them talk English on the Sunshine Coast!

Bunyip:(*PROTESTING*) Grrrrr, I hear them on the edge of the rain forest. I hear the estate agents. I hear the children, and I read the bits of newspaper they leave lying on the path. They don't see me because at least half of them aren't looking. Why, only a short time ago I had to leap out of the way of one of their chariots.

Anna: You are right, (*AGREEING SADLY*) They are obsessed by how much money they are making. Searching for excitement, crashing through life with no harmony or love.

Bunyip: You notice how they make the same sounds to each other, but do you see them waiting for the answer? I don't think so! They never seem to listen. Not to the birds, and certainly not to the wind.

Anna: Talking of listening, d'you hear that strange noise in the night? (*PREOCCUPIED*) It was so **loud!**

Narrator: Bunyip harked back to the happenings of the past 12 hours.

*Bunyip: Yes, the whole forest came alive. They wanted to know what was happening! What a commotion. It sounded like a steel chariot, plunging through the undergrowth tearing up roots and all. Small animals dived for cover. The birds set up a chorus. They were **most** indignant.*

Anna: Something has happened. I wonder what it is that we don't know about.

Bunyip: I suggest we take a look. Anna how would you like to go on a search with me?

(BOARDFADE)

BUNYIP WHISPERS IN THE DREAMTIME

Chapter 6 Finding Bruce

(INTERIOR WITH BUSH SOUNDS OUTSIDE)

Anna: Hey Bunyip, look what I found!

Narrator: Anna was scrabbling through a lantana bush. Her new friend pulled aside a large branch to reveal the belly and shiny red sides of Bruce's ute. They managed to ease the door open, before arousing Bruce who was coming back to life with a great deal of confusion, not least because of the air bag which had burst and was now supporting his face.

Anna: (*SOOTHING TONE*) Take it easy.

Bunyip: Do what we tell you and we'll have you out of there in no time.

Narrator: After they had untangled him from the car, Bunyip helped Anna half carry him half walk him to her house up on the stilts.

Anna: Now you lie there and rest for a while.

Narrator: Anna had made up the bed for Bruce in the spare room. She left him there and he passed out again, and slept for eight hours straight. Meanwhile Bunyip showed Anna what she had found in Bruce's ute.

Bunyip: It's an **elephant** gun!

Anna: Ooh yuk! What's he doing with a gun like that? We don't have elephants in Australia.

Bunyip: (*GRIMLY*) I will come back tomorrow and we can have a talk with this young man. I want to know what he is up to.

(BOARDFADE)

Narrator: Eight hours later Anna finally heard Bruce move.

Anna: I will bring you some clear soup in a moment.

(KETTLE BOILS)

The kettle is on and I'm making you a cuppa.

Bruce: I'm gonna need more than tea and SOUP! Haven't you got any drugs?

Anna: No illegal substances here boy! You will have to suffer.
(FIERCELY) What was that dread weapon that my friend found in your car?

Narrator: Bruce immediately became very humble. At first he couldn't say a word. He made several attempts and then Anna noticed wetness near his eyes.

Bruce: (*MUMBLE QUIETLY*) I can't go back. (*LOUDER*) Have you got any pain killers?

Anna: (*SNAPPING TONE*) If you want my help you can just forget that stuff. Now tell me what you were doing in our neighbourhood.

Narrator: The bunyip had come into the room, and Bruce could sense her presence like a throbbing cloud in his head. At the same time he was too ashamed and confused to look directly into her wide face.

Bruce: (*EXPLAIN IN A BROKEN TONE*) I only just got out of jail last week. They put me inside for being high as a kite and arguing with an officer. (*FALTER*) I don't know what I'm gonna do... (*LET THE WORDS COME OUT IN A RUSH*) It seemed a good idea at the time. I thought of borrowing the Weatherby. I wanted a gun to come out here to blat some roos. I wanted to take the meat back with me so's I could butcher it and sell it to pay off my fines.

Bunyip: *(TO HERSELF, OBVIOUSLY UNIMPRESSED)*Huh, he'd surely use the money to
buy more drugs.

Narrator: Anna and Bunyip left him to cool off for a couple of days.

