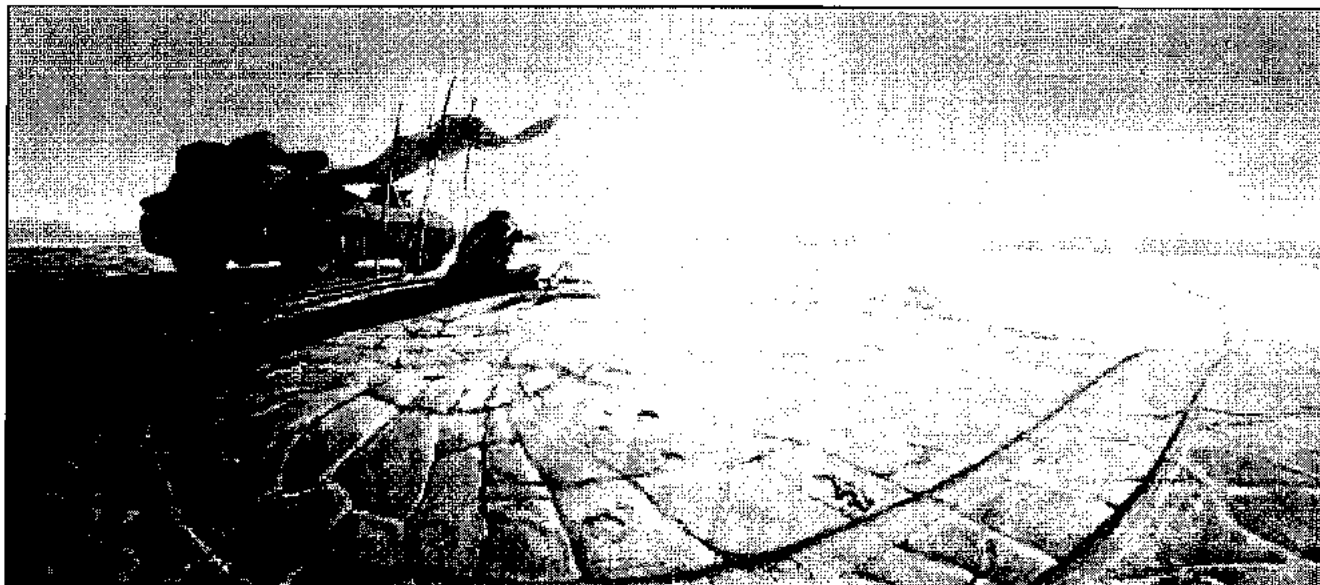


The events of this Road War have been recreated from
the word-burgers of the History Men and from
eyewitness accounts of those who survived.

•

•

•



The ROAD WARRIOR sits on a hill in the vast, pitiless wasteland.

A man UTTERLY ALONE, rocking to and fro...murmuring to himself.
This is not meditation. The voice and the movements are too jagged.

Caption

As the World Fell...

In response to some far off sound, he turns and, for the first time, we see his face...
his eyes glisten with crazy-man tears.

He grabs his gun...and charges off in what was once a V-8 INTERCEPTOR. The engine
sounds awful. Clapped out.

Then, from out of nowhere, PURSUIT VEHICLES are chasing him down...



Very soon we hear his engine splutter and die. Then...an Impact.

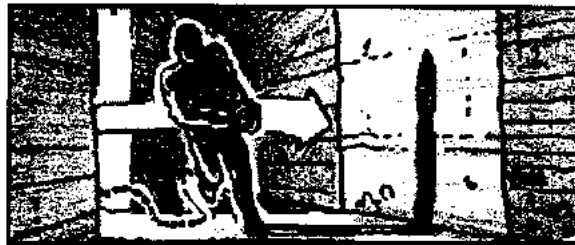


His Car rolls...once...twice...coming to rest right in front of us.

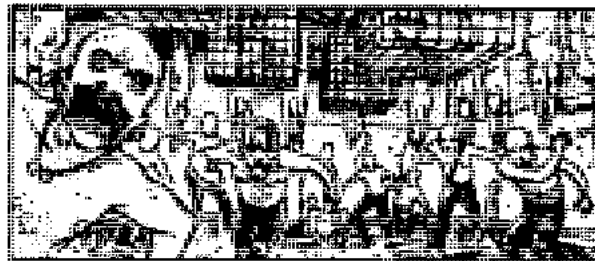
A moment's distraction is all he needs. He rears up...gnashing, flailing his chains.



They chase him, howling and whooping, through the LABRYINTH of narrow corridors into...



A room of CAGES from which are suspended live HUMANS...with tubes...draining blood into the necks of pale WAR BOYS.



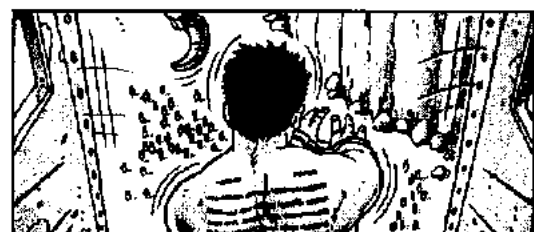
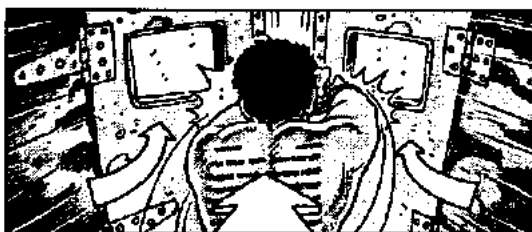
The Road Warrior is their sport for the day.

Everything is but a fleeting, adrenaline-shrieking impression as he bursts through a door.

BANG!...A room of grossly FATTENED WOMEN, their faces covered in lace masks.

WHUMP!...Through another door and into a room hung with oily chains and CAR ENGINES.

Another door. And another until...Whoa!

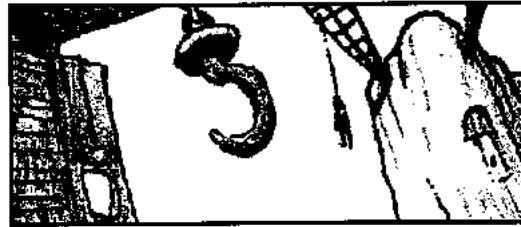


He finds himself...in blazing sunlight...on a ledge TWO HUNDRED FEET ABOVE THE GROUND.

This high up in the Citadel...Is there any escape?



A massive IRON HOOK is being winched up past him.



He launches himself...out across the void...hoping to hitch a ride.

But he is JERKED up short by the chain around his ankle.



The WAR BOYS have him. They haul him back into the labyrinth. Despite his ferocity, he is no match for their many cudgels and chains. The blows rain down on him and...gagged once again...he is dragged back into the darkness.

Title



A SANCTUM

Somewhere in the Citadel...TWO HANDS clasp in a ritual gesture of solidarity.



His is powerful, covered in blue powder. Hers is smaller...callused.

She is THE PRAETORIAN.

In another time she may have been renowned for her beauty but, in this world, she is an ELITE WARRIOR. A Barbarian with fierce, battle-hardened eyes.

He is THE IMMORTAN. He hitches a steering wheel to her back.



As she leaves...his War Boys, whispering incantations, move in to anoint his body with COBALT BLUE.



We do not see his face.

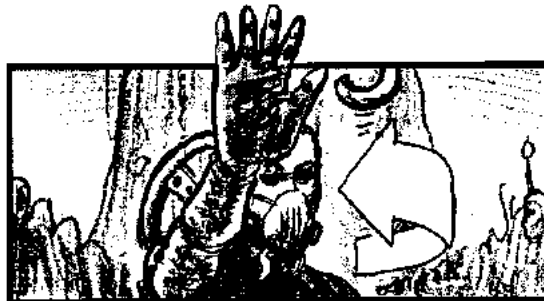
OUTSIDE

The PRAETORIAN descends on a winch-hook to the silent crowd below.



Hooded figures in rags and plastic bags eke out an existence here at the bottom of the Citadel. These are the EXCLUDED...known hereabouts as the 'Smelly People'.

ON THE GROUND



Raising her blue-smeared hand in salute, the PRAETORIAN makes her way past a cordon of War Boys towards a leviathan 22-wheeler known as the WAR RIG.



(We will come to know this vehicle well.)

Unhitching the wheel from her back, she locks it onto the steering column, flicks some switches on the dash, and ignites the big fat twin-engines.



Motorbikes, pursuit cars and assault vehicles start up, revving in concert with the truck.

The SMELLY PEOPLE surge forward towards the base of the Citadel...banging stones...calling forth the IMMORTAN.

SMELLY PEOPLE
(a low guttural roar)
HE!...HE!...HE!

When the clamor reaches a sufficient level of hysteria...HE appears.



HE raises his arms for silence...

THE IMMORTAN
We...are...not...Vermin!

SMELLY PEOPLE
WE ARE NOT VERMIN!

THE IMMORTAN
We...are...not...Vandals!

SMELLY PEOPLE
WE ARE NOT VANDALS!!

THE IMMORTAN
We are *NOT TO BLAME!!*

The Smelly People go wild! They crush forward, looking up to Him like hungry dogs. Among them we find... a frail MAN on the back of a hefty WOMAN. He is the privileged owner of ancient binoculars.



HEFTY WOMAN
You seein' potatoes?

FRAIL MAN
Oh yeah! 'E's grabbin' one!...'E's marked it!!

The Immortan has indeed taken what could be a potato from BASKETS brought forward by his ceremonial War Boys. He rubs the potato blue and throws it back into a basket.



The War Boys tip the POTATOES over the side. They cascade...down onto the mob.



As all eyes are on the frenzied scramble...The PRAETORIAN levers open a HATCH.



HOODED FIGURES scurry furtively up into the belly of the RIG.



Meanwhile...a Small Lumpy Girl emerges from the scramble...



LUMPY GIRL
Ma! I got the Blue Potato!

But a Woman tears it cruelly from her hand.

In turn, the Woman is tackled by a Large Lumpy Man who claims the coveted POTATO for himself.

The PRAETORIAN, meantime, shuts the hatch on the last of the STOWAWAYS and... eases the great War Rig off the PLATFORM on which it descended.



As the Rig and its CONVOY drive away the Smelly People mob the platform...begging, hustling.

WINCHMEN shove them back with pikes...



As it ASCENDS they offer what wretched little they have for a ride to the top.



DESPERATE WOMAN
Take my baby! Take him...
He'd make a fine War Boy.

WINCHMAN
It's got lumps.

DESPERATE WOMAN
He's strong. Has a warrior's heart.

WINCHMAN
Naah...
(throws him back)
Short half-life. Won't last a year.

DESPERATE WOMAN
Then take me. I'm a Milker.

She shows him her lactating breasts.

WINCHMAN
You certainly are, little mother.
Come aboard.

Now it's a SMELLY MAN with a bloody face and a pained grin...



SMELLY MAN
Guess what! I've got the Blue Potato!

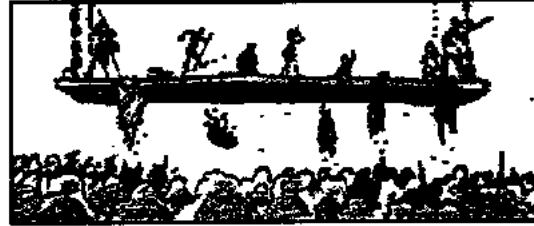
WINCHMAN

Praise be...Welcome to the high-life, Friend.

The Winchman drags him bare-arsed onto the platform.

SMELLY MAN

Hey! All you Smelly People! I got the Blue Potato!
I got the Blue Potato!!



The Platform is higher now. The "Hangers-on" let go and fall back into the crowd...
except for one MAN clinging desperately to the boot of a WINCHMAN.



Every inch of the man's skin is covered with TINY WRITINGS. So too, his clothes and
the countless scraps of paper he has crammed in his pockets...

DESPERATE MAN

Enough is enough! I'm running out of skin!

WINCHMAN

Jump Friend...before it's too late.

DESPERATE MAN

Give me paper...anything!

WINCHMAN

Jump! Now!

DESPERATE MAN

Ask me. Affluence to Effluence...

WINCHMAN

What?!

DESPERATE MAN

Pesticide to Suicide. Ask me!

It's all here. Dates, facts, the ruinous folly...

Got to write it all down before it's gone from my head!

WINCHMAN
Goodnight Fool.

DESPERATE MAN
Please...I'm a History Man! I know it all...
How we Bushwhacked ourselves.
Brought ourselves down!!

The History Man is SHOVED off the platform.



He falls to his death clutching the Winchman's boot.

WINCHMAN
Augh... My boot!

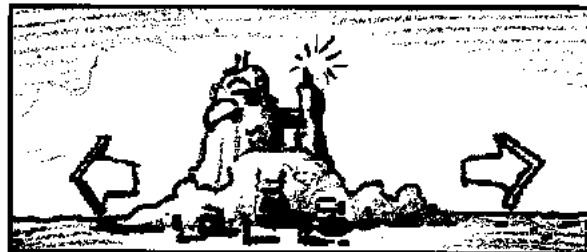
The mob swarms the corpse like ants.



The IMMORTAN surveys this... His domain.

THE IMMORTAN
(to the Elite Guard)
Signal my brothers. The convoy is on its way.

THE CITADEL FROM AFAR



A bright light semaphores the departure of the WAR RIG.

While...

BACK IN THE ROOM OF CAGES

The ROAD WARRIOR lies slumped in his pen.



Someone pulls a lever...



He drops from view.

FADE TO BLACK

THE WASTELAND

The Praetorian's CONVOY speeds towards a second fortress. From this distance it looks like an oil refinery.



She slows. Checks the rear vision mirror for one last look at the world she left behind...



Then she turns off the main road.



Her OUTRIDERS...two Assault Cars and an Attack-Biker... are not expecting this so they scramble to catch up.



BIKER
We're not going to Gas Town?!

PRAETORIAN
No.

BIKER
The Bullet Farm?

PRAETORIAN
No.

BIKER
This is a Buzzard track.

PRAETORIAN
A great death awaits
you on the Fury Road.

BIKER
Immortaaah!

PRAETORIAN
Eyes wide open.
Pass it down the line.

Her Shotgun Rider yells at his crew on the back of the Rig.

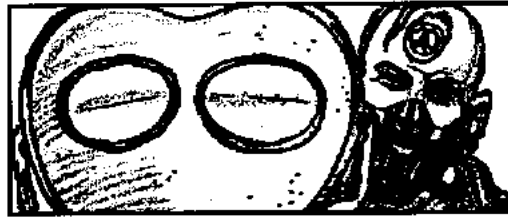
SHOTGUN RIDER
This is not a supply run!
This is NOT a supply run!

The Necro Biker falls back to the ASSAULT CARS.

BIKER
Thunder up, lock and load...
We're going down the Fury Road!

BACK AT THE CITADEL

A LOOKOUT is puzzled.



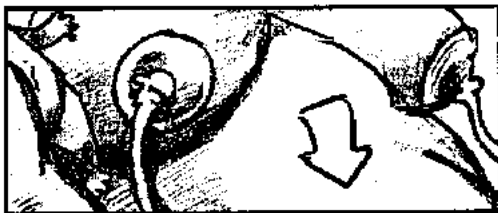
He alerts the IMMORTAN.

The WAR RIG is heading AWAY from Gas Town...Why?!



Suddenly HE is on his feet, running...

He passes through the MILK SHED where Fattened Women are turning cockroach gruel into milk. A-Grade Human Filtered.



Their Breast Pumps are powered by skinny men chained to exercise bikes.



One of them is familiar... The BLUE POTATO GUY.

Now...He is running through a chamber abundant with HYDROPONIC PLANTS.



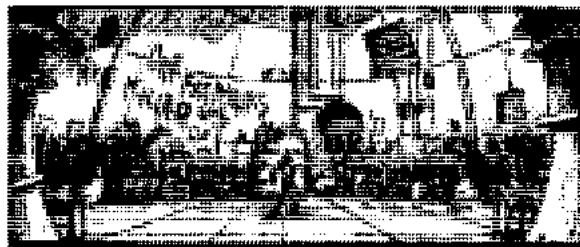
Then...past thrumming EXHAUST FANS into an AIRLOCK...



It is splattered with blood... Guards lie dead.

Finally...

He is standing in a place like no other in this blighted world.



A tranquil Dome...Whoever lives here is INSULATED from all that is malignant and toxic. There are colors, comforts, even books...oh, and daubed high up on the plastic membrane an insistent piece of graffiti...

OUR FATHERS KILLED THE WORLD

The place seems deserted except for a...tap-tap-tapping.



It's a tiny old lady with the markings of a HISTORY WOMAN. A Shotgun rests tremulously on her Zimmer frame.

THE IMMORTAN
Where is she taking them?

The Old lady does not answer.

He comes at her...

THE IMMORTAN
WHERE IS SHE TAKING THEM?!



She lifts the gun to her mouth...



BAM! He deflects it. She is thrown back.



MISS GIDDY
They argued with me,
you know, not to kill you...
I was so certain I could .

THE IMMORTAN
Where is she taking them?!

She stares at him...quivering, breathless, defiant.

MISS GIDDY
A long way from you.

This is costing time.

He hauls her off as if she were no heavier than a canary.



THE IMMORTAN
Come... We'll breathe the
outside air Miss Giddy, and
see how this day plays out.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

BIG DRUMS sound the call to arms. Arc Lights signal to others across the Wasteland.

IN THE ROOM OF CAGES

A War Boy is receiving blood. This is **NUX**.



Nux yanks the catheter from his neck and scrambles up a ladder. He emerges...

BENEATH A GIANT HUMAN-POWERED TREADMILL



Pursuit Cars are being hooked up for their descent.

WINCH CREW
The Praetorian's gone independent!

NUX
The Praetorian?!

WINCH CREW
She took some kinda booty from the Immortan.

Nux makes his way to the edge...



NUX
Who's deployed?

WINCH CREW
Everybody.

NUX
A full War Party?!

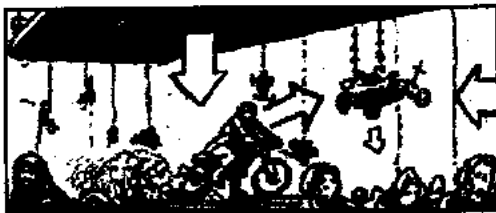
WINCH CREW
Everybody! Pursuit. Assault.
The Big Blue Wheel Himself!!

NUX
Whoohah...This is the first day of history!

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CITADEL

Vehicles descend...

BIKER
Clear for the Gigahorse!
Clear for the Gigahorse!



A MONSTER is lowered to the ground...It is Big, Brutal and Blue.

A WALL COVERED WITH STEERING WHEELS

NUX takes one of them.



Now he brushes the Immortan's effigy with his hand and whispers an incantation.



NUX

'By my deeds I honor Him'

He is joined by SLIT, a hard Thunder-Stick Specialist. Loaded with weapons, they make their way through the helter skelter of War Boys.

Blood trickles from Nux's nose. He wipes it away. Doesn't want Slit to see.

SLIT

She's heading east along the Furioso.
She took hostages...from the bubble.
He wants 'em back not a hand laid on 'em.

NUX

Her crew? They in on it?

SLIT

Dunno. We do 'em anyway.

A VOICE

Nux! Nux!

They turn to see a DYING WAR BOY...



MORSOV

Take me with you.

NUX

Morsov you're already a corpse...

MORSOV

Don't leave me here.
What kind of comeback do I get dying soft?

SLIT

If you can't stand up, you can't do war.

MORSOV

Nux. We can take my Blood Bag.
We take the Blood Bag.

SLIT

No. There's no time.

NUX points to the TATTOOED MALE draining blood into Morsov and calls out to a doctor-type.



NUX

Hey Organic!...What's it pumpin'?

SLIT

No!

NUX

He (Morsov) commanded a War Rig!
He deserves a shot!!... Organic?

The ORGANIC MECHANIC reads the Blood Bag's back.



ORGANIC MECHANIC

This is yer prime life-full clear.
O Plus Hi-Octane Universal Donor...Not a lump on it.

NUX

Why the muzzle?

ORGANIC MECHANIC

It's yer ragin' feral. All schized out. Ran 'im down on the Furioso.
No name. No tribe. No Guzzolene.

Nux crouches to look the "Blood Bag" in the eyes.



It's the ROAD WARRIOR, of course...and the eyes are impenetrable.

NUX

When you talk to it...
Does it understand what you say?

ORGANIC MECHANIC

Dunno...hasn't said a word since it got here.

He turns to Slit.



NUX

We could be out there a few days.
I'll need a top up.

SLIT

Now you're gonna corpse on me too.

NUX

If you want 'mediocre', ride with the Fat Feet.
But if you want *me* drivin'... We take Morsov.
We take the Blood Bag.



The eyes come alive.

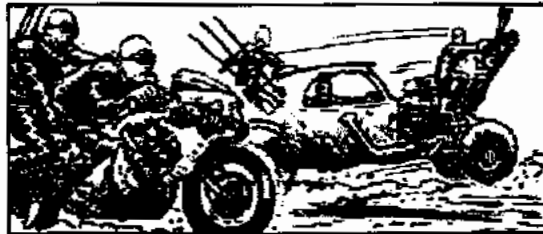
THE HUMAN HOOD-ORNAMENT

As the WAR PARTY storms across the WASTELAND.

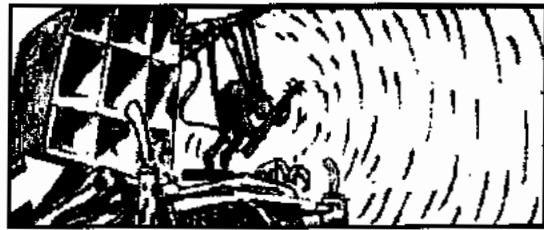
The ROAD WARRIOR's circumstances have improved marginally. He is out of the Citadel and is no longer hanging upside-down.



He is, however, LASHED TO A POLE on the front of a super-charged, nitro-assisted Pursuit Vehicle.



NUX is driving. SLIT and MORSOV are riding shotgun. Advancing through the TRAFFIC of war machines they overtake the Doof-mobile, a Flat-bed hauling a wall of speakers...



Thundering drums and shrieking guitar licks courtesy of Coma, The Doof-Man... Sounds to stir the Dogs of War.

Now Nux overhauls The GIGAHORSE and the Road Warrior gets his first look at THE IMMORTAN.



THE WAR BOYS
Warlord! Warlord of The Immortal!

But their Warlord gives them no acknowledgment...



NUX
C'mon. Witness. Witness!

SLIT
Bang it! Fang it! That'll get a look.

Nux hits the NITRO.

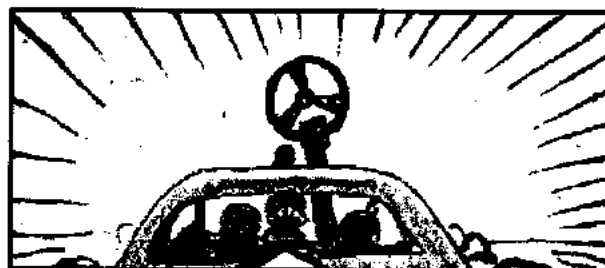


The Road Warrior is flung back by the G-force...



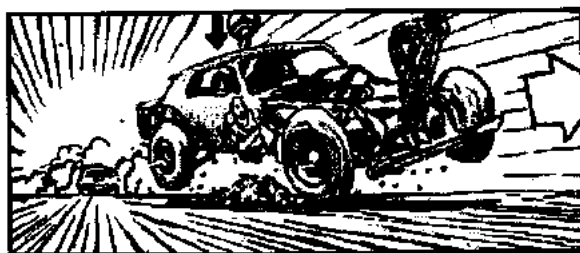
The Pursuit Vehicle advances maniacally to the very front of the War Party.

Nux unclips his STEERING WHEEL and...



Flashes it at all those trailing behind.

We don't know if it's the Driver's skill or good luck that keeps the Pursuit Car from rolling...

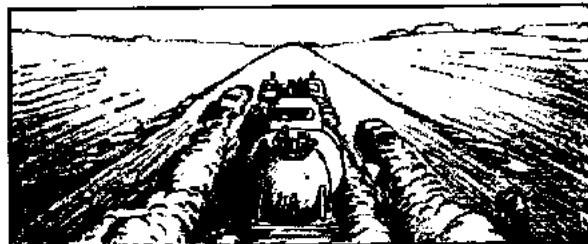


Either way the 'Hood Ornament' is beside himself with RAGE.



SOMEWHERE OUT ON THE WASTELAND

The PRAETORIAN and her Outriders hurtle into the unknown.



Her SHOTGUN RIDER taps on the sunroof...



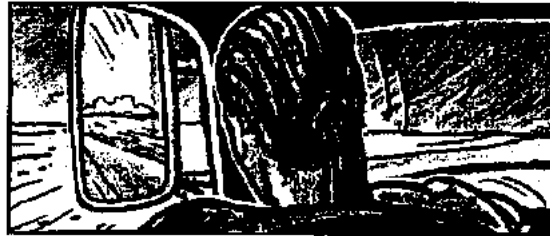
SHOTGUN RIDER
Got a dust cloud comin'...
across from the citadel.

PRAETORIAN
How many vehicles?

SHOTGUN RIDER
Lots. What is all this?
Decoy? Second Line?

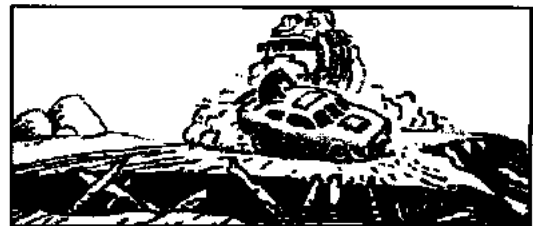
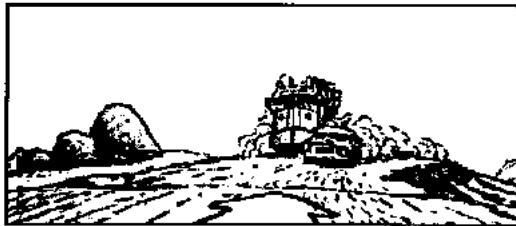
PRAETORIAN
You'll know soon enough. Keep me informed.

She shuts the sunroof...



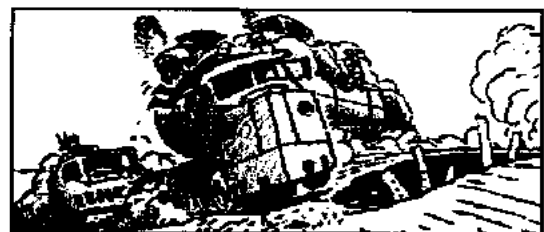
And checks out the extent of her lead over the War Party.

But...a TRAP has been set in the road ahead!

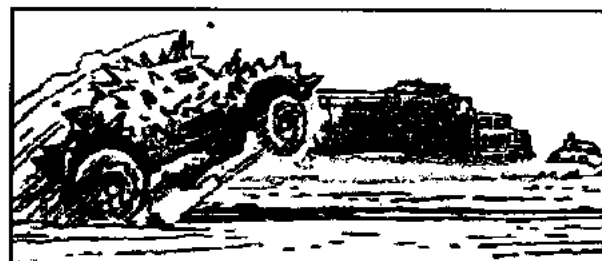


Her leading ASSAULT CAR rolls right into it.

The PRAETORIAN just manages to swerve around the pit...



When...an EVIL-LOOKING MACHINE ramps up out of the ground.



It charges into her MOTORCYCLE OUTRIDER slamming it against the side of the WAR RIG.

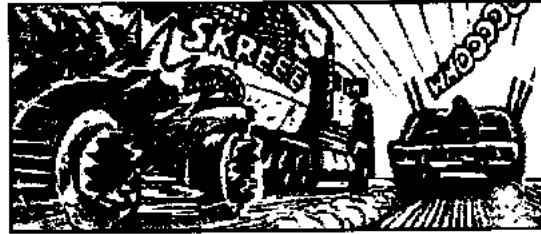
SHOTGUN RIDER
Buzzards! Buzzards!

THE BUZZARD ATTACK

This BUZZARD thing has an armor of jagged steel spikes and a BUZZ-SAW slung out from under its chassis.

It tears at the steel-clad WHEELS of the Rig. Rubber shreds. Sparks fly.

The Praetorian's ASSAULT CAR closes in, siren blaring...



The Gunner counter-attacks... First with TIRE-SPIKES and then a THUNDER-STICK.



No sooner is the Buzzard repelled in a cloud of smoke and dust... when another appears.

Then another and... ANOTHER... right out of the ground.



They SWARM...



The biggest and meanest of them, THE EXCAVATOR looms up behind.



It takes out the Flame-Thrower mounted on the back of the War Rig...then tears into the side with its giant buzzsaw. Tire-spikes and Thunder-sticks are useless against this monster.

The smaller BUZZARDS fall in behind, escalating their attack on the tires.

The Praetorian is being OVERWHELMED.



SHOTGUN RIDER

They're swarming us. Turn the Rig.
Run 'em right into our Backup!

PRAETORIAN

No! Set for a 'Double Shuffle'!

For her there is no turning back.

She yanks down on the klaxon...signaling to her ASSAULT CAR.



She grabs a thunderbolt CROSSBOW...pulls hard on the choke...



Swings open the door and...



Fires at the Excavator. Can't penetrate the armor.

When someone flips open a hatch to fire back...she is waiting for them.



BLAM!...With its Shooter dead...the Excavator backs off a little.



Now her Assault Car arrives for the...

THE DOUBLE SHUFFLE

It's a kind of vehicular square dance.

The ASSAULT CAR brakes...slamming The EXCAVATOR into a BUZZARD at the back of the War Rig. The Buzzard swings out. The PRAETORIAN slows...inviting it to go for her front wheels. The Buzzard takes the bait!

WHAM!...The Assault Car shunts it right into the path of the WAR RIG.



Now for the kill. The Praetorian shifts gear and hits the Nitro.



WHAAMM!...A terrible impact.

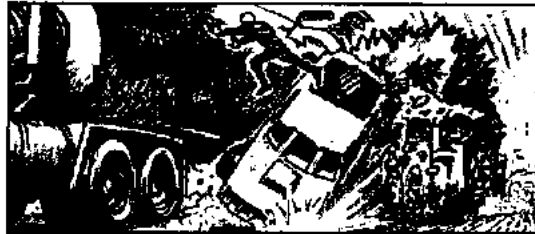


The Buzzard rolls. Goes in under the War Rig...and is crushed violently.

We hear VOICES ...frightened FEMALE voices...coming from the hatch in the Rig's belly.

THE EXCAVATOR RETALIATES

It powers into the back of the ASSAULT CAR... THUD!



Flips it over...and GRINDS it against the side of the WAR RIG.

The assault car disintegrates.

It was her last support vehicle.



Just then...a HOODED FIGURE appears at the back of the CABIN.

FEMALE

Is there anything I can do?

PRAETORIAN

No. Stay hidden!

FEMALE

It's grim down there.

PRAETORIAN

I know! I know! Stay hidden!!

The Female drops into a HATCH behind the back seat.



The PRAETORIAN is in trouble. THE EXCAVATOR is on her.

THE WAR PARTY IS CLOSING IN.

Nux's PURSUIT CAR is leading the pack.



We find the ROAD WARRIOR...trying to slip his MANACLES...



The skin torn from his wrists.



There's a BUZZARD just ahead.



NUX

Ok Morsov...form up.

MORSOV, the stricken War Boy, drags himself to a position behind the Road Warrior.

MORSOV

(an incantation)

I live...I die...I live again.

The Road Warrior echoes him...can't help it...something to focus on...anything to keep sane.

ROAD WARRIOR

I live I die I live again I live I die I live again

Morsov steadies himself...raises his Thunder-Stick...and takes aim...

But SLIT gets in first!



His Thunder-Stick screams past the Blood Bag's HEAD and scores a hit...



Taking out the Buzzard's suspension.

SLIT

Morsov! You're using up good air!

ROAD WARRIOR

Morsov morsov good good air

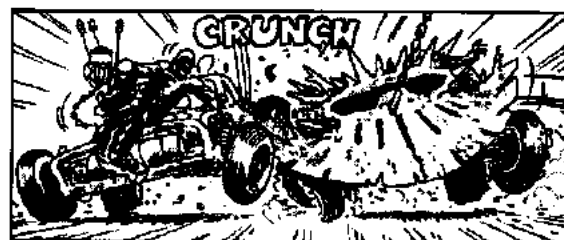
THE COMEBACK

A War Boy on the back of the Rig fires a HARPOON into the crippled BUZZARD.



Tethered by the chain, it swerves wildly...

And smashes into the side of NUX'S CAR.



The FRONT of the Buzzard is ripped off.



The ROAD WARRIOR catches a glimpse of its STRANGE CREW...who wear purulent bandages and rant in Pidgin Russian.



They shoot the Harpoonist.

Another War Boy tries to turn the damaged Flame-Thrower on them.

But they shoot him too.



Mortally wounded, the War Boy SPRAYS HIS TEETH with GOLD PAINT...and calls to the Lancer next to him.

WAR BOY
Witness me...

Grabbing two Thunder-Sticks...

He leaps, screaming, off the back of the War Rig.



KABOOM!...Into the 'mouth' of the Buzzard!



The Road Warrior stops muttering.

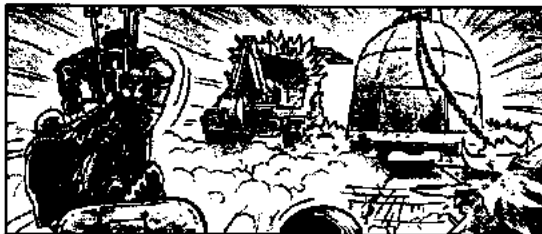


SLIT
Witness!

TAKING ON THE EXCAVATOR



They notice THE EXCAVATOR, meantime, attacking the PRAETORIAN.



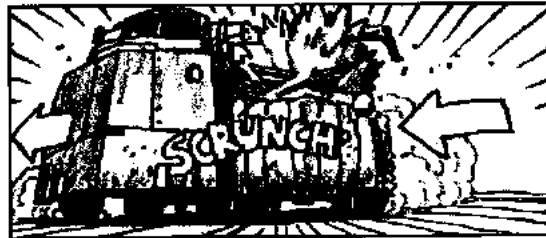
She goes to the floor as its BUZZ-SAW bursts through her window!



Its BACK-HOE swings up...and GRABS the spine of the Rig!



She'll never shake it off now.



The PURSUIT CAR comes alongside.



SLIT yells to NUX.

SLIT
Back me in!
I'll slam some thunder down its throat!

But Nux sees MORSOV, frail and desperate, SPRAYING GOLD on his teeth.



He responds by accelerating way out in front of the Rig.



He yanks on the handbrake and executes a wild 180° U-TURN.



The ROAD WARRIOR'S world spins!



Now Nux puts the vehicle in REVERSE! The Road Warrior is muttering again.



SLIT
What the... Heyyy?!

Driving backwards, Nux lines Morsov up with the Excavator.

Morsov is spent. Nux needs to get him close. This requires remarkable skill.



The Monster looms.

Morsov grabs his weapon. The Road Warrior gets to watch this up close.



MORSOV
Be my witness Blood Bag.
Today I join the ranks of the Immorta.

NUX
Now! Now!



MORSOV
I am awaited!
I am awaited!!

He LEAPS!



He dies without glory.



SLIT
Mediocre! Morsov!
Mediocre!

Slit climbs up on The Road Warrior's back.



He raises his over-sized Thunder-stick...and...shoves it into the front of the Excavator.



BAAANG!... The explosion rocks the Road Warrior but otherwise has no effect.

Except that a steel plate, loosened by Morsov's fall, comes away...exposing the FRONT WHEEL.



As Slit positions himself for a strike...



We see that the Road Warrior has torn a hand free...



And got hold of a THUNDER-STICK behind his back.

At that moment... Slit drives his T-stick into the Excavator's front wheel.

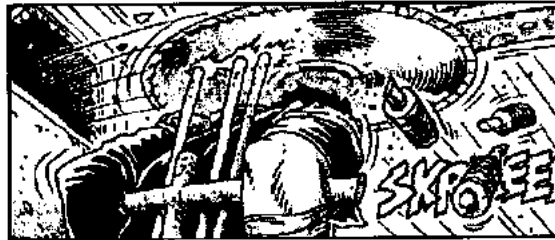


The WHEEL collapses... The Excavator lurches...



And the BUZZ-SAW is dragged from the CABIN.

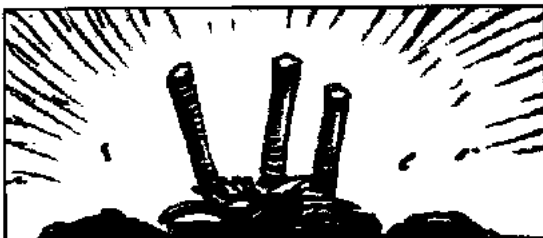
The ROAD WARRIOR almost loses his head as it slices through the Thunder-Sticks!



The Excavator ROLLS... tearing its back-hoe from the Rig.



The WAR RIG is free...



And the Thunder-Stick is useless.

Meanwhile...

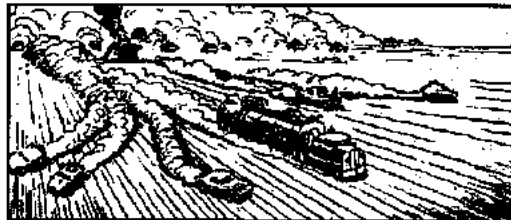


The rest of the WAR PARTY has caught up.



For the Road Warrior, it seems, there's no escape.

Having lost their Biggest and Meanest...the BUZZARDS DISPERSE.



Which leaves the issue of the PRAETORIAN.

SLIT

Now...we bring home the Booty.

Nux does another giddy 180° U-TURN...



Bringing the Road Warrior face to face with a TOXIC STORM.



SLIT
She's gonna head right into The Filth!
Bang it! Faang it!

Nux hits the nitro.



The VOICES shriek in the Road Warrior's head...

Here. Now. How to Escape?! THINK?!



The Praetorian checks the rear vision mirror...

The WAR PARTY is not far behind...and a terrible FORCE OF NATURE looms ahead!



INTO THE FURY

A WAR BOY, the last of her crew...comes to the Praetorian's window.



WAR BOY
We gotta stop, hunker down!
We'll be shred to the bone!

NUX catches up...He draws his SHOTGUN on the PRAETORIAN.



NUX
Crew! Crew! Outta the way!

SLIT
Do' em! Do' em!!



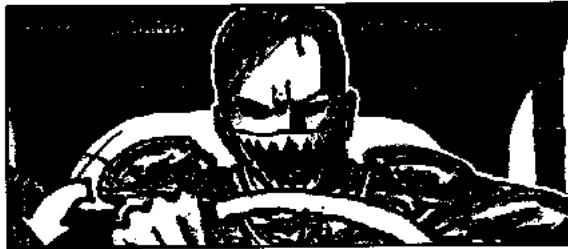
WAR BOY
Why can't you stop?!
What have you done?!

Nux fires! Both Barrels. The War Boy topples.

She ducks...hurls down hard on the wheel...and slams into the Pursuit Car.



Then she hits the nitro and charges into the oncoming storm.



A FLAME CAR attacks from her right.



CRUNCH!...She brushes it off too.

NUX'S vehicle is in trouble. The right-front suspension has COLLAPSED.



Nux slows. Slit clambers forward to assess the damage.



NUX

I need counterweight! Lose the
Blood Bag and get down the back!

Slit begins to free the "Blood Bag" from the pole.

IN THE HEART OF THE WAR PARTY



The GIGAHORSE crew are sending up flares and shouting orders...

CREW

Hunker down! Light vehicles! Hunker down!



THE IMMORTAN is at the wheel. His ELITE GUARDS have MISS GIDDY. She stares...gasping at the broiling fury ahead.

ELITE GUARD

Low visibility. Uncertain terrain.
She thinks she can lose us in there.



The Immortan glances at his compass. Spinning wildly...useless.

THE WAR RIG

Is about to disappear.



PRAETORIAN

OK. Cover up! Masks! Goggles!
We're heading into a Fury Storm!



The Great Vehicle is swallowed up whole.



MEANTIME

SLIT is about to shove the ROAD WARRIOR overboard!



SLIT
Watch its head leave the neck!
Decapito! Decapito!

NUX
We're goin' in!

Slit glances back...just for an instant...but that's all the Road Warrior needs.

He grabs the bastard by the throat...



And throws *him* overboard!





Now...If only he can get to NUX before the...



Too late!...Nux slams the ROOF-HATCH shut...and...

The Road Warrior is **BLASTED BACK** by the force of the **GALE!**



He hangs on...barely able to haul himself back up into the Gunner's cage.



THE HELL RIDE

In the storm NUX can't see a thing... Until a lightning flash reveals the WAR RIG... way off to one side.



And there...directly ahead of him...is the FLAME CAR with a lunatic BIKER riding in its slipstream.



When the flame car veers off after the War Rig...the bike is destabilized.



The Biker is blasted into Nux's windscreen...and up over the roof...past the ROAD WARRIOR.



He struggles to hold on...



As the Pursuit Cars charge after the PRAETORIAN...



Who leads a perilous course between two MONSTROUS TWISTERS.

UP AHEAD

The FLAME CAR is encroaching on the War Rig.



The GUNNER is making a wild attempt to board. A WAR BOY...left wounded on the back of the Rig...reaches out to help.

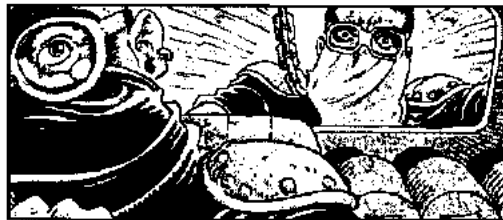
The PRAETORIAN gets a glimpse of all this just before her rear-view mirror disintegrates.



She swerves...crowding the Flame Car over towards the VORTEX.



NUX and the ROAD WARRIOR watch awe-struck as...



The Gunner, the War Boy and the ENTIRE Flame Car are SUCKED UP high into the Maelstrom!



NUX
Oh what a day!

Then...an EXPLOSION...and suddenly...



The Flame Car is falling out of the sky.



CRUNCH!...It comes down...So close to the Road Warrior, he feels the Gunner's cage being torn from underneath him.



When the cage falls away all together, he claws his way back...



Clinging on...like a bulldog!



THE FUEL-INJECTED SUICIDE MACHINE

DEBRIS, flying off the War Rig, hits the PURSUIT CAR...popping rivets off its roof.



A hole opens up...NUX plugs it with his BOOT.



Then...he starts sucking NITRO.



For a V-8 motor it's an accelerant.

For a Human...it's laughing gas.

He cocks open every spare cylinder.



He puts his foot to the pedal. The Pursuit Car surges forward...catching up to the WAR RIG.



What's he up to?!

He turns...spraying his teeth...flashing the GOLDEN SMILE.



Now he's splashing guzzolene everywhere...turning his vehicle into an INCENDIARY DEVICE.



NUX
(ranting)

I am a weapon of mass destruction!
'I am the man who grabs the sun...
and makes the world bright again!'

The Road Warrior is pounding on the back window...



He SMASHES through.



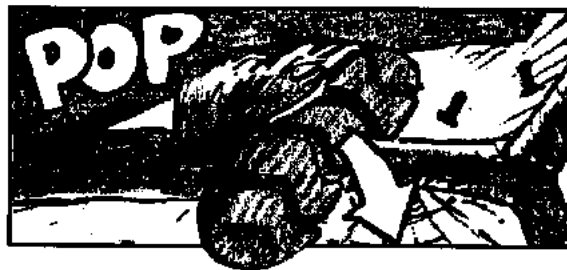
But Nux pulls hard on the catheter chain which TETHERS them together.

The Road Warrior is pulled up short...just can't get his hands on him.



NUX
I'm awaited, Blood Bag!
I am awaited!!

Now the BOOT uncorks.



The wind gets under the car roof...popping more rivets.

The roof rips away.



Dissipating the gas fumes.

Nevertheless, Nux swerves DIRECTLY into the path of the WAR RIG...



Then slams on the brakes!!!

NUX
IMMORTAAAA!!

The ROAD WARRIOR dives into the ROLL-CAGE...



Grabbing the wheel....



Too late!



KKRUNNCH!!...The Pursuit Car breaks in two.



The Engine block goes one way...the roll-cage the other.

Rolling over and over...



And the War Rig thunders on...lost in the swirling dust.

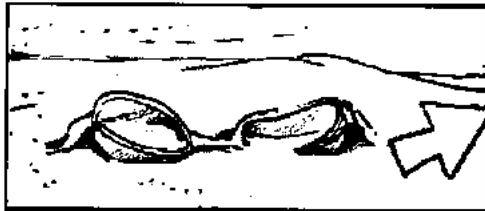
FADE TO BLACK

PART 2 – ALMOST FREE

Silence. Utter Silence.

Not the roar of motors. No tearing metal. No human cries. No wrathful wind.

A pair of goggles and a body lie in the sand.



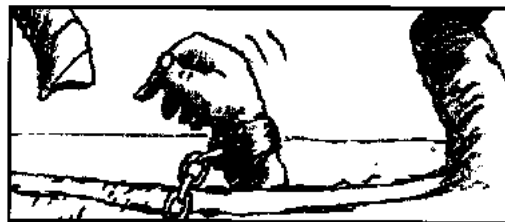
AHUHH!!...the ROAD WARRIOR rises up. Erupting into consciousness...



Free?!...Not exactly...The MANACLE around his neck is still chained to the PURSUIT CAR.



He hauls back on the chain...tearing it loose.



BUT...it's attached to Nux's hand. NUX moans.



He tries to rip the manacle from the wrist....but the damned thing won't come away.

So he grabs Nux's SHOTGUN. The few cartridges left in the gun-belt have been crushed.



Two seem OK... He loads them.



He puts the barrel to the WRIST.



He pulls the trigger.



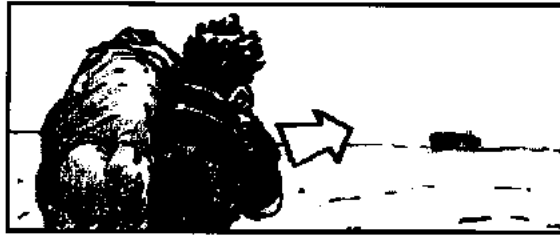
FZZT!... FZZT!... Both cartridges are USELESS.



So now, he reaches for a jagged piece of metal. That's when he sees...

The WAR RIG...way off in the haze.

To a man 'cast adrift' in the Wasteland, it's like seeing a ship at sea.



The Road Warrior moves quickly. A curious thing though...

As he lifts the body to his shoulder...he shudders...repulsed as if ANOTHER HUMAN is some kind of contagion.

AT THE WAR RIG

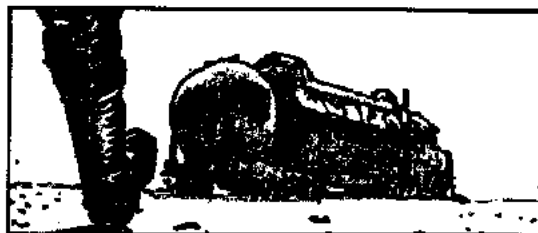


SOMEONE is thumping the AIR FILTERS with a stick...unclogging the dust.

Water is being pumped through a hose.

Clothes and gas masks lie strewn under the Rig.

THE ROAD WARRIOR APPROACHES



Pressed against the back of the RIG, he hears coughing and the splash of water.



Things are looking up. If this vehicle is functioning...and he can get control of it...well. He grasps Nux's gun. Just for appearances, he cocks both barrels and steps out...

An extraordinary sight.



Here...in this carcinogenic world of mutilations, lumps, and half-lives...stand five flawless, luminescent YOUNG WOMEN.

These are, in every way, the FAIREST CREATURES in the Wasteland.

They are frantically washing the burning dust from their bodies.



He drops NUX to the ground to get their attention.

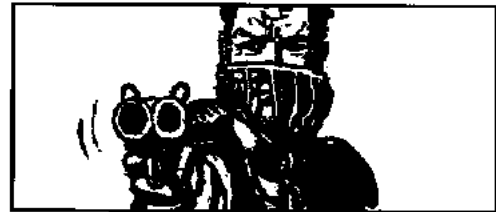


The PRAETORIAN is cutting something metallic away from the hips of the Youngest.