(BOARDFADE)

BUNYIP WHISPERS IN THE DREAMTIME

Chapter 7 Bruce Comes to Stay

(DISTANT BUSH SOUNDS + PIGEONS)

Narrator: Several weeks later, Bunyip came over to see how things were with the three of them. Bruce was beginning to get good colour back in his face; he had learned to help Anna and her father with the chores about the property. The change in his metabolism now that he was no longer using any kind of drugs had given him a new vigour and energy in his daily life. He was beginning to acknowledge the bunyip as a part of the landscape. When she came over to Anna's place she found him learning how to care for the pigeons.

Bruce: (*ENTHUSIASTICALLY*) I am finding that I **really** can get along without using mind altering substances. Everything's different these days, Miss Bunyip!

Bunyip: (*FIRMLY*) Well, it won't really be, until you do something to make amends. Otherwise you will hold onto your old ways.

Narrator: Bruce shuddered.

Bruce: (*HYSTERIA IN HIS VOICE*) I can't do that. (*EARNESTLY*) No I don't want to. I mean it. What do I have to do to prevent that from happening?

Anna: I've been talking to Bunyip about it. You can become one of us.

Bruce: I'd really like that. I think you and Bunyip are completely different. What must I do to become one of your **Clan**?

Bunyip: You can start by coming down to the Peregian Moonfest Gathering. It will be a fitting start to your **awakening**. A sort of initiation ceremony.

Bruce: (*EAGER SPEAK IN A WAY THAT BETRAYS HIS ANTICIPATION OF SOME KIND OF REVELATION.*) What do you mean?

Anna: You know! It's like a tribal conclave, but with a difference. It has a truly spiritual core and delves deep into the three F's: Flora, Fauna and Fungi. Relocalisation and Permaculture.

(BOARDFADE)

BUNYIP WHISPERS IN THE DREAMTIME

Chapter 8 Gathering

(DISTANT SURF +PLUS OCCASIONAL CAR ON DAVID LOW WAY)

1.Narrator: (PARROT NOISES EG LORIKEETS)(BABBLE OF ARGUMENT AND PEOPLE TALKING OVER ONE ANOTHER) It was pandemonium in the moonlight on Peregian Beach. In among the trees the Gathering was going apace. Anna joined in the gossip. She could hear snippets of the animals, slipping and skipping into conversation. Miss Ko, the most beautiful and eligible koala, was almost spitting with fury.

2.Miss Ko: ... well, how would **you** feel when you arrived home to find your house was gone, and nothing in your street was the same? You too may feel sad, angry, worried, confused and even depressed. That's what. Then imagine what it's like if you can't find a shop to buy any food. You would become hungry, and if you didn't find a loaf of bread hidden in the garden shed you would begin to **starve to death**. Succumb to one of the illnesses!

3.Narrator: Butcher Bird soothed her with his mellow fluid notes (*SOUND*).

4.Butcher Bird: Look, we live in paradise! See my friend's green pyjamas?

5.Narrator: He waved his wing at Parrot. (SOUND EFFECT OF LORIKEET CHATTERING SWEETLY)

6 .Butcher Bird: Now lets have some fun!

7.Wombat: (MOAN) Don't expect ME to do everything. This is serious! This a gathering of all us animals – even Bunyip is on our side. “Can't you put some sense into their heads?” “ **Bunyip? Bunyip**, I'm talking to **you!**”

8.Bunyip: No, I'm off to work on other issues that may affect our future. And I want to go back to dreaming.

9.Narrator: Refusing to cooperate, the Bunyip disappeared into the throng. The Parrot, incandescent with colours, was chattering to anyone who would listen

Parrot: People- People - Humans, They smell chicken roasting at a fast food joint, and think that is the best smell there is!

Then they are tempted into buying my unfortunate cousins for their next meal;. Humans never realise that the fastest disappearingist, most fragile and most beautiful smell on this continent; - is that of rain on dry ground!

YES ! Mr WOMBAT that water bottle that you are holding: **that** contains our most precious commodity.- The unique element of our creation. Water. \ So good for the nectar. LURVE those wattle trees!

Wombat: Anna you have the floor!

Anna: (SPEAKS WITH PLEASURE THRILLING HER TONE). Ah, the scent of the earth when the first shower comes after a drought!
Not to mention the welcome sound of the rain on a tin roof.

Wombat: Yes, Pademelon, you were sayin'?

Pademelon: The farmers complain and complain about the lack of rain.

Narrator: Woylie was hiccuping with emotion.