It is a very medieval CHASTITY BELT.

The most SPLENDID among them steps forward...She has the WATER-HOSE.



SPLENDID
We are not going back.

ROAD WARRIOR
Wa...w...water.

He hasn't spoken coherently for so long he can barely form the word.

She throws the hose to the ground.

PRAETORIAN
Give it to him.

SPLENDID
No.

PRAETORIAN
Do as I say. We're losing time!

As the young woman takes the water to him...we notice she is PREGNANT.



He indicates...turn around.

PRAETORIAN
Angharad... Whatever he wants.

SPLENDID
(scornfully)
Whatever he wants.

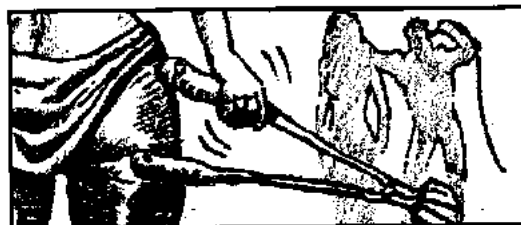
She complies however, and he takes the Hose.



As he drinks and washes away the dust he is unsighted for a moment...



The Praetorian inches forward...ready to strike.



But the opportunity passes as he turns his attention to his chains...



ROAD WARRIOR
Them...

He means the BOLT-CUTTERS. The Praetorian steps forward but he doesn't trust her.

ROAD WARRIOR
No...You.

He selects a girl wearing goggles...she's been cleaning the air filters...seems CAPABLE.



The Praetorian hands her the bolt-cutters. She approaches the Road Warrior.

CAPABLE
It's got a gun.

SPLENDID
It always has.

CAPABLE is about to cut the chain when she sees a DUSTCLOUD over his shoulder.



CAPABLE
Is that just the wind or a furious vexation?

ROAD WARRIOR
Cut it.

He chances a look back...*Mistake!*



SPLENDID knocks away his gun arm.

CAPABLE thwacks him in the side of the head with the Bolt-Cutters.

BOOF!...The PRAETORIAN comes from out of nowhere.



And crash tackles him to the ground!

Fool! Underestimated them!

Before he knows it she has the GUN on his chest...



KLIK! KLIK! If the gun was working...



He would be dead now.



NUX, meantime, has been JOSTLED AWAKE and...WHAM!...he tackles her to the ground.

He has no idea how, but they have caught up with the traitorous bitch and he's not about to let her go.



She tries to reach the Rig...

There's a HANDGUN concealed under the chassis.

The Road Warrior hauls her back...



And grabs the gun himself.



The Praetorian, however, shakes off Nux and...

POUNDS the Road Warrior into the side of the War Rig.



The BULLET-CLIP drops out of the Handgun.



Splendid gets a hand to it. Nux stomps on her wrist...and grabs the clip.

Two GIRLS jump on Nux and drag him to the ground.



This yanks the Road Warrior forward. He flips the Praetorian onto her back.



She grabs the nearest object... a chastity belt.



And SMASHES it down on his head.

The Road Warrior falls back. Nux is jerked forward...



In doing so he wraps the chain around the Praetorian's legs... She STUMBLES.

The Road Warrior grabs the gunclip and...launches himself at her...WHUMP!



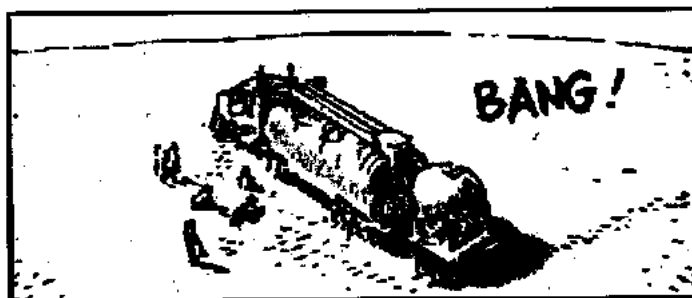
As she wriggles from underneath him...he drives his knee into her back.



He slaps the CLIP back in the GUN



He fires...ONCE...TWICE...



THREE TIMES!

Into the ground... Close enough so the Praetorian knows to keep ABSOLUTELY STILL.



He looks up... *Ok, how far away is that War Party?*



NUX

Glory me Blood Bag.
We are the men who grab the sun...

ROAD WARRIOR
The... Bolt-Cutters.

Nux can't get over these girls.

NUX

Look at them. So shiny. So chrome!
He's gonna be so grateful...

ROAD WARRIOR
Get the Bolt-Cutters!!



NUX

Yeah sure...

(does as the 'Blood Bag' says)

I'm gonna ask for the War Rig.

Nux Historicus. Commander of a War Rig!

...You should ask for something too.

ROAD WARRIOR
Cut the *chain!*



The Road Warrior is another step closer to his freedom.

He turns to the Praetorian. Words are coming back to him.



ROAD WARRIOR
Tell me... 'bout the vehicle.

PRAETORIAN
Twin V-8's, supercharged...

NUX
Hey?!

PRAETORIAN
Fully loaded. Water. Milk. Ponnix. Jerky...

NUX
Shut your mouth!

But she keeps going...wants the Road Warrior to know.

PRAETORIAN
High-Octane guzzolene. Thirty two thousand imperial gallons.
We've lost some rubber but we're still road worthy.

NUX
You're dead!

He comes at her with the Bolt-cutters. The Road Warrior waves him back.

ROAD WARRIOR
Wait!

Nux pauses.

ROAD WARRIOR

(back to her)
Why'd ya stop?

PRAETORIAN

Storm...clogged the filters...They're cleaned. Ready to go!

That's all he needs to know...he's on his feet...heading for the Rig.



NUX

Hey! Foot off the pedal! You're missing the reality here...



THUD! Nux drops to the ground.

The Praetorian is up...moving forward...circling.

PRAETORIAN

Got a proposition for you...

ROAD WARRIOR

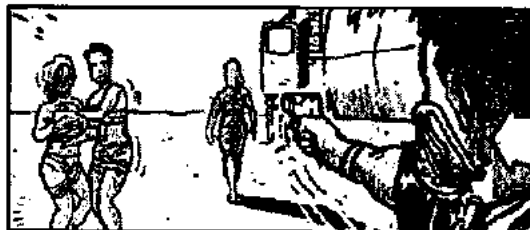
Away from the Rig!

A voice interrupts.

SPLENDID

You're not leaving us here!

SPLENDID is making for the cabin.



ROAD WARRIOR

AWAY FROM THE RIG!

PRAETORIAN
Angharad!

SPLENDID
We're going to the Green Place...

The ROAD WARRIOR SHOTS!



PRAETORIAN
No!

No warning shot...just shoots the girl in the leg.

In the fleshy part around the calf...enough to make her stop.



But...damn her...she keeps going...as gutsy as you please.

She's DARING him to shoot again.

SPLENDID
We're going...cough...
To the Green Place...of Many Mothers.

Thankfully the Praetorian intervenes.



PRAETORIAN
Come away...easy.

Splendid lets it go.

The Road Warrior climbs into the WAR RIG and starts the ENGINES.



The Girls huddle around the Praetorian.

PRAETORIAN

(angry)

*This is what it's like on the outside!
It hurts don't it? It hurts?!*

SPLENDID

(chastened)

It hurts.

PRAETORIAN

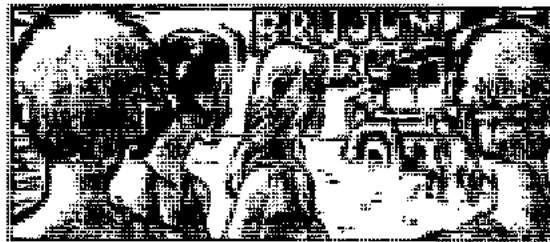
(to all of them)

*You want to get though this...
You do exactly as I say... 'to the word'!*

The Girls nod...echoing a past conversation.

THE GIRLS

...'to the word'.



The ROAD WARRIOR DRIVES OFF... Working his way up through the gears.



A day ago...an hour ago he would not have thought it possible: Unlimited fuel, food, water and a powerful vehicle with a ten minute advantage on a Warlord whose primary concern is to get back his 'Booty'.

The 'BOOTY' regards the ADVANCING DUST CLOUD.



One of the Girls has a compulsive sense of the absurd... She 'frames' the War Party in her fingers.

THE WAG

Hey, from this distance they still look really tiny.

PRAETORIAN

OK...Run. Run!

THE GIRLS

Run where?!

PRAETORIAN

After the War Rig...Fast as you can!

This time they do exactly as she says.



THE ROAD WARRIOR IS CRUISING

Almost in top gear...when the first 'CHOKES' happens.



He pumps the accelerator. He drops down a couple of gears.

The engines choke and splutter even more.

Dust in the air filters?!... No. He checks the fuel gauge. It's full.



The engines die. The WAR RIG trundles to a DEAD STOP.

The PRAETORIAN and her GIRLS catch up. The Girls are coughing...unused to the dust.



ROAD WARRIOR
Kill-switches?

PRAETORIAN
Five of them. I set the sequence.
The Rig goes nowhere without me.

ROAD WARRIOR
(considers)
Get in.

PRAETORIAN
Not without the girls.

ROAD WARRIOR
Give 'em back.

PRAETORIAN
I'm not leaving without these girls.

ROAD WARRIOR
So...we wait.



The seconds pass...the WAR PARTY advances.

Above the RUMBLE of the engines...we hear the HOWLING of the Doof-Man's guitar.



The Road Warrior sits impassively.



SPLENDID
(concerned for the Praetorian)
Go... It's better you go.



But the Praetorian is focused on him, pressing her case.

PRAETORIAN
You're relying on the gratitude of a very poisonous man...
You've already damaged one of his wives.
Just how grateful do you expect him to be?



He does not budge.

She pushes on...

PRAETORIAN
Meantime, you're sitting on eight thousand horsepower
of nitro-boosted war machine. Right now, I'd say you've got a
five minute head start. Wait...and in five minutes all options are His.

She has read the man well...beat...He grabs his MUZZLE.



ROAD WARRIOR
Got something that'll cut this?

PRAETORIAN
Toolbox under the seat...there's a hacksaw.



The door flips open and he moves over...

PRAETORIAN
(hustling the girls)
Go! Go!

They climb aboard...all of them.



Once again the PRAETORIAN is in the DRIVER'S SEAT.

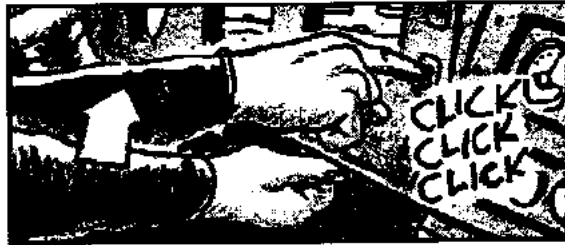
FURTHER BACK

NUX stirs to the SQUEALS of the starter motor.



THE PRAETORIAN

Is sequencing the KILL SWITCHES.



The engines come alive and the WAR RIG rumbles off...climbing through the gears.

NUX stumbles after the Rig...



No matter how gutted he feels...they're not going to get away from him a second time!

THE ROAD WARRIOR

Saws away at his cursed IRON COLLAR.



The GIRLS glare at him...this piece of smegma who would, so coldly, give them up to the tyrant and abandon the Praetorian to a certain death.

The WAG, who is dressing SPLENDID'S wound, cannot resist a gibe.

THE WAG

Of all the legs you had to shoot...this was His favorite.

ROAD WARRIOR
(to the Praetorian)
Any food?

PRAETORIAN
(nods)
Give him some.

CAPABLE hands him a RAW POTATO...he shoves it ravenously through his muzzle.

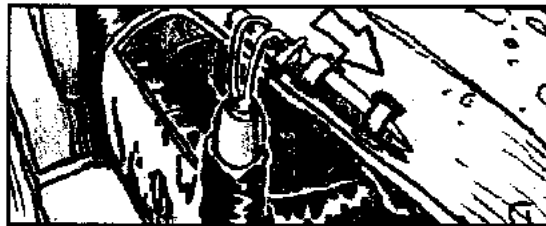


His eyes never leave the PRAETORIAN.

ROAD WARRIOR
Both hands on the wheel.



Just as well...her arm has drifted casually to the roof...where she has concealed a BLADE.



She eases it back into its slot and puts both hands where they can be seen.

He empties a kitbag. A journal, a book, a hand-mirror...a girl's treasures...fall to the floor.

He passes the bag to The Wag.

ROAD WARRIOR
Weapons...
above you...under the seats...*there...*



He points to a flap above the Praetorian's head.

The Praetorian reveals two HAND GUNS.



ROAD WARRIOR
And what you got outside.

She retrieves the concealed BLADE and drops it onto the kitbag with the rest of the weapons. They eye each other. Two damaged Warriors...independents...caught, for the time being, in a very edgy alliance.

Then...all of a sudden...she turns sharply off her course.



ROAD WARRIOR
What are you doing?



PRAETORIAN
In those mountains there's a pass...recently forced open.

ROAD WARRIOR
No. Stay clear. Head...south.

PRAETORIAN
You think so? Look out to the right.

But he dare not look away...



The GIRLS rush to the window mimicking police sirens.



CAPABLE

Here they come gnashing and wailing! The Mogul Hordes!

PRAETORIAN

(wanting him to look)

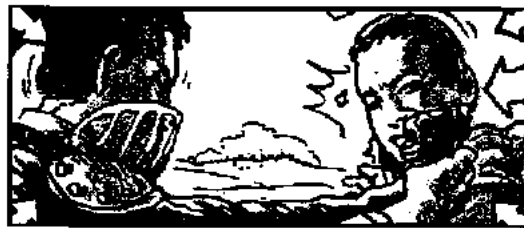
His three Brothers. The so called Imperators from
Gas Town and the Bullet Farm.

The Girl closest to the Road Warrior is 'KNOWING'.

KNOWING

...Our friends from the spermfest...Oww!

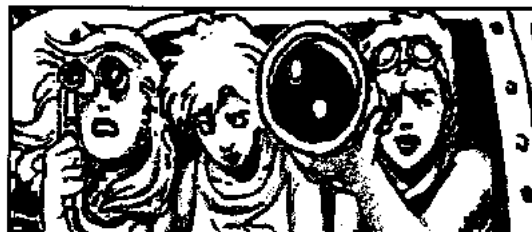
He shoves her against the door post...his gun to her neck.



Now he can look...



Sure enough there's ANOTHER WAR PARTY...converging on them...twice the size of the first and CLOSER!



SPLENDID

I count about sixty. Big Rigs. Polecats. Bikes.



CAPABLE

There's yours. Rictus Erectus...Old 'Pus-balls' himself.

THE WAG

(holding her belly)

Oh, you gonna be such an ugly baby. Ugly, ugly baby.



ROAD WARRIOR

Anyone out here *not* chasing us?

PRAETORIAN

I have an arrangement up ahead. Safe passage through the pass.
I wouldn't take these creatures in if I didn't think we could get through.

KNOWING

You can always use us as hostages...
(*recoiling from the Road Warrior's gun*)
...but not if you damage the goods.

SUDDENLY... Wheels lock.



The Rig shudders.





PRAETORIAN
Something down the back.

ROAD WARRIOR
What?

PRAETORIAN
Dunno...feels like I'm dragging the fuel pod.
(she turns to him)
Take the wheel.

Tempting....but why trust her?

ROAD WARRIOR
You stay. I'll go.



He saws like crazy until...



He is finally free of the MUZZLE.



He leaves...taking the weapons with him.

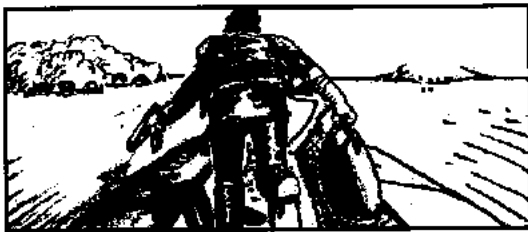
When he is out of sight the PRAETORIAN unscrews the HANDLE of the gearstick...



It's another BLADE.



The WAR PARTIES converge...both gaining fast.



The Road Warrior hurries to check out the back of the Rig.

Someone has engaged the HANDBRAKE on the Fuel Pod.



There is a STOWAWAY on board...Who else could it be but the War Boy?!

He releases the brake...then looks under the Rig.



He glimpses NUX, hauling himself up through the HATCH that leads to the cabin!

The Road Warrior yells a warning...but he's too far away to be heard.

THE PRAETORIAN

Doesn't hesitate...She boosts the Nitro hoping to stretch her lead.



A moment later...NUX ATTACKS.



Launching himself up out of the chute...he wraps his chain around her neck.



She goes for the blade in the gear-stick...



But can't quite reach it.

The GIRLS climb all over him.



They manage to prize his hands away. He's sneezing blood.

They wrestle him onto the back seat...and sit on him. He is depleted.

Nevertheless the Praetorian wants to kill the mongrel.



But SPLENDID gets in the way.



SPLENDID
No! It's alright...

The ROAD WARRIOR appears at the window. But *he* can't get a shot on NUX through the bodies of the GIRLS.



CAPABLE shoves her FINGER into the BARREL of his gun...brave, but not very smart.

ROAD WARRIOR
Outta the way!

CAPABLE
We've got him. We're under control!

SPLENDID
(to Praetorian)
We agreed! No unnecessary killing!

PRAETORIAN
He's trying to kill me! He's kamakrazee!

SPLENDID

He's a stupid kid...at the end of his half-life!

Nux sneezes again...all over KNOWING.

KNOWING

Oh thanks.

SPLENDID

Get some wire...We'll tie him up.

The Praetorian backs off. Looks across to the Road Warrior. Concerned for Capable.



NUX

(gasping for air)

By my deeds I honor Him!

KNOWING

Well...look how slick he's conned you...War Boy!

NUX

HE walked with the Immortals!

HE comeback to show us the path!



SPLENDID

He's a lying old man.

NUX

HE'S our servant!

SPLENDID

Yeah! That's why we have his logo seared on our backs.

*(points to herself)...*Breeding stock!...*cough!*

*(points to Nux)...*Battle fodder!

*(to the Road Warrior)...*Blood Bag!...*cough cough!*

NUX
By His hand we'll all be lifted up!

CAPABLE
So he's got you killing her
(*the Praetorian*)
Her killing you and him.
(*motions to the Road Warrior*)
...and him killing everyone soon as it's convenient!



THE WAG
(angry at everyone)
If it moves shoot it...if it don't cut it down!

SPLENDID
Until the only air you can breathe...
that won't eat you...is inside a bubble.



NUX
'We are not to blame'!



SPLENDID
Then who killed the world?!!

Humans holding fervent beliefs... the Road Warrior is past caring as he waits for an opportunity to put a bullet in the dying War Boy.



PRAETORIAN

I need all of you out of sight.

(The pass is just ahead)

I'm meant to be alone here!

(to the Road Warrior...at the window)

Get in!

(to the Girls...regarding Nux)

Take him with you down the hold.

We'll dump him when we can!

As the Girls man-handle Nux into the chute... the Road Warrior climbs into the cabin.

ROAD WARRIOR

What's the story?

PRAETORIAN

I'm stopping up ahead to make a trade.

(to the Girls)

Gag him. Gag him tight!!

And leave the hold open! Both ends!

(to the Road Warrior)

Get under there...

She is pointing to the space under the dash.

ROAD WARRIOR

What?

PRAETORIAN

You may have to drive the Rig.

He crouches...wary.



PRAETORIAN

This is the sequence...Three, two, two, one.

Pump. Then repeat.

He waves his gun at one of the girls about to climb into the chute... **SPLENDID**,



ROAD WARRIOR
You. Stay here.

Splendid looks at the Praetorian.

PRAETORIAN
Yeah... But you must not be seen. Either of you.

THE PASS

High up... as the **WAR RIG** and the rampaging **WAR PARTIES** approach.



A Rider waits.



The Rider inches forward and...



DROPS over the edge and... like a mountain goat... bounces from ledge to ledge.
He is a Forward Scout for the tribe of marauders who infest these mountains.
The **ROCK RIDERS**.

As the Rig proceeds...the cliffs tower above them...the passage narrows.



There is no way back...The PRAETORIAN turns to the ROAD WARRIOR.

PRAETORIAN
What's your name.

ROAD WARRIOR
Huh?!

He has not spoken his name in years.

PRAETORIAN
I may need to call your name.

He won't give away even that small part of himself.

ROAD WARRIOR
I...arh...What's *your* name?

PRAETORIAN
(losing patience)
When I yell 'Fool' drive out of here fast as you can.

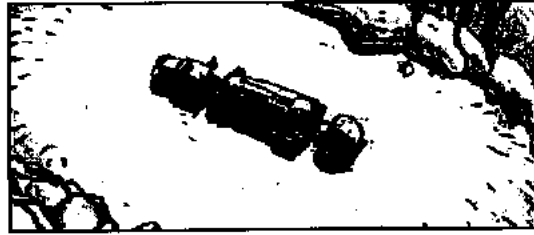
He glares at her.



The Praetorian has come through the canyon at its narrowest BOTTLENECK.



Despite the pursuing War Party...she brings the Rig to a stop.



She disembarks...her arms raised...there is no-one to be seen.

PRAETORIAN

Hello!...Are you there?...I've got your guzzolene!

A ROCK RIDER emerges high above...camouflaged against the rock. This is the CHIEF.



He brandishes what must be the only SKORPION submachine gun left in this world.



PRAETORIAN

It's all here! Two thousand gallons, as agreed!

Someone inside the Rig starts COUGHING. It's SPLENDID.



She tries to stifle it against the ROAD WARRIOR'S chest. But it's too late.

ROCK RIDER CHIEF

You said you'd come alone!
You said only a few vehicles in pursuit!
We count...a whole War Party!

PRAETORIAN

I got unlucky... Let's do this thing before it's too late!

ROCK RIDER CHIEF

What you got in there that's so important?!

PRAETORIAN

Nothing to concern you... I'll unhitch the fuel pod.
You seal the pass. I'll be on my way.

She moves toward the FUEL POD.



BRRRT! A spray of bullets bars her path.

ROCK RIDER CHIEF

On your knees!

PRETORIAN

We don't have time for this!

CHIEF ROCK RIDER

Face down in the dirt!

PRETORIAN

The Rig is primed to blow!
You know that!



He sends ROCK RIDERS down to investigate.



Now we hear the RUMBLE...The WAR PARTY is in the Ravine!



PRAETORIAN
(to the Chief)
Do it! Do it NOW!



The Chief looks across to the Bottleneck.



His People have ROCKS and BOULDERS primed to DROP.

The rumble crescendos...



The IMMORTAN is UNBEARABLY CLOSE.

NUX tries to escape...



But the GIRLS drag him back into the Hold.

We can SEE the War Party now.



The whole place is VIBRATING.



PRAETORIAN
NOW!

Just when it seems he is NEVER going to do it...the Chief signals the BIG DROP.



Rock Riders pull the 'triggers'...



The MASS of ROCKS FALLS.





PRAETORIAN
DRIVE! FOOL! FOOL!



The ROAD WARRIOR is already in the DRIVER'S SEAT. Flicking switches.

The boulders cascade...crushing the vehicles leading the War Party.

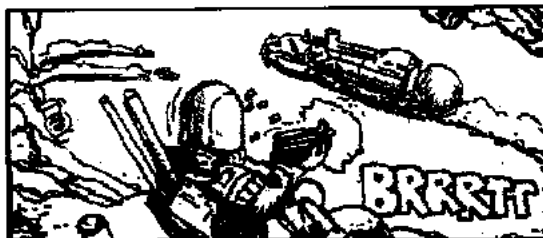


Only a FLAME CAR and a lone BIKER make it through.

The Road Warrior guns the engines...The Praetorian rolls under the moving Rig.



The Chief shoots.



His Rock Riders close in.

As the Praetorian climbs into the HOLD...



A Rock Rider slides his bike into her.

He grabs her legs... DRAGGING her back!

His BIKE is crushed under the wheels of the Rig.



The GIRLS struggle...trying to pull her to safety.

PRAETORIAN
Close the hatch! Close the hatch!

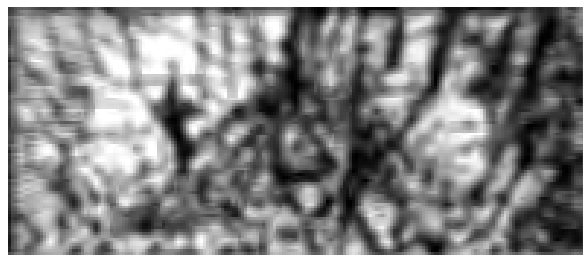
The Girls heave back on a lever. The HATCH slams shut...



The Rock Rider falls away.

THE BOTTLENECK

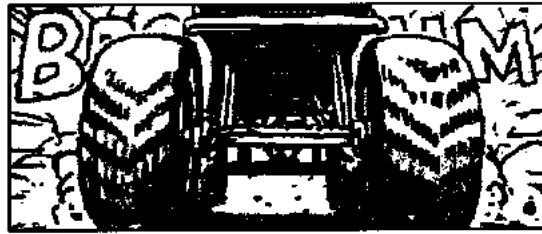
The WAR PARTY is stuck...LOGJAMMED!



Up front, an Emperor's 'BIG FOOT' is being SHUNTED over the wall of fallen boulders.



It is the only vehicle with rubber big enough...to make it over the top.



THE IMMORTAN takes the driver's seat.



While his brother...RICTUS ERECTUS...mans the gunner's cage.



THE PRAETORIAN

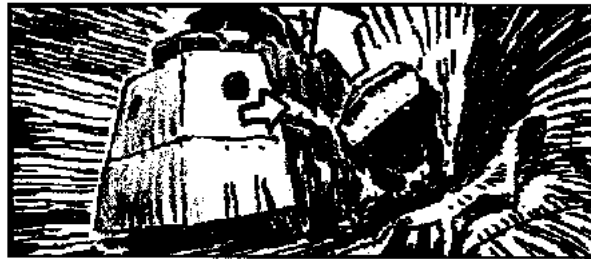
Clambers up from the Hold into the CABIN...



To find the ROAD WARRIOR under attack from the FLAME CAR which made it through the rock fall.



He crowds the Flame Car into the canyon wall.



The Flame Car ramps up the side...and FLIPS...



It ROLLS 360°...right back onto its feet...and CONTINUES after the War Rig.

THE ROCK RIDERS

Are also giving chase.



Around the corner...



These rats have set up a SECOND pile of rocks!



A Rock Rider is about to 'trigger' the fall...but the Praetorian brings him down.



His bike, however, slides forward...and strikes the mechanism anyway.

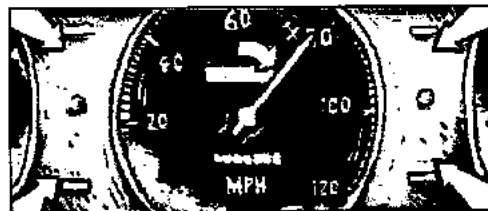


The ROCKS are dislodged.



PRAETORIAN

Nitro! Fifth Gear! Four thousand revs!...Fang it!



The ROAD WARRIOR gears down and guns the Nitro...his actions smooth, precise, clear-headed. The Rig surges forward.



The rocks come...



RAINING down!



They make it through.

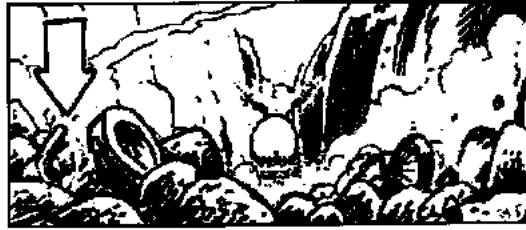


The Flame Car doesn't.



PRAETORIAN
Now...that was necessary.

The War Rig speeds away...



The dust settles on the rock pile...a beat...



The BIG FOOT cometh!



DEEPER INTO THE CANYON

The ROCK RIDERS are shadowing the WAR RIG...racing along the ridges...ledge-hopping.

One of them hurls an INCENDIARY.

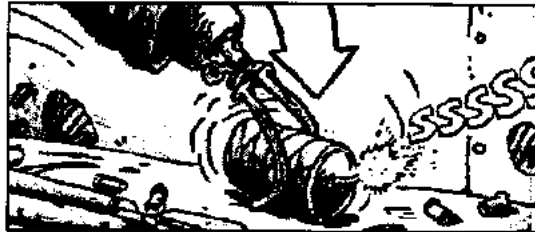


Right into the CABIN...





The PRAETORIAN tries to grab the dreadful thing.



But can't get her PINCERS around it.

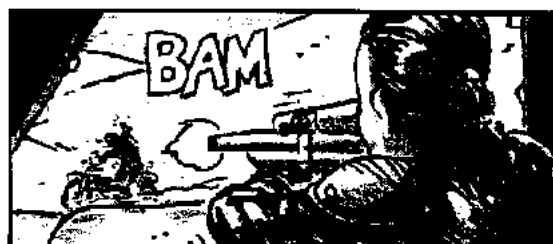
SPLENDID does...and hurls it out of the window just in time!



BANG!...The Road Warrior takes care of business on his side.



While the Praetorian takes care of hers.



Rock Riders fall to their death. It's a SHOOTING GALLERY.

SPLendid has experienced nothing like it.

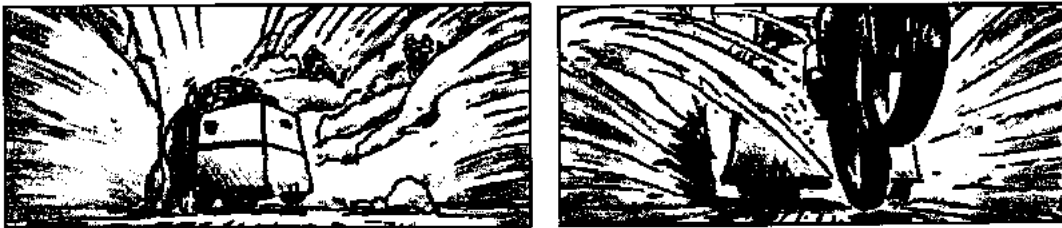


Neither has her unborn child.



FRONTAL ATTACKS

One of the ROCK RIDERS manages to get out in front.



He ignites an INCENDIARY. Tosses it...



It hits the COW-CATCHER... FLAMES splash across the WINDSCREEN.



The ROAD WARRIOR can't see a thing.

The War Rig scrapes against the rocks... RIPPING a hole in its belly.



The HATCH tears away. NUX is about to fall out...



When the GIRLS drag him back.



They secure his hands to the wall...and make for the safety of the cabin.



As the last girl enters the chute Nux calls to her...



She is the 'baby' of the group. Let's call her 'FRAGILE'.

Nux is trying to say something. His gag is soaked with blood. FRAGILE loosens it.

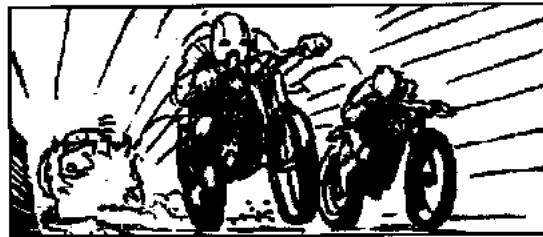


NUX
My hands...please...
I can't feel my hands...



FLAMES AND SPIKES

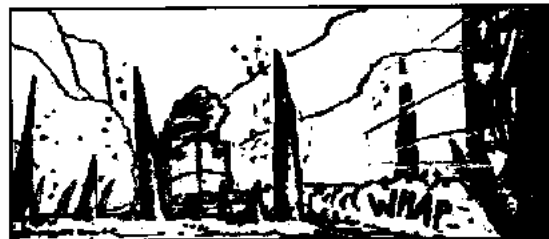
ROCK RIDERS surge ahead of the WAR RIG.



One lifts his front wheel...



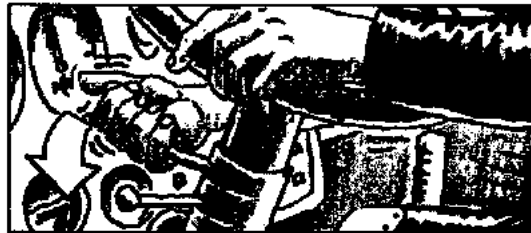
And MONOCYCLES over two pegs in the sand...Revealing SPIKES!



The PRAETORIAN...beating out flames with her jacket...catches sight of them.



She reaches across...and yanks a lever on the steering column.



Which drops the COW-CATCHER.



Its steel plates tear the spikes out of the ground and shoves them away to the side.

Better still...the sand, spraying up over the Rig, has SMOTHERED the flames.



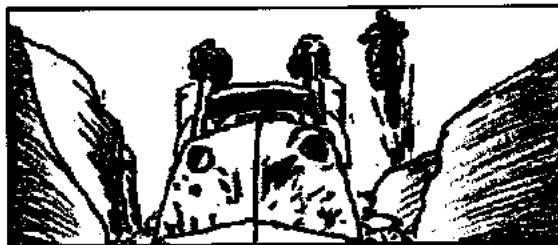
The ROAD WARRIOR raises the cow-catcher...And his view CLEARS.

AIRBORNE ROCK RIDERS

A Rock Rider SLINGSHOTS up a ramp...



It SOARS high over the speeding War Rig.



And attempts to land on top of the Tanker... He misses.



Not to deter the next Rider who...



Flies even higher...and...



NAILS IT!



The maniac has a Skorpion submachine gun.

It's the Rock Riders' CHIEF.

FRAGILE has just come up from the Hold...



THE WAG
You OK?

FRAGILE
The boy...he...

THE WAG
What?!

FRAGILE
He...fell out.

The Chief raises his gun.



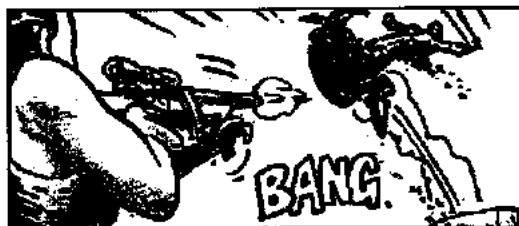
The ROAD WARRIOR shoots first.



And if he didn't get him the PRAETORIAN would have.



ANOTHER Rider comes at them...but he too doesn't get very far.



His BIKE crashes down on the back window...



Freaking the Girls...and crushing the chute to the Hold.



The Praetorian hands Splendid the CARBINE.

PRAETORIAN
Reload the clip! Bullets are in the bag.

While the Praetorian grabs another weapon...



Another ROCK RIDER lands on the Rig.



He rides forward...lifts an INCENDIARY ready to throw.

The Praetorian meets him with a crossbow.



He falls...His bike continues forward...tumbling over the hood.

Suddenly... The WAG is grabbed by the neck!



The Rock Rider is trying to drag her out the window.

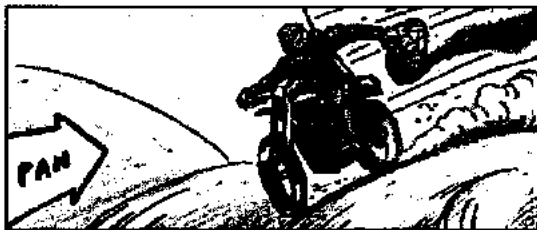
The Praetorian rises up...



And shoves him over the side.



Now here's ANOTHER...



And he is about to let loose a VERY LARGE incendiary!

The Praetorian reaches for her CARBINE.



SPLENDID is staring at it...



SPLENDID
I didn't load it.

PRETORIAN
What?!

SPLENDID
It's not loaded!



The Rock Rider is right there...at the window!



The ROAD WARRIOR shoots...Once... Twice!



The Rock Rider goes down...under the Rig.



The Incendiary blows away the FUEL POD.

Which rolls...detached...into the ROCK FACE.



WHOOM!...A giant fireball!



RICTUS ERECTUS shields himself against the flames...



As the IMMORTAN drives the BIG FOOT right on through.



THE SHOWDOWN

When they see him coming...

KNOWING rips the GUN-CLIP from SPLENDID'S hand and begins loading bullets.

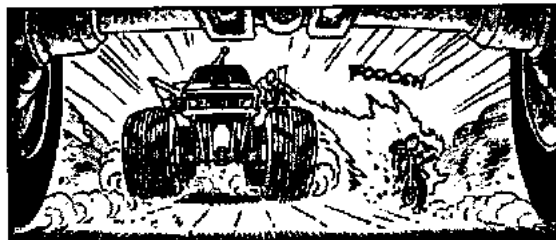


The PRAETORIAN takes the clip and slides it into her carbine.

PRAETORIAN
Load up everything you can.

THE BIGFOOT SWOOPS IN

RICTUS ERECTUS guns down a Rock Rider foolish enough to get in the way.



NUX appears. He has slid along the underbelly of the Rig, by means of a harness.



He can't believe it...there is his Warlord...staring right back at him!



RICTUS ERECTUS
Little piece o' smeg!
What's he been doing all this time?

ELITE GUARD
He's either a coward or a traitor.

Nux lashes his chain onto the Gunner's Pod...and tries to haul himself up.



He is exhausted.



Rictus nudges him with a Burst of flame.



RICTUS ERECTUS
Mediocre, Smeg! Mediocre!

NUX tumbles into the Pod...bewildered.



He pleads with his Warlord...



NUX
(an affirmation)
Nux Historicus...I'm Nux Historicus!

All he gets is a cold stare.



And another great burst of flame from Rictus.



IN THE CABIN

KNOWING is struggling with a CROSS-BOW.



KNOWING
Can't do it...I just can't do it!

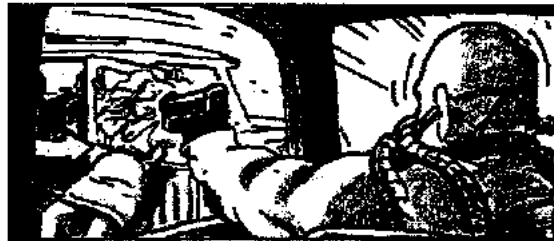
PRAETORIAN
Use the lever.

KNOWING
I am! I am!

The BIG FOOT comes along side.



The IMMORTAN lines up a shot on the ROAD WARRIOR.



But SPLENDID gets in the way.



To make matters worse...



CAPABLE and the WAG provide cover for the Praetorian... She shoots!



The ELITE GUARD dives...takes a bullet for his Warlord.



Before the Praetorian can make a second shot...

The Immortan swerves up onto higher ground.



PRAETORIAN
Don't let him get ahead of you.

THE DUEL

This is where the ROAD WARRIOR lives. He feels more himself. The intensity clears the mind.



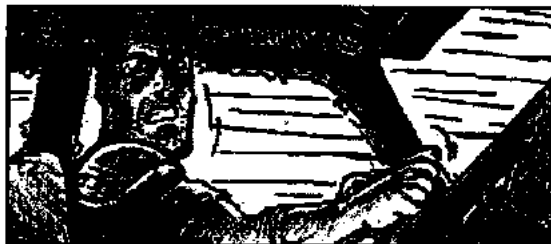
He FANGS it!



The WAR RIG thunders ahead of the BIG FOOT.



But not for long...



The IMMORTAN counters...with a Nitro-assisted surge of his own.



His vehicle is surprisingly full of GRUNT.



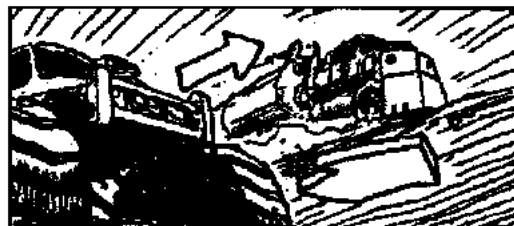
It swoops down alongside the Rig...and seems to be nosing ahead!



ROAD WARRIOR
Hold tight!

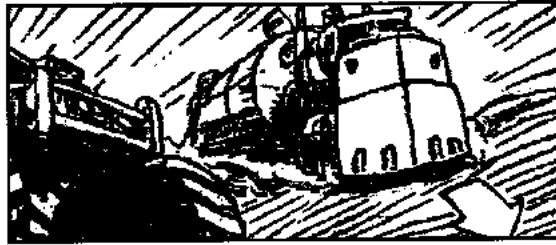
He swings the wheel...

The Rig careens up onto HIGH GROUND.



And claws back the lead.

Now...he swoops off the ridge.



He claims the ground in front of the Big Foot...and shoves it aside.



Meantime...the Elite Guard, who took the bullet, wants reassurance before he dies.



ELITE GUARD
Am I awaited? Am I awaited?!



RICTUS ERECTUS sprays him gold and hoists him overboard.

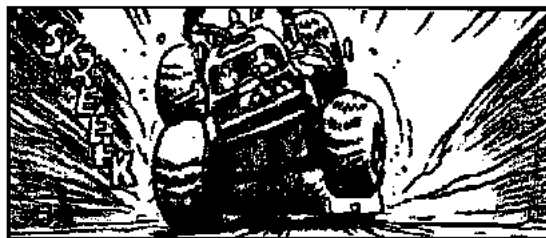


The track is wider now... soon too wide to block the Road Warrior's way.

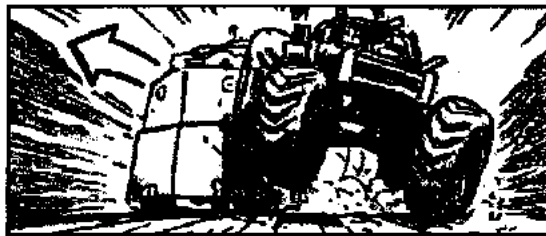
So the Immortan goes for broke.



He ramps up a slope and...SOARS...over the front of the War Rig.



WHUMPP!... The Huge wheels bounce on the cowcatcher.



The Big Foot slews...unstable...allowing the ROAD WARRIOR to gain the lead again.



The impact, however, has damaged the War Rig's RADIATORS.



Steam hisses... The engines are at risk of over-heating.

The PRAETORIAN lines up another shot on the Warlord.



SPLENDID offers herself as a shield once more.



THE IMMORTAN
Hold fire!

But his brother RICTUS has already lined up his HARPOON on the Road Warrior.



It misses...



And THUDS into the dash.

As the Big Foot pulls away...



The harpoon rips out...jamming the Road Warrior's FINGERS on the steering-wheel.



Worse still...the Wheel is yanked OFF THE STEERING COLUMN.



The Harpoon jags on the door post...



Crushing his HAND!



At this moment...he has absolutely NO CONTROL over his vehicle.

Then, cool as you like, Splendid reaches for the BOLT-CUTTERS...



And cuts the harpoon cable away.

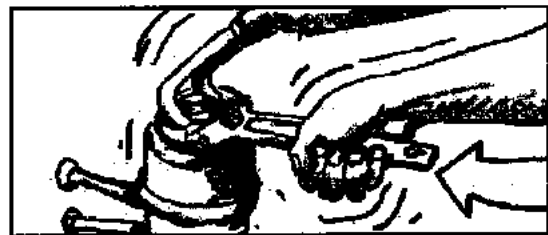


The Road Warrior's HAND is free.

But the WHEEL is jerked out of the Rig.



There is NOTHING TO STEER WITH!



The PRAETORIAN locks a spanner on the Steering-column.

It gives him a degree of control.

Up ahead...there is a tight turn...and JAGGED ROCKS.



SPLENDID is trapped...



Caught on the OUTSIDE of the cabin!



He does his best to steer clear.



But can't avoid the rocks.



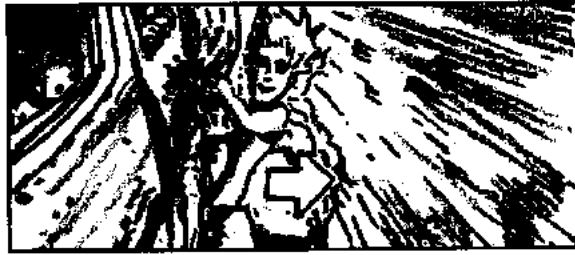
SMASH!... They rip deep into the body of the Rig.



THE GIRL is gone.

No. Wait!

There she is...coming out from behind the cabin. She seems okay.



The Road Warrior does something we've not seen him do before...He SMILES.



The Girl smiles back.



In all the chaos...a small moment of grace.

Past cruelties forgiven. A debt owed. A bond forged.

The Girl clambers up into the cabin...grasping hold of the door.



But then...something truly awful...her FOOT SLIPS on the blood from her wound.



The DOOR...battered by impacts and Buzzard Attacks...pulls off its hinges.



It comes away ENTIRELY.



The Road Warrior watches Splendid's fall.



The Immortan sees it too...



He tries to avoid her body.



The Big Foot GOES BELLY UP.

NUX is a mess.



He cannot believe it has come to this.



Nor can the Girls.



FRAGILE

I was holding her. I had her in my arms!

KNOWING

It fell off...It just fell off.

CAPABLE comes at the ROAD WARRIOR.



CAPABLE

Stop! Why don't you stop!

ROAD WARRIOR

She went under the wheels.

CAPABLE

You don't know that! Turn around!

PRAETORIAN
Are you sure? Did you see it?!

ROAD WARRIOR
She went under the wheels.



A moment of intense scrutiny... She knows he is telling the truth.

PRAETORIAN
Then we keep going.

CAPABLE
No!

PRAETORIAN
(fiercely)
We keep going!!



FRAGILE
She was here... I was holding her...
Then... She wasn't any more.

The busted Doorjamb makes a silly noise. Mocking them.



As for the ROAD WARRIOR...his face betrays none of his emotions...not even the pain of his mangled fingers.

THE WARLORD OF THE IMMORTA

Surveys the damage.

His brother, Rictus Erectus, lies crushed under the WRECK of the Big Foot.



And...in His arms...He holds the broken figure of...

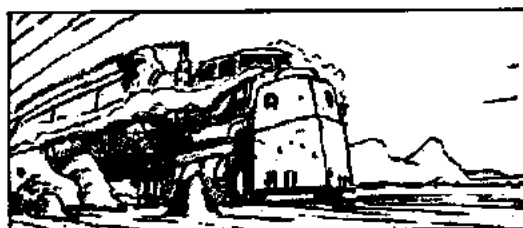


The most valued of his Wives.



RECRIMINATIONS

The Renegade WAR RIG leaves the canyon behind...Heading out into a vast SALT PLAIN.



The ROAD WARRIOR has fashioned a 'wheel' from a cross-bow.



As the PRAETORIAN helps lash it to the steering column...

She tries to assess the man's state of mind.



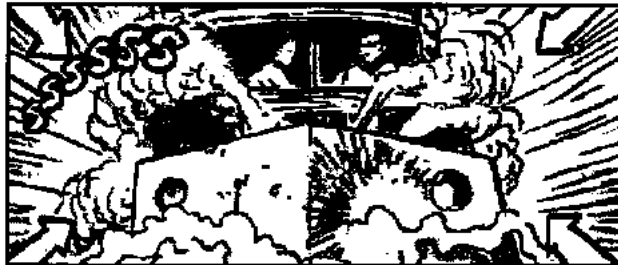
Have the events in the canyon shifted him in some small way?

Is there any honor here?

A loud sound intrudes on her thoughts.

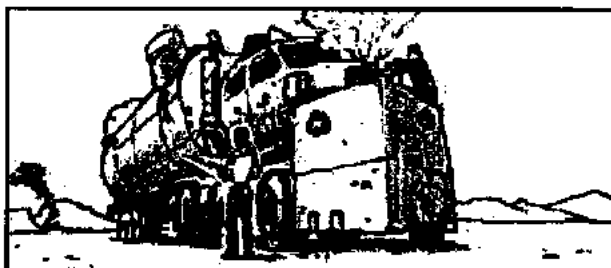


The engines have over-heated... STEAM pours out of the damaged radiators.



They are obliged to bring the War Rig to a stop.

While he lifts the hood...the Praetorian keeps an eye on the canyon.



All of a sudden...the GIRLS are shouting.

CAPABLE
Cheedo!

THE WAG
Don't be stupid! Stop!

It's FRAGILE...running BACK towards the canyon.



The others give chase.

FRAGILE
He'll forgive us!
I know he will!



CAPABLE
Cheedoooo! Listen!

FRAGILE
So our sons become Warlords! So what?!
They oppress a few smelly people! So what!!