Woylie: Why down in Melbourne they've had a six year drought. Up here in the hills the farmers moan about the lack of water. But they cause it themselves. They plunder. They don't replant the glorious forests. Their ancestors cleared this land over the years for their cattle. This has led to desertification ...so now there is not enough grass to retain the soil. They just won't listen to the solution to their problem. Can you help us and spread the word to the local land councils?

Wombat: What were you saying to the wallaby, Quoll?

Quoll: You are not talking at their level!

Narrator: The Bunyip reappeared and joined in the discussion.

Bunyip: We can see how the area fills up, first with the discoverers and the farmers, like *Telegraph Road, by Dire Straits... (HUMMING THE POPULAR SONG)*
Yes, Anna has been explaining to me about the money. It is a kind of barter, an exchange system. But what is it that money and power do? Land becomes popular. People come and discover paradise. They want to be here. Then they want to make it **easy** in paradise. Easy to get here. So transport increases, **and** then pollution. Easy transport brings in more people who don't care. People end up just wanting money, and then they make even more. It becomes a way of life, and they forget its real place in the scheme of things.
Paradoxically, they come up here because it seems like paradise... and trash it.

Narrator: An electric blue kingfisher chirped quietly:-

Kingfisher: I think they'd miss us if we weren't there. Why, I'd miss me if I wasn't here!

Narrator: Powerful Owl whooped:-

Owl: (*SOUND EFFECTS*) Every time a baby is born a tree must be planted.

Narrator: Wallum sedge frog croaked:-

Froggie: (*SOUND EFFECTS*) I overheard a bunch of them talking about the summit in Johannesburg in August 2002. I was hopping along beside the path and one of them nearly trod on me. Did anyone get the message then, about greenhouse gas emissions? I don't think so. Better late than never, NOW the media is encouraging discussion about it.

Narrator: And a wallaby snickered:-

Wallaby: The crocodiles say save the earth eat more people. (*OUTBREAK OF ANIMAL NOISES*)

Wombat: (*INTERUPTING TRYING TO RESTORE ORDER TO THE PROCEEDINGS*) Well now....Miss Ko! What can we do IMMEDIATELY to drastically change the situation here on the coast?

Miss Ko: (GIGGLING) I could pee on them.

Wombat: Hmm, not quite what I had in mind. What d'you say Pademelon?

Pademelon: (*SHOUTING*) I heard they sent a man to the moon! Sent ONE man, I say send 'em all!

Wombat: I saw you wave your wing Mr. Kookaburra, would you like to have a say?

Mr. Kookaburra: (AUTHENTIC SOUND PLUS BLEND *LAUGH BITTERLY*) Who could ever have predicted the extra ordinary growth of human stuff on this Sunshine Coast, which is now crawling with humanity? Humanity that is so inhumane, so intensely focused on getting more bang for the buck, and "What's in this for me", attitude.

Narrator: The crested pigeons cooed:- (*SOUND EFFECTS*)

Pigeon: He should know! I hear him from where I am, sitting on the telephone lines overseeing the bird kingdom. ***We hear Mr. Kookaburra all the way down Howard St. from Koala Park. You know the place where the sugar cane train used to run?***

Nambour is okay, but mighty claws are jagging at the edges.

Bruce: Hey Anna, this is FUN. I love these animals. I wonder what I can do to help.

Anna: I thought you would like them. These are my friends!

(NOISE FROM ALL THE ANIMALS.)

Narrator: The wombat reached for Bunyip's walking stick and waved it in the air.

Wombat: (*FEROCIOUSLY*) Order, order! Pademelon, your turn to speak.

Pademelon: Yeh, Bunyip knows. I mean, what ARE our first priorities?

Narrator: The sedge frog acknowledged Bruce as a newly acceptable human in his world.

Froggie: (ASIDE) Nice to have you as one of us, Bruce. (TO THE GROUP AS A WHOLE)
What do you mean? Priorities?

Parrot: Well, I hear that Bruce's father is a prominent member of the landed gentry!
He represents the interests of the Sunshine Coast farmers and is high up in the local tribe.
Maybe - when he hears about Bruce's conversion he will be moved to take action,
He can present it straight into the human central governing place.
That will bring about those IMPORTANT changes that are so needed everywhere!
the central governors MUST decide what to do first.
Bruce, I think you owe us at least that, for the hole you put in the bush up near Anna's place.
SPEAK TO YOUR DAD BRUCE!
Anyway, I've done my rantin' and ravin' for today.

Wombat: And where's that *central place*?

Bunyip: The humans gather together for their ruling organization in Canberra down amongst the Snowy Mountains.
They are so detached from us that they don't realize what is going on here in **our** territory. There has to be a way of getting them to see **our** paradise... and us, even if it's by trickery, before it's too late.

Anna: Give you something to think about hey Bruce?

Bruce: Right on, sister.

Bunyip: Before we finish, can I tell you the message from Ole Tib? He knows that it will be better if we have a political fellow to talk for us at the main meeting on the continent. He reckons that a **top** priority is to remove the fuel subsidies that are making oil and gas companies fat at the expense of the ozone layer.

Froggie: **Croak!**

Wombat: Wallum sedge frog I see your hand up.

Froggie: We must have standards!

Bruce (*GROAN*) Oh no, not standards. Doing the dishes, washing clothes, that's boring.

Narrator: Bruce's complaining tone caused a shuffling, fluttering and twittering among the host of creatures. (*SOUND EFFECTS*)

A glossy, black cockatoo swooped down from the gum tree and settled next to a burrowing skink.

But Anna was adamant:-

Anna: Yes, it is the simple things in life that keep us sane. The things we do with our hands help us to define ourselves. It isn't near as bad as you think!

Wombat: Yes Quoll?

Quoll: What about the Kangaroos?

Woylie: (*DESPAIRINGLY*)What about the roos indeed! When did **you** last see one?

Narrator: The woylie spoke despairingly. Meanwhile Bunyip was summing up.

Bunyip: I hear you! Planet earth is like a self-correcting organism.
The final warning from the Southern spirits in the Antarctic has to do with global warming, long and unrelenting. (DIDGERIDOO)The Didgeridoos have begun playing a grim warning about the selfishness and self centeredness of the earth humans. If they continue too much longer without making changes, it would take another ice age to fix the problem!

Wombat: Is this as good as it gets? We understand how you feel. Where can we find transformation? What about... How can we *evolve...become...cultivate our emergence*? Now don't you all despair. There ARE solutions.

Anna: SOLUTIONS FOR THE ENERGY DECENT FUTURE! Let us consider the important new concepts of *Relocalisation and Permaculture*?

Powerful Owl: Relocalisation?

Wombat: Who said that? Pademelon?

Pademelon: What's that?

Bunyip: It's a response to energy change. The Relocalization Network supports and connects Local Post Carbon Groups as they work towards relocalizing their communities. Rebuild Rail. It does less damage than these Trucks.

Wombat: Use Permaculture, and encourage **local** production of food, as opposed to transporting great distances. **Biodynamics**.

Anna: Yes, these are our *buzz words*. **Permaculture** and **Relocalisation** will help us to get together to be more heartfelt and friendly with one another. There will be less loneliness and fear of neglect in old age.

Wombat: Let the community regroup. **Self empowerment**. Things are actually gonna be better for the aging folks. Increase their sense of security.

Mr. Kookaburra: (*CHARACTERISTIC LAUGHING*) Better! Good. What's this Permaculture?

Anna: Take a run out to look how the local shire has invested some money. The Maroochy Shire is encouraging a green solution in Yandina Permaculture area. They are demonstrating a little bit of sustainable development.

Froggie: I hear there is one in Noosa too!

Wombat: What about the SCEC?

Anna: Sunshine Coast Environment Council your local environmental network are always in need of assistance so if you have time money or skills you can spare please contact them...

Bunyip: Take a look at Holmgren Design Services on the web, How to save the world. One Man One Cow One Planet. **Sustainability**.

Wombat: Butcher Bird, you usually have plenty to say!

Butcher Bird: I love sounds and words of course!
Keep alive the birdwing ...ORNITHOPTERA RICHMONDIA butterfly alive. I love diversity of food. The butterfly only has one foodstuff. The vine (PARARISTOLOCHIA PRAEVENOSA) can be planted by anyone, and it lives for 120 YEARS!

Platypus: (COMPLAINING)Oh go on! Butcher Bird Just 'coz you've got that beaut singing voice! There you are using big intellectual terms as usual!

Parrot: (JUMPS IN THE FRAY)Awwwww! Butcher Bird you're only saying that because you love to eat them.

Narrator: Wombat gestured for the Quoll to comment.

Quoll: Can you bring that down to my level?