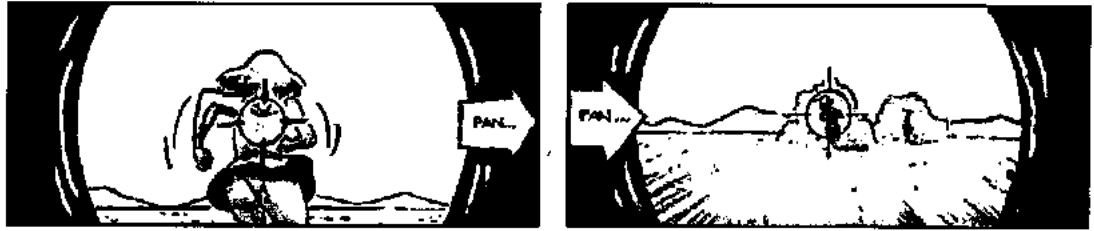


The Praetorian lifts her CARBINE...



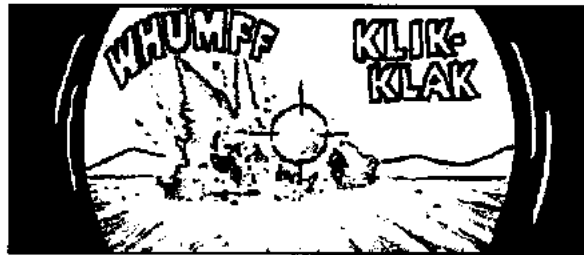
Is that a tear in her eye?

Through the scope, she can see...FRAGILE running.



And...coming on fast...TWO BIKES.

She shoots.



First one, then the other bike falls to the ground...FRAGILE stops.



CAPABLE and The WAG take hold of her...trying to coax her back.



CAPABLE
Cheedo... Whatever happens there is
no looking back. Whatever happens!

FRAGILE
We were protected.
We were treasured!
What's wrong with that?!

CAPABLE
Not at everybody else's expense!

FRAGILE
I don't want to hear that again!

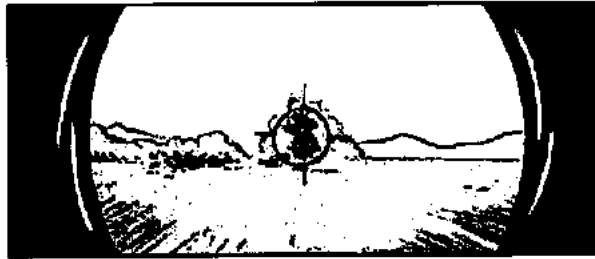
CAPABLE
They were her words...

FRAGILE
Yeah...and she's dead!

THE WAG
(affronted)
We can't let you go, Chee.
Wring your hands. Tear your hair.
But you're not going back.

They drag her...forcibly...back to the Rig.

One of the fallen Riders is back on his bike...coming at them again.



BLAM!! The Praetorian drops him a second time.

THE SHADOWS ARE LONGER NOW

The War Rig is on its way again.



The Girls are lost in their sorrow...

Overwhelmed by the ABSENCE of their SPLENDID.

The ROAD WARRIOR has found a bandage and is seeing to his mangled fingers.



ROAD WARRIOR
So where is this... Green Place?

PRAETORIAN
A long night's run... head east.
Straight into your shadow.



The PRAETORIAN is clipping herself into some kind of body harness.

PRAETORIAN
(to the girls)
Okay. I want inventory... count the bolts for the cross bows.
Match every gun with its bullets.

She wants everybody busy.

ROAD WARRIOR
We're lookin' for what... exactly?

PRAETORIAN
Rainfall... vegetation. A better way to conduct our lives.
(on his look)
You'll know it when you see it.

ROAD WARRIOR
So will the pursuit.

PRAETORIAN
There'll be winds... to erase our tracks.
If not, we'll find a force equal to them.

ROAD WARRIOR
The Many Mothers?

PRAETORIAN
The Volvalini... *(to the girls)*... Try to eat. Drink.
If you want to piss... piss in the can.
The engines will use all the fluid we can spare.
(to the Road Warrior)
I'm going down below... to do some running repairs.
Keep her steady. Nothing above two thousand revs.



ROAD WARRIOR
We need a lookout...
down the back.

CAPABLE
I can do it.

PRAETORIAN
No. I want you all together.

CAPABLE
It's OK... I'll be careful... I'll feel kind of useful.

She's holding her telescope.

ROAD WARRIOR
They'll be comin' outta the sun.

Thankful for his intervention... The Girl leaves for the Gunner's Pod.

The ROAD WARRIOR and the PRAETORIAN exchange glances.



Seems he's along for the ride...

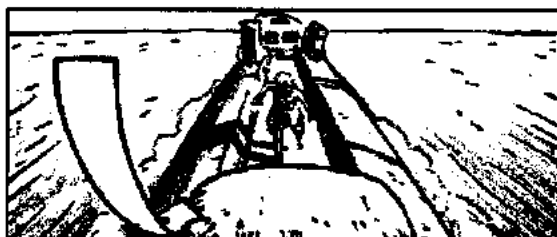
At least until they find the 'Green Place'.

MOMENTS LATER

The PRAETORIAN is SLUNG under the Rig...making her way to the ENGINES.



CAPABLE is at the GUNNER'S POD...



Now that she is alone...she is sobbing.



She settles in with her telescope when...

HUHH?!...there is SOMEONE UNDER THE SEAT!



CAPABLE
How did *you* get here?!

NUX doesn't answer.

CAPABLE
She let you go! Cheedo!

NUX
Shoulda let me fall.

He starts BANGING his head... She bends down to look.



His body is shaking with a terrible fever. His back is burnt. He is angry.



NUX
HE saw it all!! HE saw it!
My own Blood Bag driving the Rig that killed her!!!
Nux Vomitus! Nux Vomitus!!

Now he's pounding his head something awful.

CAPABLE
Don't do that!

She lays a soothing hand on him...He looks up.

NUX
One...two...three times the Door was open to me! Nux Historicus!
They were calling my name...I should be walking with the Immorta,
McFeasting in the pleasure gardens with the heroes of all time.

CAPABLE
I'd say it was your manifest destiny not to.

NUX
I was a War Boy...
I thought I was being spared for something great.
I got to drive a Pursuit Vehicle.
For a while even Larry and Barry
stopped chewing on my windpipe.

CAPABLE
Larry and Barry?!

NUX points to the tumors on his neck.



NUX

...Larry...Barry. If *they* don't get me the Night Fevers will.



Her eyes are lovely...and kind.

He eases a little.

CAPABLE

Has it occurred to you...
There are other things besides
dying for a hoary ol' dick-swinger?

SOMETHING UNEXPECTED

A panorama so green and luxuriant...it is almost ALIEN.



It's a greeting card.

The WAG has been 'decorating' the cabin with mementos from the Dome.



A shrine maybe?

KNOWING, meanwhile, updates the inventory.



She calls the ROAD WARRIOR'S attention to the Praetorian's Carbine...Her tone is suggestive, sarcastic.

KNOWING

...There are only four bullets for Big Boy here
so *he's* all but useless.

Now she dangles a small PISTOL.

KNOWING

But we can squirt off this little pinky
a raunchy fifty nine times!!

She refers to the bullets cradled in her lap.



She holds one between her fingers...ruefully.



KNOWING

Angharad used to call them 'Antiseed'...
Plant one and watch something die.



The Road Warrior looks at her like *she's* the one who's crazy.

Just then...we hear a sound so unexpected it, too, is almost alien.

FRAGILE is singing...KEENING at the mention of Splendid's name.



KNOWING and The WAG join in.



The aching harmonies carry to...

THE PRAETORIAN

Down in the ENGINES.



CAPABLE ADDS HER VOICE

To the Song for Angharad. NUX has not heard anything so beautiful in all his life.



HOLD THE ROAD WARRIOR

The face is impassive...Who knows what's in his heart?



DISSOLVE

THE WAR RIG

Is a tiny ark of humanity in the immense, trackless wasteland...



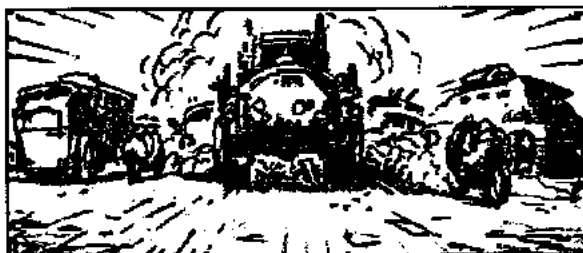
The Girls' lament wafts up to us.

Soon to be swamped by the more BRUTAL sounds of...

THE WAR PARTY



A HUNDRED VEHICLES have cleared the pass.



As the Horde RAGES towards us...



We are assaulted by the demented guitar and thundering drums of the DOOF-MAN.

FADE TO BLACK

PART 3 - A HARD NIGHTS RUNNING

HOURS LATER...the WAR RIG makes its way by the almost full moon.



None but the foolhardy or the powerful would risk travel by head-light.



The GIRLS, however, find solace in the flame of a small candle.

Everyone is lost in their thoughts when...quite suddenly...

The Rig begins to SLEW.



The surface of the salt plain is turning SOFT!



The ROAD WARRIOR tries to keep a steady course...



While the PRAETORIAN climbs out in front...guiding him to what looks like stable ground.



The RIG is lurching wildly now...The wheels begin to SPIN.



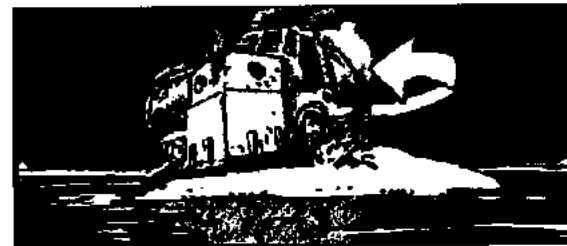
They are slowing...about to bog.

The Road Warrior gears down.



Nudging...coaxing the Leviathan forward.

Until...finally...it grips solid ground.



And comes to rest on a small dry island in the QUAGMIRE.



THE CHOICE

The PRAETORIAN looks ahead.



PRAETORIAN

I don't see an end to it.
There are a few dry patches...who knows?

CAPABLE

Better look at this...



BEHIND them... The lights of the WAR PARTY skim the horizon.



They are but a few miles away.



ROAD WARRIOR

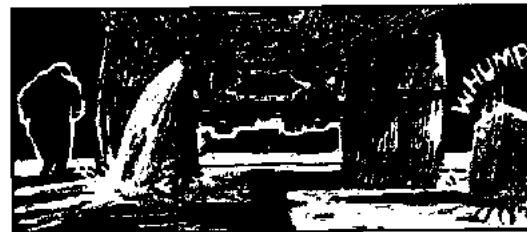
Well... We can't go back.
That's for sure.

A NOZZLE

Gushes MILK...dumping it onto the ground.



Spare wheels, a refrigeration unit, heavy chains...



Anything to lighten the load.

THE ROAD WARRIOR IS 'SEEDING' THEIR TRACKS

With THUNDER STICKS.



He can HEAR the War Party now.



Its rough sounds at odds with the stillness of the night.



A MILE OR SO BACK

The TRACKS of the War Rig...



Are obliterated by those of the WAR PARTY, charging on madly towards its prey.



MEANTIME

Those TRACKS, booby-trapped by the Road Warrior, fill with MOTHER'S MILK.



The RIG...somewhat lighter now...makes its way across to the next dry 'island'.



THE BOG FEST

At first they're doing okay...



Advancing through the mush...using the dry patches as 'stepping stones'.

But, pretty soon...

ROAD WARRIOR
Where now...?!

PRAETORIAN
It's all the same! Gun it!

He does...but the Rig starts to SLIP and SLIDE again.



Despite his best efforts...



The bogeys lose traction.



The War Rig shudders...It's no longer moving forward.

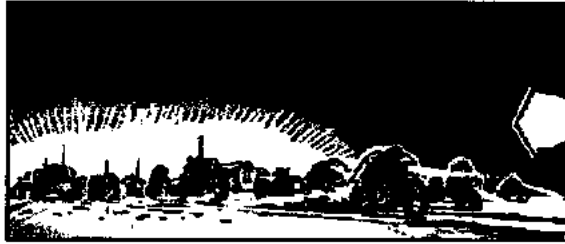


The wheels threaten to bog to the axles.



He cuts the ENGINES.

THE IMMORTAN IS COMING ON FAST



His WAR BOYS spurred on by the Doof-Man's guitar.



THE ROAD WARRIOR AND THE PRAETORIAN

Have dismantled the steel-plated ENGINE COVERS.



They work them in under the bogged Bogey Wheels...



One on each side.



THE LEAD PURSUIT VEHICLES

Come SLEWING into the milk-filled tracks.



BOOM!...They hit the Road Warrior's BOOBY-TRAPS.



Those directly BEHIND swerve around the wrecks...trying to maintain their speed.



In doing so they fan out...onto more treacherous ground so they start to BOG, SLIDE, CANNON and SLAM into each other. Compound this chaos many times...



And pretty soon we have a giant 'Rooster-tailing' MUD FEST of stalled vehicles.

The IMMORTAN arrives in the GIGAHORSE...



His War Party is going nowhere.

THE ROAD WARRIOR STEPS BACK

Is this going to work?



The PRAETORIAN eases out the clutch.



The BOGEY WHEELS ride up on the steel plates...



And the WAR RIG pulls itself out of the MUD.

The ROAD WARRIOR and the GIRLS retrieve the plates...



While the Praetorian tries to keep the Rig moving...



Just as long as she can.

BACK AT THE WAR PARTY

COMA, the Doof-Man, marks time with a subdued bass rhythm as...



The IMMORTAN issues orders through his Elite War Boys.

THE IMMORTAN

Bring up the tank tracks. Clear me a path.
The Bullet Farmer and I will proceed with lethal ordnance.
Tow everything else back out to dry ground.
Split two ways. Skirt the perimeter.
We'll all meet on the other side of the quagmire.
One way or the other, Brothers, we will have them!

By now he has been joined by his remaining brothers. The IMPERATORS.



That's the BULLET FARMER on the left...and the PEOPLE EATER on the right .

THE WAR RIG

Only travels so far, before it is BOGGED again.



The PRAETORIAN runs back to help the Road Warrior and the GIRLS...



Together...they drag steel plates through the mud.



THE WAG

Say! Look at us...the Caravan of Courage!

THE WARLORD AND HIS BROTHERS

Wait for the Vehicles to be cleared.

Tank Tracks have been fitted to the Bullet Farmer's 'PEACE KEEPER'.

The BULLET FARMER is twirling his GUNS...impetuously.

The PEOPLE EATER fidgets with his nipples...while reading off a ledger.

THE PEOPLE EATER

...We're down thirty thousand units of guzzolene.
Nineteen canisters of nitro, twelve assault bikes,
twelve P.V's. Not to mention rations, ordnance,
the body count and brother Rictus...no longer erectus.

The IMMORTAN nods to an Elite War Boy...who shouts at the Doof-Man.

WAR BOY

Coma! Gee 'em up!

COMA jacks up the rhythm...

And, sure enough, so does the work rate of the Troops.

The way is almost clear...when the ORGANIC MECHANIC emerges from the Gigahorse.



ORGANIC MECHANIC
Warlord!...The girl is breathing her last.

The Immortan goes to join him.



THE BULLET FARMER
(straining at the leash)
I'm being called to the torture.

His 'PEACE KEEPER' rumbles forward...bristling with weapons.



THE PEOPLE EATER
Brother...please...a little control.
This venture cannot afford the loss of another wife.

THE BULLET FARMER
Only in the defence of Liberty, sir.
Not one angry shot!

He taps his driver and his vehicle roars off after the fugitives.

THE PEOPLE EATER
Protect the assets!
Protect the assets!

IN THE BACK OF THE GIGAHORSE

SPLENDID is still breathing.



But her breaths are shallow...erratic...terminal.



The ORGANIC MECHANIC is listening to her belly.



ORGANIC MECHANIC
It's gone all quiet in there.

THE IMMORTAN
Then...get it out!

OUTSIDE

An Elite War Boy turns to COMA.

WAR BOY
Play something soulful...respectful.



Coma gives us Hendrix. Riffing on a tune dimly recognizable as that late twentieth century piece of kitsch... 'Feelings'.

THE IMMORTAN WAITS

His eyes turbulent...as the ORGANIC MECHANIC goes about his woeful task.



ORGANIC MECHANIC
Cryin' shame...

The IMMORTAN pushes him aside.



ORGANIC MECHANIC
Another month...coulda been yer viable human.



THE PEOPLE EATER
Was it...male?

ORGANIC MECHANIC
(nods)
Yer A-one Alpha prime...Perfect in every way.

COMA'S GUITAR

Howls into the night...



WAR BOYS

Are slogging through the MUD ahead of the BULLET FARMER'S VEHICLE...checking the track for Thunder-Sticks.



Sure enough, they find one...



WAR BOY

They set this way off the track...
We need to sweep wider!

THE BULLET FARMER

No! This is already too slow!



He lifts his weapons and...blasts away!



The War Boys scatter.



He is using his hand guns as MINE SWEEPS.

THE WARLORD

Who is just setting out in his Gigahorse...is surprised to hear GUNFIRE so soon.



THE ROAD WARRIOR HEARS IT TOO



He hurries on...hauling plates like a crazed pack animal.



UP AHEAD

The WAR RIG is doing it hard.

Spinning its wheels...it grinds its way slowly through the mud.



Until...once again...it's STUCK FAST.



The PRAETORIAN slumps...allowing herself a moment of quiet despair.



FSSSSSSHH!!...



With all the strain...the engines are OVERHEATING again.

THE BULLET FARMER

Is moving fast now... His War Boys can't keep up.



His 'sweep' is working.

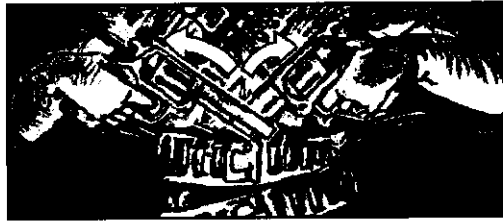


BOOM!...He clears a 'landmine' ahead.

When his guns are spent...he inhales the smoke through his NOSTRILS. Then blows it out of his mouth.



Casting aside his 'empties'...he grabs 'fresh' weapons...



And continues the barrage, while Junior War Boys frantically RELOAD at his feet.



THE GIRLS PANIC

The GUNFIRE seems to be mocking them...BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG!

The ROAD WARRIOR doubles his effort...steam rises off his back.

The Praetorian comes forward with her carbine.



ROAD WARRIOR
Who is that!

PRAETORIAN
The Bullet Farmer. No one else could afford so many rounds.

She raises her weapon...but doesn't shoot.

PRAETORIAN
He's still out of range.

CAPABLE
What if someone else could drive...?

PRAETORIAN
This is not the time to learn.

Then...a FLASH! Everything goes bright.



THE BULLET FARMER

Is using his SPOTLIGHTS.



THE ROAD WARRIOR

Shoves his ENGINE COVER into place.



As the Girls set the one on the other side...the PRAETORIAN is waiting for the Bullet Farmer to come into range.

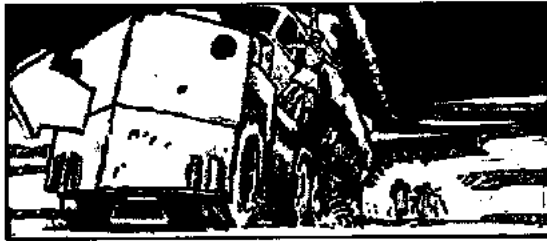


Quite suddenly...the WAR RIG MOVES OFF.

The Road Warrior and the Praetorian are left staring at each other.



They give chase. CAPABLE is riding aboard.



CAPABLE
He wants to help...He's lost the faith.

PRAETORIAN
Who?!

CAPABLE
The War Boy...He's lost the faith!

PRAETORIAN
What have you girls been up to?!

THE WAG
Hey! Last I heard...he fell off the truck!

The Rig only goes so far.

The wheels lose traction...and, once again, it slides to a stand still.

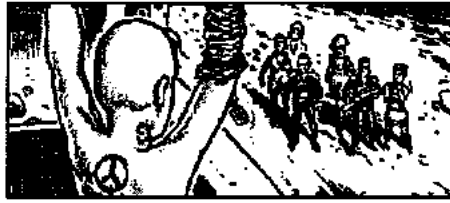


NUX
(from inside)
There's high ground ahead.
Just beyond that...thing!



CAPABLE
He means the tree!

PRAETORIAN
Come out! Now!...Arms high!



NUX
I can make it...Easy! I *know* this machine.

CAPABLE
He does...He built one of the engines.

KNOWING
He was driving away!

CAPABLE
He's trying to help.

KNOWING
Yeah...sure.

CAPABLE
He's doing it for me.

THE WAG
Say! Anyone notice the bright light?...Encroaching gunfire?

ROAD WARRIOR
The boy should drive.

PRAETORIAN
Why, all of a sudden.
Because he talked sweet to her?!

ROAD WARRIOR
Because she...(*Knowing*)...
will be holding 'this' to the back of his head.

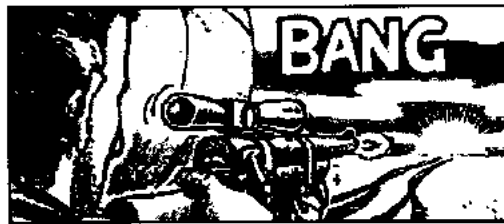
He shoves the SMALL PISTOL into KNOWING'S hand.



Then he grabs the Praetorian's gun...



Props himself against the Rig...takes careful aim...and fires at the LIGHT.



The Light keeps coming.



He tries again...BANG!...it keeps coming.



KNOWING
You've got two left!



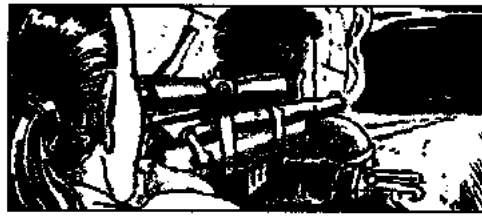
He hands the gun back to the Praetorian.

She rests the barrel on his shoulder.

PRAETORIAN
Hold your breath... Very still.



BLAM!... The Light is SNUFFED OUT!



The Praetorian turns the gun on NUX.



But the night lights up again!

Reflexively she turns and fires... her last round.



BULLSEYE!!

The second light **EXPLODES** in the Bullet Farmer's **FACE!!!**



He falls to the deck.

THE GUNS GO SILENT



NUX is out of the cabin...making a run for it.



The PRAETORIAN rushes forward...about to club him.

But Nux has a CABLE...dragging it out from a hole in the cow-catcher.



NUX
Use the Winch!
Hook it 'round the thing!



It's as good an idea as any.

The ROAD WARRIOR and the GIRLS are already running back for the PLATES.



THE BULLET FARMER RISES INTO FRAME

He is clawing at his EYES.



THE BULLET FARMER

I'm torn!
I've been torn!
Hold up a flare!

HIS DRIVER

Sir...I *am* holding a flare.



THE BULLET FARMER

Closer!

HIS DRIVER

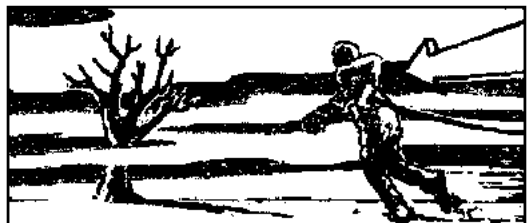
Imperator...It's right in front of your eyes!



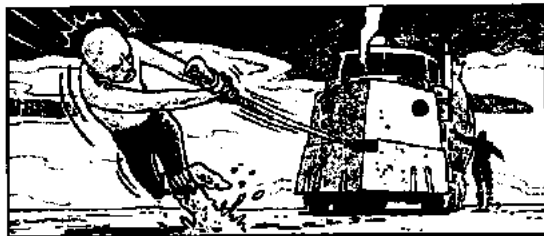
The Bullet Farmer bellows with pain and rage.

NUX DRAGS THE WINCH CABLE

Towards the TREE.



It's too short!



THE WAR BOYS

Are binding the Bullet Farmer's EYES.



Shrugging off the pain...he reaches back.



BULLET FARMER
Gun me!
Gun me!!

They slap UZI submachine guns into each of his hands.

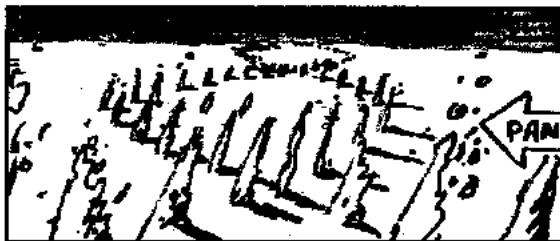
And the debauchery begins.



BULLET FARMER
(imploring)
Uzi! Be my eyes. Be my light!
Uzi!... Uzziii!!

He's spraying bullets everywhere!!

They zig-zag across the landscape.



Snaking their way towards...

THE FUGITIVES

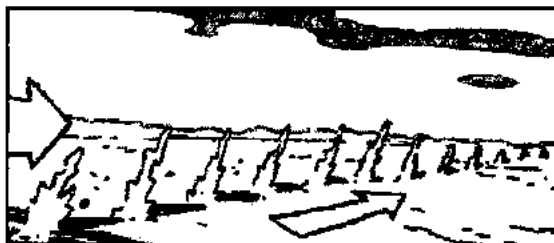
Who are, once again, hauling the PLATES through the mud.



In the frenzy... The WAG falls.



The bullets strafe past her.



But... as she gets to her feet...



They swing back in her direction!



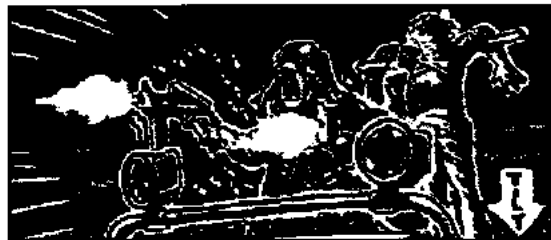
The PRAETORIAN throws her to the ground.



And takes a bullet in the hip.



THE BARRAGE INTENSIFIES



The BULLET FARMER is ranting...

THE BULLET FARMER
Colt Anaconda! Armalite! M16! Baretta M59...

His DRIVER is concerned.



DRIVER
Wouldn't wanna hit the Booty, Sir!

The Bullet Farmer just keeps shooting...



THE BULLET FARMER
(chanting)
...Glock, Browning, Heckler and Koch!
Ruger, Luger, Kalashnikov!

THE PRAETORIAN AND THE WAG

Are out there in the mud...helpless...hostage to the strafing.

Suddenly the ROAD WARRIOR is coming towards them....



Staggering under the weight of a **STEEL PLATE**

He gets it into place...just in time.



It's a matter of will now. He's determined to see them through.

The bullets POUND against their meager shield...

Then trail on towards the other GIRLS.



FRAGILE

Don't they know they're shooting at *us*?!

THUD! THUD!... The bullets impact the plate. The Girls wail.



THUD! THUD! THUD! THUD!

THE BULLET FARMER IS PLEASED



THE BULLET FARMER

You see that?! See that...I found them!

His DRIVER veers off course...



GUNNER
What're you doin'?!

DRIVER
He's got the gun fever!

GUNNER
He's an Imperator!

DRIVER
He'll kill the girls!

As they struggle for the wheel...the Driver pulls hard to the left.



The vehicle lurches. The Bullet Farmer totters...and SLIPS on the spent shells.



His Uzis flail...spraying rounds.



The War Boys make for cover as the 'PEACE KEEPER' slows to a...dead stop.

THE BULLET FARMER
What is this?!...Who told you to stop?!!

A FLARE

Lights the sky...RED.



Now that the guns have fallen silent...OUR FUGITIVES are making a push for the RIG.

Despite the Praetorian's wound they are almost there.



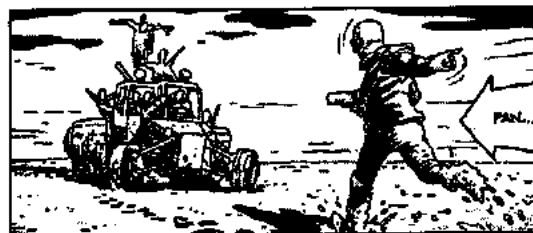
THE WAR BOY WHO FIRED THE FLARE

Indicates the RIG...revealed in the distance.



WAR BOY

They're to our right! About two clicks!



THE BULLET FARMER

Okay! Thunder up! Lock and load!

He kicks his Driver in the back of the head.

WAR BOY
Imperator... he's dead.

THE BULLET FARMER
(coldly)
I cannot shoot
and drive at the same time!

One of his little Loaders clambers into the driver's seat and guns the engines.

THE BULLET FARMER
There's my Smeg.

The Dead are discarded...

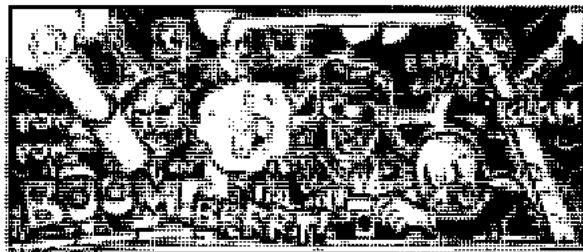


And the 'Peacemaker' roars off in the direction of the WAR RIG...



THE BULLET FARMER
(yelling and shooting)
What's it gonna be boys?!(BLAM!)
The Fourth Commandment?!(BAM! BAM!)
Or the Second Amendment?!(BLAM!)

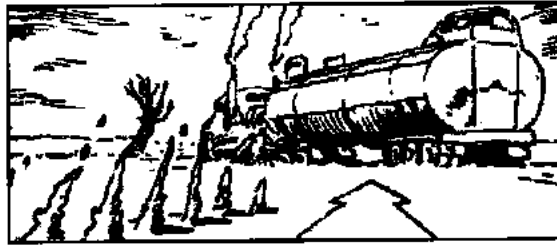
The War Boys respond...picking up his rhythm...BLAM! BLAM! BAM! BAM!



And before long...they've ALL got the GUN FEVER.

THE HELLFIRE

Hits the WAR RIG...just as the steel plates are set under the bogeys.



As the Rig lurches forward...the ROAD WARRIOR and the OTHERS scramble for cover.



The PRAETORIAN helps the GIRLS into the cabin... Thinking it will be safe there.



NUX coaxes the Rig forward...



As the Road Warrior grabs the WINCH CABLE...



And makes for the TREE.

The War Rig advances...groaning...wheels spinning...



When...



A big hit shakes it to the core!

The Bullet Farmer and his Boys are using GRENADE LAUNCHERS.

Whoosh!...Another flare lights the landscape red.



The Road Warrior hauls on the winch cable.



The Rig inches closer...



The Praetorian works the PLATES...



Trying to claw more out of those bogeys.



Nux...brings all his skills to bear...



Working the gears...feathering the clutch.

The Great Vehicle creeps forward.



Inch by...cruel inch...

But it's JUST NOT ENOUGH!



Now the Uzis are finding their mark again.



So are the Grenade Launchers!



The War Rig is rocked by another close impact.



It's going no further...it's STUCK!

The gunfire is LOUD now...the assailants are CLOSING IN.

The PRAETORIAN wants the GIRLS out of the cabin.



The ROAD WARRIOR is yelling at NUX.



ROAD WARRIOR
A couple more feet!



NUX

That's the most I can get out of her!

That's when the Road Warrior sees the CHAIN.



And starts running for the truck.



PRAETORIAN

(wrangling the Girls)

C'mon...Run! Together!

KNOWING

There's nowhere to run to!

PRAETORIAN

Into the mist...Away from the guns!

She looks to the Road Warrior.

ROAD WARRIOR

Go! We'll follow...if we can.



ANOTHER FLARE

The BULLET FARMER is closing in.



THE ROAD WARRIOR HAS THE BOLTCUTTERS



ROAD WARRIOR
Hold out yer arms!



THE PRAETORIAN AND THE GIRLS

Make it to the HIGH GROUND.



THE ROAD WARRIOR

Has hooked the length of chain to the WINCH CABLE.



He lashes it around the trunk of the TREE.



It reaches!



He clips it into place.

Nux engages the WINCH.

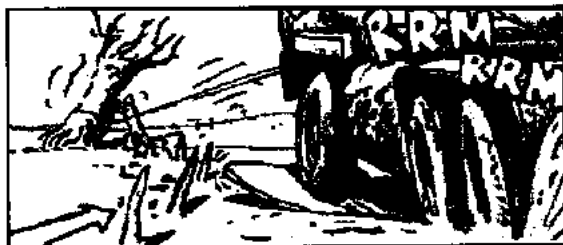


There is a terrible straining and creaking.

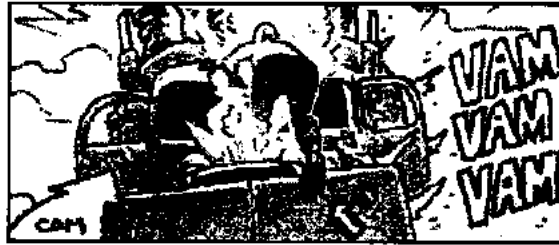


But sure enough...

The WAR RIG begins to CLAW ITS WAY SLOWLY out of the mud.



The gunfire is intense...NUX climbs up over the engines onto the cabin.



The Road Warrior dives behind the tree.



Which takes a direct hit from a GRENADE.



The War Rig is moving more freely now.



But the tree has been weakened.

It's taking ENORMOUS STRAIN.

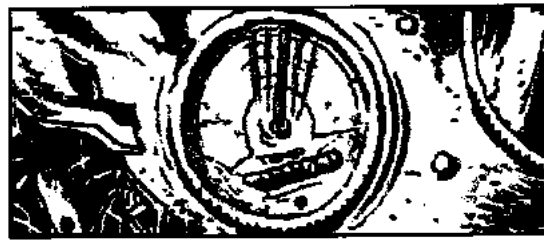


The Road Warrior can feel the roots crack under his feet.

The entire tree is being pulled out of the ground!



The ENGINES are about to blow.



But Nux fangs it anyway.



The tree is keeling over.

The Rig gathers momentum...and surges forward.



The ROAD WARRIOR rides the trunk...as it swings into the side of the Rig.



The tree hangs there...tethered by the winch cable.

He clambers into the cabin.



When the cable stretches to its full extent...it snaps...and the tree falls away.



THE GIRLS

Are on the high ground...running from the TUMULT.



Like some rampant Megalosaur...the WAR RIG rises up in front of them.



It waits down the track...they're on some sort of CAUSEWAY.



The PRAETORIAN opens the driver's door.



Despite his injuries and his fevers, NUX is euphoric.

NUX
My whole life...I never thought
I'd pull off something sweet as that!

The Praetorian doesn't trust him...not one bit.

PRAETORIAN
Get out...I want you running out in front!

CAPABLE
That's not fair...

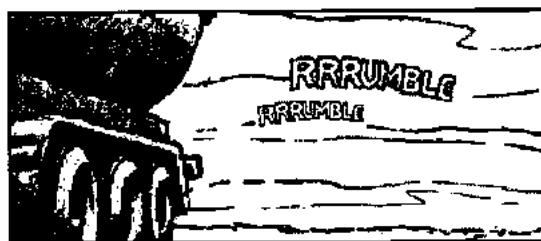
The Praetorian ignores her.

PRAETORIAN
How bad are the engines?

NUX
One is hot and thirsty. Two's about to blow.

FRAGILE
They're coming! I can hear them coming!!

She's right. There's distant GUNFIRE...And the sound of the 'PEACE MAKER' revving its motor.



The Praetorian looks across to the ROAD WARRIOR.



He has grabbed a MACHETE, some THUNDER STICKS and a TANK full of gas.



ROAD WARRIOR

Go down the track half a mile.
If I'm not back by the time your motors cool...move on.

With that...he heads back into the mist...towards the gunfire.



KNOWING

What do you suppose he's going to do?

PRETORIAN

Retaliate first.

The Rig moves off...



Is this the last they'll see of him?



ALONG THE CAUSEWAY

NUX is running out in front...



Checking that the track is clear.



The PRAETORIAN nurses the faltering engines.



THEY ARE BEING WATCHED!

EERIE BEINGS on STILTS...lurch out of the QUAGMIRE.



EVEN WORSE

The BULLET FARMER is back on their tail. The 'Peace Maker' ramps up onto the Causeway...guns barking!



THE WAR RIG HAS STOPPED

NUX pours fluids into the RADIATORS.



The GIRLS watch anxiously...



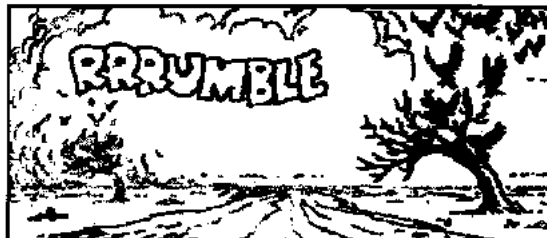
As the PRAETORIAN stands between them and the approaching GUNFIRE.



The 'Peace Maker' must be past the ROAD WARRIOR by now.



It sounds so CLOSE...it might burst out of the MIST at any moment.



But suddenly...



A Great orange FIREBALL lights up the fog like a giant lantern.

Now there is a short burst of gunfire... a scream or two...

And then...nothing.

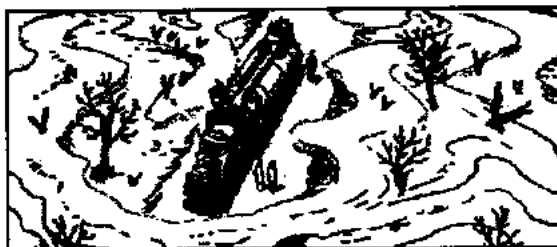


The Praetorian turns to Nux.



PRAETORIAN
Cut the engines.

Nux does so.



CAPABLE
What's that sound?

THE WAG
Silence.

CAPABLE
No. Out there...

Indeed there are sounds...ominous disturbances out in the quagmire...
the muffled flutter of wings and...approaching FOOTSTEPS.



A lone figure emerges from the mist.

It's the ROAD WARRIOR...drenched in BLOOD.



He is loaded with firearms, gun belts, bandoliers...and there's a steering wheel.



ROAD WARRIOR
How are the motors?

PRAETORIAN
We could use another half hour.

He hands her a useful-looking Assault Rifle. She nods her 'thanks'. He tosses the
Steering Wheel to Nux.

ROAD WARRIOR
Do something with this.



He unloads the rest of his 'acquisitions' on the cabin floor.

We find poor FRAGILE huddled there...recoiling from him.



He looks downright DEMONIC.



He brushes past the others.



KNOWING
Are you hurt?

ROAD WARRIOR
No.

KNOWING
You're bleeding.

PRAETORIAN
It's not his blood.

They watch as he washes away the stains of the night's slaughter.



Nux, meanwhile, is busy fitting the new steering wheel...



Tap! Tap! Bang!...His efforts echo...

ACROSS THE QUAGMIRE

The EERIE STILT WALKERS are creeping...unseen...towards them.



NOW SOMETHING VERY WORRYING



The distant sound of ENGINES. Coming on fast!

ROAD WARRIOR
Quiet!

NUX stops banging.

Motorbikes! They seem to be coming from all directions!

But how could that be?

And how could they be moving so freely in the mud?!



Helter skelter...they start up the RIG.

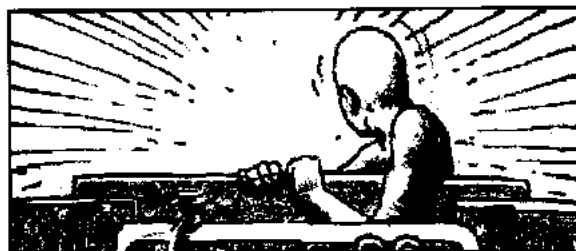


The ROAD WARRIOR takes the wheel. NUX rides out front. And the PRAETORIAN loads up the new weapons.

They don't go far...before they see a LIGHT on the road ahead!



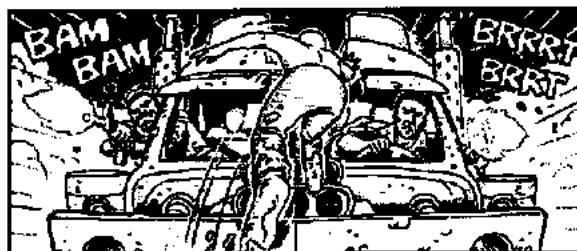
A single Light coming straight at them...at speed!



Playing 'chicken' with the War Rig.

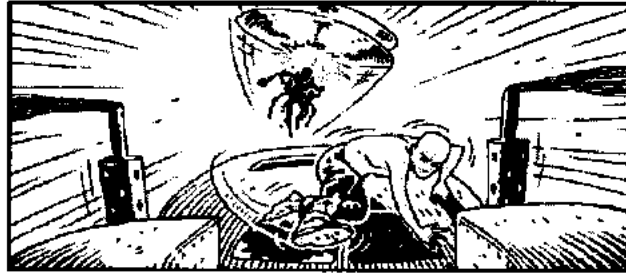


The Road Warrior and the Praetorian fire their guns as NUX scrambles from the impending impact.



Then...something they don't expect.

The light rises off the track...and SOARS up over them...



Dropping a NAPALM-LIKE incendiary onto the cabin.



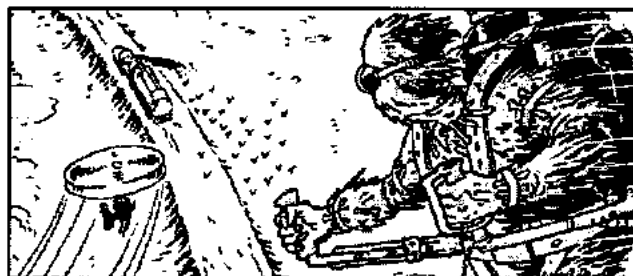
THIS AIRBORNE VEHICLE

Arcs high above the causeway.



The ROTORAIDER, for that's what it's called, is a jerry-built double-bladed gyro... powered by a motorbike engine.

Its decrepit 'PILOT' looks down as a SECOND Rotoraid swoops in for an attack.



THE CABIN

Is a frenzy of smoke and flames.



THE SECOND ROTORAIDER

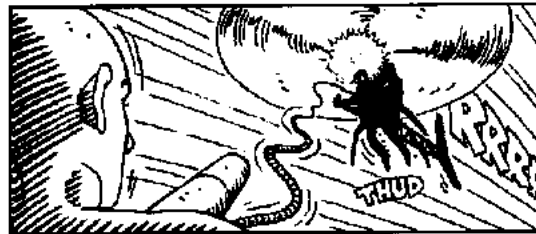
Approaches from behind.



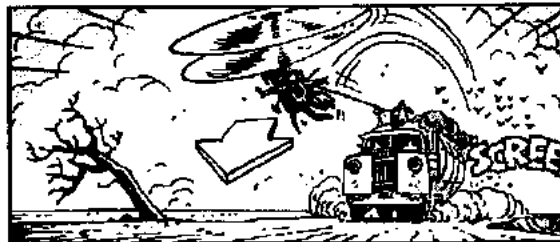
But NUX is waiting for it...with a HARPOON.



THUD!... Into the guts of the machine.



The 'Pilot' tries to glide away...but is tethered to the Rig.



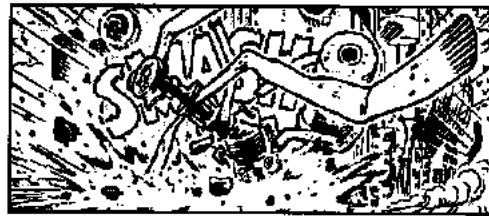
The ROAD WARRIOR stomps on the BRAKES. The Rig slows abruptly.

The Rotoraider is flung forward...into the ground.

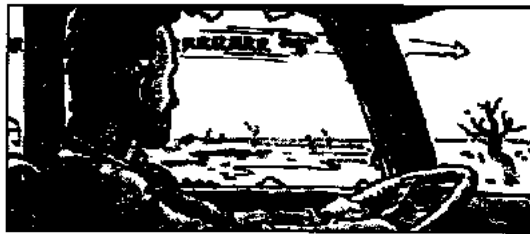


He hits the accelerator. The Rig thunders forward.

The Rotoraider disintegrates.



The ROAD WARRIOR keeps a close watch on its 'mate' as it hovers...out over the quagmire.



Thinking the better of it...it flies off into the mist.

The smoke clears...and the Praetorian finally gets a chance to dress the wound in her hip.



The GIRLS see to CAPABLE who has been splashed by the 'Napalm'.



NUX appears at the window...concerned for her.



They look to the Praetorian...hoping, now, she'll go easy on him.



PRAETORIAN
Stay on the outside.
Away from the weapons.



THE WAG
(pointing)
What do you make of that?



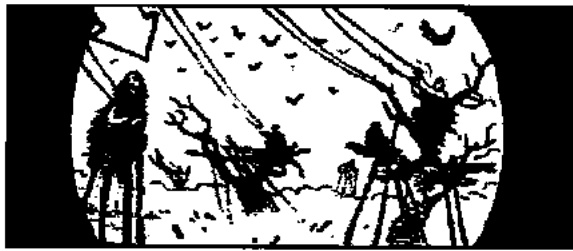
Kites...a dozen of them...rising out of the quagmire.

They are being attacked by hundreds of CROWS.



The WAG lifts her telescope...

Human forms on stilts... Tree Dwellers... are flying baited kites.



As the crows attack...they become hooked in the nets.



THE WAG
They're Sky-fishing!



The War Rig cruises on through the night...watched by the creatures who haunt this god-forsaken place.



FADE TO BLACK

PART 4 - A NEW DAY

Crows are swirling around the WAR RIG as it heads out into the DESERT...leaving the quagmire behind.



It's past dawn. The ROAD WARRIOR is driving into the rising sun.



The PRAETORIAN points out a DUST STORM off to one side.



He has already turned towards it.

KNOWING

I thought we were heading East?!

PRAETORIAN

Gonna use the dust storm.
Zigzag... confuse our tracks.



And so...the War Rig tracks great ZIG-ZAGS in the sand.

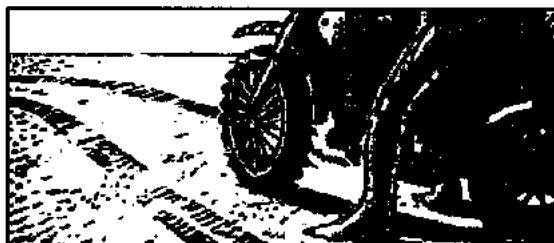
Pretty soon the dust sweeps over them...all but blowing them away.



DISSOLVE

LATER

The Sun is high...and the Warlord's SCOUTS have found the TRACKS.



One Scout calls to another some ways off...perched on top of a polecat.



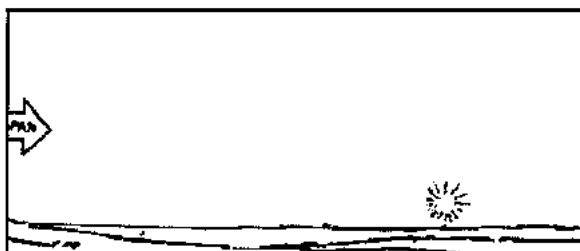
SCOUT

This one's got 'em headin'...North North-East!

POLE SCOUT

That don't make sense...
They're saying 'South'.

He refers to a FLASHING MIRROR way off in the distance.



This news is being received back at the...

WAR PARTY

Assembled at the edge of the desert.

MIRROR SCOUT
She zagged us...
They're heading every which way at once!



Their WARLORD is not pleased.

An Elite Guard lifts the HISTORY WOMAN for all to see.



THE ELITE GUARD
This is Miss Giddy. Her bones hurt. She's so frail it hurts to breathe.
No matter what we do to her... She won't give 'em up.
The whole day she's been put to the torture and hasn't spoken a word!
What do we have to match that?!

They come forward...The Gun Drivers, the Lancers, the Harpoonists, the Bikers, the Polecats...calling on their WARLORD.

WAR BOYS
Immorta!...Immortaaa!!

But he won't turn to face them.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

They are drumming now with their weapons, spanners and tire-irons...banging on their doors and roll cages.

WAR BOYS
IMMORTAAAA!!

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Coma's guitar begins to wail.