Platypus: If the big companies continue to have their way much longer there'll be no more lobbies in the creeks around Maleny. The people in the Mary Valley, many of whom are doing the right thing by us, are being punished by the politicians placating the people in Brisbane. They want to build a dam instead of working out a way to conserve water locally.

Wombat: Platypus can you tell us about water usage?

Platypus: A REVOLUTION IN EFFICIENT WATER USE.

Froggie: Water what? Waterwatch?

Platypus: Yes, but it has to go much further than that. New houses can be built along new revolutionary lines.....all we have to do is persuade the government the builders and the architects!

Wombat: Can you add to that Lobby?

Lobby: Estimates suggest that the average Australian household uses around 140 litres of drinking water every day in the kitchen, bathroom and laundry. (Waste water from non-toilet plumbing systems such as hand basins, washing machines, showers and baths is known as 'grey water'. It's reusable.

Platypus: Now, flush the loo and there you are, sending your waste on a long-distance trip, which will eventually to pollute the land or stain the sea.

Lobby: Essentially we've **created** this habitat. Our current system is fundamentally out of date.

Platypus: Pointless isn't it?
...if you think of it scientifically it doesn't actually make any sense, because about 80% roughly of a town's sewerage scheme...80% of the cost is locked up in transport. All of the pipe work that takes it from your house to the treatment plant, which could be kilometers away, is enormously expensive. It's energy intensive because often there's cuts with excavators and so on that are going through rock six or seven meters down. You can imagine the added pollution -the greenhouse cost of that. As well as the devastation to landscape and habitats. It doesn't make any sense at all.

Lobby: Dean Cameron of Biolytics in Queensland has a technology that makes your house self-sufficient and includes recycling water on your own property. It's so easy to harvest rain water and for the tiny amount we drink we can actually also use it for up to 80% of our total water needs. Then we can easily supply that little 20% that we need for genuinely potable water.

Platypus: Every stuff is good. Even the material that's produced from the breakdown of toilet waste—faecal material and paper, as well as food waste—produces humus, and that humus has wonderful properties for filtration.

Lobby: It's phenomenal.

Bruce: Pigeon and Parrot, what are you chattering about?

Parrot: Did you hear about the Inconvenient Truth?

Pigeon: What Mrs. Kookaburra has been playin up agin?

Parrot: Aww, you - **this** is a movie by Al Gore! Some humans have given up waiting for politicians to act. Al Gore's Road Show is taking the news to the grass roots **all around** the world, and asking **them** to talk to **their** politicians.

Anna: Take a look on the internet. (THE BABBLE OF THE MEETING CONTINUES, VARIOUS GROUPS OF CHARACTERS EACH TALKING ABOUT THEIR VARIOUS ISSUES. NOW AND AGAIN WOMBAT CALLS FOR ORDER. THE WHOLE BABBLE FADES UNDER AS WE FOCUS ONLY ON ANNA & BRUCE TALKING TO EACH OTHER)

Bruce: We're not getting anywhere fast, are we Anna? I'm so worried.....

Anna: Hang on.....Didn't I hear parrot say your father's a bit of a bigwig with the farmers?

Bruce: Yeah....he's the president of the Australian farmers federation.....never had any time for the family 'cause o' that. We missed him a lot. Meeting here, meeting there, never at home, not much fathering from him...

Anna (SPEAKS OVER HIS LAST SENTENCE)

Look, he's gotta have some pull in Canberra, don't you reckon? D'you think you can get him to speak up for us down there? Or in Brisbane, with the state government? To try to stop that **insane** dam at Traveston, for example.

Bruce: Yeah, hurting a lot of families, that one, and it'll wreck the country....that's something the old man oughta understand. But.....you know...he and I haven't been speaking for a while.....years, actually.

Anna: Come on young man, let's face it. This is bigger than what's between you two. We need all the help we can get....

Bruce: You're right.....I'll give it a go. You know, maybe it'll do something for the two of us as well....bring me and my Dad back together, sort of. Help us to start talking at least.

And Anna....err....aw, how do I put this....er...oh heck I'm so clumsy with this... Anna.....would you.....how you feel about....you know, with me learning a new lifestyle and all...(blurts out) ..would you go out with me? Just the two of us?

Anna: We'll see Bruce, we'll see....let's get back into the meeting for now...and we'll tell 'em we're going to try to get the farmers on side through your dad. Come along my dear...give us your arm....

(BOARDFADE)

BACK ANNOUNCE CREDITS.....