Then he turns...

THE IMMORTAN
Find them! Find them!!
Turn every grain of sand!

He lifts his mask so that the War Boys alone have the privilege of seeing his face!

THE IMMORTAN
I want your rage!
Give me your *rage*!!

They are BELLOWING now.

THE WAR BOYS
IMMORTAAA!
IMMORTAAAAAH!!



The drumming. The chanting. It's all very mosh pit...very primal.

FROM AFAR

We see the WAR PARTY storming out in all directions.



The clamorous chanting is still in our ears.



THE MURDER OF CROWS

Swirling down...down...



Towards two broken figures abandoned in the sand.

MISS GIDDY waves them away as they descend, squawking, onto SPLENDID'S corpse.



FURTHER ON

The ROAD WARRIOR is having a break from driving.

The desert rolls on and on...



He looks down.

It cannot be!

He has a female body!



NOW HE'S GIVING BIRTH TO HIMSELF?!

Arms reach out...



They're grabbing him from behind!



He wakes...uttering a cry.

The whole thing lasts for less than a second but caught here, between dream and reality, he is less guarded.



THE PRAETORIAN

It's okay...sleep while you have the chance.

He looks out across the barren world.

ROAD WARRIOR

How do y'know this place even exists?

PRAETORIAN

I was born there.

ROAD WARRIOR

Why'd you leave?

PRAETORIAN

I was taken as a child...stolen.

He looks at her. The face betrays nothing of the evils she endured.

ROAD WARRIOR

What makes you think you can find it again?

PRAETORIAN

They raged south.

Mountains were always on the right...

Then we were heading north and
the mountains were still on my right.

ROAD WARRIOR

You went 'round the Divide?

She nods.

PRAETORIAN

We came to the Citadel. I was traded into His hands.

I always figured home was across the mountains.

Due east. Two. Three. Maybe four days.

ROAD WARRIOR

Never tried to make it back before?

PRAETORIAN

I found another life.

They're like lovers exchanging life stories.



PRAETORIAN

He tried to breed with me. I was barren so he gave

me to his Praetorian who let me ride on the Rigs

and taught me the art of war... I was useful at it.

When he was killed I took over his command. I was the gun.

ROAD WARRIOR

So...what happened.

PRAETORIAN

They happened...

She means the GIRLS asleep in the back.



She speaks softly. Doesn't want to wake them.

NUX, however, is listening to every word.



PRAETORIAN

When they came into their fertility. He wanted females guarding them.
He'd already made his mistake... He gave them the History Woman.
She gave them books and they learned of the world as it once was.
They demanded to know why it all went wrong...
They were outraged by men whose power exceeded their wisdom.
I told them about the Green Place and the Many Mothers...and here we are.

ROAD WARRIOR

Why'd you do it?

PRAETORIAN

It came down to belief.
Theirs was stronger than mine.

ROAD WARRIOR

Belief?

PRAETORIAN

That things could be better.

He stares at her.

PRAETORIAN

It's not a good enough reason?

ROAD WARRIOR

You heard them back there.

PRAETORIAN
Who?

ROAD WARRIOR
The crows with the steel beaks.
'It's ripe...The time is ripe.'

PRAETORIAN
How do you mean?

ROAD WARRIOR
They're saying...it's the end time.

PRAETORIAN
The end of what?

ROAD WARRIOR
Everything.

She looks at him hard.

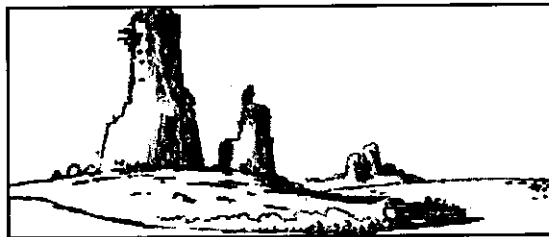
PRAETORIAN
So what keeps you going...one day to the next?

ROAD WARRIOR
Habit.

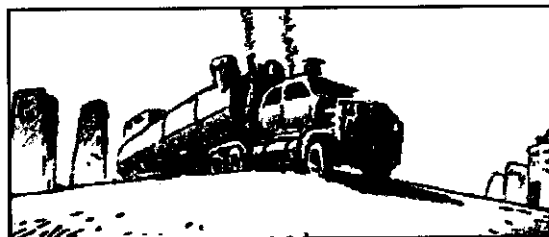
She turns her attention back to the landscape. This conversation is going nowhere.

BY MID-AFTERNOON

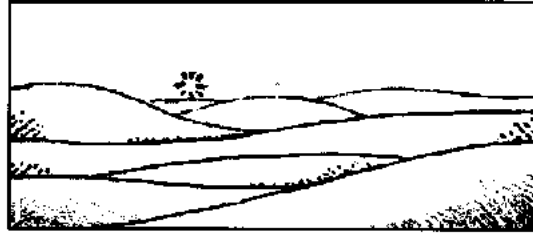
The WAR RIG is deep into the desert.



They stop on the crest of a dune. Scanning the horizon.



Way off...there's something glinting.



Is it the War Party?

No. Something else...A HUMAN up a pole.



PRAETORIAN

I know this...I remember this!

We may have found them.

SOON

They approach...

It's a NAKED WOMAN...captive on a flimsy platform.



She is barely conscious...wailing.

WOMAN

Help me...h-help me!!

The ROAD WARRIOR eases the rig to a stop. Not too close.



ROAD WARRIOR

It's a bait.

PRAETORIAN
It's okay...stay inside the Rig.

The Praetorian climbs out...raising her arms.



The woman begins to sob.

WOMAN
Hurry...please...they'll be back.

PRAETORIAN
I am of the Volvalini!
My birth mother was Mary Jabassa.
My initiate mother was K.T Concannon.
My clan was Swaddle Dog!

The Woman has fallen silent. Suddenly she's waving her arms...signaling off in the distance.
And ululating...

WOMAN
Yi Yi Yi Yi Yii Yiiii



BIKES are coming from out of nowhere.



The Naked Woman is free of her binds and clammers down the pole. The Rig is being surrounded. The Road Warrior raises his gun.



The Praetorian goes to meet them.



The VOLVALINI stand before her...glaring.



NAKED WOMAN
Says she's the daughter of Mary Jabassa.
Says she's Swaddle Dog.

A VOLVALINI
I knew Jabassa...

She comes up close. Looks at her this way and that...

VOLVALINI
Smile.

For the first time we see the Praetorian smile.

VOLVALINI
This woman has her eyes.

ANOTHER VOLVALINI
Did you come from the East?

PRAETORIAN
From the West. From a citadel beyond the mountains.

The GIRLS are approaching...warily.



The Volvalini beckon them closer.

Everyone is lowering their guard.

The Volvalini reveal their faces. Nine women. Hard, weather beaten warriors.

None of them younger than sixty.



They are taken aback by the Girls' youth and beauty. The whiteness of their teeth. The smoothness of their skin. The Wag's swollen, fecund belly.



For their part, the Girls are awestruck. They're finally in the embrace of the Volvalini. Heroic, legendary figures they have come so far to find.

The day is full of hope.

The Road Warrior and Nux ease out of the Rig. The Volvalini eye them suspiciously.

VOLVALINI

The penetralia? Who are they?

PRAETORIAN

They helped us make our way here...They're sound.

The Road Warrior is grateful for the endorsement...but something weird happens.

A MAN emerges from the dunes and walks straight up to him...right up to his face.



He is ANCIENT. An Aboriginal. A creature of the desert. The eyes penetrating...searing.



THE ANCIENT MAN

I know you.

ROAD WARRIOR

I don't think so.

THE ANCIENT MAN

I know you I know you.

With that...he flicks his hand in the Road Warrior's face. Like he's testing his reflexes.



The Road Warrior's hand goes protectively to his forehead. And...for a moment...it seems to be stuck.



He has no idea what happened. But, by the time he has recovered his composure, the Ancient Man is gone...disappearing over the dunes with his spears and his briefcase.



Meanwhile, out of the laughter, comes a casual question.



KNOWING
Where are the others?

VOLVALINI
What others?

KNOWING
The Many Mothers?

VOLVALINI
We're the only ones left.

PRAETORIAN
But...what about the Green Place? Where's the Green Place?!

VOLVALINI
(perplexed)
If you came from the west, you passed it!

The Praetorian is struck dumb. The truth has dawned on her. And CAPABLE too...

CAPABLE
The crows?! She means the place with all the crows!!

VOLVALINI
The Black oozed up twenty years ago. Oozed up foul out of the water table...
Leached everything dead before you were even born.

The Girls are gut-shot.

Hold the Road Warrior...



What now?

FADE TO BLACK

CHOICES

The night is still and clear. The mood is desolate.

Our BAND of wretched humans are camped high on the dunes overlooking a prodigious salt plain. Volvalini are on the watch for any sign of the War Party.



FRAGILE can't bring herself to move. She's staring up at the stars when something catches her eye.



FRAGILE

There's a star moving slowly across the sky.

VOLVALINI

That's what you call a 'Satellite'.

CAPABLE

(making conversation)

I read about that (*spells*) s.a.t.e.l.l.i.t.e.

NUX

What is it?

CAPABLE

They used to bounce messages across the earth.

NUX

What messages?

CAPABLE

'Shows'. Everybody in the old world had a show.

NUX

Could someone still be out there...sending shows?

VOLVALINI

Volvalini have been trekking out there since the ooze.
A hundred at a time. Always the promise...
if they found anything they'd come back.
No one ever has. Those are the Plains of Silence.

She laughs. It's her way.

The WAG rubs her belly.



THE WAG

You stay right where you are, Baby Ugly.
It's kinda lost its novelty out here.

VOLVALINI

Nooo...she's gonna be completely gorgeous.

The Wag glares at the Volvalini, who sits cradling an extraordinarily long rifle.



THE WAG

(with sarcasm)

You kill people with that...do you?

VOLVALINI

(breezily)

Killed everyone I ever met out here...except for you.
All of them with head shots. Snap. Right in the medulla.

THE WAG

Thought, somehow, you girls would be above all that?

The old woman grins.

VOLVALINI

Here...take a peek.

She lifts the flaps of her SADDLE BAG.

Revealing SEEDS. Packets, jars, little plastic bags full of seeds.



VOLVALINI

These are from home. I plant one every chance I get.
So far nothing's took... Earth's too sour.

The Wag is impressed.

THE WAG

So many different kinds.

The Volvalini nods.

VOLVALINI

Trees, flowers, fruit. Back then everyone had their fill.
Back then there was no need to snap anybody.

THE ROAD WARRIOR OCCUPIES HIMSELF

Doing repairs to the RIG.



A GIRL appears...flaunting herself.



It's KNOWING.

KNOWING

I've been reading your back. You must be some kind of genius.
Surviving the wasteland all by yourself. Must get lonely though?
Ever consider a companion...you know...for 'companionship'?

He ignores her.

KNOWING

'No lumps...No bumps...Genitals intact'.
Together we could make a fine human.

ROAD WARRIOR

There's broken glass in the cabin.
Sweep it out with this...(an oily rag).

KNOWING

(more desperate now)

I can be your watchdog...Someone to watch over you while you sleep.
Someone you can trust. Just so you can get some decent sleep.

ROAD WARRIOR

Collect all the bits in this...(a rusty can).

He goes back to his work. Knowing bristles.



THE PRAETORIAN APPROACHES



PRAETORIAN

Come with me...

He follows her to where they can have a private conversation.



She is struggling against her bitter disappointment.

He would like to say 'sorry'. But it's not his way.

PRAETORIAN

I've been talking with the others...

We'll never have a better chance to make it across the salt.

If we scuttle the Rig and load up the bikes we'll have enough fuel and rations to ride hard for about a hundred and sixty days...

We could make it halfway across the world by then.

One of the bikes is for you...fully loaded.

He takes it all in.

PRAETORIAN

You're welcome to join us...very welcome.

He stares at her.

PRAETORIAN

I guess you like to make your own way.

He nods.

ROAD WARRIOR

Thanks.

He's a free agent now.

PRAETORIAN

And you...Thanks.

Her hand goes to his arm.

He recoils...can't help it. It's a reflex. They're both embarrassed.

She withdraws.

PRAETORIAN

We'll be leaving in the morning.

She walks away.



The Road Warrior is back where we started... alone again... staring out into the void.



ROAD WARRIOR
I know what's out there.



PRAETORIAN
Huh?

ROAD WARRIOR
Nothing. Years of nothing.
There's nowhere to go but inside your head.

PRAETORIAN
We can't stay here.

ROAD WARRIOR
No...we go back.



EVERYBODY is staring at him. Did they hear right?

ROAD WARRIOR

There's only one green place I know
and these are the Many Mothers.

He's pointing to the Girls.

KNOWING

Citadel Central!... You're *Mad*!

But he is fixed on the Praetorian. He's trying to give her something. Another chance.



ROAD WARRIOR

Mister Blue is spread wide across the wasteland
trying to pick up our tracks. We sneak by him.
Get back to the Pass first... They would have cleared
it to bring the War Party through.

PRAETORIAN

And we use the tanker to jam the pass?



ROAD WARRIOR

We need two minutes clear. Get it into position
Decouple. And...Kaboom!

Hope is stirring.

THE WAG

Say this works. What happens when we get to the Citadel?

PRAETORIAN

He called everyone out... The only War Boys left would be
too sick or too young to fight. The only problem would be the Winchmen.
We'd have to convince them somehow to take us to the top.

KNOWING

They're Winchmen. They're not gonna do it.

ROAD WARRIOR

They will if we go under his gun.

He's pointing to NUX.

CAPABLE

He'll be bringing back what's stolen.
Together with the perpetrators. They'll have to let us up!

Everyone is looking at the War Boy.

He is looking at Capable.

NUX

Sounds good to me.

VOLVALINI

I like these people. They think like us.

The Old Ladies grin.

VOLVALINI

Appear where you're least expected.
Strike when he's not prepared.

They're all looking back...to the world they fled.

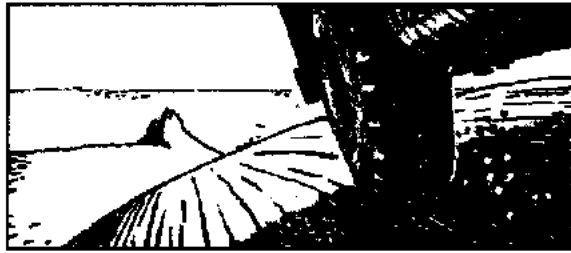


They are filled, at once, with HOPE and DREAD.

FADE TO BLACK

PART 5 - THE FATAL TERRAIN

The final engagement begins with the WAR RIG gliding silently down a slope.



The engines are turned off because they can see the WAR PARTY way off on the desert floor below.



The PRAETORIAN is driving. The ROAD WARRIOR and the VOLVALINI are riding shotgun.

The Road Warrior has the telescope.



ROAD WARRIOR

(quietly)

Two camps. Six miles to the south and
a bigger one north-west about ten.

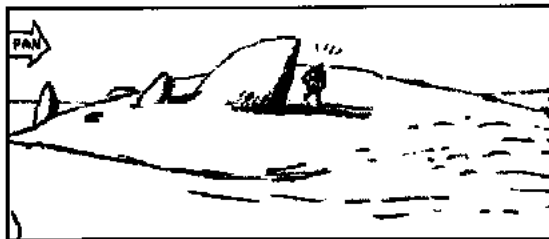
PRAETORIAN

We have better cover to the right.

He nods. She kicks over the engines and the great vehicle moves stealthily along the ridge.



Just then...they see a figure running out from behind a rock.



Indeed it's a SCOUT with his pants around his ankles...answering nature's call.

The Volvalini don't dare call attention by firing their rifles, so it's left to the Road Warrior to bring the fellow down with a crossbow.



The bolt strikes the War Boy in the shoulder...but he scrambles over the top of the dune.



Two of the Volvalini...OUTRIDERS...go after him. The Scout is making for his bike.



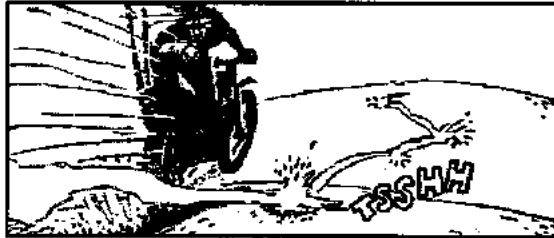
The Volvalini PILLION has unsheathed her dagger...and just as he pulls a FLARE GUN from his saddle bags...she dives on him.



He fires!



But the flare **SKIPS** low across the sand.



In no time...the Scout is dead. It's quick, silent and 'humane'.



With equal skill the **RIDER** slides her back wheel and **SMOTHERS** the flare with sand.



She throws herself on top of it...just to make sure.

She looks out across the desert.



Nothing stirs. Close call.

THE INFESTATION

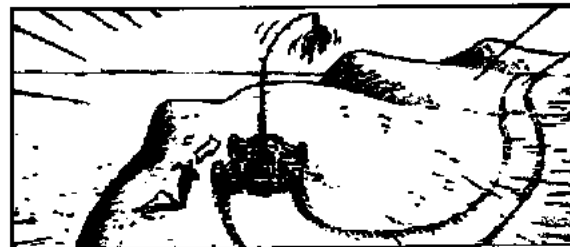
The PRAETORIAN does not see the WAR BOY up the pole ahead.



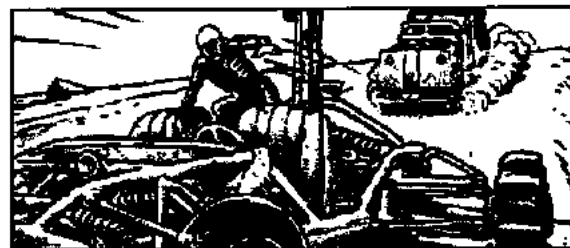
But the ROAD WARRIOR does.



The War Boy doesn't get a chance to fire a flare, but the DRIVER makes it back to his vehicle before the Road Warrior can reload.



As the War Rig swoops down on him, the Driver goes for his FLARE GUN.



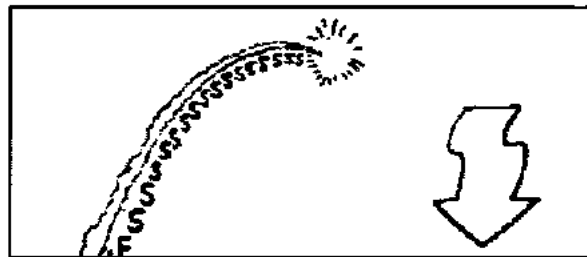
He FIRES...just before the impact.



Although the vehicle tumbles over the side...

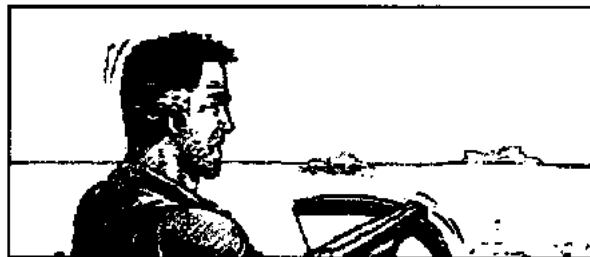


The FLARE is launched skyward!



It hangs there. The Road Warrior waits...

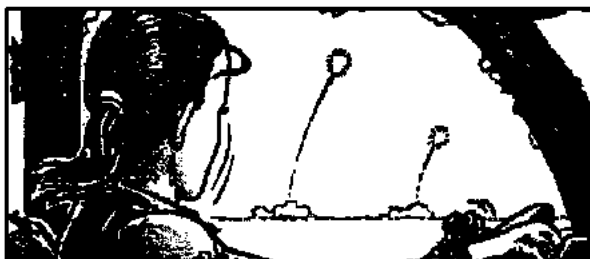
Will they see it?!



Damn! There's a response... Ten miles off to the right.



Pretty soon FLARES are popping off all over the wasteland.



It gets worse. CAPABLE is pointing to...



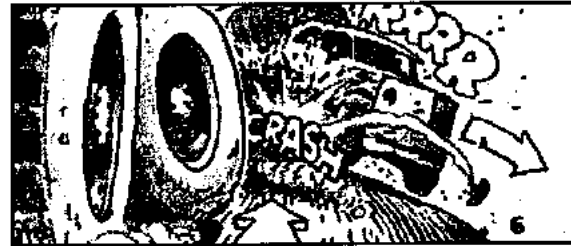
ASSAULT VEHICLES... coming right at them.



The place is infested.

The Praetorian doesn't hesitate.

She brushes aside the leading vehicles.



And SWERVES...



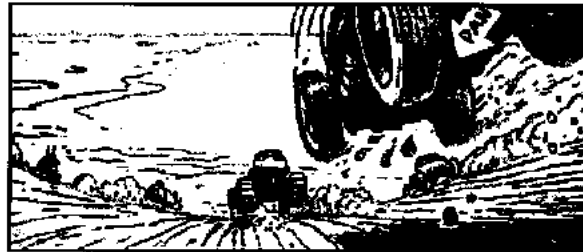
OVER THE SIDE!



The Great War Rig careens down the slope.



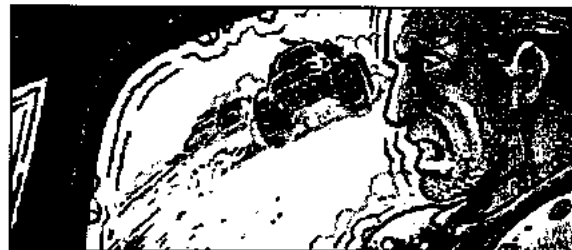
The Assault Vehicles thunder after her. Recklessly out of control.



The Volvalini have trouble holding on.



The drop is so STEEP the Rig threatens to roll!



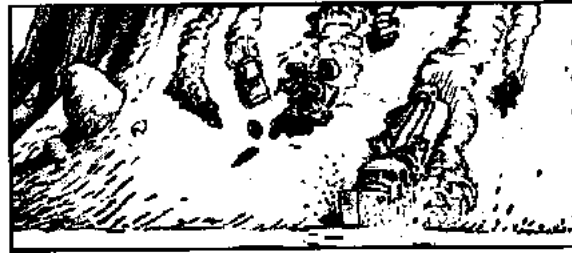
Assault vehicles do!



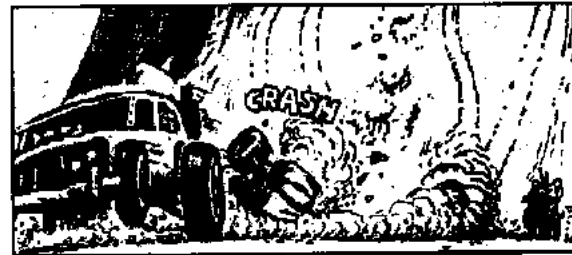
It's a wild ride...



But the Praetorian finesses it all the way to the bottom.



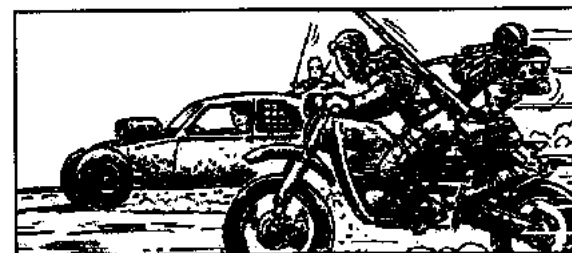
Only one ASSAULT CAR emerges from the riot of tumbling vehicles.



The Volvalini OUTRIDERS make it too.



They surge up alongside.



Like buffalo shooters...they blow out the front wheel...



And bring the beast down.



THE RACE

There are DUST CLOUDS coming at them...vehicles from the left and the right.



ROAD WARRIOR
Go straight down the middle!

The Praetorian bangs the NITRO.



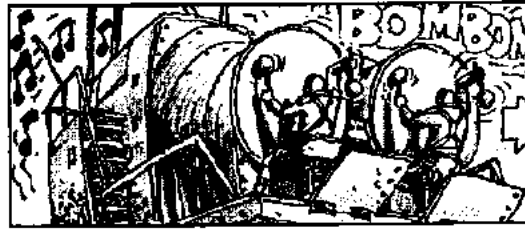
The War Rig powers out across the Wasteland.



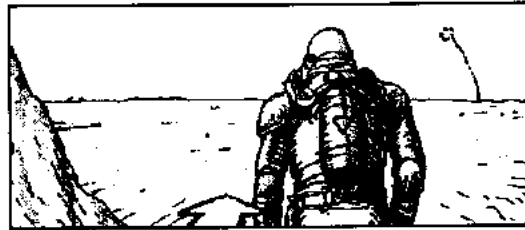
Will they make it through the gap before the packs converge?

IN THE WARLORD'S CAMP

The Drums are pounding.



The IMMORTAN can't believe his eyes. There they are...way out on the left.



ELITE GUARD

(with binoculars)

It's the War Rig. No question. Heading due west.

THE PEOPLE EATER

Why would they do that?
Do they wish to surrender?



THE IMMORTAN

(it dawns on him)

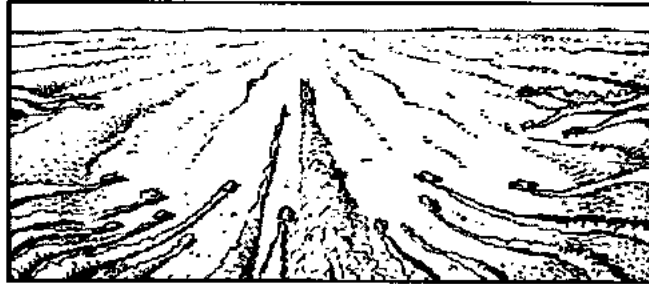
They're going back through the pass!

He calls his GIGAHORSE forward and rides its huge wheel...up to the cabin.



He ROARS off. Leading his troops...like hounds to the chase.

THE PACK IS CLOSING IN



IN THE WAR RIG

The precious CARGO sits huddled in the back seat. Protected by the VOLVALINI and NUX behind. The ROAD WARRIOR and the PRAETORIAN in the front.



The WAG has her head bowed in supplication...muttering to herself.

CAPABLE
What are you doing?

THE WAG
Praying.

CAPABLE
To whom?

THE WAG
Whatever providence is out there.

AT THE REAR

VOLVALINI man the gunner's pod.



One of them brushes her few remaining teeth. It's a pre-battle ritual.

THE NITRO DERBY

An ASSAULT VEHICLE sweeps in from the right. Its wheels steel covered.



NUX
It's Razor Cola.

ROAD WARRIOR
Huh?

PRAETORIAN
He'll try to get ahead of us.
Spike our front wheels.

Indeed, the Assault Car is gaining. RAZOR COLA is on the bonnet spraying something into the blower.



NUX
He's spritzing the Supercharger!

With that, Nux grabs a fuel can and a length of hose and climbs out of the cabin.



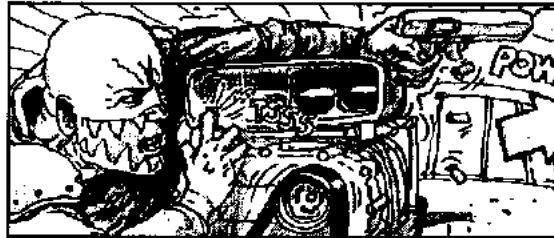
PRAETORIAN
Don't go blowing my motors.

NUX
Gonna force 'em...just a little.

The Road Warrior gives him cover fire.



Razor Cola is spritzing and shooting back.



Nux empties the gold from the SPRAY CAN around his neck and begins siphoning ACCELERANT into it.



But he's too late...

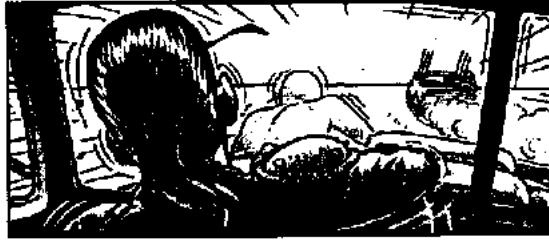
The Assault Vehicle has surged ahead of the War Rig...



And the Tail Gunner releases the SPIKES.



The PRAETORIAN swerves.



The spikes flail against the Rig's front wheels...

But don't go under them.



They do, however, blow a tire down the back.



The jostle causes NUX to inhale fuel.



The ROAD WARRIOR takes his place.



He siphons the accelerant into the can...



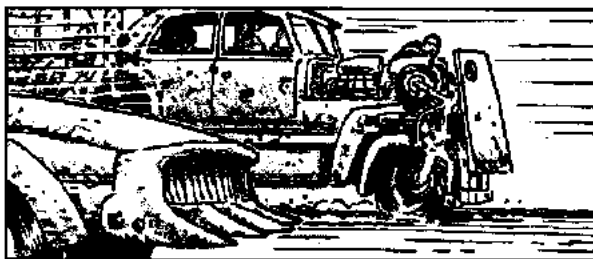
And sprays it into the mouth of the supercharger.



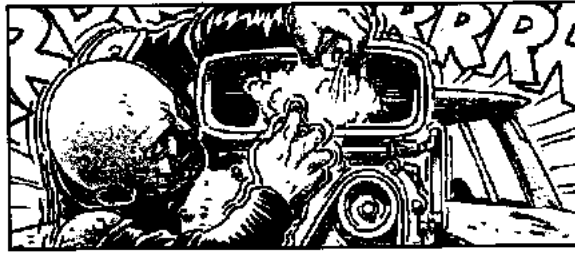
The Praetorian feels the boost. The engines scream.



The War Rig surges...



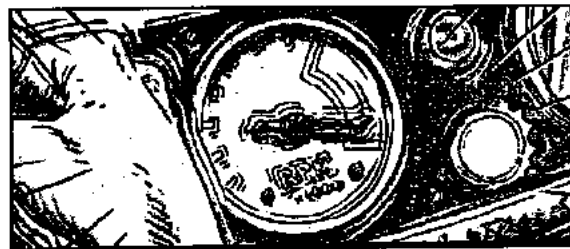
Not to be outdone...Razor Cola grabs another can and DOUBLES the amount of spritz.



His DRIVER checks the tachometer.



It's red-lining!



The Assault Car is overtaking the War Rig once again.



But the Praetorian won't let him get in front... not this time.

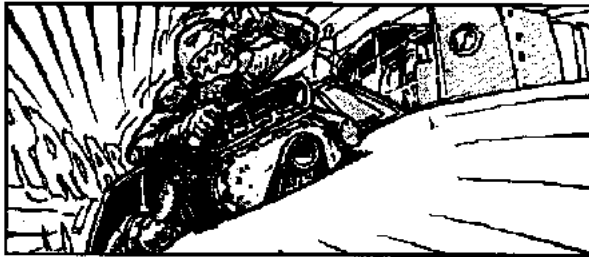
She slams right into the bastard!



The Assault Car rides up onto the Cow Catcher.



Razor Cola is a wildman. He takes a mouth full of accelerant.



And kicks it with THREE TIMES the recommended dose.



The Motor squeals. The exhausts breathe fire. The Assault car lurches forward.



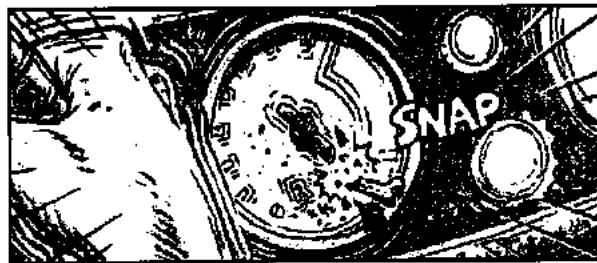
The Road Warrior has no choice but to suck up a mouthful...and give the War Rig all *he's* got.



Razor Cola goes berserker...trying to top him.



The Vehicle rockets to the front. The G force is fierce. The tachometer collapses.



But the Razor won't stop...



And the engine EXPLODES!



The Supercharger launches his body skyward...

And the War Rig smashes the Assault Vehicle aside.



PLAN B

The ROAD WARRIOR scrambles back to the cabin. The War Rig slows.



PRAETORIAN

Had to back off... Number One's lost power. Two's about to blow!

ROAD WARRIOR

We ate up our buffer. Have to jam the canyon on the run.

He hands the nearest VOLVALINI a spanner.



ROAD WARRIOR

Unbolt the tanker plate! Start on the far side
and work your way to the middle...
Leave the last four bolts.

He turns to NUX who's back next to CAPABLE.

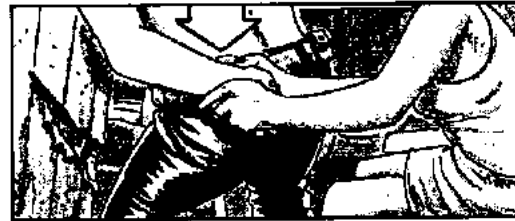


ROAD WARRIOR
You a 'black-finger'?

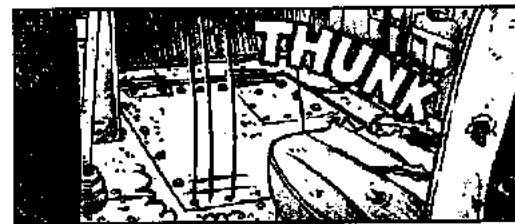
Nux nods keenly.

ROAD WARRIOR
Go down. See what you can do for engine one.

Capable doesn't want him to go.

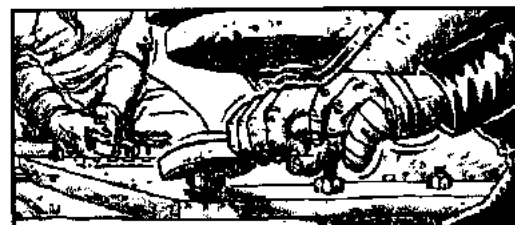


Strapping on his harness, he drops into the man-hole which accesses the engines.



DEATH BY IMPERATOR

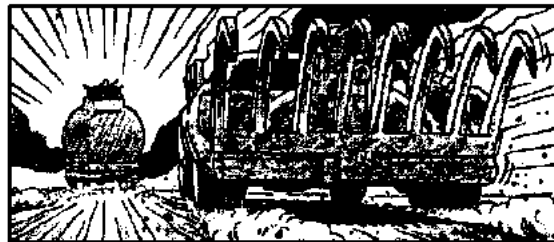
The ROAD WARRIOR and the VOLVALINI are working as fast as they can...setting up the tanker for the 'decouple'.



The others are burning ruined tires...for a smoke screen.



A HARPOON VEHICLE encroaches...a row of ploughs welded on the back.



The VOLVALINI in the gunner's pod prepare to shoot.



VOLVALINI
One man. One bullet.

But her COMRADE stops her.

Because the Volvalini OUTRIDERS have emerged from the dust...



But the HARPOONIST is waiting for them with a length of chain.



WHAM!...The bike goes down.

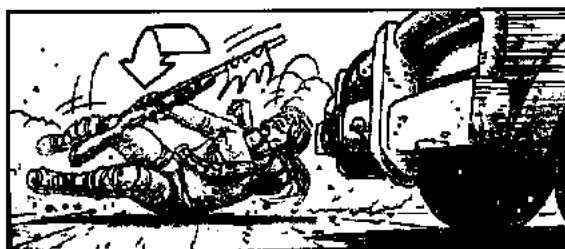
The PILLION recovers to see the 'STAMPEDE' bearing down on her.



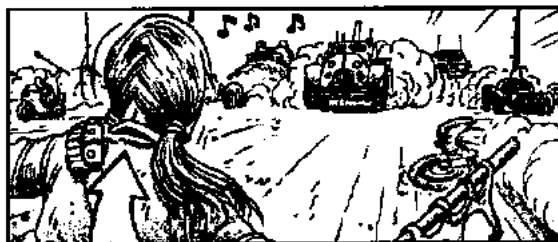
She retrieves her rifle and...



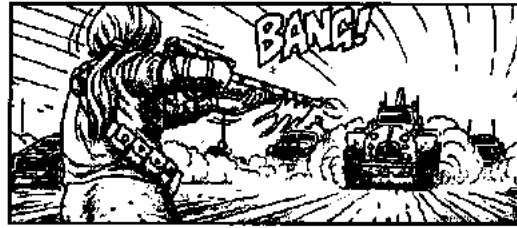
Rolls clear of an oncoming vehicle...just.



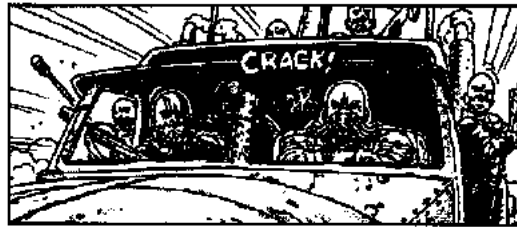
And there it is...the GIGAHORSE...thundering towards her.



She holds her ground. She FIRES.



The windscreen crazes a little...right in his face. But it's armor-plated.



She tries again.



To no effect.



The IMMORTAN charges her down.



She drops to the ground.

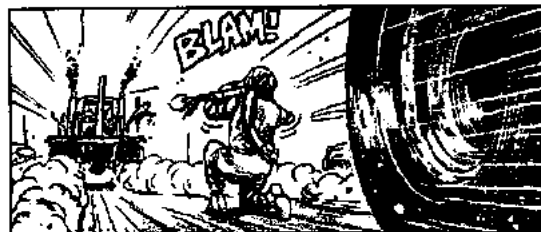


The Gigahorse passes right over her.

She rises to her knees and keeps firing.



But the MONSTER Fuel Truck...coming up behind her...mercilessly runs her down!



And who's got his crapulous hands on the wheel?



The PEOPLE EATER himself.

THE HARPOON ATTACK

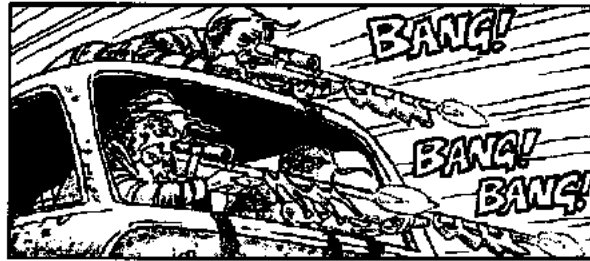
Up front, they're working on the Rig...



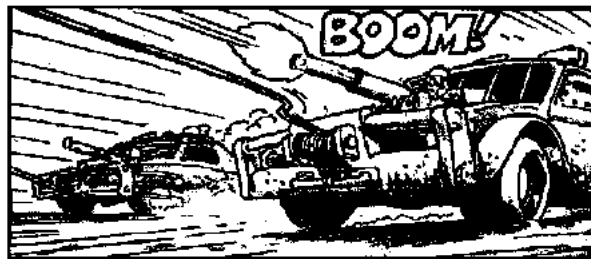
When more HARPOON CARS appear.



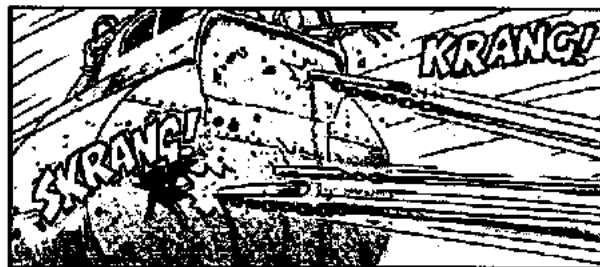
Despite the best efforts of the VOLVALINI...



They come close enough to strike.



The harpoons snag the back of the Rig.



The ploughs drop...



Digging deep into the ground.

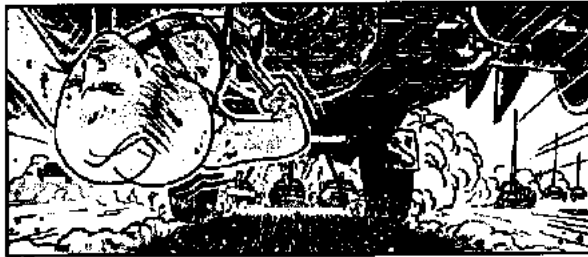


Like anchors...they slow the Rig down.



Dragging it back.

NUX...slung underneath...can feel the strain of the engines.



The ROAD WARRIOR keeps working on the bolts.



A Volvalini from the Gunner's pod calls to him.



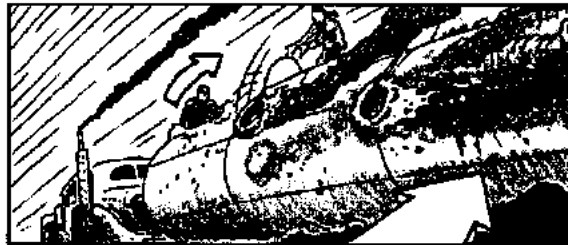
VOLVALINI
Lose the tanker!
They're hauling us back.

ROAD WARRIOR
No! Not yet.

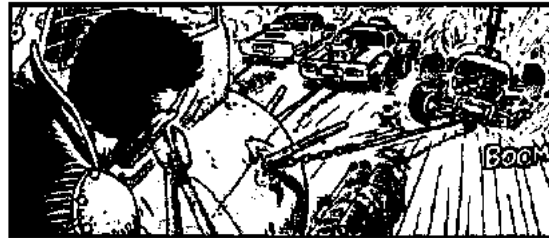


ROAD WARRIOR
Gimme the boltcutters!

He scrambles to the back of the rig.



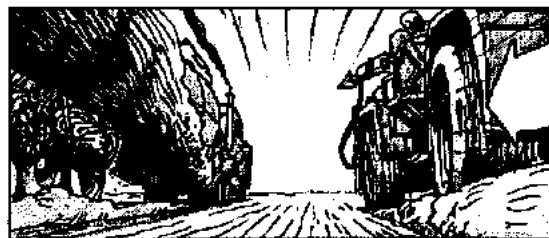
More harpoons have found their mark.



He starts cutting them away.



A large VEHICLE approaches from the other side.



It launches two harpoons at the Cabin.

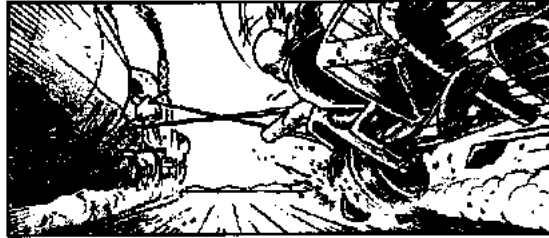
One of them comes awfully close to the Girls.



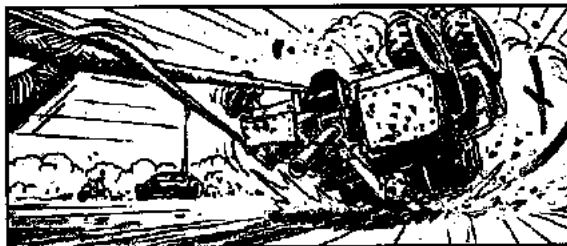
The cables tangle. Another Volvalini is dead.



The Vehicle slews wildly...



And rolls on its back.



The drag forces are enormous.

Half the cabin TEARS AWAY.



The GIRLS are exposed.



THE ROAD WARRIOR MEANTIME

Cuts away another cable.



It lashes back...viciously...into the face of the Driver.



Another HARPOON impacts close to the VOLVALINI who is holding onto the Road Warrior.



The Driver swerves.



He wants to crush them against the side of the Rig with his cable.

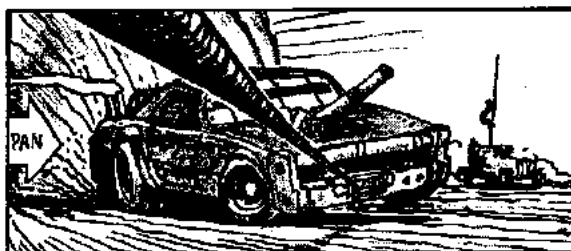
The Volvalini screams... It's caught her leg!



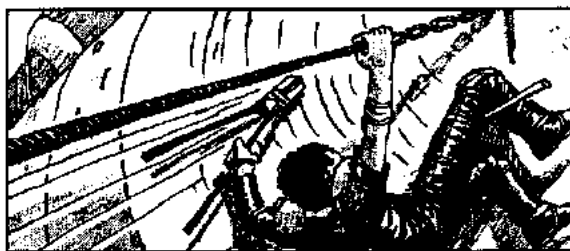
The Road Warrior cuts it free.



While he's distracted, a HARPOON CAR swerves out wide.



It's trying to slice him in half!



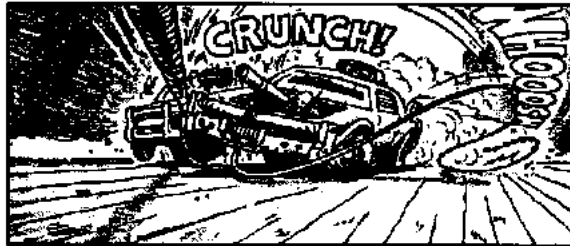
The Harpoon Car swings back the OTHER WAY.

The Road Warrior is jammed. About to be crushed.

But he severs the cable...just in time.



The Harpoon Car collides with the next which veers out of control.



The last of the cables tears away.



The two Vehicles tumble...end over end...back into the dust cloud.



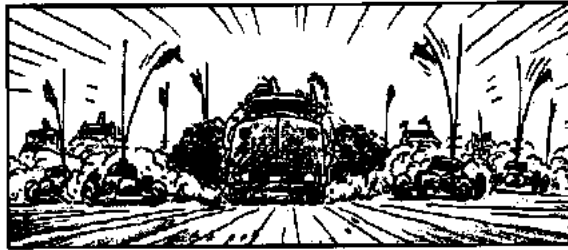
THE ASSAULT OF THE POLECATS

A new force looms.

WAR BOYS are climbing the poles...rocking from side to side. Like metronomes.



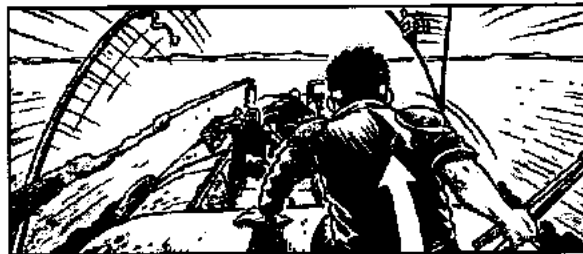
With each oscillation they move closer to the War Rig.



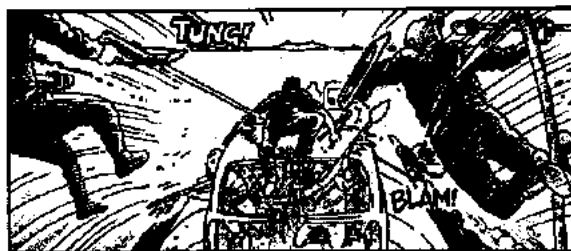
Then...they land.



The ROAD WARRIOR comes after them.



While the VOLVALINI shoot those coming after him.



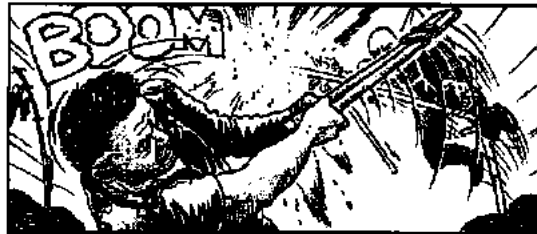
Nevertheless...he cops a CROSSBOW BOLT in the thigh.



While the Volvalini reload... a War Boy swoops with dual THUNDER STICKS.



The Road Warrior belts them away with his BOLT CUTTERS.

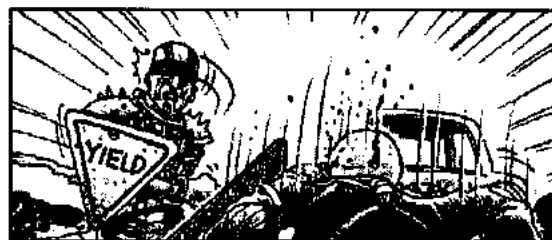


Meanwhile...

The WAR BOYS are making for the CABIN.



One of them is shot dead.



The other turns to see...

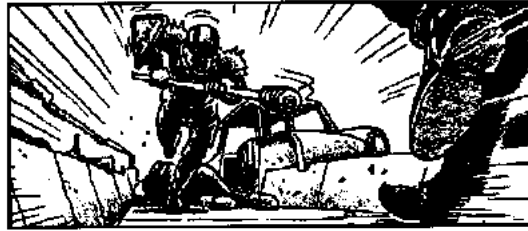
An Old Woman reloading her rifle... It's the VOLVALINI with the damaged leg.



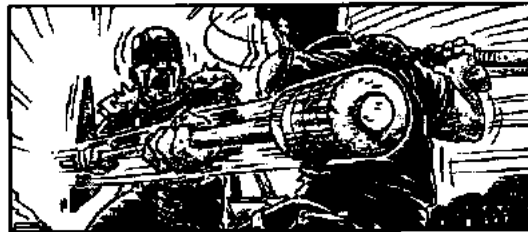
And...above her...a wild man!



They charge each other.



The Road Warrior sidesteps the Thunder Stick.



And KLUD!...The War Boy sails over the side.



UP FRONT

There's an attack on the PRAETORIAN.

Two POLECATS swoop in and out...by turns.

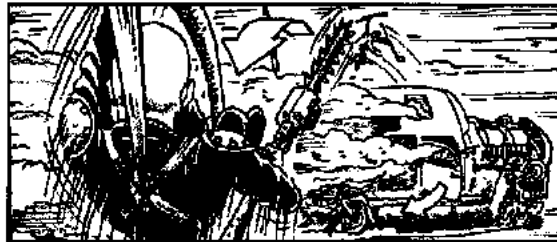
The FIRST approaches from the left...and drops a 'SMOKER' into the cabin.



While she's coping with that...



The SECOND swoops in from the right with a 'Bone Saw'.



But before he can do any damage...he takes a bullet from the Volvalini's Gun.



By now, the First Polecat is on his return swing.

He hooks a wire NOOSE around the Praetorian's neck.



He yanks on it savagely...choking off her carotids. Her foot comes off the accelerator.

There's a shout. The Polecat looks up. The VOLVALINI is about to serve him a tooth-splitter.



KRAK!!...He lets go of the noose.



Someone grabs her gun...



It's the Second Polecat!



He lunges...with the 'Bone Saw'.



The Praetorian shoots him, point blank, with thunderheads.



Boom!...He is blasted back.



As the Praetorian removes the noose...

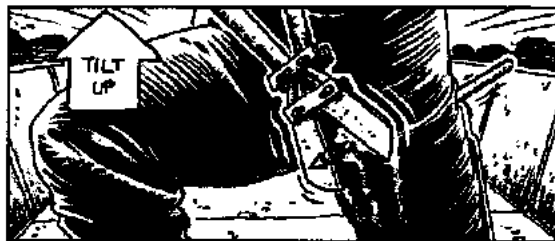


The Volvalini collapses into the seat...clutching her neck.



THE ROAD WARRIOR MEANWHILE

Is busy cutting the arrow from his thigh.



And fending off the Polecats with his boltcutters.



THE NEXT ATTACK

Comes by stealth.

An Assault Bike eases alongside the Rig.



The PILLION leaps aboard.



And...very acrobatically...hauls up the RIDER.



One of their weapons is a 'Chainsaw-on-a-stick'...and there are no VOLVALINI left up front to defend the Praetorian!

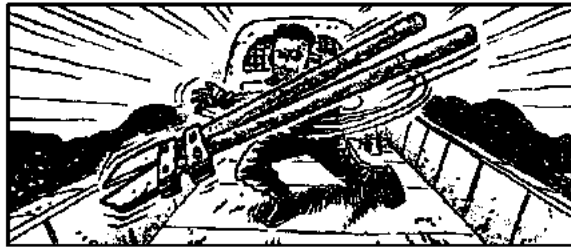
The ROAD WARRIOR needs to stop them.



But his way forward is blocked!



He hurls his Boltcutters.



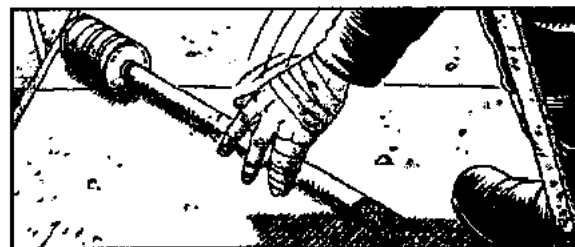
The Polecats are flung apart.



But the PILLION is already on top of the cabin.



The Road Warrior reaches for a fallen thunderstick.



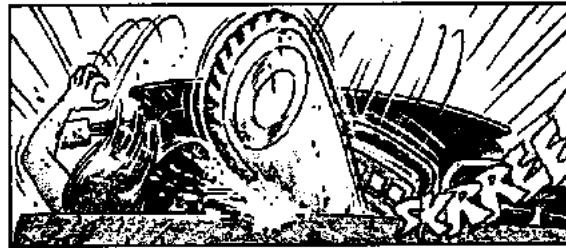
The Pillion raises his weapon. He's about to bring it down on the Praetorian.



The Road Warrior throws... Finds his mark.



The Pillion slumps forward onto the engines.



Then it happens...

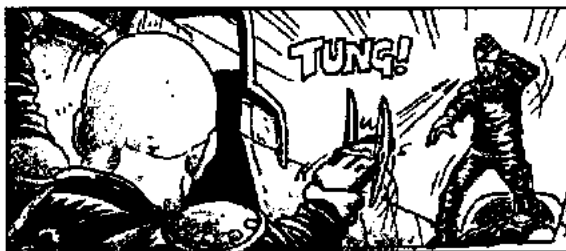
The RIDER appears.



The Road Warrior's left hand goes to his forehead...just as it did for the Ancient Man in the desert.



A good thing too...because that's when the Rider fires his cross-bow.



The Road Warrior is hit.



He stumbles.



And falls to the deck.



His world goes topsy-turvy.



Things are bad...but they're going to get worse.

A TASTE OF KILLING

The POLECATS are targeting the GIRLS.

One swoops in on KNOWING...



He grabs her.



He's dragging her away. Everyone is screaming.



She has a PISTOL. And...without giving it a second thought...she starts firing.



Over and over...BLAM! BLAM!...Directly into his chest.



Suddenly, the Polecat's face changes.

The rage falls away and he becomes...just another bewildered human.



Then...his hands weaken their grip...



And he is flung away.



Knowing is numb...caught between remorse and exhilaration.



But already ANOTHER Polecat is on her.



And someone else has grabbed her from behind...It's the BIKE RIDER.



There is a tug of war.

Everyone is pulling her...The War Boys, the GIRLS, even the wounded VOLVALINI.



UP TOP

The ROAD WARRIOR groans.

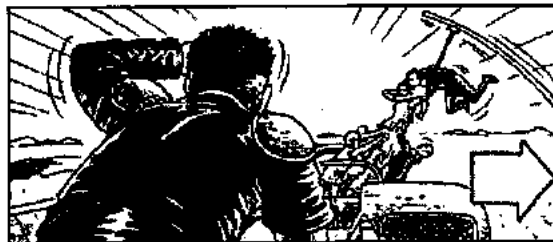


His world is coming back into focus.



He drags himself up.

In time to see KNOWING being pulled away from the War Rig.



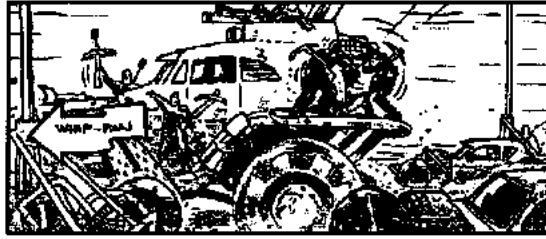
He goes to help...stumbles. Something's wrong!

His hand is stuck to his forehead.



THE CONTRACT

KNOWING has been transferred to the GIGAHORSE.



The PRAETORIAN is trying to reload.

The GIRLS sit stunned.



The BIKE RIDER reappears.



The WAG makes a grab for his crossbow. Knocking his aim.

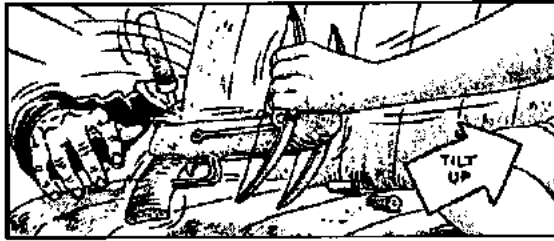
The Praetorian throws her blade.



It thuds right into his chest.



As he falls back...the Wag snatches his crossbow away.



The bolts have pinned the Praetorian's shoulder pad to the seat. She wrenches it free.



AT THE SAME MOMENT

The ROAD WARRIOR is prizing his hand from his forehead.

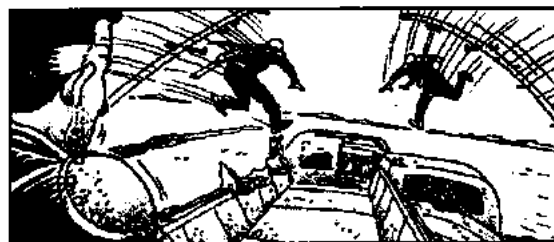


He looks at the barb...



By some providence, it penetrated no further than the bone.

Up ahead...more Polecats arrive.



Worse still, the GIGAHORSE is overtaking the War Rig.



The Praetorian has double-loaded the Rider's crossbow. She looks for a shot on the IMMORTAN.



But he shoves KNOWING in the way.



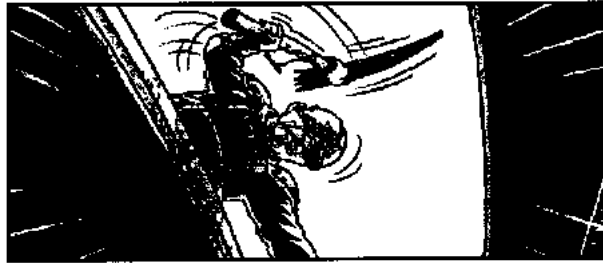
So she turns her weapon on his GUNNERS...



Suddenly, there's a POLECAT on the roof.



He has a PICKAXE!



BOOF!...The ROAD WARRIOR tackles him.



They crash onto the engines.



The Road Warrior falls badly. Undefended.



The Praetorian hits the BRAKES.



The Polecat tumbles...over the front of the War Rig.



This is hardly the time or place...

But the ROAD WARRIOR and the PRAETORIAN give each other the 'LOOK'.

Man to Woman. Destinies entwined.



There is a contract exchanged...somehow they'll see each other through all this.



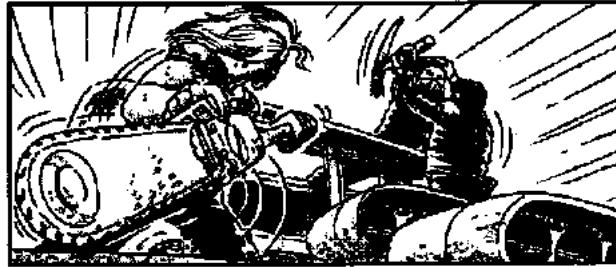
There's another ASSAILANT!



The Road Warrior fends him off.



The PILLION with the chainsaw is also on his feet...going for him.



The Praetorian yells a warning.



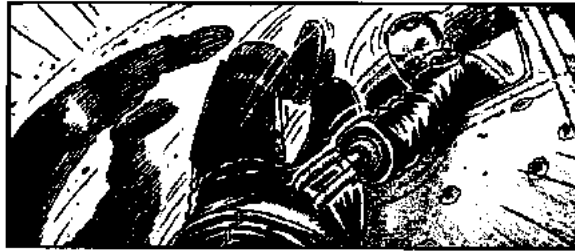
He spins around...using the Assailant as a shield.



WHAM!... They go over the side...the three of them!



The Praetorian reaches out... She HOOKS the Road Warrior by the belt.



And stops him from crashing to the ground!



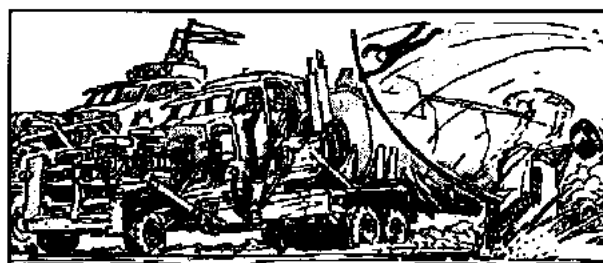
The other two tumble into the path of the oncoming vehicles.



The CHAINSAW bursts the front wheel of a Polecat VEHICLE.



Causing it to roll. The WAR BOY up the pole is whipped forward...



WHUMP!...He pounds into the ground...very close to the Road Warrior's face.

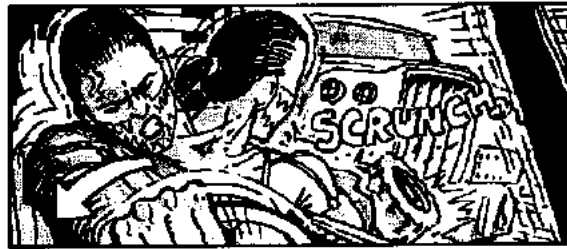
The Vehicle flips into the Monster FUEL TRUCK which begins to shunt it forward.



It comes...grinding against the belly of the War Rig...about to crush the ROAD WARRIOR.



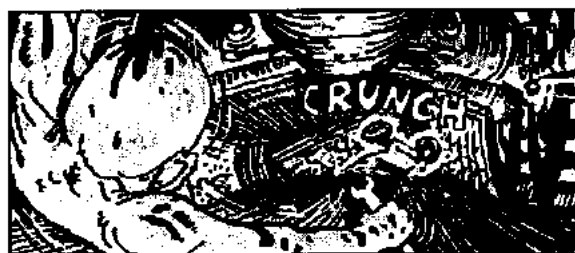
The PRAETORIAN veers away.



The WRECK slides off the front of the Fuel Truck...



And falls back...under the wheels of the War Rig.



NUX is flung about wildly by the impacts.

The Road Warrior DROPS...closer to the ground.



The Praetorian struggles mightily to hold him. But he's slipping away. The STRAPS of her prosthetic arm are breaking under the strain.



Now things gets a lot worse.

The RIDER returns. His mouth is gold...and he has the Praetorian's BLADE. Before anyone can stop him...he drives it into her chest!



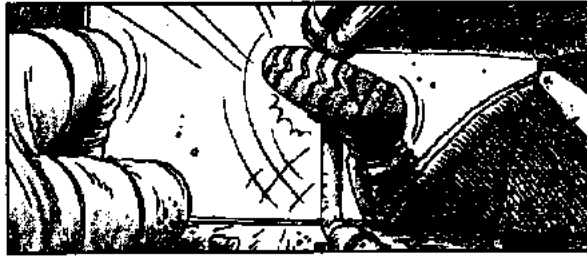
The Girls drag him back.



The wounded VOLVALINI gives him a heave with her boot.



His FOOT catches...preventing his fall.



FRAGILE knocks it free.



He falls to his death.

The VOLVALINI slumps against the WAG'S legs.



All her strengths are gone, even her optimism.

VOLVALINI
(faintly)
It tastes...sour.

She dies clutching her saddlebag of seeds.



The Girls are freaking. There's dying all around.

The PRAETORIAN tries to pull the knife from her ribcage...but can't.



She's in bad shape...



And she's still holding onto the ROAD WARRIOR.



THE CORRAL

Now, the large WAR MACHINES come into play.

They have a well-practised strategy.

First, a brutal-looking War Rig, known as the BATTLE TRUCK, thunders in from the RIGHT.



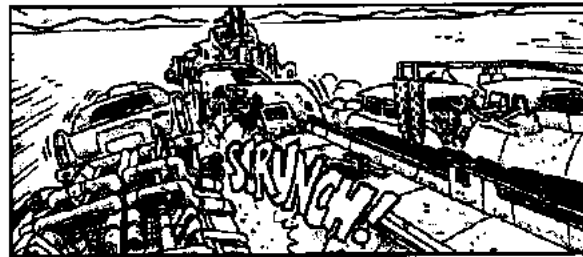
At the same time, the GIGAHORSE sweeps out in FRONT.



While the FUEL TRUCK keeps grinding up the LEFT side.



The PRAETORIAN swerves, this way and that, trying to avoid them...but she is BOXED IN.

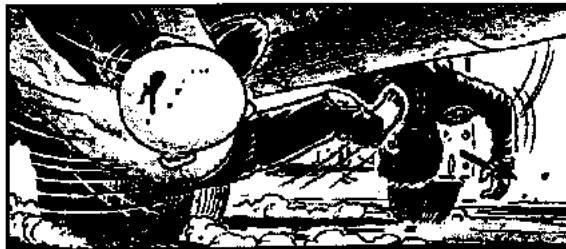


The ROAD WARRIOR is struggling. The Fuel Truck is looming down on him...In a moment he will be scraped off the side.



He tries to swing himself out of the way...but doesn't have the strength.

NUX swings into shot...and gives him a shove.



The ROAD WARRIOR grasps the only thing he can...the front of the Fuel Truck.



By now, the DOOF MOBILE has swept in behind the War Rig and 'closed the gate' on the CORRAL.



The Praetorian has nowhere to go...It is simply a matter of slowing her down until she grinds to a halt.

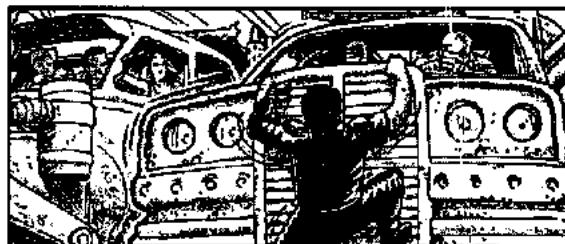


WAR BOYS are trying to board the War Rig.

The VOLVALINI from the GUNNER'S POD are keeping them at bay.



The Road Warrior is trapped on the front of the Fuel Truck...



Pinned down by machine-gun fire.



The situation is relieved by one of the VOLVALINI making her way to the front of the Rig.

She hurls a BURNING TIRE into the cabin of the FUEL TRUCK.



The Road Warrior makes his move.



He scrambles over the hood...and onto the roof.



He spins the machine gun around.



And rakes the cabin with gunfire.



From out of the smoke and fire...come the cries of the dying.

THE RELEASE

NUX emerges from under the Rig.



NUX

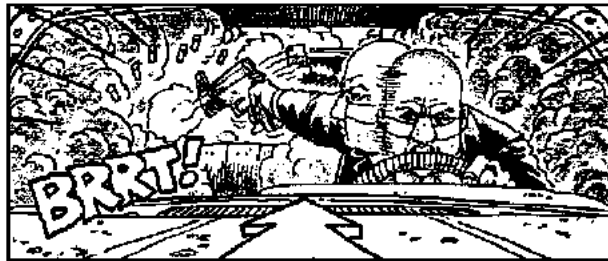
She had a leg out of bed.
I hooked up a thousand units of Fang... You're whole again.
W-Where is she...?!

CAPABLE is on the hood. The Volvalini are exchanging fire with the IMMORTAN'S GUARDS. Capable is shielding the Praetorian.



Next door...

The PEOPLE EATER empties a clip into the smoke.



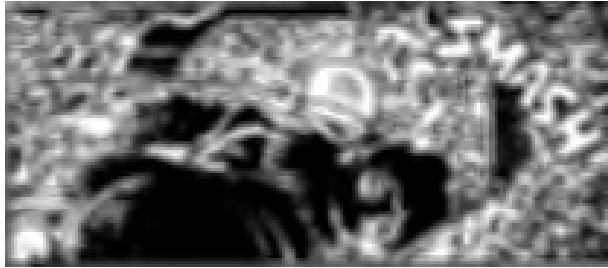
When he stops to reload...the ROAD WARRIOR drops into view!...WHUD!



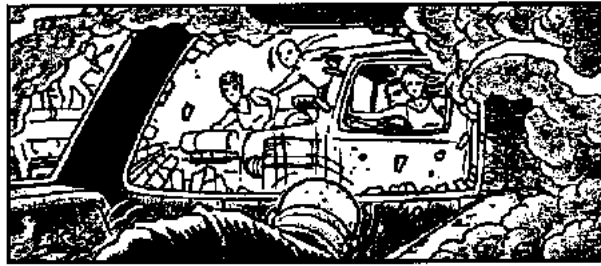
The Road Warrior hauls him out of the seat...



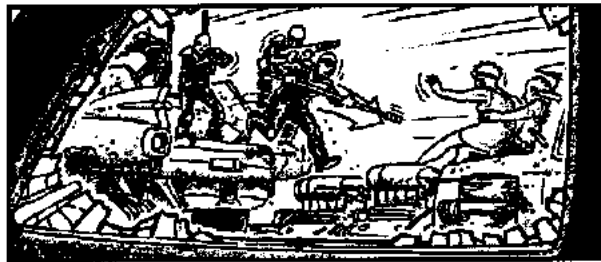
And shoves him into the window. SMASH!...it falls away.



There's NUX and CAPABLE on the hood.



While the Volvalini are reloading...the IMMORTAN'S GUARDS are coming for Capable.



But the Road Warrior intercedes...



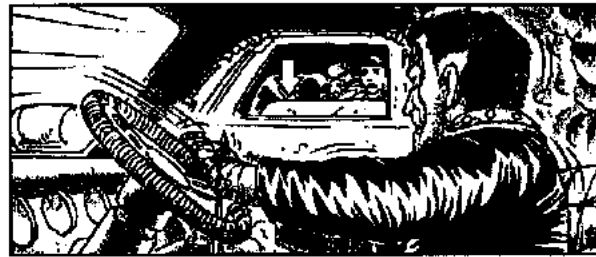
And they fall dead at the Girl's feet.



Now he takes the Fuel Truck forward.



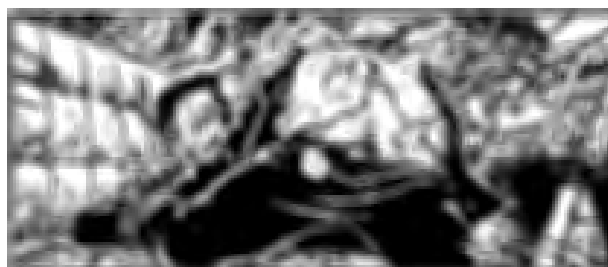
As he surges past the GIGAHORSE...



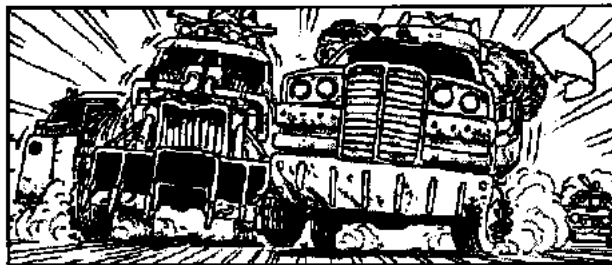
The IMMORTAN rains gunfire down on him.



But he is using the People Eater's body as a shield.



The Fuel Truck is now ahead of the Gigahorse.



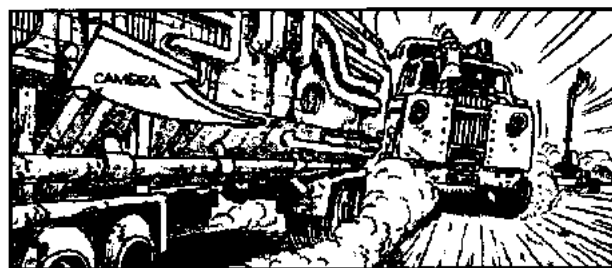
The 'gate' has been opened.



The Praetorian swings the War Rig free of the corral.



As she clears the back of the Fuel Truck...



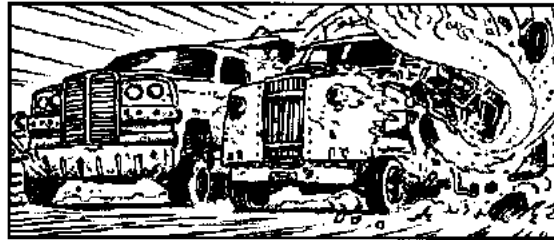
A FLAME CAR swoops in to attack the ROAD WARRIOR.



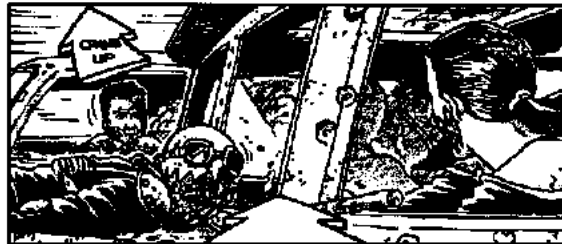
The Praetorian guns her engines...



And consigns the Intruder to the scrap heap... WHUMPI!



As she draws alongside, he nods his thanks. They have clawed their way back from the brink.



Two Warriors. Two trucks. Instinctively they know what each has to do.

THE DANCING TRUCKS

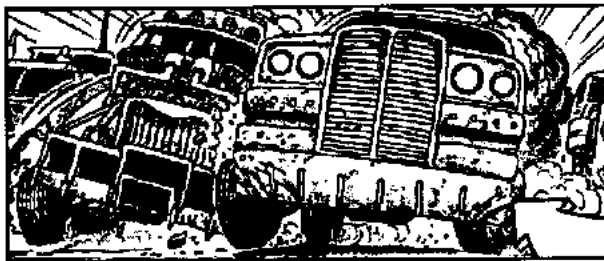
War Boys are making their way forward to replace the Immortan's Guard.



The ROAD WARRIOR is running interference for the PRAETORIAN.



The IMMORTAN gives it all he's got but the Road Warrior just won't let him ahead.



So the Immortan brakes... The Gigahorse drops away.



The Road Warrior does the opposite... he accelerates forward.



The Gigahorse goes around the BACK of the War Rig... and comes up the other side.



But the Praetorian is waiting for him. She swings to the right.



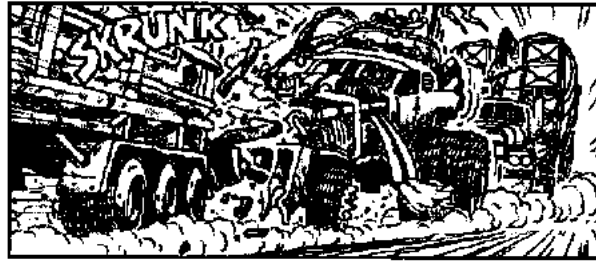
And there's the Road Warrior...braking hard.



'Rear-ending' straight into the Immortan.



The IMPACT shunts the Gigahorse back...



Directly into the path of the DOOF-MOBILE...following faithfully behind.



BOOM! BOOM!...The Taiko Drummers are slammed forward.



While COMA, the Doof-Man...



Bounces about on his bungee...oblivious to anything but the squeal of his guitar.



The ROAD WARRIOR and the PRAETORIAN check out the state of play...



There's the BATTLE TRUCK on the left swarming with the War Boys.



And on the right... TWO POLECATS ranging in on the Fuel Truck.



He waits for her cue.



She shifts down a gear...and fangs it.



The WAR RIG shoots forward.



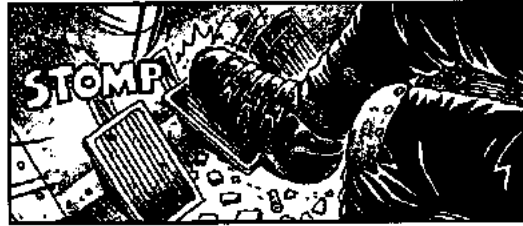
The Road Warrior swings the FUEL TRUCK across to the right.



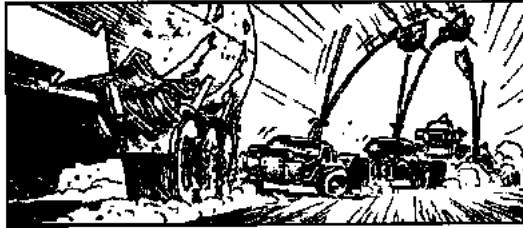
He hits the accelerator.



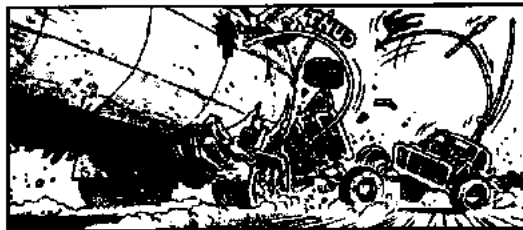
She hits the brakes.



The War Rig drops back directly into the path of the POLECATS.



She slams into one...which cannons into the other...MAYHEM.



Now it's the ROAD WARRIOR'S turn.

He powers forward between the Praetorian and the Battle Truck.



Despite being shot at...



He BULLOCKS the massive vehicle out of the way...and side by side with the Praetorian...heads towards the mountains.



In this moment of respite...the PRAETORIAN turns to NUX.



PRAETORIAN
Grab this!
Pull it hard...and fast!

NUX takes hold of the KNIFE-HANDLE.

And likewise...



The ROAD WARRIOR has a chance to deal with the cross-bow BOLT in his hand.



Nux yanks the blade from the Praetorian's chest.

One of the VOLVALINI binds the wound with a pressure bandage.



VOLVALINI
You're leaking blood.
Pretty soon you won't be able to drive.

PRAETORIAN
The Pass is out there somewhere.
Look for tracks... they'll lead us back in.

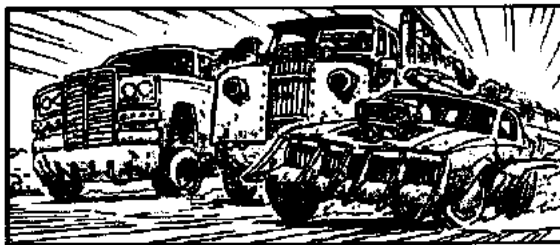


CAPABLE
You should drive.

NUX
Whenever she's ready.

But the Praetorian won't relinquish the wheel.

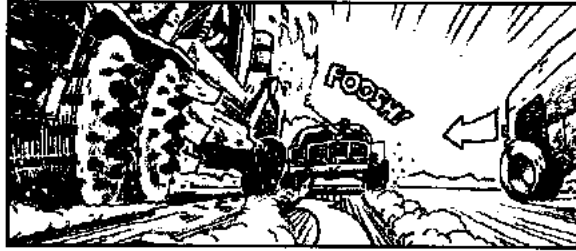
Besides, there's an ASSAULT CAR out ahead.



It attacks the engines with a Flame Thrower.



The Praetorian veers around it...



Maneuvering so that the Assault Car is caught between the WAR RIG and the FUEL TRUCK.



The Gunner turns the Flame Thrower on the ROAD WARRIOR who comes at him from one side...



While the PRAETORIAN powers in from the other.



The Assault Car is CRUSHED between the two great War Machines...



And spat out the back...like so many pieces of junk.

But there's a cost...

The Road Warrior's vehicle is in FLAMES and the Praetorian is weakening by the minute.



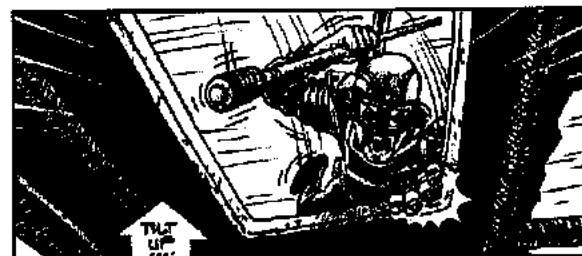
Then she sees the GIGAHORSE out on the right...moving AWAY from them.



A POLECAT CAR sweeps into view.



A WAR BOY appears at the Roof Hatch...thunderstick raised.



But...WHAM!...He's whipped away. The FUEL TRUCK has slammed into the back of the Polecat car.



The Road Warrior's windscreen has been smashed out...the flames in the cabin are intensifying.

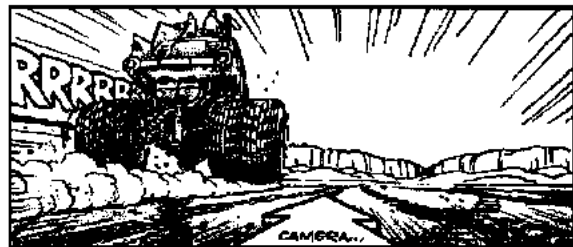


He looks across at the Praetorian...sees that she's been hurt. The Praetorian, however, is more concerned with what's happening on their right.

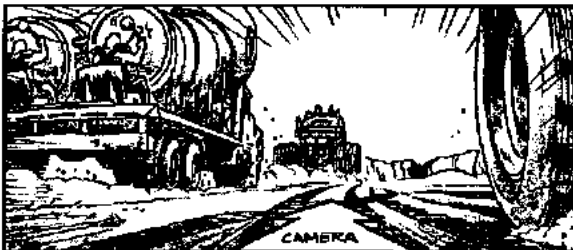


THE GIGAHORSE

Has found the TRACKS into the canyon.



The DOOF-MOBILE covers the rear.

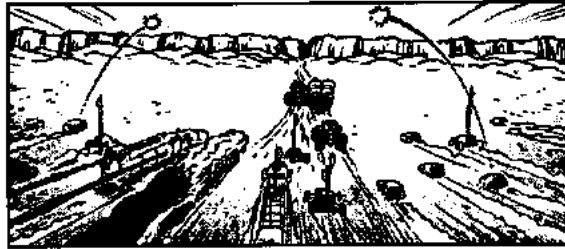


While the recycled BIGFOOT sweeps left to cover their flanks.



THE RACE TO THE PASS

The ROAD WARRIOR and the PRAETORIAN turn their vehicles towards the pass. The GIGAHORSE is several lengths ahead.



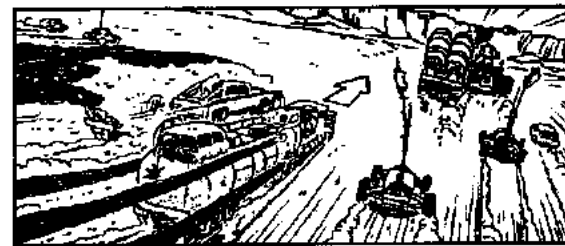
The BIG FOOT is determined not to let them closer. The Road Warrior takes him on. Wheel to wheel.



This allows the Praetorian to slide behind them...



And press after the IMMORTAN.



Even with a boost of nitro, she's barely gaining on him.



She yells to the Volvalini.

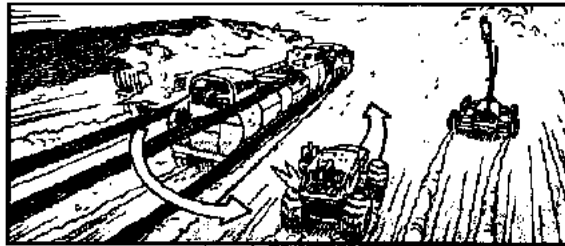


PRAETORIAN
Is there anyone left down the back?!

VOLVALINI
No.

PRAETORIAN
We've got to lose the tanker!

The Big Foot drops off the Road Warrior and tries to come around the War Rig on the inside.



The Praetorian can see that the entire FUEL TRUCK is now in flames...



It's going to blow!

Too weak to shout above the noise, she signals to him...jump ship!



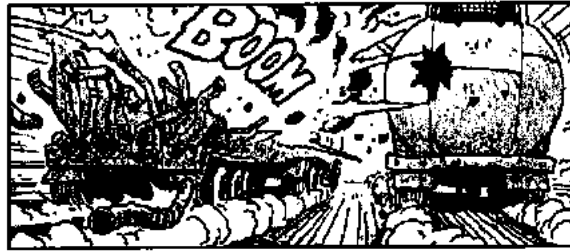


ROAD WARRIOR
Are you hit?!



CAPABLE
She's hurt! Come across! She's hurt!

But it's over for the Fuel Truck. The fuel lines rupture...and the first of the tanks EXPLODES.



The Road Warrior yanks on the choke...



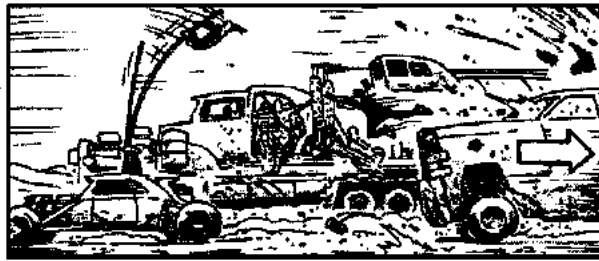
And clambers out the front window.



The rest of the tanks go...



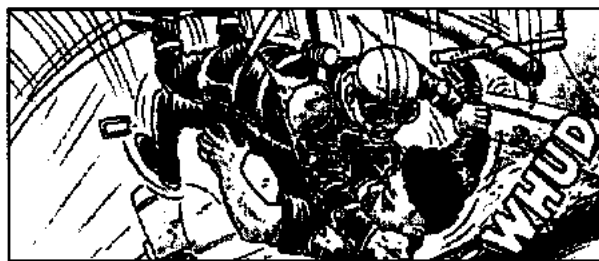
He leaps for the War Rig...makes it across.



But before he can be pulled on board, a WAR BOY swoops in on a Polecat...



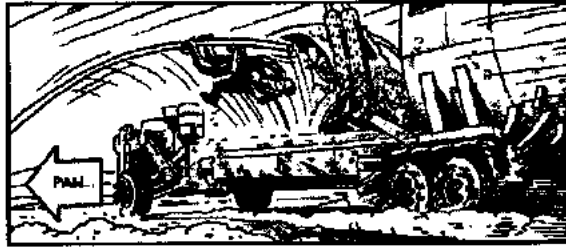
And knocks him off.



The Praetorian thinks she's lost him.



But the Road Warrior hangs onto the War Boy...for all he's worth.



They flail about wildly...one side to the other.



Behind them there is an almighty conflagration...The FUEL TRUCK has rolled into the BATTLE TRUCK.



The WAR BOY pulls a knife.

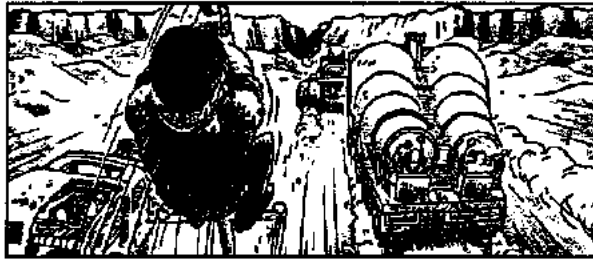
The ROAD WARRIOR kicks hard off the ground.



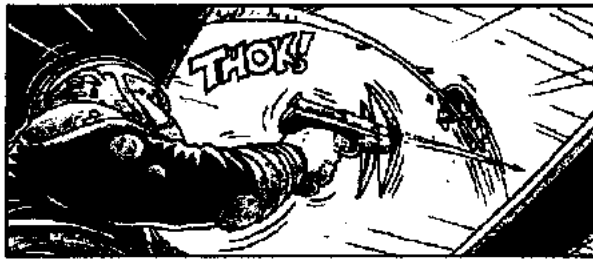
At the apex of the swing... the Road Warrior unclips the harness and the War Boy plummets to the ground.



So here he is...stuck up a pole and the GIGAHORSE is entering the canyon.



Now the Polecat DRIVER is shooting at him!



He rocks from side to side...



He's making for the WAR RIG.



The Praetorian veers closer.



On the return swing...



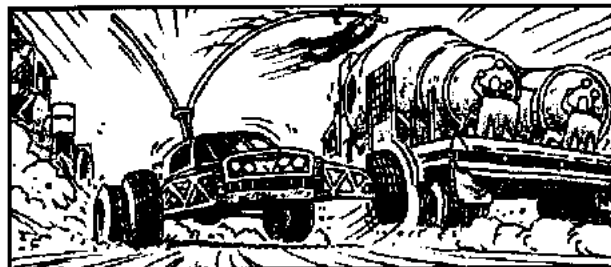
He reaches out...and is about to make the leap...



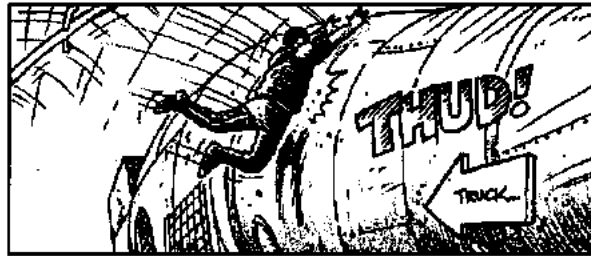
When the Driver pulls on a hand-brake turn.



The Road Warrior is whipped away from the Rig...



Onto the DOOF-MOBILE!



The Praetorian must go on without him...



THE END PLAY

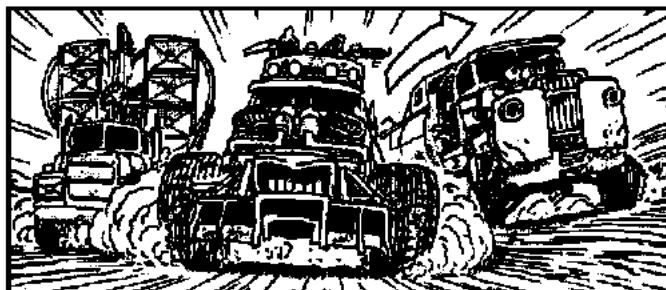
A VOLVALINI draws her attention to the GIGAHORSE swerving from side to side...



VOLVALINI
What's he doing?!

PRAETORIAN
Feeling me out... setting to block me.

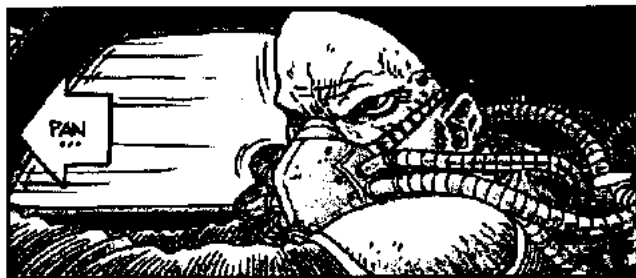
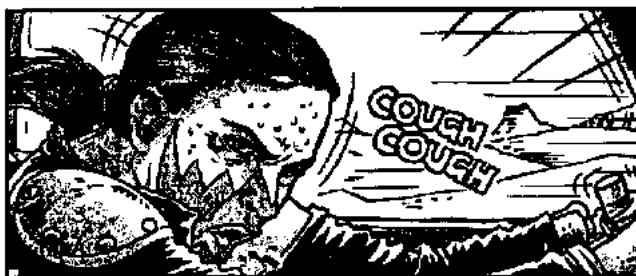
The PRAETORIAN drops down a couple of gears and... with a boost of Nitro... ramps up to higher ground.



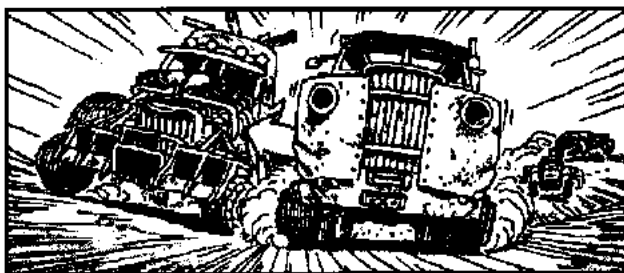
The Volvalini stop work on the release of the tanker and...shielded by the Girls...shoot the Gunners on the Gigahorse.



As the PRAETORIAN goes past the IMMORTAN their eyes meet...one last time.



Now, the Immortan swerves high to the other side...



And...under nitro...roars past the Praetorian.



The War Rig scrapes against the rocks... RIPPING a hole in its belly.



The HATCH tears away. NUX is about to fall out...



When the GIRLS drag him back.



They secure his hands to the wall...and make for the safety of the cabin.



As the last girl enters the chute Nux calls to her...



She is the 'baby' of the group. Let's call her 'FRAGILE'.

Nux is trying to say something. His gag is soaked with blood. FRAGILE loosens it.

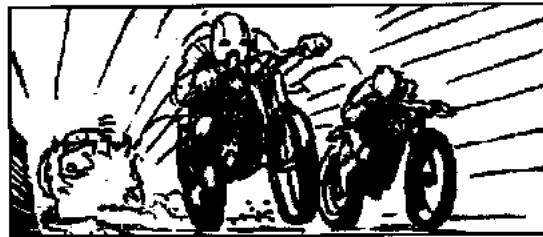


NUX
My hands...please...
I can't feel my hands...



FLAMES AND SPIKES

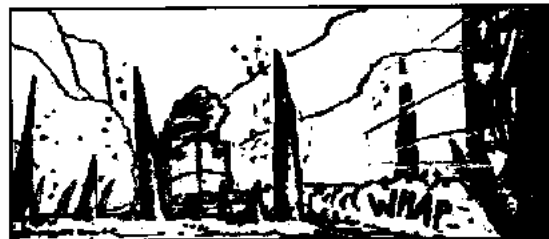
ROCK RIDERS surge ahead of the WAR RIG.



One lifts his front wheel...



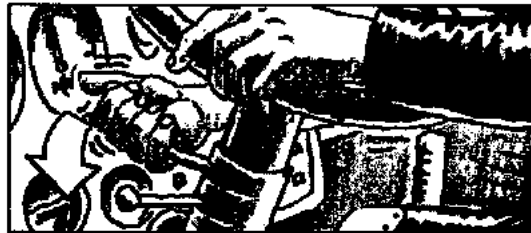
And MONOCYCLES over two pegs in the sand...Revealing SPIKES!



The PRAETORIAN...beating out flames with her jacket...catches sight of them.



She reaches across...and yanks a lever on the steering column.



Which drops the COW-CATCHER.



Its steel plates tear the spikes out of the ground and shoves them away to the side.

Better still...the sand, spraying up over the Rig, has SMOTHERED the flames.



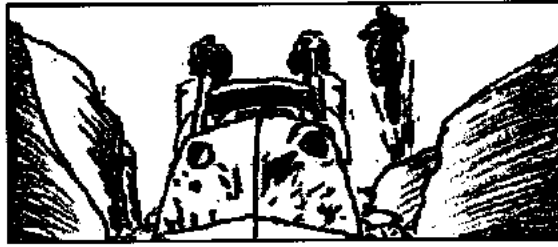
The ROAD WARRIOR raises the cow-catcher...And his view CLEARS.

AIRBORNE ROCK RIDERS

A Rock Rider SLINGSHOTS up a ramp...



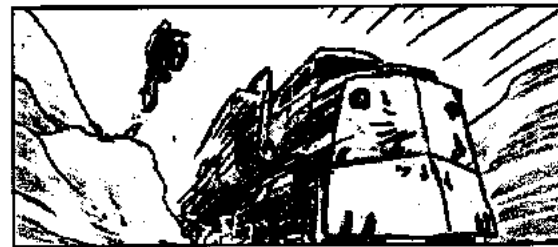
It SOARS high over the speeding War Rig.



And attempts to land on top of the Tanker... He misses.



Not to deter the next Rider who...



Flies even higher...and...



NAILS IT!



The maniac has a Skorpion submachine gun.

It's the Rock Riders' CHIEF.

FRAGILE has just come up from the Hold...



THE WAG
You OK?

FRAGILE
The boy...he...

THE WAG
What?!

FRAGILE
He...fell out.

The Chief raises his gun.



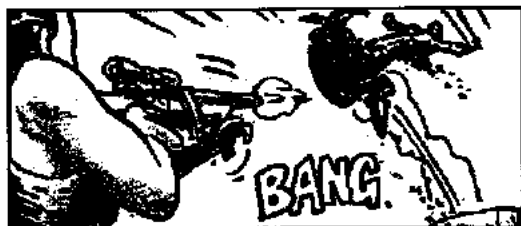
The ROAD WARRIOR shoots first.



And if he didn't get him the PRAETORIAN would have.



ANOTHER Rider comes at them...but he too doesn't get very far.



His BIKE crashes down on the back window...



Freaking the Girls...and crushing the chute to the Hold.



The Praetorian hands Splendid the CARBINE.

PRAETORIAN
Reload the clip! Bullets are in the bag.

While the Praetorian grabs another weapon...



Another ROCK RIDER lands on the Rig.



He rides forward...lifts an INCENDIARY ready to throw.

The Praetorian meets him with a crossbow.



He falls...His bike continues forward...tumbling over the hood.

Suddenly... The WAG is grabbed by the neck!



The Rock Rider is trying to drag her out the window.

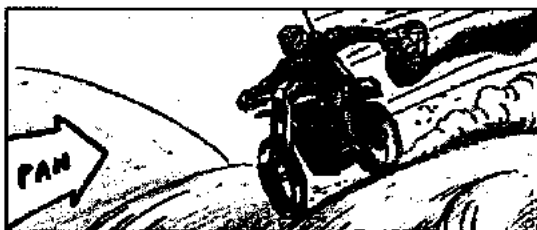
The Praetorian rises up...



And shoves him over the side.



Now here's ANOTHER...



And he is about to let loose a VERY LARGE incendiary!

The Praetorian reaches for her CARBINE.



SPLENDID is staring at it...



SPLENDID
I didn't load it.

PRETORIAN
What?!

SPLENDID
It's not loaded!



The Rock Rider is right there...at the window!



The ROAD WARRIOR shoots...Once... Twice!



The Rock Rider goes down...under the Rig.



The Incendiary blows away the FUEL POD.

Which rolls...detached...into the ROCK FACE.



WHOOM!...A giant fireball!



RICTUS ERECTUS shields himself against the flames...



As the IMMORTAN drives the BIG FOOT right on through.



THE SHOWDOWN

When they see him coming...

KNOWING rips the GUN-CLIP from SPLENDID'S hand and begins loading bullets.

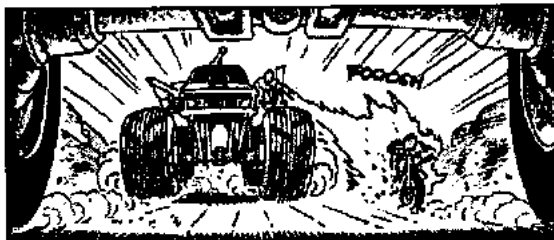


The PRAETORIAN takes the clip and slides it into her carbine.

PRAETORIAN
Load up everything you can.

THE BIGFOOT SWOOPS IN

RICTUS ERECTUS guns down a Rock Rider foolish enough to get in the way.



NUX appears. He has slid along the underbelly of the Rig, by means of a harness.



He can't believe it...there is his Warlord...staring right back at him!



RICTUS ERECTUS
Little piece o' smeg!
What's he been doing all this time?

ELITE GUARD
He's either a coward or a traitor.

Nux lashes his chain onto the Gunner's Pod...and tries to haul himself up.



He is exhausted.



Rictus nudges him with a Burst of flame.



RICTUS ERECTUS
Mediocre, Smeg! Mediocre!

NUX tumbles into the Pod...bewildered.



He pleads with his Warlord...



NUX
(an affirmation)
Nux Historicus...I'm Nux Historicus!

All he gets is a cold stare.



And another great burst of flame from Rictus.



IN THE CABIN

KNOWING is struggling with a CROSS-BOW.



KNOWING
Can't do it...I just can't do it!

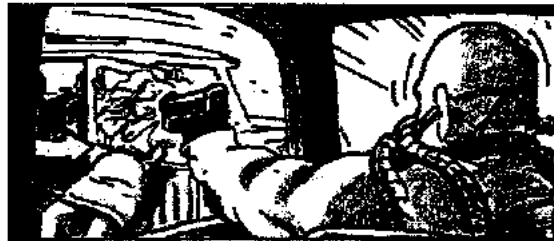
PRAETORIAN
Use the lever.

KNOWING
I am! I am!

The BIG FOOT comes along side.



The IMMORTAN lines up a shot on the ROAD WARRIOR.



But SPLENDID gets in the way.



To make matters worse...



CAPABLE and the WAG provide cover for the Praetorian... She shoots!



The ELITE GUARD dives...takes a bullet for his Warlord.



Before the Praetorian can make a second shot...

The Immortan swerves up onto higher ground.



PRAETORIAN
Don't let him get ahead of you.

THE DUEL

This is where the ROAD WARRIOR lives. He feels more himself. The intensity clears the mind.



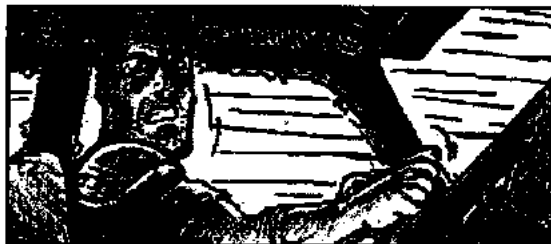
He FANGS it!



The WAR RIG thunders ahead of the BIG FOOT.



But not for long...



The IMMORTAN counters...with a Nitro-assisted surge of his own.



His vehicle is surprisingly full of GRUNT.



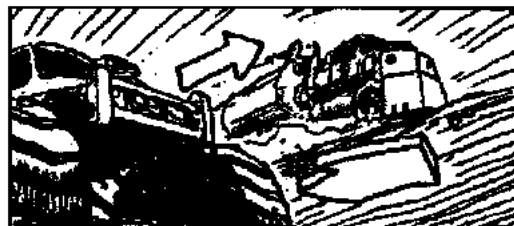
It swoops down alongside the Rig...and seems to be nosing ahead!



ROAD WARRIOR
Hold tight!

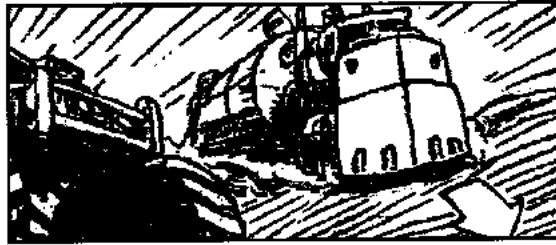
He swings the wheel...

The Rig careens up onto HIGH GROUND.



And claws back the lead.

Now...he swoops off the ridge.



He claims the ground in front of the Big Foot...and shoves it aside.



Meantime...the Elite Guard, who took the bullet, wants reassurance before he dies.



ELITE GUARD
Am I awaited? Am I awaited?!



RICTUS ERECTUS sprays him gold and hoists him overboard.

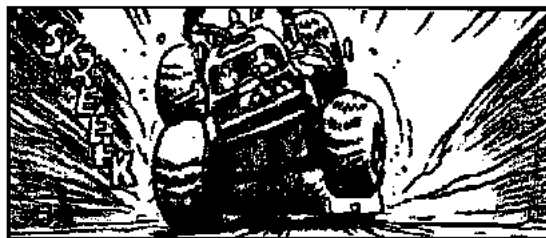


The track is wider now... soon too wide to block the Road Warrior's way.

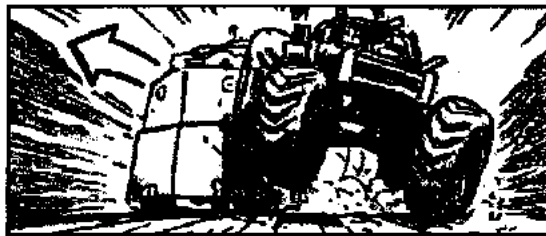
So the Immortan goes for broke.



He ramps up a slope and...SOARS...over the front of the War Rig.



WHUMPP!... The Huge wheels bounce on the cowcatcher.



The Big Foot slews...unstable...allowing the ROAD WARRIOR to gain the lead again.



The impact, however, has damaged the War Rig's RADIATORS.



Steam hisses... The engines are at risk of over-heating.

The PRAETORIAN lines up another shot on the Warlord.



SPLENDID offers herself as a shield once more.



THE IMMORTAN
Hold fire!

But his brother RICTUS has already lined up his HARPOON on the Road Warrior.



It misses...



And THUDS into the dash.

As the Big Foot pulls away...



The harpoon rips out...jamming the Road Warrior's FINGERS on the steering-wheel.



Worse still...the Wheel is yanked OFF THE STEERING COLUMN.



The Harpoon jags on the door post...



Crushing his HAND!



At this moment...he has absolutely NO CONTROL over his vehicle.

Then, cool as you like, Splendid reaches for the BOLT-CUTTERS...



And cuts the harpoon cable away.

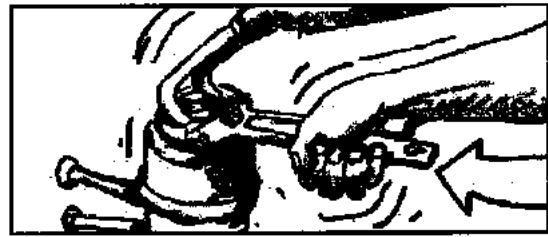


The Road Warrior's HAND is free.

But the WHEEL is jerked out of the Rig.



There is NOTHING TO STEER WITH!



The PRAETORIAN locks a spanner on the Steering-column.

It gives him a degree of control.

Up ahead...there is a tight turn...and JAGGED ROCKS.



SPLENDID is trapped...



Caught on the OUTSIDE of the cabin!



He does his best to steer clear.



But can't avoid the rocks.



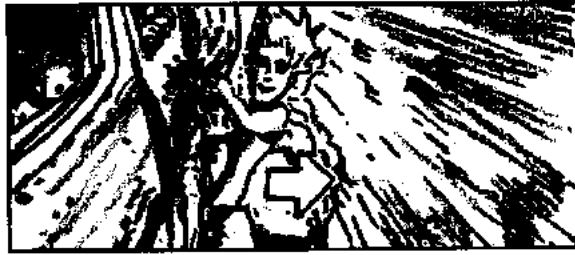
SMASH!... They rip deep into the body of the Rig.



THE GIRL is gone.

No. Wait!

There she is...coming out from behind the cabin. She seems okay.



The Road Warrior does something we've not seen him do before...He SMILES.



The Girl smiles back.



In all the chaos...a small moment of grace.

Past cruelties forgiven. A debt owed. A bond forged.

The Girl clambers up into the cabin...grasping hold of the door.



But then...something truly awful...her FOOT SLIPS on the blood from her wound.



The DOOR...battered by impacts and Buzzard Attacks...pulls off its hinges.



It comes away ENTIRELY.



The Road Warrior watches Splendid's fall.



The Immortan sees it too...



He tries to avoid her body.



The Big Foot GOES BELLY UP.

NUX is a mess.



He cannot believe it has come to this.



Nor can the Girls.



FRAGILE

I was holding her. I had her in my arms!

KNOWING

It fell off...It just fell off.

CAPABLE comes at the ROAD WARRIOR.



CAPABLE

Stop! Why don't you stop!

ROAD WARRIOR

She went under the wheels.

CAPABLE

You don't know that! Turn around!

PRAETORIAN
Are you sure? Did you see it?!

ROAD WARRIOR
She went under the wheels.



A moment of intense scrutiny... She knows he is telling the truth.

PRAETORIAN
Then we keep going.

CAPABLE
No!

PRAETORIAN
(fiercely)
We keep going!!



FRAGILE
She was here... I was holding her...
Then... She wasn't any more.

The busted Doorjamb makes a silly noise. Mocking them.



As for the ROAD WARRIOR...his face betrays none of his emotions...not even the pain of his mangled fingers.

THE WARLORD OF THE IMMORTA

Surveys the damage.

His brother, Rictus Erectus, lies crushed under the WRECK of the Big Foot.



And...in His arms...He holds the broken figure of...

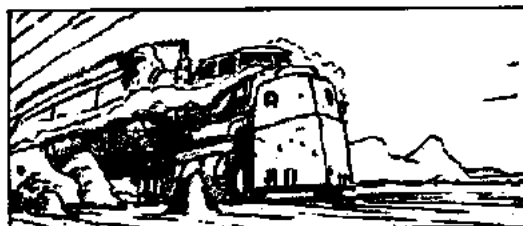


The most valued of his Wives.



RECRIMINATIONS

The Renegade WAR RIG leaves the canyon behind...Heading out into a vast SALT PLAIN.



The ROAD WARRIOR has fashioned a 'wheel' from a cross-bow.



As the PRAETORIAN helps lash it to the steering column...

She tries to assess the man's state of mind.



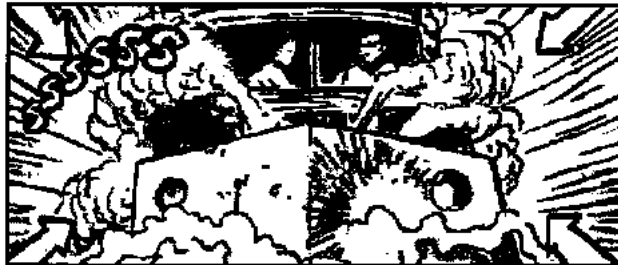
Have the events in the canyon shifted him in some small way?

Is there any honor here?

A loud sound intrudes on her thoughts.

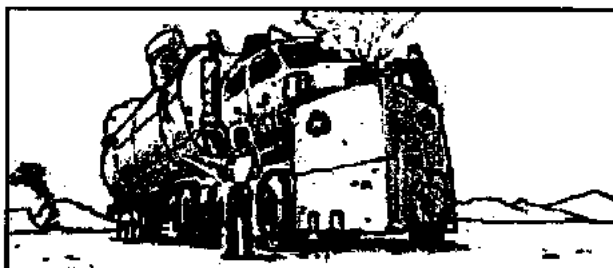


The engines have over-heated... STEAM pours out of the damaged radiators.



They are obliged to bring the War Rig to a stop.

While he lifts the hood...the Praetorian keeps an eye on the canyon.



All of a sudden...the GIRLS are shouting.

CAPABLE
Cheedo!

THE WAG
Don't be stupid! Stop!

It's FRAGILE...running BACK towards the canyon.



The others give chase.

FRAGILE
He'll forgive us!
I know he will!



CAPABLE
Cheedoooo! Listen!

FRAGILE
So our sons become Warlords! So what?!
They oppress a few smelly people! So what!!

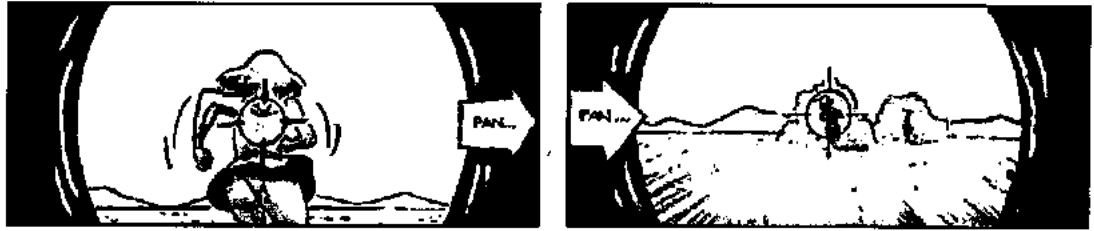


The Praetorian lifts her CARBINE...



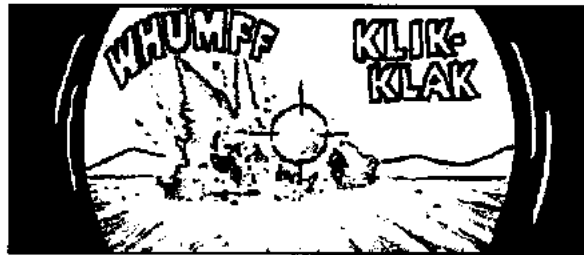
Is that a tear in her eye?

Through the scope, she can see...FRAGILE running.



And...coming on fast...TWO BIKES.

She shoots.



First one, then the other bike falls to the ground...FRAGILE stops.



CAPABLE and The WAG take hold of her...trying to coax her back.



CAPABLE
Cheedo... Whatever happens there is
no looking back. Whatever happens!

FRAGILE
We were protected.
We were treasured!
What's wrong with that?!

CAPABLE
Not at everybody else's expense!

FRAGILE
I don't want to hear that again!

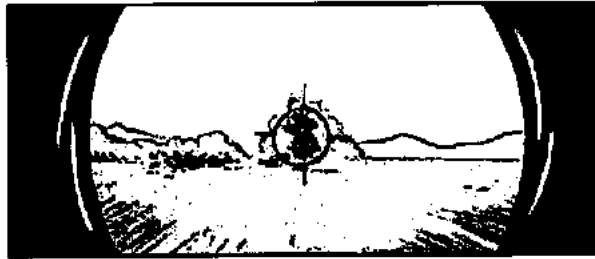
CAPABLE
They were her words...

FRAGILE
Yeah...and she's dead!

THE WAG
(affronted)
We can't let you go, Chee.
Wring your hands. Tear your hair.
But you're not going back.

They drag her...forcibly...back to the Rig.

One of the fallen Riders is back on his bike...coming at them again.



BLAM!! The Praetorian drops him a second time.

THE SHADOWS ARE LONGER NOW

The War Rig is on its way again.



The Girls are lost in their sorrow...

Overwhelmed by the ABSENCE of their SPLENDID.

The ROAD WARRIOR has found a bandage and is seeing to his mangled fingers.



ROAD WARRIOR
So where is this... Green Place?

PRAETORIAN
A long night's run... head east.
Straight into your shadow.



The PRAETORIAN is clipping herself into some kind of body harness.

PRAETORIAN
(to the girls)
Okay. I want inventory... count the bolts for the cross bows.
Match every gun with its bullets.

She wants everybody busy.

ROAD WARRIOR
We're lookin' for what... exactly?

PRAETORIAN
Rainfall... vegetation. A better way to conduct our lives.
(on his look)
You'll know it when you see it.

ROAD WARRIOR
So will the pursuit.

PRAETORIAN
There'll be winds... to erase our tracks.
If not, we'll find a force equal to them.

ROAD WARRIOR
The Many Mothers?

PRAETORIAN
The Volvalini... *(to the girls)*... Try to eat. Drink.
If you want to piss... piss in the can.
The engines will use all the fluid we can spare.
(to the Road Warrior)
I'm going down below... to do some running repairs.
Keep her steady. Nothing above two thousand revs.



ROAD WARRIOR
We need a lookout...
down the back.

CAPABLE
I can do it.

PRAETORIAN
No. I want you all together.

CAPABLE
It's OK... I'll be careful... I'll feel kind of useful.

She's holding her telescope.

ROAD WARRIOR
They'll be comin' outta the sun.

Thankful for his intervention... The Girl leaves for the Gunner's Pod.

The ROAD WARRIOR and the PRAETORIAN exchange glances.



Seems he's along for the ride...

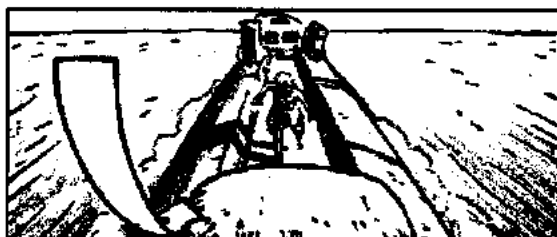
At least until they find the 'Green Place'.

MOMENTS LATER

The PRAETORIAN is SLUNG under the Rig...making her way to the ENGINES.



CAPABLE is at the GUNNER'S POD...



Now that she is alone...she is sobbing.



She settles in with her telescope when...

HUHH?!...there is SOMEONE UNDER THE SEAT!



CAPABLE
How did *you* get here?!

NUX doesn't answer.

CAPABLE
She let you go! Cheedo!

NUX
Shoulda let me fall.

He starts BANGING his head... She bends down to look.



His body is shaking with a terrible fever. His back is burnt. He is angry.



NUX

HE saw it all!! HE saw it!
My own Blood Bag driving the Rig that killed her!!!
Nux Vomitus! Nux Vomitus!!

Now he's pounding his head something awful.

CAPABLE
Don't do that!

She lays a soothing hand on him...He looks up.

NUX

One...two...three times the Door was open to me! Nux Historicus!
They were calling my name...I should be walking with the Immorta,
McFeasting in the pleasure gardens with the heroes of all time.

CAPABLE
I'd say it was your manifest destiny not to.

NUX

I was a War Boy...
I thought I was being spared for something great.
I got to drive a Pursuit Vehicle.
For a while even Larry and Barry
stopped chewing on my windpipe.

CAPABLE
Larry and Barry?!

NUX points to the tumors on his neck.



NUX

...Larry...Barry. If *they* don't get me the Night Fevers will.



Her eyes are lovely...and kind.

He eases a little.

CAPABLE

Has it occurred to you...
There are other things besides
dying for a hoary ol' dick-swinger?

SOMETHING UNEXPECTED

A panorama so green and luxuriant...it is almost ALIEN.



It's a greeting card.

The WAG has been 'decorating' the cabin with mementos from the Dome.



A shrine maybe?

KNOWING, meanwhile, updates the inventory.



She calls the ROAD WARRIOR'S attention to the Praetorian's Carbine...Her tone is suggestive, sarcastic.

KNOWING

...There are only four bullets for Big Boy here
so *he's* all but useless.

Now she dangles a small PISTOL.

KNOWING

But we can squirt off this little pinky
a raunchy fifty nine times!!

She refers to the bullets cradled in her lap.



She holds one between her fingers...ruefully.



KNOWING

Angharad used to call them 'Antiseed'...
Plant one and watch something die.



The Road Warrior looks at her like *she's* the one who's crazy.

Just then...we hear a sound so unexpected it, too, is almost alien.

FRAGILE is singing...KEENING at the mention of Splendid's name.



KNOWING and The WAG join in.



The aching harmonies carry to...

THE PRAETORIAN

Down in the ENGINES.



CAPABLE ADDS HER VOICE

To the Song for Angharad. NUX has not heard anything so beautiful in all his life.



HOLD THE ROAD WARRIOR

The face is impassive...Who knows what's in his heart?



DISSOLVE

THE WAR RIG

Is a tiny ark of humanity in the immense, trackless wasteland...



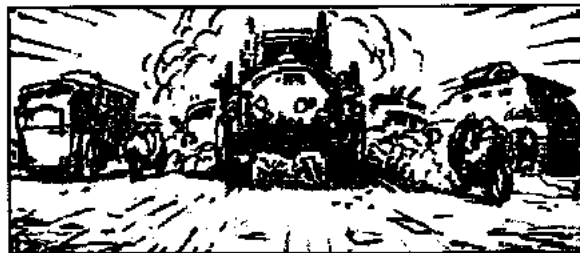
The Girls' lament wafts up to us.

Soon to be swamped by the more BRUTAL sounds of...

THE WAR PARTY



A HUNDRED VEHICLES have cleared the pass.



As the Horde RAGES towards us...



We are assaulted by the demented guitar and thundering drums of the DOOF-MAN.

FADE TO BLACK

PART 3 - A HARD NIGHTS RUNNING

HOURS LATER...the WAR RIG makes its way by the almost full moon.



None but the foolhardy or the powerful would risk travel by head-light.



The GIRLS, however, find solace in the flame of a small candle.

Everyone is lost in their thoughts when...quite suddenly...

The Rig begins to SLEW.



The surface of the salt plain is turning SOFT!



The ROAD WARRIOR tries to keep a steady course...



While the PRAETORIAN climbs out in front...guiding him to what looks like stable ground.



The RIG is lurching wildly now...The wheels begin to SPIN.



They are slowing...about to bog.

The Road Warrior gears down.



Nudging...coaxing the Leviathan forward.

Until...finally...it grips solid ground.



And comes to rest on a small dry island in the QUAGMIRE.



THE CHOICE

The PRAETORIAN looks ahead.



PRAETORIAN

I don't see an end to it.
There are a few dry patches...who knows?

CAPABLE

Better look at this...



BEHIND them... The lights of the WAR PARTY skim the horizon.



They are but a few miles away.



ROAD WARRIOR

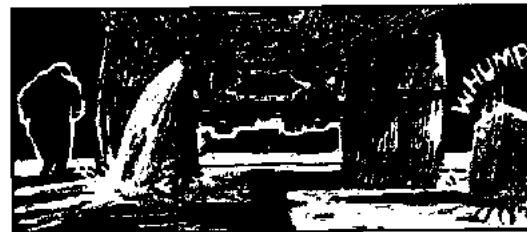
Well... We can't go back.
That's for sure.

A NOZZLE

Gushes MILK...dumping it onto the ground.



Spare wheels, a refrigeration unit, heavy chains...



Anything to lighten the load.

THE ROAD WARRIOR IS 'SEEDING' THEIR TRACKS

With THUNDER STICKS.



He can HEAR the War Party now.



Its rough sounds at odds with the stillness of the night.



A MILE OR SO BACK

The TRACKS of the War Rig...



Are obliterated by those of the WAR PARTY, charging on madly towards its prey.



MEANTIME

Those TRACKS, booby-trapped by the Road Warrior, fill with MOTHER'S MILK.



The RIG...somewhat lighter now...makes its way across to the next dry 'island'.



THE BOG FEST

At first they're doing okay...



Advancing through the mush...using the dry patches as 'stepping stones'.

But, pretty soon...

ROAD WARRIOR
Where now...?!

PRAETORIAN
It's all the same! Gun it!

He does...but the Rig starts to SLIP and SLIDE again.



Despite his best efforts...



The bogeys lose traction.



The War Rig shudders...It's no longer moving forward.

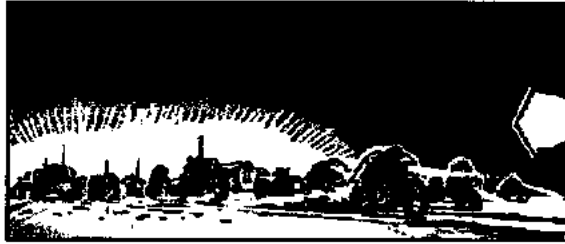


The wheels threaten to bog to the axles.



He cuts the ENGINES.

THE IMMORTAN IS COMING ON FAST



His WAR BOYS spurred on by the Doof-Man's guitar.



THE ROAD WARRIOR AND THE PRAETORIAN

Have dismantled the steel-plated ENGINE COVERS.



They work them in under the bogged Bogey Wheels...



One on each side.



THE LEAD PURSUIT VEHICLES

Come SLEWING into the milk-filled tracks.



BOOM!...They hit the Road Warrior's BOOBY-TRAPS.



Those directly BEHIND swerve around the wrecks...trying to maintain their speed.

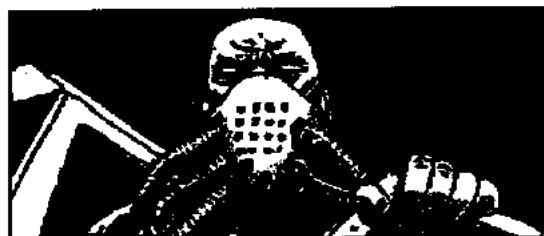


In doing so they fan out...onto more treacherous ground so they start to BOG, SLIDE, CANNON and SLAM into each other. Compound this chaos many times...



And pretty soon we have a giant 'Rooster-tailing' MUD FEST of stalled vehicles.

The IMMORTAN arrives in the GIGAHORSE...



His War Party is going nowhere.

THE ROAD WARRIOR STEPS BACK

Is this going to work?



The PRAETORIAN eases out the clutch.



The BOGEY WHEELS ride up on the steel plates...



And the WAR RIG pulls itself out of the MUD.

The ROAD WARRIOR and the GIRLS retrieve the plates...



While the Praetorian tries to keep the Rig moving...



Just as long as she can.

BACK AT THE WAR PARTY

COMA, the Doof-Man, marks time with a subdued bass rhythm as...

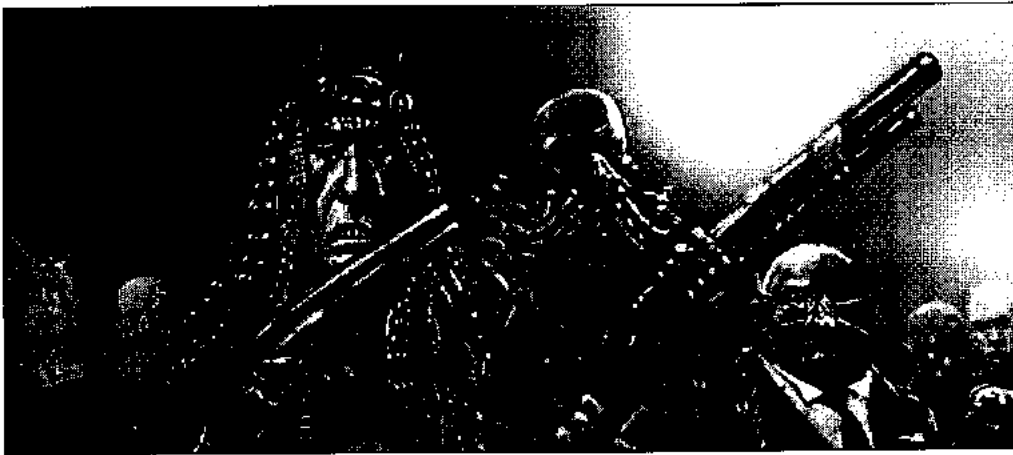


The IMMORTAN issues orders through his Elite War Boys.

THE IMMORTAN

Bring up the tank tracks. Clear me a path.
The Bullet Farmer and I will proceed with lethal ordnance.
Tow everything else back out to dry ground.
Split two ways. Skirt the perimeter.
We'll all meet on the other side of the quagmire.
One way or the other, Brothers, we will have them!

By now he has been joined by his remaining brothers. The IMPERATORS.



That's the BULLET FARMER on the left...and the PEOPLE EATER on the right .

THE WAR RIG

Only travels so far, before it is BOGGED again.



The PRAETORIAN runs back to help the Road Warrior and the GIRLS...



Together...they drag steel plates through the mud.



THE WAG

Say! Look at us...the Caravan of Courage!

THE WARLORD AND HIS BROTHERS

Wait for the Vehicles to be cleared.

Tank Tracks have been fitted to the Bullet Farmer's 'PEACE KEEPER'.

The BULLET FARMER is twirling his GUNS...impetuously.

The PEOPLE EATER fidgets with his nipples...while reading off a ledger.

THE PEOPLE EATER

...We're down thirty thousand units of guzzolene.
Nineteen canisters of nitro, twelve assault bikes,
twelve P.V's. Not to mention rations, ordnance,
the body count and brother Rictus...no longer erectus.

The IMMORTAN nods to an Elite War Boy...who shouts at the Doof-Man.

WAR BOY

Coma! Gee 'em up!

COMA jacks up the rhythm...

And, sure enough, so does the work rate of the Troops.

The way is almost clear...when the ORGANIC MECHANIC emerges from the Gigahorse.



ORGANIC MECHANIC
Warlord!...The girl is breathing her last.

The Immortan goes to join him.



THE BULLET FARMER
(straining at the leash)
I'm being called to the torture.

His 'PEACE KEEPER' rumbles forward...bristling with weapons.



THE PEOPLE EATER
Brother...please...a little control.
This venture cannot afford the loss of another wife.

THE BULLET FARMER
Only in the defence of Liberty, sir.
Not one angry shot!

He taps his driver and his vehicle roars off after the fugitives.

THE PEOPLE EATER
Protect the assets!
Protect the assets!

IN THE BACK OF THE GIGAHORSE

SPLENDID is still breathing.



But her breaths are shallow...erratic...terminal.



The ORGANIC MECHANIC is listening to her belly.



ORGANIC MECHANIC
It's gone all quiet in there.

THE IMMORTAN
Then...get it out!

OUTSIDE

An Elite War Boy turns to COMA.

WAR BOY
Play something soulful...respectful.



Coma gives us Hendrix. Riffing on a tune dimly recognizable as that late twentieth century piece of kitsch... 'Feelings'.

THE IMMORTAN WAITS

His eyes turbulent...as the ORGANIC MECHANIC goes about his woeful task.



ORGANIC MECHANIC
Cryin' shame...

The IMMORTAN pushes him aside.



ORGANIC MECHANIC
Another month...coulda been yer viable human.



THE PEOPLE EATER
Was it...male?

ORGANIC MECHANIC
(nods)
Yer A-one Alpha prime...Perfect in every way.

COMA'S GUITAR

Howls into the night...



WAR BOYS

Are slogging through the MUD ahead of the BULLET FARMER'S VEHICLE...checking the track for Thunder-Sticks.



Sure enough, they find one...



WAR BOY

They set this way off the track...
We need to sweep wider!

THE BULLET FARMER

No! This is already too slow!



He lifts his weapons and...blasts away!



The War Boys scatter.



He is using his hand guns as MINE SWEEPS.

THE WARLORD

Who is just setting out in his Gigahorse...is surprised to hear GUNFIRE so soon.



THE ROAD WARRIOR HEARS IT TOO



He hurries on...hauling plates like a crazed pack animal.



UP AHEAD

The WAR RIG is doing it hard.

Spinning its wheels...it grinds its way slowly through the mud.



Until...once again...it's STUCK FAST.



The PRAETORIAN slumps...allowing herself a moment of quiet despair.



FSSSSSSHH!!...



With all the strain...the engines are OVERHEATING again.

THE BULLET FARMER

Is moving fast now... His War Boys can't keep up.



His 'sweep' is working.

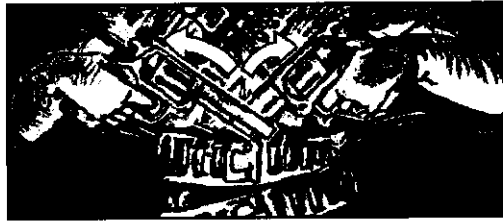


BOOM!...He clears a 'landmine' ahead.

When his guns are spent...he inhales the smoke through his NOSTRILS. Then blows it out of his mouth.



Casting aside his 'empties'...he grabs 'fresh' weapons...



And continues the barrage, while Junior War Boys frantically RELOAD at his feet.



THE GIRLS PANIC

The GUNFIRE seems to be mocking them...BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG!

The ROAD WARRIOR doubles his effort...steam rises off his back.

The Praetorian comes forward with her carbine.



ROAD WARRIOR
Who is that!

PRAETORIAN
The Bullet Farmer. No one else could afford so many rounds.

She raises her weapon...but doesn't shoot.

PRAETORIAN
He's still out of range.

CAPABLE
What if someone else could drive...?

PRAETORIAN
This is not the time to learn.

Then...a FLASH! Everything goes bright.



THE BULLET FARMER

Is using his SPOTLIGHTS.



THE ROAD WARRIOR

Shoves his ENGINE COVER into place.



As the Girls set the one on the other side...the PRAETORIAN is waiting for the Bullet Farmer to come into range.

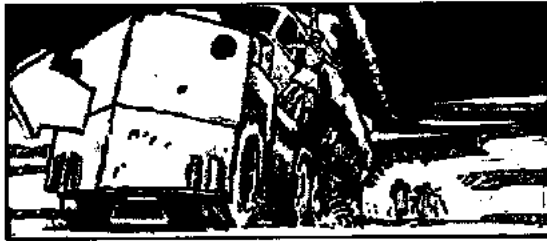


Quite suddenly...the WAR RIG MOVES OFF.

The Road Warrior and the Praetorian are left staring at each other.



They give chase. CAPABLE is riding aboard.



CAPABLE
He wants to help...He's lost the faith.

PRAETORIAN
Who?!

CAPABLE
The War Boy...He's lost the faith!

PRAETORIAN
What have you girls been up to?!

THE WAG
Hey! Last I heard...he fell off the truck!

The Rig only goes so far.

The wheels lose traction...and, once again, it slides to a stand still.

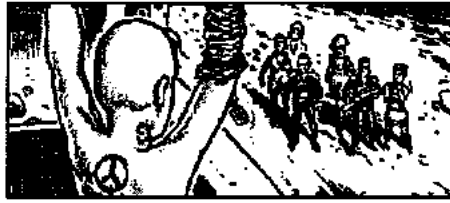


NUX
(from inside)
There's high ground ahead.
Just beyond that...thing!



CAPABLE
He means the tree!

PRAETORIAN
Come out! Now!...Arms high!



NUX
I can make it...Easy! I *know* this machine.

CAPABLE
He does...He built one of the engines.

KNOWING
He was driving away!

CAPABLE
He's trying to help.

KNOWING
Yeah...sure.

CAPABLE
He's doing it for me.

THE WAG
Say! Anyone notice the bright light?...Encroaching gunfire?

ROAD WARRIOR
The boy should drive.

PRAETORIAN
Why, all of a sudden.
Because he talked sweet to her?!

ROAD WARRIOR
Because she...(*Knowing*)...
will be holding 'this' to the back of his head.

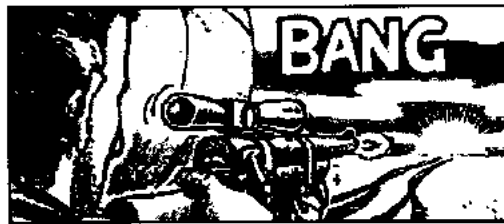
He shoves the SMALL PISTOL into KNOWING'S hand.



Then he grabs the Praetorian's gun...



Props himself against the Rig...takes careful aim...and fires at the LIGHT.



The Light keeps coming.



He tries again...BANG!...it keeps coming.



KNOWING
You've got two left!



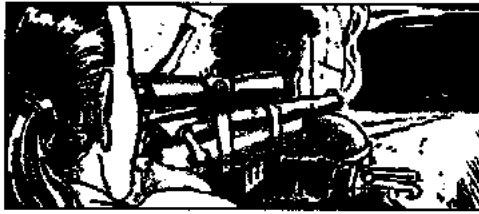
He hands the gun back to the Praetorian.

She rests the barrel on his shoulder.

PRAETORIAN
Hold your breath... Very still.



BLAM!... The Light is SNUFFED OUT!



The Praetorian turns the gun on NUX.



But the night lights up again!

Reflexively she turns and fires... her last round.



BULLSEYE!!

The second light **EXPLODES** in the Bullet Farmer's **FACE!!!**



He falls to the deck.

THE GUNS GO SILENT



NUX is out of the cabin...making a run for it.



The PRAETORIAN rushes forward...about to club him.

But Nux has a CABLE...dragging it out from a hole in the cow-catcher.



NUX
Use the Winch!
Hook it 'round the thing!



It's as good an idea as any.

The ROAD WARRIOR and the GIRLS are already running back for the PLATES.



THE BULLET FARMER RISES INTO FRAME

He is clawing at his EYES.



THE BULLET FARMER

I'm torn!
I've been torn!
Hold up a flare!

HIS DRIVER

Sir...I *am* holding a flare.



THE BULLET FARMER

Closer!

HIS DRIVER

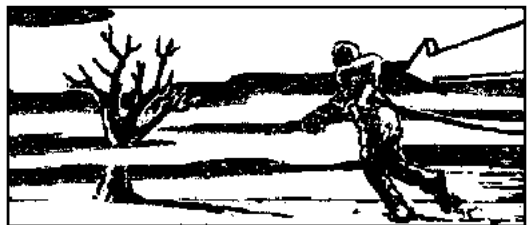
Imperator...It's right in front of your eyes!



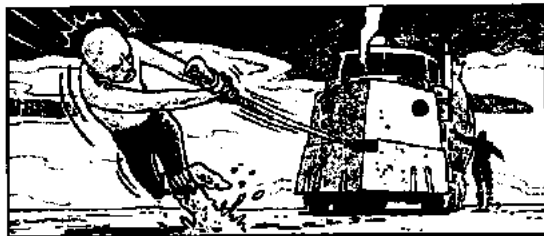
The Bullet Farmer bellows with pain and rage.

NUX DRAGS THE WINCH CABLE

Towards the TREE.



It's too short!



THE WAR BOYS

Are binding the Bullet Farmer's EYES.



Shrugging off the pain...he reaches back.



BULLET FARMER
Gun me!
Gun me!!

They slap UZI submachine guns into each of his hands.

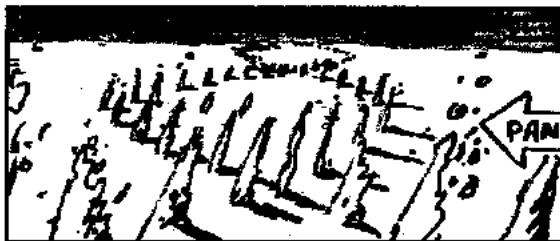
And the debauchery begins.



BULLET FARMER
(imploring)
Uzi! Be my eyes. Be my light!
Uzi!... Uzziii!!

He's spraying bullets everywhere!!

They zig-zag across the landscape.



Snaking their way towards...

THE FUGITIVES

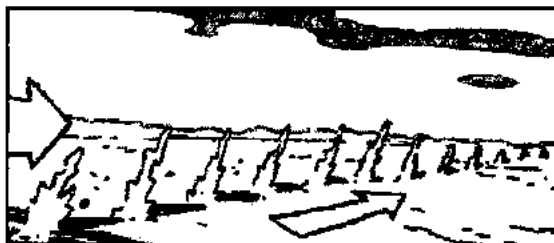
Who are, once again, hauling the PLATES through the mud.



In the frenzy... The WAG falls.



The bullets strafe past her.



But... as she gets to her feet...



They swing back in her direction!



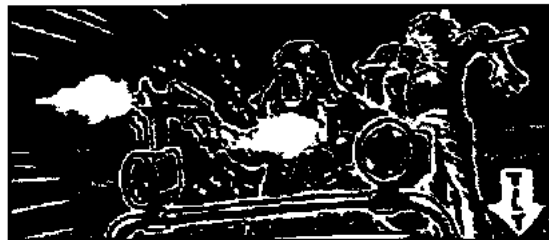
The PRAETORIAN throws her to the ground.



And takes a bullet in the hip.



THE BARRAGE INTENSIFIES



The BULLET FARMER is ranting...

THE BULLET FARMER
Colt Anaconda! Armalite! M16! Baretta M59...

His DRIVER is concerned.



DRIVER
Wouldn't wanna hit the Booty, Sir!

The Bullet Farmer just keeps shooting...



THE BULLET FARMER
(chanting)
...Glock, Browning, Heckler and Koch!
Ruger, Luger, Kalashnikov!

THE PRAETORIAN AND THE WAG

Are out there in the mud...helpless...hostage to the strafing.

Suddenly the ROAD WARRIOR is coming towards them....



Staggering under the weight of a **STEEL PLATE**

He gets it into place...just in time.



It's a matter of will now. He's determined to see them through.

The bullets POUND against their meager shield...

Then trail on towards the other GIRLS.



FRAGILE

Don't they know they're shooting at *us*?!

THUD! THUD!... The bullets impact the plate. The Girls wail.



THUD! THUD! THUD! THUD!

THE BULLET FARMER IS PLEASED



THE BULLET FARMER

You see that?! See that...I found them!

His DRIVER veers off course...



GUNNER
What're you doin'?!

DRIVER
He's got the gun fever!

GUNNER
He's an Imperator!

DRIVER
He'll kill the girls!

As they struggle for the wheel...the Driver pulls hard to the left.



The vehicle lurches. The Bullet Farmer totters...and SLIPS on the spent shells.



His Uzis flail...spraying rounds.



The War Boys make for cover as the 'PEACE KEEPER' slows to a...dead stop.

THE BULLET FARMER
What is this?!...Who told you to stop?!!

A FLARE

Lights the sky...RED.



Now that the guns have fallen silent...OUR FUGITIVES are making a push for the RIG.

Despite the Praetorian's wound they are almost there.



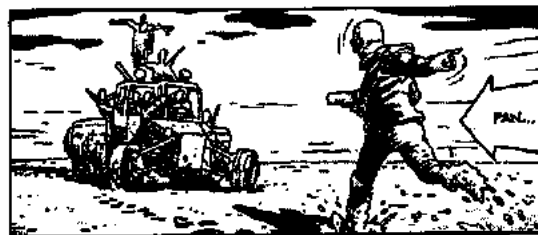
THE WAR BOY WHO FIRED THE FLARE

Indicates the RIG...revealed in the distance.



WAR BOY

They're to our right! About two clicks!



THE BULLET FARMER

Okay! Thunder up! Lock and load!

He kicks his Driver in the back of the head.

WAR BOY
Imperator... he's dead.

THE BULLET FARMER
(coldly)
I cannot shoot
and drive at the same time!

One of his little Loaders clambers into the driver's seat and guns the engines.

THE BULLET FARMER
There's my Smeg.

The Dead are discarded...



And the 'Peacemaker' roars off in the direction of the WAR RIG...



THE BULLET FARMER
(yelling and shooting)
What's it gonna be boys?!(BLAM!)
The Fourth Commandment?!(BAM! BAM!)
Or the Second Amendment?!(BLAM!)

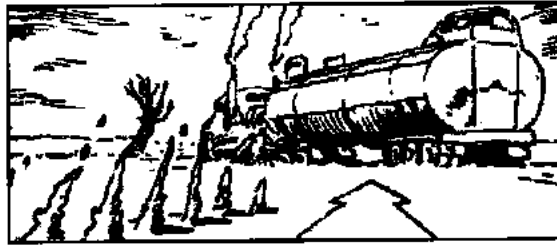
The War Boys respond...picking up his rhythm...BLAM! BLAM! BAM! BAM!



And before long...they've ALL got the GUN FEVER.

THE HELLFIRE

Hits the WAR RIG...just as the steel plates are set under the bogeys.



As the Rig lurches forward...the ROAD WARRIOR and the OTHERS scramble for cover.



The PRAETORIAN helps the GIRLS into the cabin... Thinking it will be safe there.



NUX coaxes the Rig forward...



As the Road Warrior grabs the WINCH CABLE...



And makes for the TREE.

The War Rig advances...groaning...wheels spinning...



When...



A big hit shakes it to the core!

The Bullet Farmer and his Boys are using GRENADE LAUNCHERS.

Whoosh!...Another flare lights the landscape red.



The Road Warrior hauls on the winch cable.



The Rig inches closer...



The Praetorian works the PLATES...



Trying to claw more out of those bogeys.



Nux...brings all his skills to bear...



Working the gears...feathering the clutch.

The Great Vehicle creeps forward.



Inch by...cruel inch...

But it's JUST NOT ENOUGH!



Now the Uzis are finding their mark again.



So are the Grenade Launchers!



The War Rig is rocked by another close impact.



It's going no further...it's STUCK!

The gunfire is LOUD now...the assailants are CLOSING IN.

The PRAETORIAN wants the GIRLS out of the cabin.



The ROAD WARRIOR is yelling at NUX.



ROAD WARRIOR
A couple more feet!



NUX

That's the most I can get out of her!

That's when the Road Warrior sees the CHAIN.



And starts running for the truck.



PRAETORIAN

(wrangling the Girls)

C'mon...Run! Together!

KNOWING

There's nowhere to run to!

PRAETORIAN

Into the mist...Away from the guns!

She looks to the Road Warrior.

ROAD WARRIOR

Go! We'll follow...if we can.



ANOTHER FLARE

The BULLET FARMER is closing in.



THE ROAD WARRIOR HAS THE BOLTCUTTERS



ROAD WARRIOR
Hold out yer arms!



THE PRAETORIAN AND THE GIRLS

Make it to the HIGH GROUND.



THE ROAD WARRIOR

Has hooked the length of chain to the WINCH CABLE.



He lashes it around the trunk of the TREE.



It reaches!



He clips it into place.

Nux engages the WINCH.

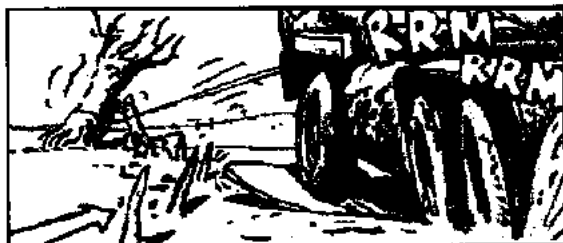


There is a terrible straining and creaking.

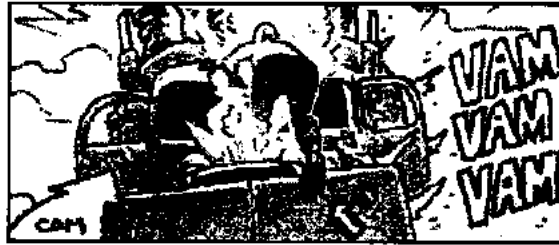


But sure enough...

The WAR RIG begins to CLAW ITS WAY SLOWLY out of the mud.



The gunfire is intense...NUX climbs up over the engines onto the cabin.



The Road Warrior dives behind the tree.



Which takes a direct hit from a GRENADE.



The War Rig is moving more freely now.



But the tree has been weakened.

It's taking ENORMOUS STRAIN.

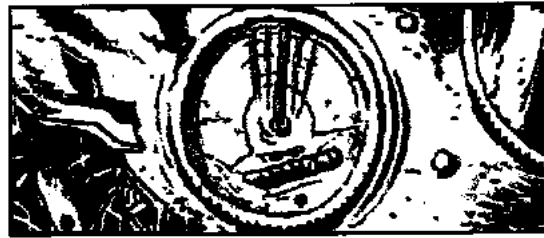


The Road Warrior can feel the roots crack under his feet.

The entire tree is being pulled out of the ground!



The ENGINES are about to blow.



But Nux fangs it anyway.



The tree is keeling over.

The Rig gathers momentum...and surges forward.



The ROAD WARRIOR rides the trunk...as it swings into the side of the Rig.



The tree hangs there...tethered by the winch cable.

He clambers into the cabin.



When the cable stretches to its full extent...it snaps...and the tree falls away.



THE GIRLS

Are on the high ground...running from the TUMULT.



Like some rampant Megalosaur...the WAR RIG rises up in front of them.



It waits down the track...they're on some sort of CAUSEWAY.



The PRAETORIAN opens the driver's door.



Despite his injuries and his fevers, NUX is euphoric.

NUX

My whole life...I never thought
I'd pull off something sweet as that!

The Praetorian doesn't trust him...not one bit.

PRAETORIAN

Get out...I want you running out in front!

CAPABLE

That's not fair...

The Praetorian ignores her.

PRAETORIAN

How bad are the engines?

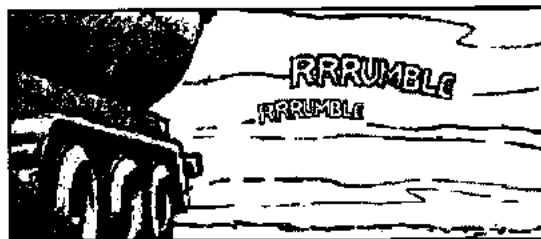
NUX

One is hot and thirsty. Two's about to blow.

FRAGILE

They're coming! I can hear them coming!!

She's right. There's distant GUNFIRE...And the sound of the 'PEACE MAKER' revving its motor.



The Praetorian looks across to the ROAD WARRIOR.



He has grabbed a MACHETE, some THUNDER STICKS and a TANK full of gas.



ROAD WARRIOR

Go down the track half a mile.
If I'm not back by the time your motors cool...move on.

With that...he heads back into the mist...towards the gunfire.



KNOWING

What do you suppose he's going to do?

PRETORIAN

Retaliate first.

The Rig moves off...



Is this the last they'll see of him?



ALONG THE CAUSEWAY

NUX is running out in front...



Checking that the track is clear.



The PRAETORIAN nurses the faltering engines.



THEY ARE BEING WATCHED!

EERIE BEINGS on STILTS...lurch out of the QUAGMIRE.



EVEN WORSE

The BULLET FARMER is back on their tail. The 'Peace Maker' ramps up onto the Causeway...guns barking!



THE WAR RIG HAS STOPPED

NUX pours fluids into the RADIATORS.



The GIRLS watch anxiously...



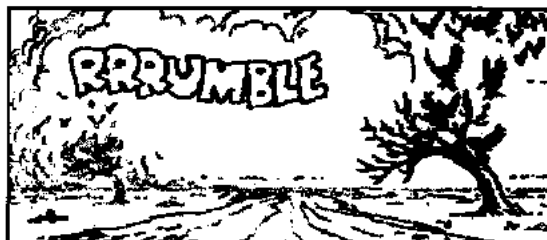
As the PRAETORIAN stands between them and the approaching GUNFIRE.



The 'Peace Maker' must be past the ROAD WARRIOR by now.



It sounds so CLOSE...it might burst out of the MIST at any moment.



But suddenly...



A Great orange FIREBALL lights up the fog like a giant lantern.

Now there is a short burst of gunfire... a scream or two...

And then...nothing.

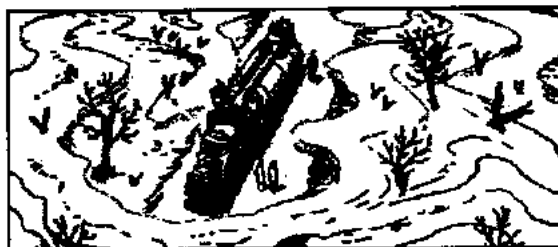


The Praetorian turns to Nux.



PRAETORIAN
Cut the engines.

Nux does so.



CAPABLE
What's that sound?

THE WAG
Silence.

CAPABLE
No. Out there...

Indeed there are sounds...ominous disturbances out in the quagmire...
the muffled flutter of wings and...approaching FOOTSTEPS.



A lone figure emerges from the mist.

It's the ROAD WARRIOR...drenched in BLOOD.



He is loaded with firearms, gun belts, bandoliers...and there's a steering wheel.



ROAD WARRIOR
How are the motors?

PRAETORIAN
We could use another half hour.

He hands her a useful-looking Assault Rifle. She nods her 'thanks'. He tosses the
Steering Wheel to Nux.

ROAD WARRIOR
Do something with this.



He unloads the rest of his 'acquisitions' on the cabin floor.

We find poor FRAGILE huddled there...recoiling from him.



He looks downright DEMONIC.



He brushes past the others.



KNOWING
Are you hurt?

ROAD WARRIOR
No.

KNOWING
You're bleeding.

PRAETORIAN
It's not his blood.

They watch as he washes away the stains of the night's slaughter.



Nux, meanwhile, is busy fitting the new steering wheel...



Tap! Tap! Bang!...His efforts echo...

ACROSS THE QUAGMIRE

The EERIE STILT WALKERS are creeping...unseen...towards them.



NOW SOMETHING VERY WORRYING



The distant sound of ENGINES. Coming on fast!

ROAD WARRIOR
Quiet!

NUX stops banging.

Motorbikes! They seem to be coming from all directions!

But how could that be?

And how could they be moving so freely in the mud?!



Helter skelter...they start up the RIG.

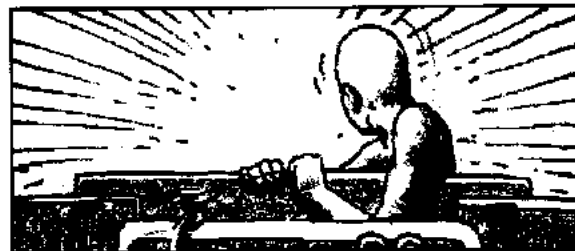


The ROAD WARRIOR takes the wheel. NUX rides out front. And the PRAETORIAN loads up the new weapons.

They don't go far...before they see a LIGHT on the road ahead!



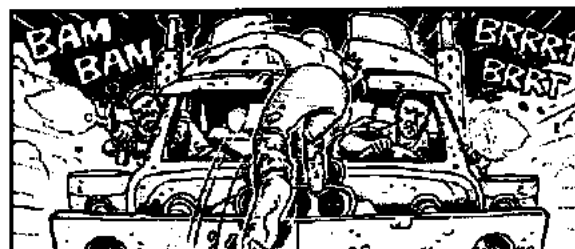
A single Light coming straight at them...at speed!



Playing 'chicken' with the War Rig.



The Road Warrior and the Praetorian fire their guns as NUX scrambles from the impending impact.

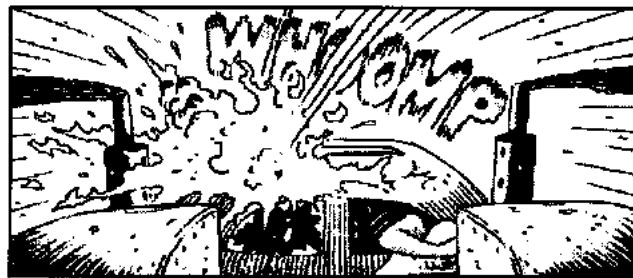


Then...something they don't expect.

The light rises off the track...and SOARS up over them...



Dropping a NAPALM-LIKE incendiary onto the cabin.



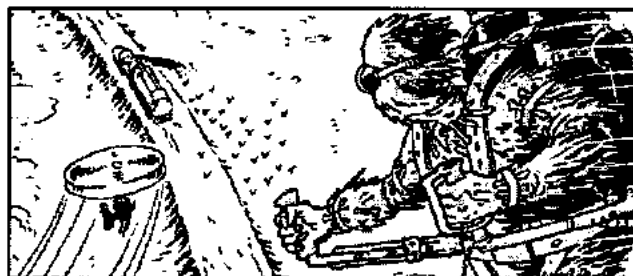
THIS AIRBORNE VEHICLE

Arcs high above the causeway.



The ROTORAIDER, for that's what it's called, is a jerry-built double-bladed gyro... powered by a motorbike engine.

Its decrepit 'PILOT' looks down as a SECOND Rotoraider swoops in for an attack.



THE CABIN

Is a frenzy of smoke and flames.



THE SECOND ROTORAIDER

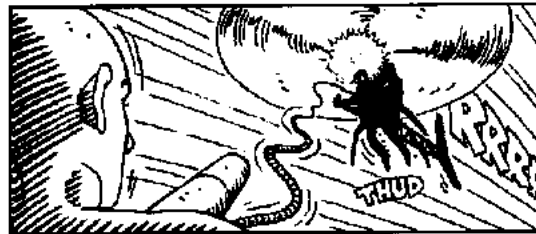
Approaches from behind.



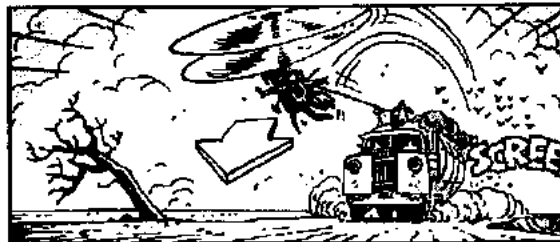
But NUX is waiting for it...with a HARPOON.



THUD!... Into the guts of the machine.



The 'Pilot' tries to glide away...but is tethered to the Rig.



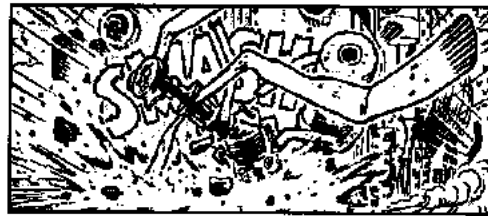
The ROAD WARRIOR stomps on the BRAKES. The Rig slows abruptly.

The Rotoraider is flung forward...into the ground.

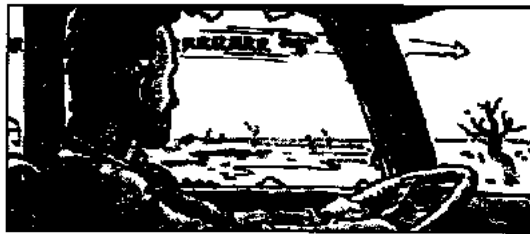


He hits the accelerator. The Rig thunders forward.

The Rotoraider disintegrates.



The ROAD WARRIOR keeps a close watch on its 'mate' as it hovers...out over the quagmire.



Thinking the better of it...it flies off into the mist.

The smoke clears...and the Praetorian finally gets a chance to dress the wound in her hip.



The GIRLS see to CAPABLE who has been splashed by the 'Napalm'.



NUX appears at the window...concerned for her.



They look to the Praetorian...hoping, now, she'll go easy on him.



PRAETORIAN
Stay on the outside.
Away from the weapons.



THE WAG
(pointing)
What do you make of that?



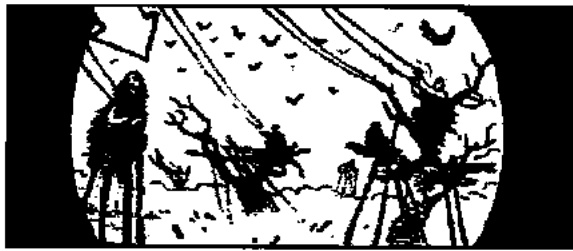
Kites...a dozen of them...rising out of the quagmire.

They are being attacked by hundreds of CROWS.



The WAG lifts her telescope...

Human forms on stilts... Tree Dwellers... are flying baited kites.



As the crows attack...they become hooked in the nets.



THE WAG
They're Sky-fishing!



The War Rig cruises on through the night...watched by the creatures who haunt this god-forsaken place.



FADE TO BLACK

PART 4 - A NEW DAY

Crows are swirling around the WAR RIG as it heads out into the DESERT...leaving the quagmire behind.



It's past dawn. The ROAD WARRIOR is driving into the rising sun.



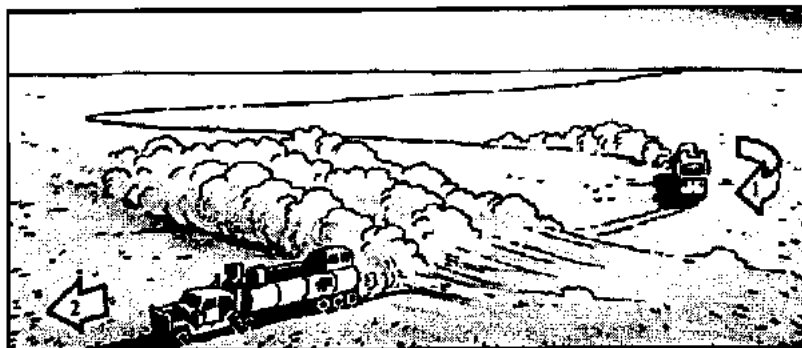
The PRAETORIAN points out a DUST STORM off to one side.



He has already turned towards it.

KNOWING
I thought we were heading East?!

PRAETORIAN
Gonna use the dust storm.
Zigzag... confuse our tracks.



And so...the War Rig tracks great ZIG-ZAGS in the sand.

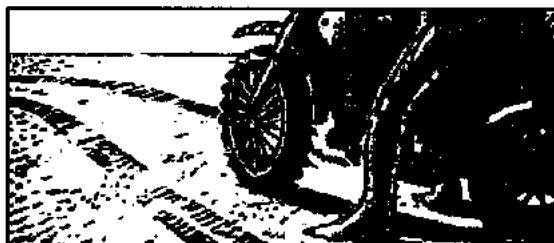
Pretty soon the dust sweeps over them...all but blowing them away.



DISSOLVE

LATER

The Sun is high...and the Warlord's SCOUTS have found the TRACKS.



One Scout calls to another some ways off...perched on top of a polecat.



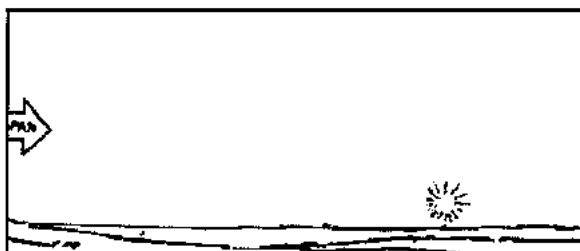
SCOUT

This one's got 'em headin'...North North-East!

POLE SCOUT

That don't make sense...
They're saying 'South'.

He refers to a FLASHING MIRROR way off in the distance.



This news is being received back at the...

WAR PARTY

Assembled at the edge of the desert.

MIRROR SCOUT
She zagged us...
They're heading every which way at once!



Their WARLORD is not pleased.

An Elite Guard lifts the HISTORY WOMAN for all to see.



THE ELITE GUARD
This is Miss Giddy. Her bones hurt. She's so frail it hurts to breathe.
No matter what we do to her... She won't give 'em up.
The whole day she's been put to the torture and hasn't spoken a word!
What do we have to match that?!

They come forward...The Gun Drivers, the Lancers, the Harpoonists, the Bikers, the Polecats...calling on their WARLORD.

WAR BOYS
Immorta!...Immortaaa!!

But he won't turn to face them.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

They are drumming now with their weapons, spanners and tire-irons...banging on their doors and roll cages.

WAR BOYS
IMMORTAAAA!!

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Coma's guitar begins to wail.

Then he turns...

THE IMMORTAN
Find them! Find them!!
Turn every grain of sand!

He lifts his mask so that the War Boys alone have the privilege of seeing his face!

THE IMMORTAN
I want your rage!
Give me your *rage*!!

They are BELLOWING now.

THE WAR BOYS
IMMORTAAA!
IMMORTAAAAAH!!



The drumming. The chanting. It's all very mosh pit...very primal.

FROM AFAR

We see the WAR PARTY storming out in all directions.



The clamorous chanting is still in our ears.



THE MURDER OF CROWS

Swirling down...down...



Towards two broken figures abandoned in the sand.

MISS GIDDY waves them away as they descend, squawking, onto SPLENDID'S corpse.



FURTHER ON

The ROAD WARRIOR is having a break from driving.

The desert rolls on and on...



He looks down.

It cannot be!

He has a female body!



NOW HE'S GIVING BIRTH TO HIMSELF?!

Arms reach out...



They're grabbing him from behind!



He wakes...uttering a cry.

The whole thing lasts for less than a second but caught here, between dream and reality, he is less guarded.



THE PRAETORIAN

It's okay...sleep while you have the chance.

He looks out across the barren world.

ROAD WARRIOR

How do y'know this place even exists?

PRAETORIAN

I was born there.

ROAD WARRIOR

Why'd you leave?

PRAETORIAN

I was taken as a child...stolen.

He looks at her. The face betrays nothing of the evils she endured.

ROAD WARRIOR

What makes you think you can find it again?

PRAETORIAN

They raged south.

Mountains were always on the right...

Then we were heading north and
the mountains were still on my right.

ROAD WARRIOR

You went 'round the Divide?

She nods.

PRAETORIAN

We came to the Citadel. I was traded into His hands.

I always figured home was across the mountains.

Due east. Two. Three. Maybe four days.

ROAD WARRIOR

Never tried to make it back before?

PRAETORIAN

I found another life.

They're like lovers exchanging life stories.



PRAETORIAN

He tried to breed with me. I was barren so he gave

me to his Praetorian who let me ride on the Rigs

and taught me the art of war... I was useful at it.

When he was killed I took over his command. I was the gun.

ROAD WARRIOR

So...what happened.

PRAETORIAN

They happened...

She means the GIRLS asleep in the back.



She speaks softly. Doesn't want to wake them.

NUX, however, is listening to every word.



PRAETORIAN

When they came into their fertility. He wanted females guarding them.
He'd already made his mistake... He gave them the History Woman.
She gave them books and they learned of the world as it once was.
They demanded to know why it all went wrong...
They were outraged by men whose power exceeded their wisdom.
I told them about the Green Place and the Many Mothers...and here we are.

ROAD WARRIOR

Why'd you do it?

PRAETORIAN

It came down to belief.
Theirs was stronger than mine.

ROAD WARRIOR

Belief?

PRAETORIAN

That things could be better.

He stares at her.

PRAETORIAN

It's not a good enough reason?

ROAD WARRIOR

You heard them back there.

PRAETORIAN
Who?

ROAD WARRIOR
The crows with the steel beaks.
'It's ripe...The time is ripe.'

PRAETORIAN
How do you mean?

ROAD WARRIOR
They're saying...it's the end time.

PRAETORIAN
The end of what?

ROAD WARRIOR
Everything.

She looks at him hard.

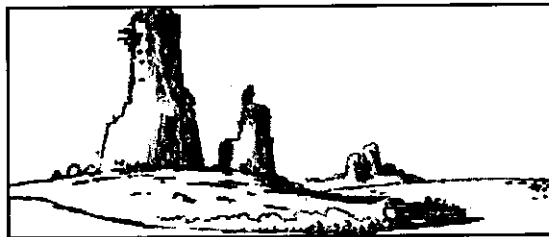
PRAETORIAN
So what keeps you going...one day to the next?

ROAD WARRIOR
Habit.

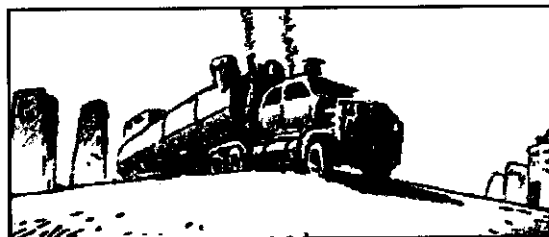
She turns her attention back to the landscape. This conversation is going nowhere.

BY MID-AFTERNOON

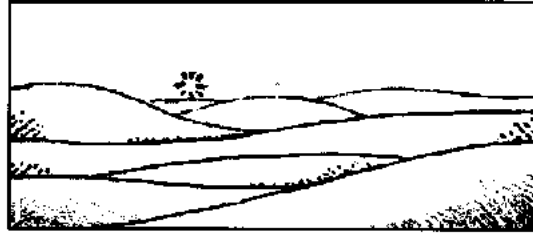
The WAR RIG is deep into the desert.



They stop on the crest of a dune. Scanning the horizon.



Way off...there's something glinting.



Is it the War Party?

No. Something else...A HUMAN up a pole.



PRAETORIAN

I know this...I remember this!

We may have found them.

SOON

They approach...

It's a NAKED WOMAN...captive on a flimsy platform.



She is barely conscious...wailing.

WOMAN

Help me...h-help me!!

The ROAD WARRIOR eases the rig to a stop. Not too close.



ROAD WARRIOR

It's a bait.

PRAETORIAN
It's okay...stay inside the Rig.

The Praetorian climbs out...raising her arms.



The woman begins to sob.

WOMAN
Hurry...please...they'll be back.

PRAETORIAN
I am of the Volvalini!
My birth mother was Mary Jabassa.
My initiate mother was K.T Concannon.
My clan was Swaddle Dog!

The Woman has fallen silent. Suddenly she's waving her arms...signaling off in the distance.
And ululating...

WOMAN
Yi Yi Yi Yi Yii Yiiii



BIKES are coming from out of nowhere.



The Naked Woman is free of her binds and clammers down the pole. The Rig is being surrounded. The Road Warrior raises his gun.



The Praetorian goes to meet them.



The VOLVALINI stand before her...glaring.



NAKED WOMAN
Says she's the daughter of Mary Jabassa.
Says she's Swaddle Dog.

A VOLVALINI
I knew Jabassa...

She comes up close. Looks at her this way and that...

VOLVALINI
Smile.

For the first time we see the Praetorian smile.

VOLVALINI
This woman has her eyes.

ANOTHER VOLVALINI
Did you come from the East?

PRAETORIAN
From the West. From a citadel beyond the mountains.

The GIRLS are approaching...warily.



The Volvalini beckon them closer.

Everyone is lowering their guard.

The Volvalini reveal their faces. Nine women. Hard, weather beaten warriors.

None of them younger than sixty.



They are taken aback by the Girls' youth and beauty. The whiteness of their teeth. The smoothness of their skin. The Wag's swollen, fecund belly.



For their part, the Girls are awestruck. They're finally in the embrace of the Volvalini. Heroic, legendary figures they have come so far to find.

The day is full of hope.

The Road Warrior and Nux ease out of the Rig. The Volvalini eye them suspiciously.

VOLVALINI

The penetralia? Who are they?

PRAETORIAN

They helped us make our way here...They're sound.

The Road Warrior is grateful for the endorsement...but something weird happens.

A MAN emerges from the dunes and walks straight up to him...right up to his face.



He is ANCIENT. An Aboriginal. A creature of the desert. The eyes penetrating...searing.



THE ANCIENT MAN

I know you.

ROAD WARRIOR

I don't think so.

THE ANCIENT MAN

I know you I know you.

With that...he flicks his hand in the Road Warrior's face. Like he's testing his reflexes.



The Road Warrior's hand goes protectively to his forehead. And...for a moment...it seems to be stuck.



He has no idea what happened. But, by the time he has recovered his composure, the Ancient Man is gone...disappearing over the dunes with his spears and his briefcase.



Meanwhile, out of the laughter, comes a casual question.



KNOWING
Where are the others?

VOLVALINI
What others?

KNOWING
The Many Mothers?

VOLVALINI
We're the only ones left.

PRAETORIAN
But...what about the Green Place? Where's the Green Place?!

VOLVALINI
(perplexed)
If you came from the west, you passed it!

The Praetorian is struck dumb. The truth has dawned on her. And CAPABLE too...

CAPABLE
The crows?! She means the place with all the crows!!

VOLVALINI
The Black oozed up twenty years ago. Oozed up foul out of the water table...
Leached everything dead before you were even born.

The Girls are gut-shot.

Hold the Road Warrior...



What now?

FADE TO BLACK

CHOICES

The night is still and clear. The mood is desolate.

Our BAND of wretched humans are camped high on the dunes overlooking a prodigious salt plain. Volvalini are on the watch for any sign of the War Party.



FRAGILE can't bring herself to move. She's staring up at the stars when something catches her eye.



FRAGILE

There's a star moving slowly across the sky.

VOLVALINI

That's what you call a 'Satellite'.

CAPABLE

(making conversation)

I read about that (*spells*) s.a.t.e.l.l.i.t.e.

NUX

What is it?

CAPABLE

They used to bounce messages across the earth.

NUX

What messages?

CAPABLE

'Shows'. Everybody in the old world had a show.

NUX

Could someone still be out there...sending shows?

VOLVALINI

Volvalini have been trekking out there since the ooze.
A hundred at a time. Always the promise...
if they found anything they'd come back.
No one ever has. Those are the Plains of Silence.

She laughs. It's her way.

The WAG rubs her belly.



THE WAG

You stay right where you are, Baby Ugly.
It's kinda lost its novelty out here.

VOLVALINI

Nooo...she's gonna be completely gorgeous.

The Wag glares at the Volvalini, who sits cradling an extraordinarily long rifle.



THE WAG

(with sarcasm)

You kill people with that...do you?

VOLVALINI

(breezily)

Killed everyone I ever met out here...except for you.
All of them with head shots. Snap. Right in the medulla.

THE WAG

Thought, somehow, you girls would be above all that?

The old woman grins.

VOLVALINI

Here...take a peek.

She lifts the flaps of her SADDLE BAG.

Revealing SEEDS. Packets, jars, little plastic bags full of seeds.



VOLVALINI

These are from home. I plant one every chance I get.
So far nothing's took... Earth's too sour.

The Wag is impressed.

THE WAG

So many different kinds.

The Volvalini nods.

VOLVALINI

Trees, flowers, fruit. Back then everyone had their fill.
Back then there was no need to snap anybody.

THE ROAD WARRIOR OCCUPIES HIMSELF

Doing repairs to the RIG.



A GIRL appears...flaunting herself.



It's KNOWING.

KNOWING

I've been reading your back. You must be some kind of genius.
Surviving the wasteland all by yourself. Must get lonely though?
Ever consider a companion...you know...for 'companionship'?

He ignores her.

KNOWING

'No lumps...No bumps...Genitals intact'.
Together we could make a fine human.

ROAD WARRIOR

There's broken glass in the cabin.
Sweep it out with this...(an oily rag).

KNOWING

(more desperate now)

I can be your watchdog...Someone to watch over you while you sleep.
Someone you can trust. Just so you can get some decent sleep.

ROAD WARRIOR

Collect all the bits in this...(a rusty can).

He goes back to his work. Knowing bristles.



THE PRAETORIAN APPROACHES



PRAETORIAN

Come with me...

He follows her to where they can have a private conversation.



She is struggling against her bitter disappointment.

He would like to say 'sorry'. But it's not his way.

PRAETORIAN

I've been talking with the others...

We'll never have a better chance to make it across the salt.

If we scuttle the Rig and load up the bikes we'll have enough fuel and rations to ride hard for about a hundred and sixty days...

We could make it halfway across the world by then.

One of the bikes is for you...fully loaded.

He takes it all in.

PRAETORIAN

You're welcome to join us...very welcome.

He stares at her.

PRAETORIAN

I guess you like to make your own way.

He nods.

ROAD WARRIOR

Thanks.

He's a free agent now.

PRAETORIAN

And you...Thanks.

Her hand goes to his arm.

He recoils...can't help it. It's a reflex. They're both embarrassed.

She withdraws.

PRAETORIAN

We'll be leaving in the morning.

She walks away.



The Road Warrior is back where we started... alone again... staring out into the void.



ROAD WARRIOR
I know what's out there.



PRAETORIAN
Huh?

ROAD WARRIOR
Nothing. Years of nothing.
There's nowhere to go but inside your head.

PRAETORIAN
We can't stay here.

ROAD WARRIOR
No...we go back.



EVERYBODY is staring at him. Did they hear right?

ROAD WARRIOR

There's only one green place I know
and these are the Many Mothers.

He's pointing to the Girls.

KNOWING

Citadel Central!... You're *Mad*!

But he is fixed on the Praetorian. He's trying to give her something. Another chance.



ROAD WARRIOR

Mister Blue is spread wide across the wasteland
trying to pick up our tracks. We sneak by him.
Get back to the Pass first... They would have cleared
it to bring the War Party through.

PRAETORIAN

And we use the tanker to jam the pass?



ROAD WARRIOR

We need two minutes clear. Get it into position
Decouple. And...Kaboom!

Hope is stirring.

THE WAG

Say this works. What happens when we get to the Citadel?

PRAETORIAN

He called everyone out... The only War Boys left would be
too sick or too young to fight. The only problem would be the Winchmen.
We'd have to convince them somehow to take us to the top.

KNOWING

They're Winchmen. They're not gonna do it.

ROAD WARRIOR

They will if we go under his gun.

He's pointing to NUX.

CAPABLE

He'll be bringing back what's stolen.
Together with the perpetrators. They'll have to let us up!

Everyone is looking at the War Boy.

He is looking at Capable.

NUX

Sounds good to me.

VOLVALINI

I like these people. They think like us.

The Old Ladies grin.

VOLVALINI

Appear where you're least expected.
Strike when he's not prepared.

They're all looking back...to the world they fled.

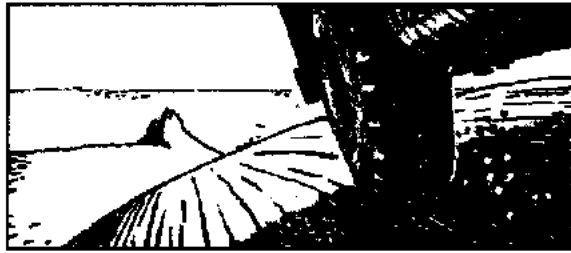


They are filled, at once, with HOPE and DREAD.

FADE TO BLACK

PART 5 - THE FATAL TERRAIN

The final engagement begins with the WAR RIG gliding silently down a slope.



The engines are turned off because they can see the WAR PARTY way off on the desert floor below.



The PRAETORIAN is driving. The ROAD WARRIOR and the VOLVALINI are riding shotgun.

The Road Warrior has the telescope.



ROAD WARRIOR

(quietly)

Two camps. Six miles to the south and
a bigger one north-west about ten.

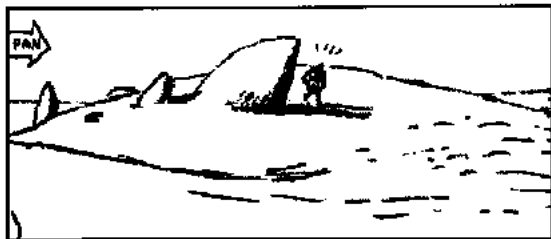
PRAETORIAN

We have better cover to the right.

He nods. She kicks over the engines and the great vehicle moves stealthily along the ridge.



Just then...they see a figure running out from behind a rock.



Indeed it's a SCOUT with his pants around his ankles...answering nature's call.

The Volvalini don't dare call attention by firing their rifles, so it's left to the Road Warrior to bring the fellow down with a crossbow.



The bolt strikes the War Boy in the shoulder...but he scrambles over the top of the dune.



Two of the Volvalini...OUTRIDERS...go after him. The Scout is making for his bike.



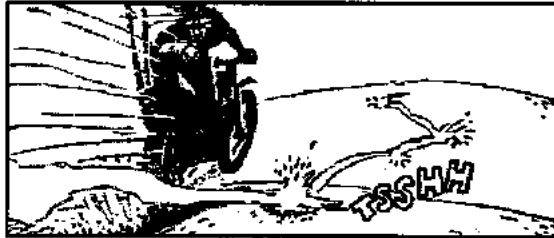
The Volvalini PILLION has unsheathed her dagger...and just as he pulls a FLARE GUN from his saddle bags...she dives on him.



He fires!



But the flare **SKIPS** low across the sand.



In no time...the Scout is dead. It's quick, silent and 'humane'.



With equal skill the **RIDER** slides her back wheel and **SMOTHERS** the flare with sand.



She throws herself on top of it...just to make sure.

She looks out across the desert.



Nothing stirs. Close call.

THE INFESTATION

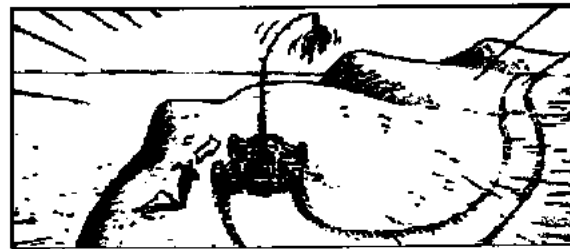
The PRAETORIAN does not see the WAR BOY up the pole ahead.



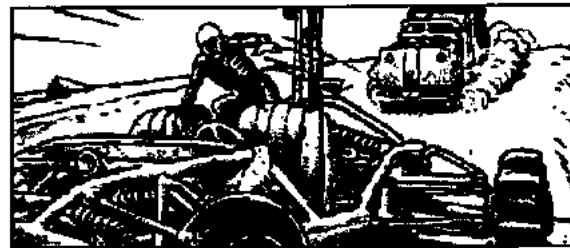
But the ROAD WARRIOR does.



The War Boy doesn't get a chance to fire a flare, but the DRIVER makes it back to his vehicle before the Road Warrior can reload.



As the War Rig swoops down on him, the Driver goes for his FLARE GUN.



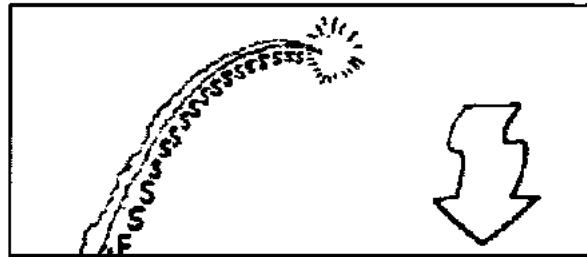
He FIRES...just before the impact.



Although the vehicle tumbles over the side...

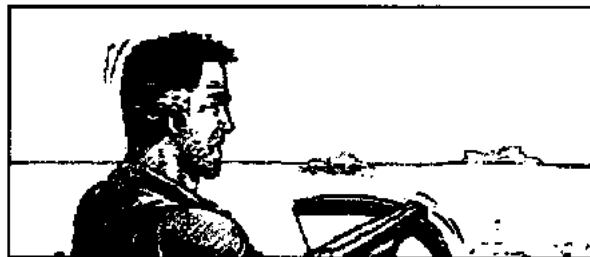


The FLARE is launched skyward!



It hangs there. The Road Warrior waits...

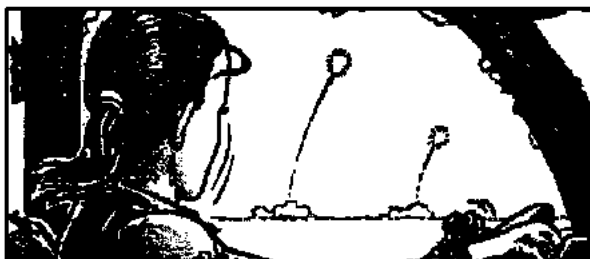
Will they see it?!



Damn! There's a response... Ten miles off to the right.



Pretty soon FLARES are popping off all over the wasteland.



It gets worse. CAPABLE is pointing to...



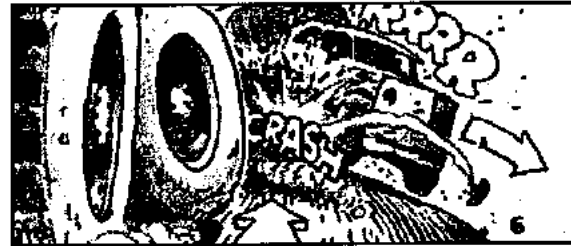
ASSAULT VEHICLES... coming right at them.



The place is infested.

The Praetorian doesn't hesitate.

She brushes aside the leading vehicles.



And SWERVES...



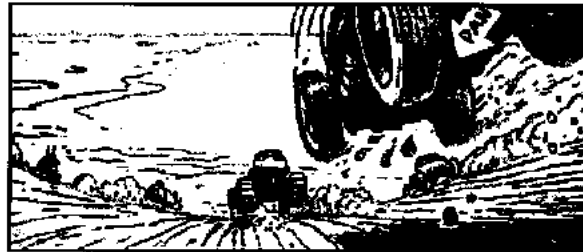
OVER THE SIDE!



The Great War Rig careens down the slope.



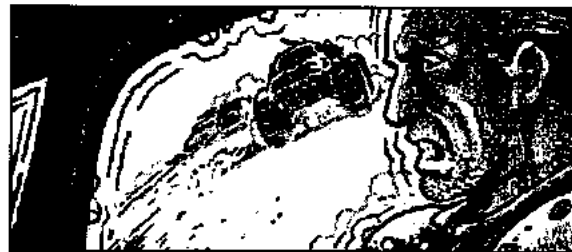
The Assault Vehicles thunder after her. Recklessly out of control.



The Volvalini have trouble holding on.



The drop is so STEEP the Rig threatens to roll!



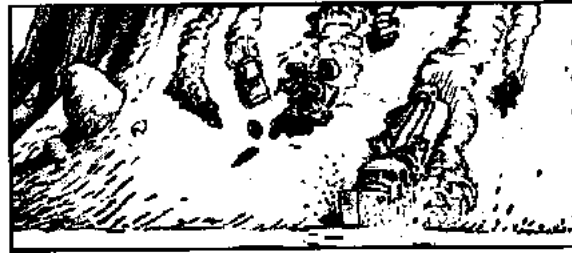
Assault vehicles do!



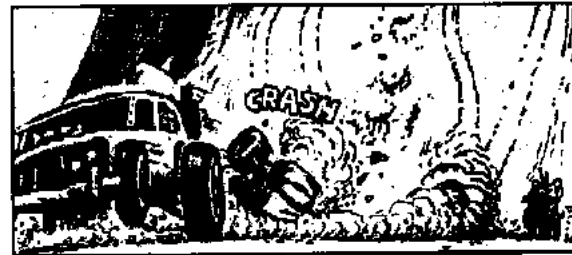
It's a wild ride...



But the Praetorian finesses it all the way to the bottom.



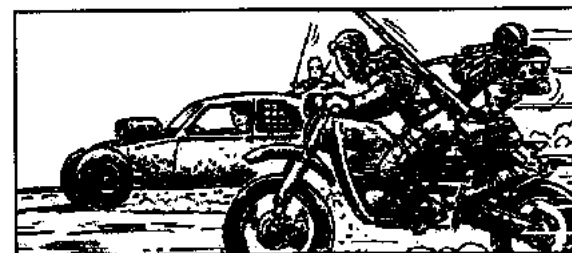
Only one ASSAULT CAR emerges from the riot of tumbling vehicles.



The Volvalini OUTRIDERS make it too.



They surge up alongside.



Like buffalo shooters...they blow out the front wheel...



And bring the beast down.



THE RACE

There are DUST CLOUDS coming at them...vehicles from the left and the right.



ROAD WARRIOR
Go straight down the middle!

The Praetorian bangs the NITRO.



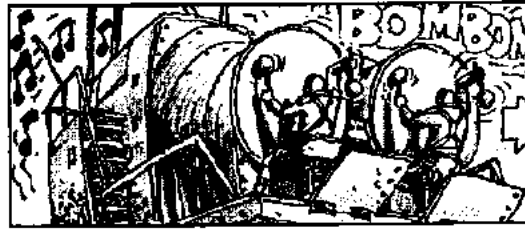
The War Rig powers out across the Wasteland.



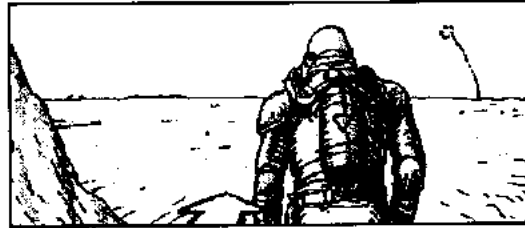
Will they make it through the gap before the packs converge?

IN THE WARLORD'S CAMP

The Drums are pounding.



The IMMORTAN can't believe his eyes. There they are...way out on the left.



ELITE GUARD

(with binoculars)

It's the War Rig. No question. Heading due west.

THE PEOPLE EATER

Why would they do that?
Do they wish to surrender?



THE IMMORTAN

(it dawns on him)

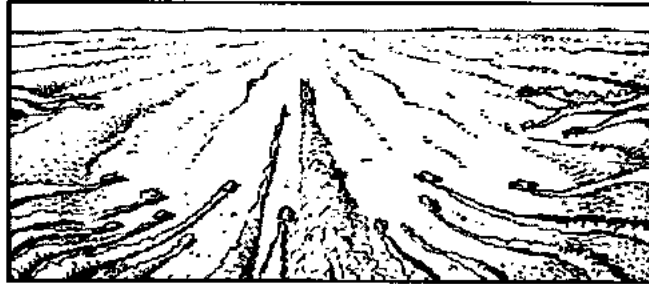
They're going back through the pass!

He calls his GIGAHORSE forward and rides its huge wheel...up to the cabin.



He ROARS off. Leading his troops...like hounds to the chase.

THE PACK IS CLOSING IN



IN THE WAR RIG

The precious CARGO sits huddled in the back seat. Protected by the VOLVALINI and NUX behind. The ROAD WARRIOR and the PRAETORIAN in the front.



The WAG has her head bowed in supplication...muttering to herself.

CAPABLE
What are you doing?

THE WAG
Praying.

CAPABLE
To whom?

THE WAG
Whatever providence is out there.

AT THE REAR

VOLVALINI man the gunner's pod.



One of them brushes her few remaining teeth. It's a pre-battle ritual.

THE NITRO DERBY

An ASSAULT VEHICLE sweeps in from the right. Its wheels steel covered.



NUX
It's Razor Cola.

ROAD WARRIOR
Huh?

PRAETORIAN
He'll try to get ahead of us.
Spike our front wheels.

Indeed, the Assault Car is gaining. RAZOR COLA is on the bonnet spraying something into the blower.



NUX
He's spritzing the Supercharger!

With that, Nux grabs a fuel can and a length of hose and climbs out of the cabin.



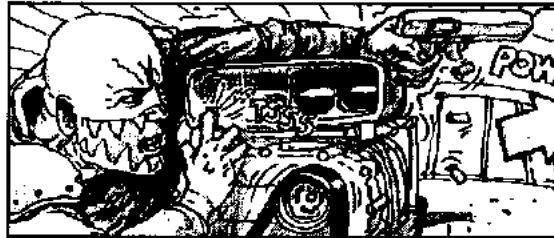
PRAETORIAN
Don't go blowing my motors.

NUX
Gonna force 'em...just a little.

The Road Warrior gives him cover fire.



Razor Cola is spritzing and shooting back.



Nux empties the gold from the SPRAY CAN around his neck and begins siphoning ACCELERANT into it.



But he's too late...

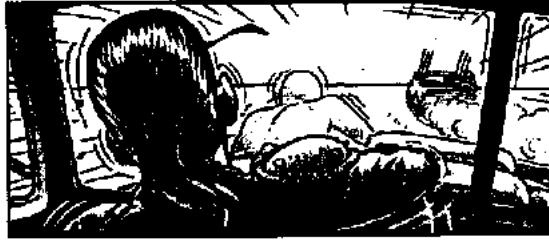
The Assault Vehicle has surged ahead of the War Rig...



And the Tail Gunner releases the SPIKES.



The PRAETORIAN swerves.



The spikes flail against the Rig's front wheels...

But don't go under them.



They do, however, blow a tire down the back.



The jostle causes NUX to inhale fuel.



The ROAD WARRIOR takes his place.



He siphons the accelerant into the can...



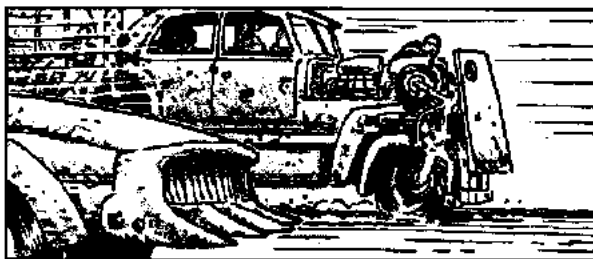
And sprays it into the mouth of the supercharger.



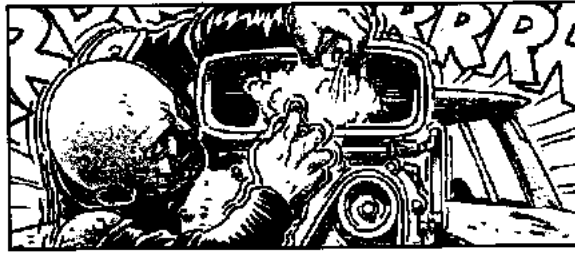
The Praetorian feels the boost. The engines scream.



The War Rig surges...



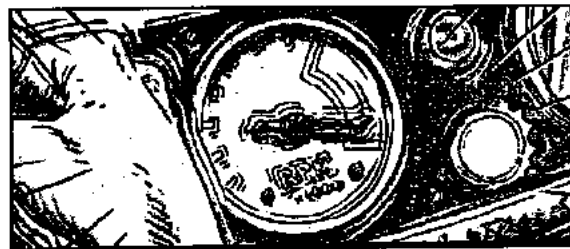
Not to be outdone...Razor Cola grabs another can and DOUBLES the amount of spritz.



His DRIVER checks the tachometer.



It's red-lining!



The Assault Car is overtaking the War Rig once again.



But the Praetorian won't let him get in front...not this time.

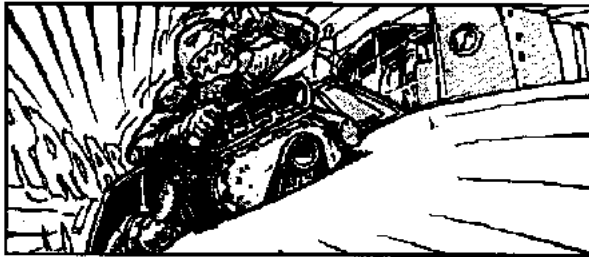
She slams right into the bastard!



The Assault Car rides up onto the Cow Catcher.



Razor Cola is a wildman. He takes a mouth full of accelerant.



And kicks it with THREE TIMES the recommended dose.



The Motor squeals. The exhausts breathe fire. The Assault car lurches forward.



The Road Warrior has no choice but to suck up a mouthful...and give the War Rig all *he's* got.



Razor Cola goes berserkers...trying to top him.



The Vehicle rockets to the front. The G force is fierce. The tachometer collapses.



But the Razor won't stop...



And the engine EXPLODES!



The Supercharger launches his body skyward...

And the War Rig smashes the Assault Vehicle aside.



PLAN B

The ROAD WARRIOR scrambles back to the cabin. The War Rig slows.



PRAETORIAN

Had to back off... Number One's lost power. Two's about to blow!

ROAD WARRIOR

We ate up our buffer. Have to jam the canyon on the run.

He hands the nearest VOLVALINI a spanner.



ROAD WARRIOR

Unbolt the tanker plate! Start on the far side
and work your way to the middle...
Leave the last four bolts.

He turns to NUX who's back next to CAPABLE.

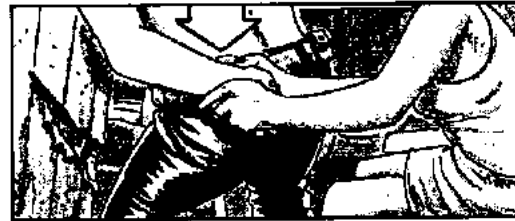


ROAD WARRIOR
You a 'black-finger'?

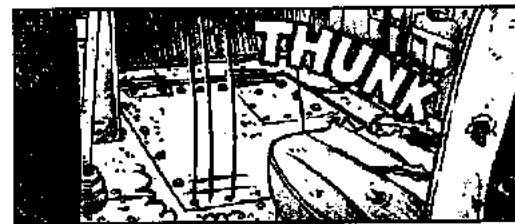
Nux nods keenly.

ROAD WARRIOR
Go down. See what you can do for engine one.

Capable doesn't want him to go.

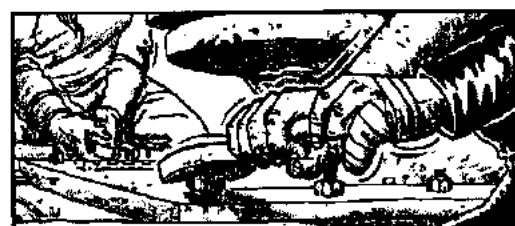


Strapping on his harness, he drops into the man-hole which accesses the engines.



DEATH BY IMPERATOR

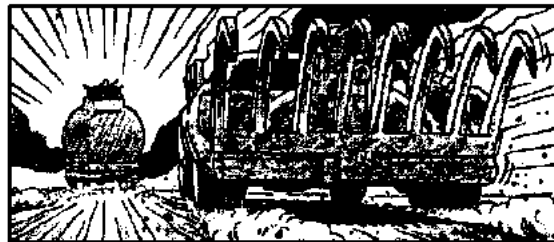
The ROAD WARRIOR and the VOLVALINI are working as fast as they can...setting up the tanker for the 'decouple'.



The others are burning ruined tires...for a smoke screen.



A HARPOON VEHICLE encroaches...a row of ploughs welded on the back.



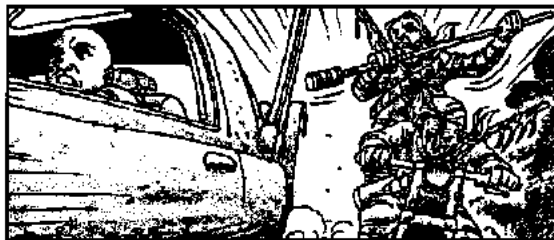
The VOLVALINI in the gunner's pod prepare to shoot.



VOLVALINI
One man. One bullet.

But her COMRADE stops her.

Because the Volvalini OUTRIDERS have emerged from the dust...



But the HARPOONIST is waiting for them with a length of chain.



WHAM!...The bike goes down.

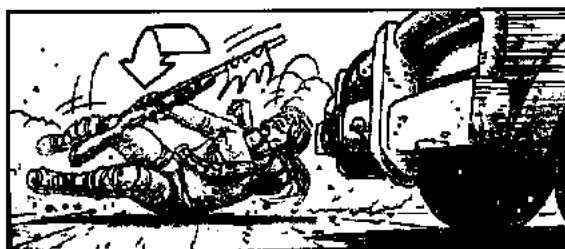
The PILLION recovers to see the 'STAMPEDE' bearing down on her.



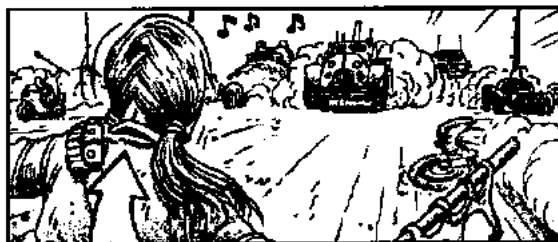
She retrieves her rifle and...



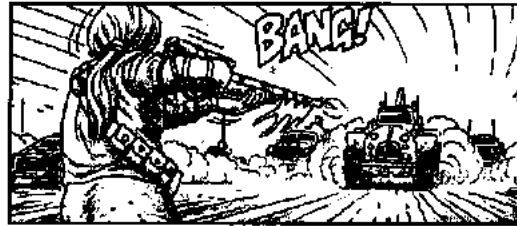
Rolls clear of an oncoming vehicle...just.



And there it is...the GIGAHORSE...thundering towards her.



She holds her ground. She FIRES.



The windscreen crazes a little...right in his face. But it's armor-plated.



She tries again.



To no effect.



The IMMORTAN charges her down.



She drops to the ground.

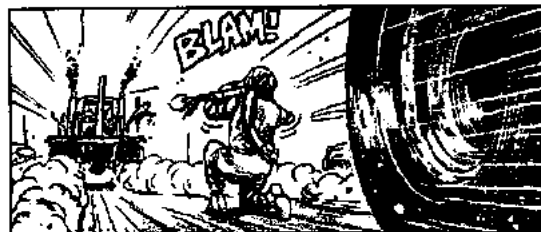


The Gigahorse passes right over her.

She rises to her knees and keeps firing.



But the MONSTER Fuel Truck...coming up behind her...mercilessly runs her down!



And who's got his crapulous hands on the wheel?



The PEOPLE EATER himself.

THE HARPOON ATTACK

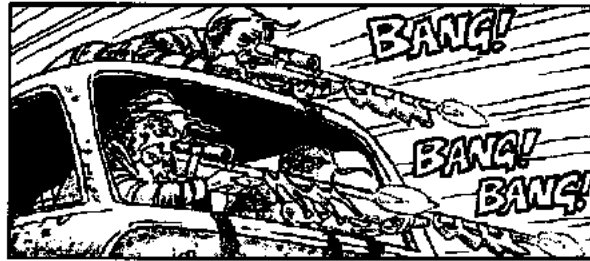
Up front, they're working on the Rig...



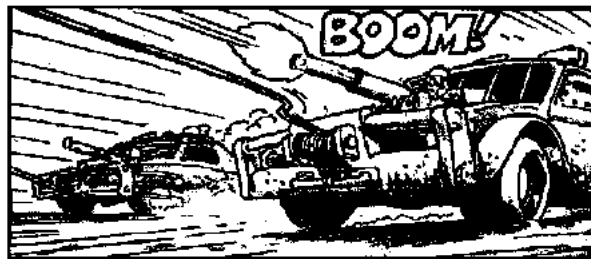
When more HARPOON CARS appear.



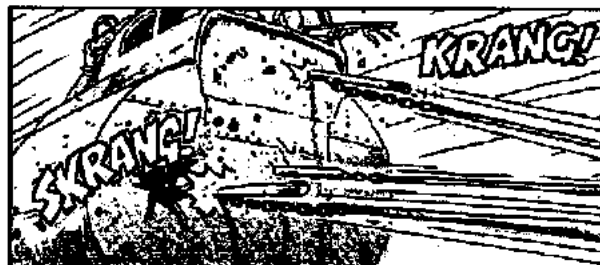
Despite the best efforts of the VOLVALINI...



They come close enough to strike.



The harpoons snag the back of the Rig.



The ploughs drop...



Digging deep into the ground.

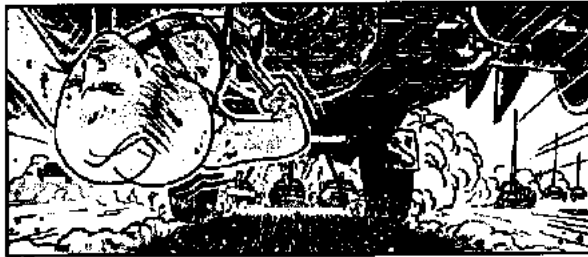


Like anchors...they slow the Rig down.



Dragging it back.

NUX...slung underneath...can feel the strain of the engines.



The ROAD WARRIOR keeps working on the bolts.



A Volvalini from the Gunner's pod calls to him.



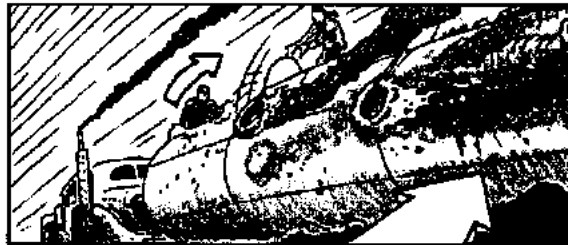
VOLVALINI
Lose the tanker!
They're hauling us back.

ROAD WARRIOR
No! Not yet.

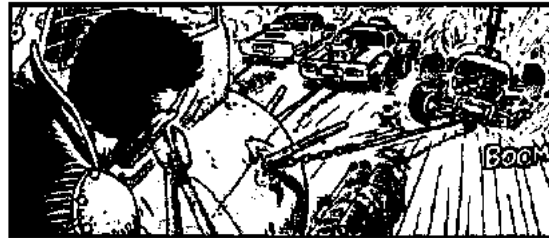


ROAD WARRIOR
Gimme the boltcutters!

He scrambles to the back of the rig.



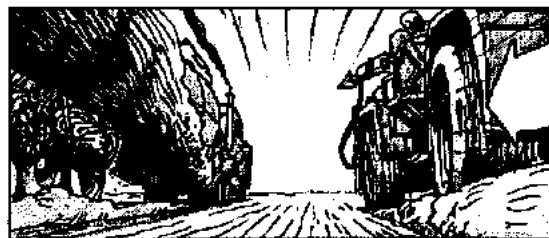
More harpoons have found their mark.



He starts cutting them away.



A large VEHICLE approaches from the other side.



It launches two harpoons at the Cabin.

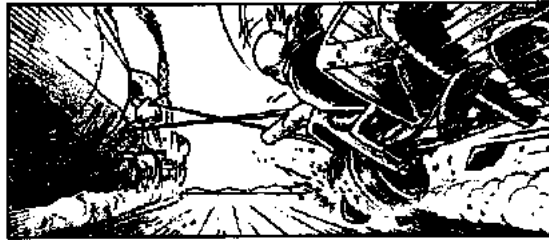
One of them comes awfully close to the Girls.



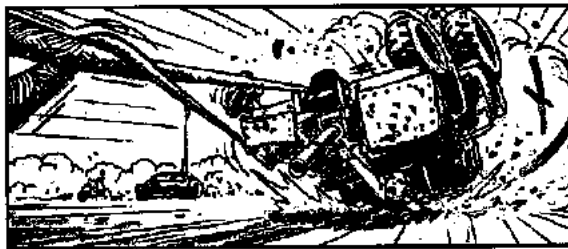
The cables tangle. Another Volvalini is dead.



The Vehicle slews wildly...



And rolls on its back.



The drag forces are enormous.

Half the cabin TEARS AWAY.



The GIRLS are exposed.



THE ROAD WARRIOR MEANTIME

Cuts away another cable.



It lashes back...viciously...into the face of the Driver.



Another HARPOON impacts close to the VOLVALINI who is holding onto the Road Warrior.



The Driver swerves.



He wants to crush them against the side of the Rig with his cable.

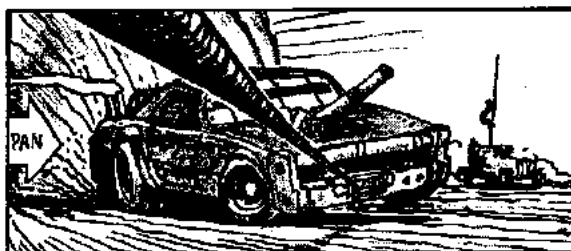
The Volvalini screams... It's caught her leg!



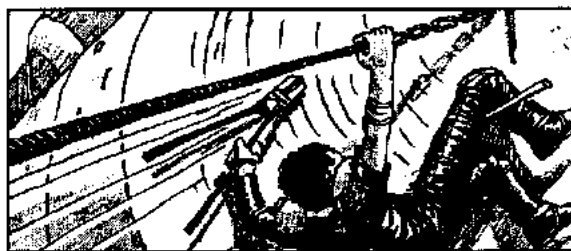
The Road Warrior cuts it free.



While he's distracted, a HARPOON CAR swerves out wide.



It's trying to slice him in half!



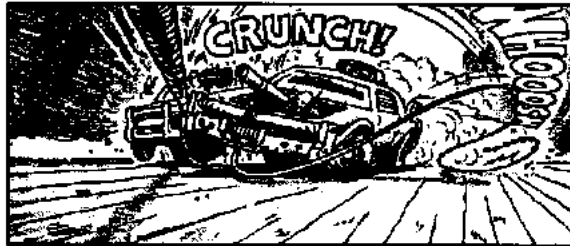
The Harpoon Car swings back the OTHER WAY.

The Road Warrior is jammed. About to be crushed.

But he severs the cable...just in time.



The Harpoon Car collides with the next which veers out of control.



The last of the cables tears away.



The two Vehicles tumble...end over end...back into the dust cloud.



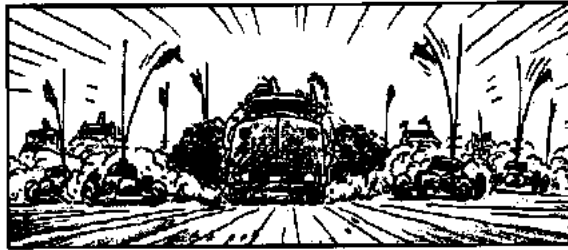
THE ASSAULT OF THE POLECATS

A new force looms.

WAR BOYS are climbing the poles...rocking from side to side. Like metronomes.



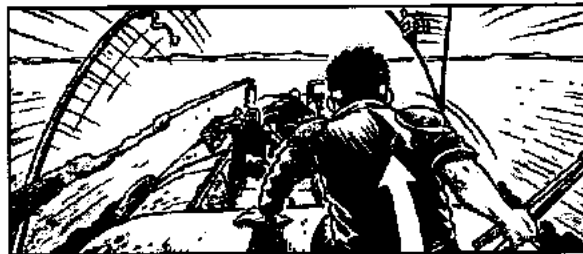
With each oscillation they move closer to the War Rig.



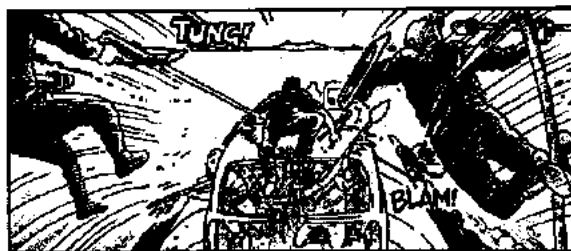
Then...they land.



The ROAD WARRIOR comes after them.



While the VOLVALINI shoot those coming after him.



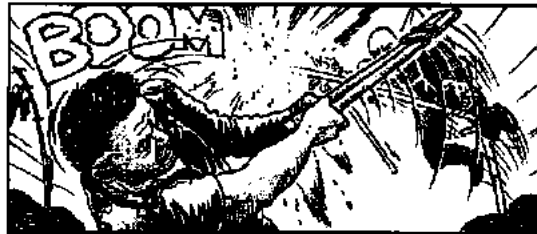
Nevertheless...he cops a CROSSBOW BOLT in the thigh.



While the Volvalini reload... a War Boy swoops with dual THUNDER STICKS.



The Road Warrior belts them away with his BOLT CUTTERS.

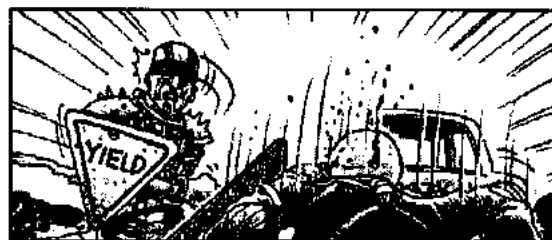


Meanwhile...

The WAR BOYS are making for the CABIN.



One of them is shot dead.



The other turns to see...

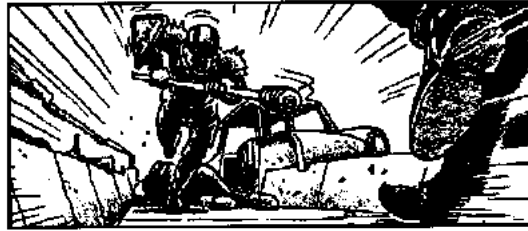
An Old Woman reloading her rifle... It's the VOLVALINI with the damaged leg.



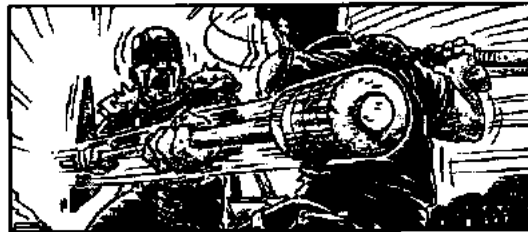
And...above her...a wild man!



They charge each other.



The Road Warrior sidesteps the Thunder Stick.



And KLUD!...The War Boy sails over the side.



UP FRONT

There's an attack on the PRAETORIAN.

Two POLECATS swoop in and out...by turns.

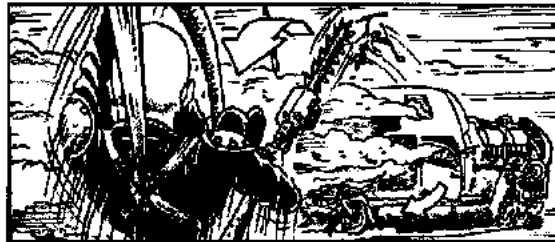
The FIRST approaches from the left...and drops a 'SMOKER' into the cabin.



While she's coping with that...



The SECOND swoops in from the right with a 'Bone Saw'.



But before he can do any damage...he takes a bullet from the Volvalini's Gun.



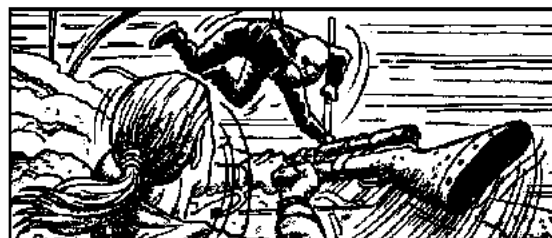
By now, the First Polecat is on his return swing.

He hooks a wire NOOSE around the Praetorian's neck.



He yanks on it savagely...choking off her carotids. Her foot comes off the accelerator.

There's a shout. The Polecat looks up. The VOLVALINI is about to serve him a tooth-splitter.



KRAK!!...He lets go of the noose.



Someone grabs her gun...



It's the Second Polecat!



He lunges...with the 'Bone Saw'.



The Praetorian shoots him, point blank, with thunderheads.



Boom!...He is blasted back.



As the Praetorian removes the noose...



The Volvalini collapses into the seat...clutching her neck.



THE ROAD WARRIOR MEANWHILE

Is busy cutting the arrow from his thigh.



And fending off the Polecats with his boltcutters.



THE NEXT ATTACK

Comes by stealth.

An Assault Bike eases alongside the Rig.



The PILLION leaps aboard.



And...very acrobatically...hauls up the RIDER.



One of their weapons is a 'Chainsaw-on-a-stick'...and there are no VOLVALINI left up front to defend the Praetorian!

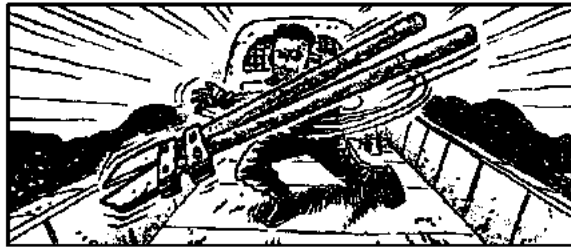
The ROAD WARRIOR needs to stop them.



But his way forward is blocked!



He hurls his Boltcutters.



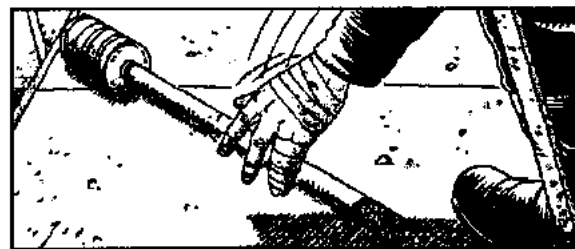
The Polecats are flung apart.



But the PILLION is already on top of the cabin.



The Road Warrior reaches for a fallen thunderstick.



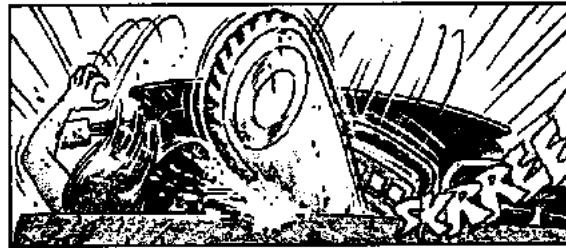
The Pillion raises his weapon. He's about to bring it down on the Praetorian.



The Road Warrior throws... Finds his mark.



The Pillion slumps forward onto the engines.



Then it happens...

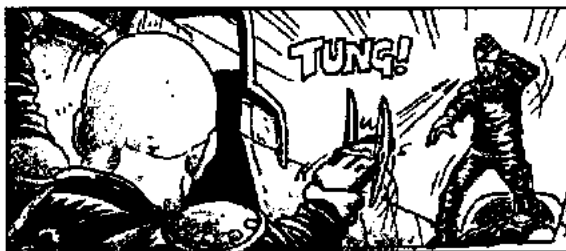
The RIDER appears.



The Road Warrior's left hand goes to his forehead...just as it did for the Ancient Man in the desert.



A good thing too...because that's when the Rider fires his cross-bow.



The Road Warrior is hit.



He stumbles.



And falls to the deck.



His world goes topsy-turvy.



Things are bad...but they're going to get worse.

A TASTE OF KILLING

The POLECATS are targeting the GIRLS.

One swoops in on KNOWING...



He grabs her.



He's dragging her away. Everyone is screaming.



She has a PISTOL. And...without giving it a second thought...she starts firing.



Over and over...BLAM! BLAM!...Directly into his chest.



Suddenly, the Polecat's face changes.

The rage falls away and he becomes...just another bewildered human.



Then...his hands weaken their grip...



And he is flung away.



Knowing is numb...caught between remorse and exhilaration.



But already ANOTHER Polecat is on her.



And someone else has grabbed her from behind...It's the BIKE RIDER.



There is a tug of war.

Everyone is pulling her...The War Boys, the GIRLS, even the wounded VOLVALINI.



UP TOP

The ROAD WARRIOR groans.



His world is coming back into focus.



He drags himself up.

In time to see KNOWING being pulled away from the War Rig.



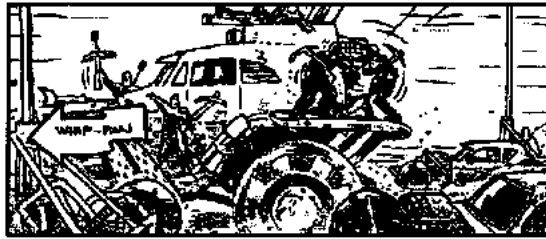
He goes to help...stumbles. Something's wrong!

His hand is stuck to his forehead.



THE CONTRACT

KNOWING has been transferred to the GIGAHORSE.



The PRAETORIAN is trying to reload.

The GIRLS sit stunned.



The BIKE RIDER reappears.



The WAG makes a grab for his crossbow. Knocking his aim.

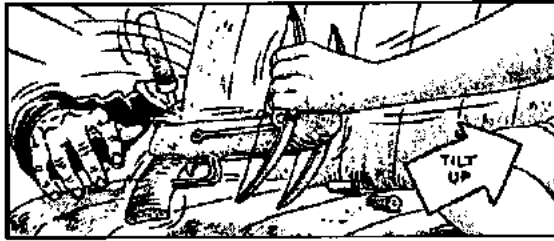
The Praetorian throws her blade.



It thuds right into his chest.



As he falls back...the Wag snatches his crossbow away.



The bolts have pinned the Praetorian's shoulder pad to the seat. She wrenches it free.



AT THE SAME MOMENT

The ROAD WARRIOR is prizing his hand from his forehead.

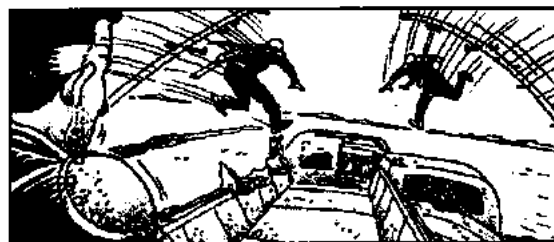


He looks at the barb...



By some providence, it penetrated no further than the bone.

Up ahead...more Polecats arrive.



Worse still, the GIGAHORSE is overtaking the War Rig.



The Praetorian has double-loaded the Rider's crossbow. She looks for a shot on the IMMORTAN.



But he shoves KNOWING in the way.



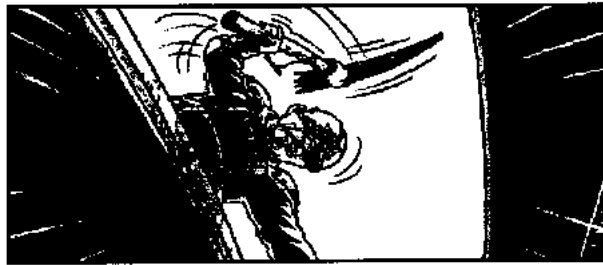
So she turns her weapon on his GUNNERS...



Suddenly, there's a POLECAT on the roof.



He has a PICKAXE!



BOOF!...The ROAD WARRIOR tackles him.



They crash onto the engines.



The Road Warrior falls badly. Undefended.



The Praetorian hits the BRAKES.



The Polecat tumbles...over the front of the War Rig.



This is hardly the time or place...

But the ROAD WARRIOR and the PRAETORIAN give each other the 'LOOK'.

Man to Woman. Destinies entwined.



There is a contract exchanged...somehow they'll see each other through all this.



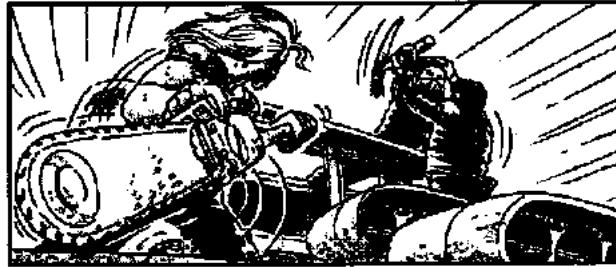
There's another ASSAILANT!



The Road Warrior fends him off.



The PILLION with the chainsaw is also on his feet...going for him.



The Praetorian yells a warning.



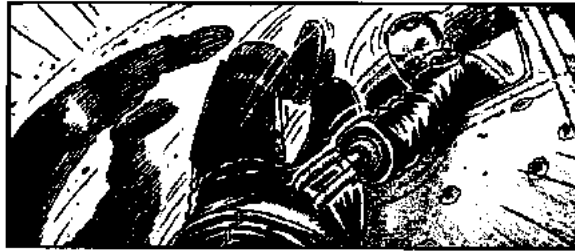
He spins around...using the Assailant as a shield.



WHAM!... They go over the side...the three of them!



The Praetorian reaches out... She HOOKS the Road Warrior by the belt.



And stops him from crashing to the ground!



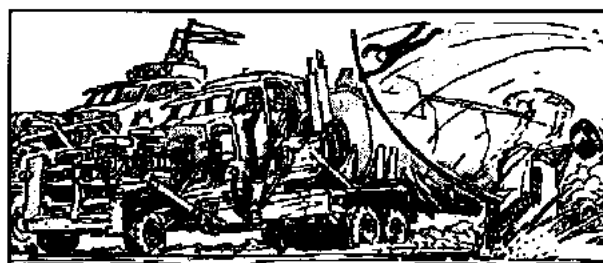
The other two tumble into the path of the oncoming vehicles.



The CHAINSAW bursts the front wheel of a Polecat VEHICLE.

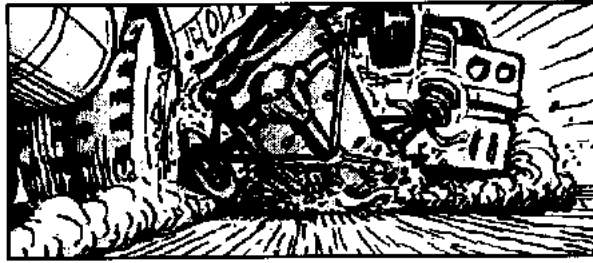


Causing it to roll. The WAR BOY up the pole is whipped forward...



WHUMP!...He pounds into the ground...very close to the Road Warrior's face.

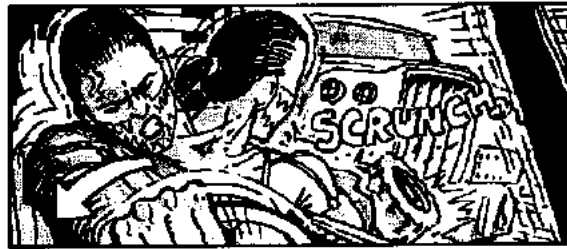
The Vehicle flips into the Monster FUEL TRUCK which begins to shunt it forward.



It comes...grinding against the belly of the War Rig...about to crush the ROAD WARRIOR.



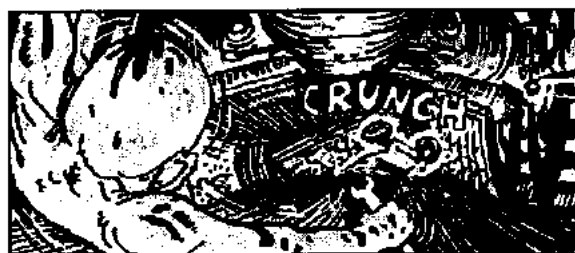
The PRAETORIAN veers away.



The WRECK slides off the front of the Fuel Truck...



And falls back...under the wheels of the War Rig.



NUX is flung about wildly by the impacts.

The Road Warrior DROPS...closer to the ground.



The Praetorian struggles mightily to hold him. But he's slipping away. The STRAPS of her prosthetic arm are breaking under the strain.



Now things gets a lot worse.

The RIDER returns. His mouth is gold...and he has the Praetorian's BLADE. Before anyone can stop him...he drives it into her chest!



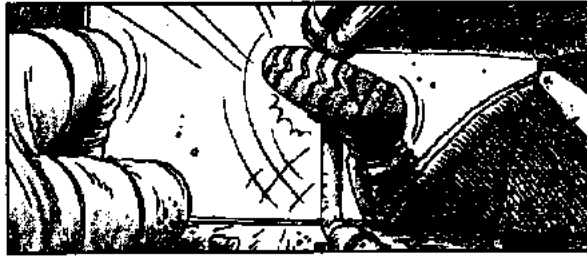
The Girls drag him back.



The wounded VOLVALINI gives him a heave with her boot.



His FOOT catches...preventing his fall.



FRAGILE knocks it free.



He falls to his death.

The VOLVALINI slumps against the WAG'S legs.



All her strengths are gone, even her optimism.

VOLVALINI
(faintly)
It tastes...sour.

She dies clutching her saddlebag of seeds.



The Girls are freaking. There's dying all around.

The PRAETORIAN tries to pull the knife from her ribcage...but can't.



She's in bad shape...



And she's still holding onto the ROAD WARRIOR.



THE CORRAL

Now, the large WAR MACHINES come into play.

They have a well-practised strategy.

First, a brutal-looking War Rig, known as the BATTLE TRUCK, thunders in from the RIGHT.



At the same time, the GIGAHORSE sweeps out in FRONT.



While the FUEL TRUCK keeps grinding up the LEFT side.



The PRAETORIAN swerves, this way and that, trying to avoid them...but she is BOXED IN.

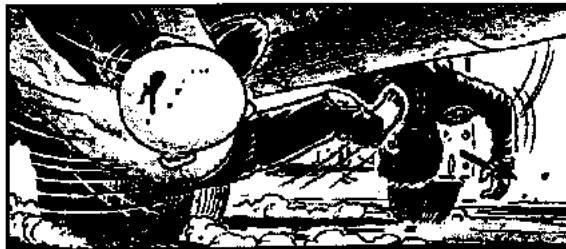


The ROAD WARRIOR is struggling. The Fuel Truck is looming down on him...In a moment he will be scraped off the side.



He tries to swing himself out of the way...but doesn't have the strength.

NUX swings into shot...and gives him a shove.



The ROAD WARRIOR grasps the only thing he can...the front of the Fuel Truck.



By now, the DOOF MOBILE has swept in behind the War Rig and 'closed the gate' on the CORRAL.



The Praetorian has nowhere to go...It is simply a matter of slowing her down until she grinds to a halt.

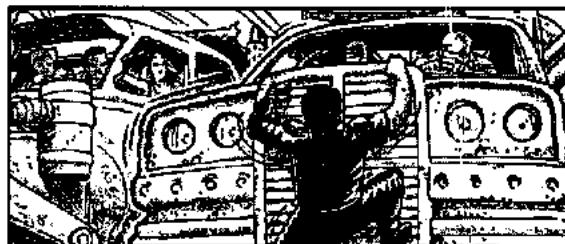


WAR BOYS are trying to board the War Rig.

The VOLVALINI from the GUNNER'S POD are keeping them at bay.



The Road Warrior is trapped on the front of the Fuel Truck...



Pinned down by machine-gun fire.



The situation is relieved by one of the VOLVALINI making her way to the front of the Rig.

She hurls a BURNING TIRE into the cabin of the FUEL TRUCK.



The Road Warrior makes his move.



He scrambles over the hood...and onto the roof.



He spins the machine gun around.



And rakes the cabin with gunfire.



From out of the smoke and fire...come the cries of the dying.

THE RELEASE

NUX emerges from under the Rig.



NUX

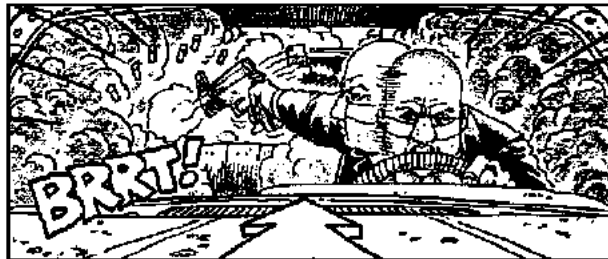
She had a leg out of bed.
I hooked up a thousand units of Fang... You're whole again.
W-Where is she...?!

CAPABLE is on the hood. The Volvalini are exchanging fire with the IMMORTAN'S GUARDS. Capable is shielding the Praetorian.



Next door...

The PEOPLE EATER empties a clip into the smoke.



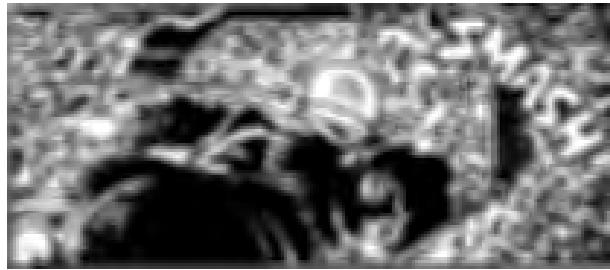
When he stops to reload...the ROAD WARRIOR drops into view!...WHUD!



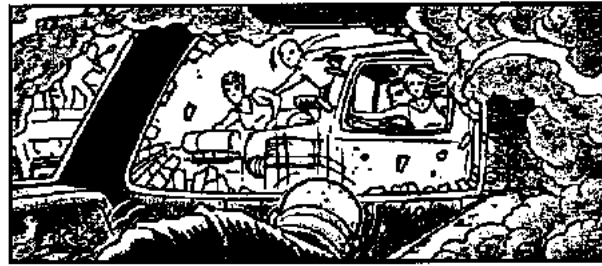
The Road Warrior hauls him out of the seat...



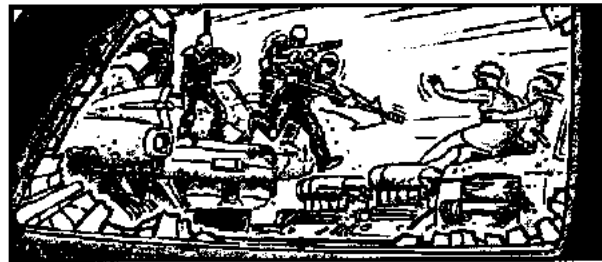
And shoves him into the window. SMASH!...it falls away.



There's NUX and CAPABLE on the hood.



While the Volvalini are reloading...the IMMORTAN'S GUARDS are coming for Capable.



But the Road Warrior intercedes...



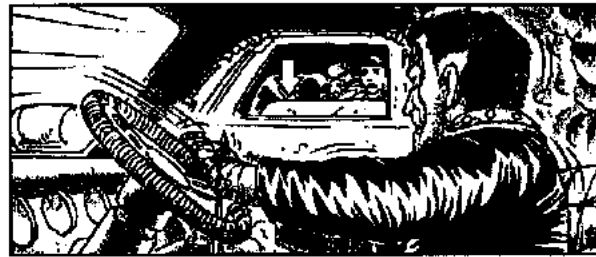
And they fall dead at the Girl's feet.



Now he takes the Fuel Truck forward.



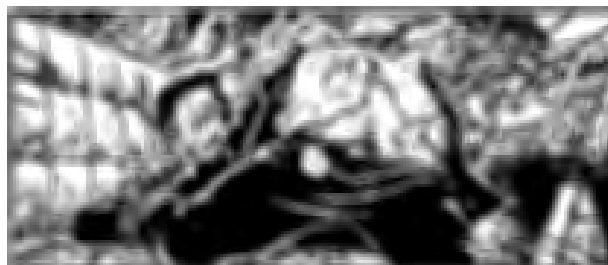
As he surges past the GIGAHORSE...



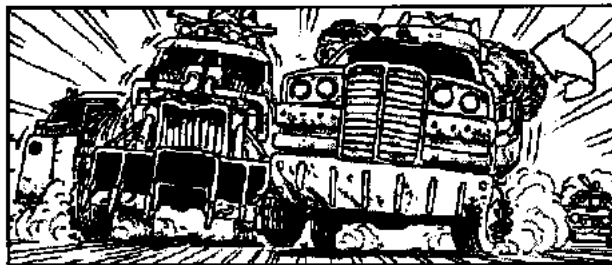
The IMMORTAN rains gunfire down on him.



But he is using the People Eater's body as a shield.



The Fuel Truck is now ahead of the Gigahorse.



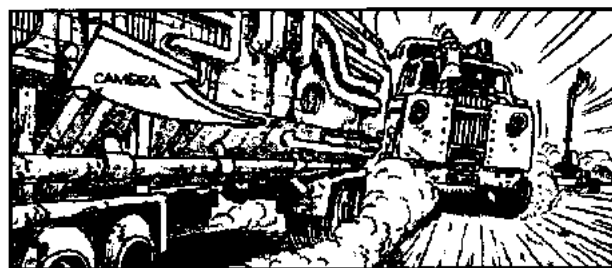
The 'gate' has been opened.



The Praetorian swings the War Rig free of the corral.



As she clears the back of the Fuel Truck...



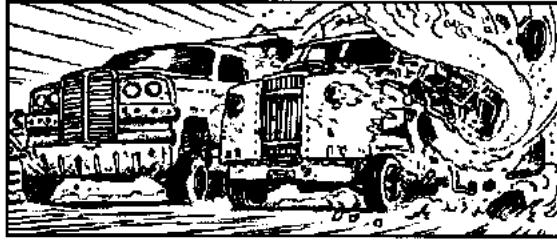
A FLAME CAR swoops in to attack the ROAD WARRIOR.



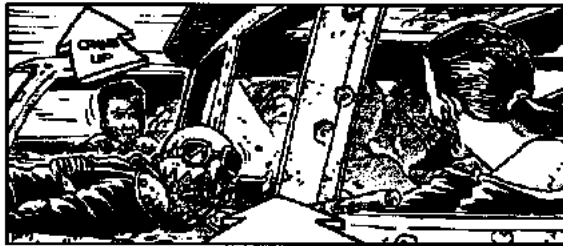
The Praetorian guns her engines...



And consigns the Intruder to the scrap heap... WHUMPI!



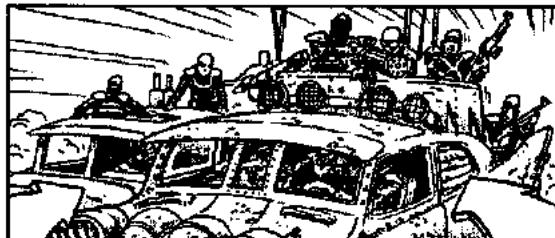
As she draws alongside, he nods his thanks. They have clawed their way back from the brink.



Two Warriors. Two trucks. Instinctively they know what each has to do.

THE DANCING TRUCKS

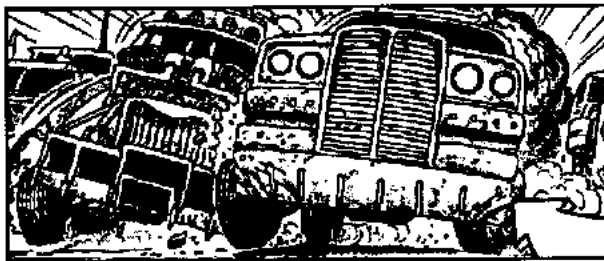
War Boys are making their way forward to replace the Immortan's Guard.



The ROAD WARRIOR is running interference for the PRAETORIAN.



The IMMORTAN gives it all he's got but the Road Warrior just won't let him ahead.



So the Immortan brakes... The Gigahorse drops away.



The Road Warrior does the opposite... he accelerates forward.



The Gigahorse goes around the BACK of the War Rig... and comes up the other side.



But the Praetorian is waiting for him. She swings to the right.



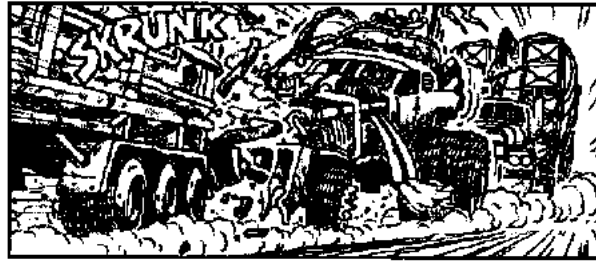
And there's the Road Warrior...braking hard.



'Rear-ending' straight into the Immortan.



The IMPACT shunts the Gigahorse back...



Directly into the path of the DOOF-MOBILE...following faithfully behind.



BOOM! BOOM!...The Taiko Drummers are slammed forward.



While COMA, the Doof-Man...



Bounces about on his bungee...oblivious to anything but the squeal of his guitar.



The ROAD WARRIOR and the PRAETORIAN check out the state of play...



There's the BATTLE TRUCK on the left swarming with the War Boys.



And on the right...TWO POLECATS ranging in on the Fuel Truck.



He waits for her cue.



She shifts down a gear...and fangs it.



The WAR RIG shoots forward.



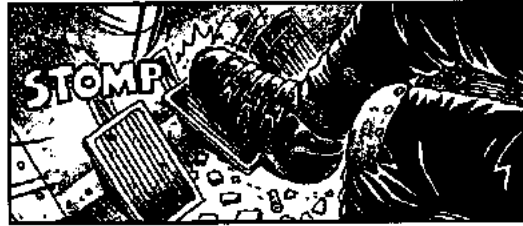
The Road Warrior swings the FUEL TRUCK across to the right.



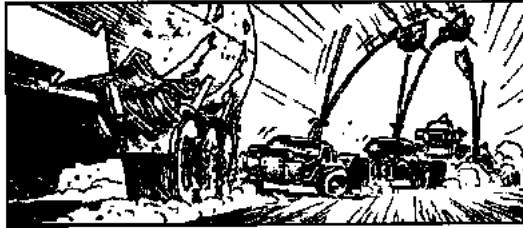
He hits the accelerator.



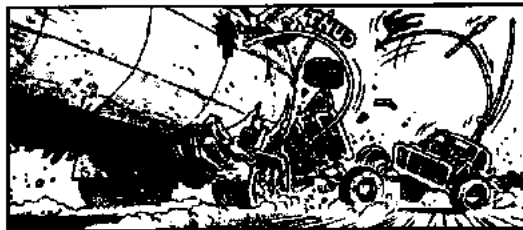
She hits the brakes.



The War Rig drops back directly into the path of the POLECATS.



She slams into one...which cannons into the other...MAYHEM.



Now it's the ROAD WARRIOR'S turn.

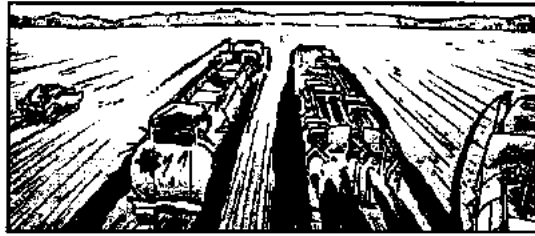
He powers forward between the Praetorian and the Battle Truck.



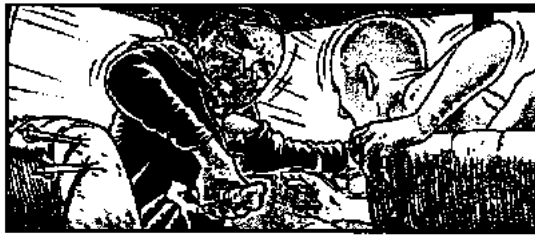
Despite being shot at...



He BULLOCKS the massive vehicle out of the way...and side by side with the Praetorian...heads towards the mountains.



In this moment of respite...the PRAETORIAN turns to NUX.



PRAETORIAN
Grab this!
Pull it hard...and fast!

NUX takes hold of the KNIFE-HANDLE.

And likewise...



The ROAD WARRIOR has a chance to deal with the cross-bow BOLT in his hand.



Nux yanks the blade from the Praetorian's chest.

One of the VOLVALINI binds the wound with a pressure bandage.



VOLVALINI
You're leaking blood.
Pretty soon you won't be able to drive.

PRAETORIAN
The Pass is out there somewhere.
Look for tracks... they'll lead us back in.

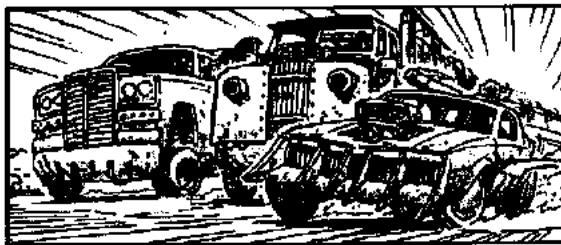


CAPABLE
You should drive.

NUX
Whenever she's ready.

But the Praetorian won't relinquish the wheel.

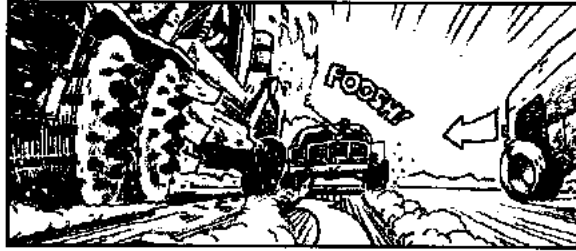
Besides, there's an ASSAULT CAR out ahead.



It attacks the engines with a Flame Thrower.



The Praetorian veers around it...



Maneuvering so that the Assault Car is caught between the WAR RIG and the FUEL TRUCK.



The Gunner turns the Flame Thrower on the ROAD WARRIOR who comes at him from one side...



While the PRAETORIAN powers in from the other.



The Assault Car is CRUSHED between the two great War Machines...



And spat out the back...like so many pieces of junk.

But there's a cost...

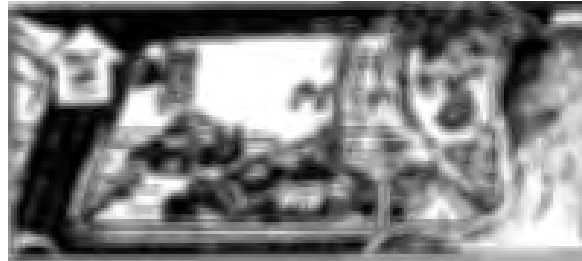
The Road Warrior's vehicle is in FLAMES and the Praetorian is weakening by the minute.



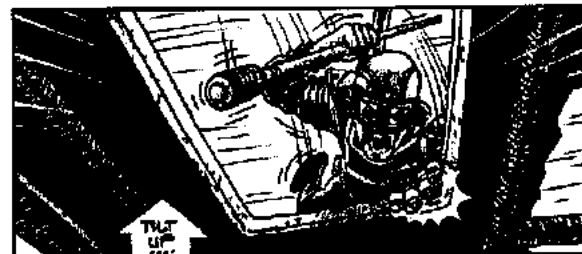
Then she sees the GIGAHORSE out on the right...moving AWAY from them.



A POLECAT CAR sweeps into view.



A WAR BOY appears at the Roof Hatch...thunderstick raised.



But...WHAM!...He's whipped away. The FUEL TRUCK has slammed into the back of the Polecat car.



The Road Warrior's windscreen has been smashed out...the flames in the cabin are intensifying.

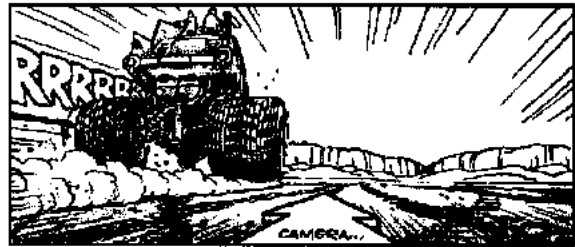


He looks across at the Praetorian...sees that she's been hurt. The Praetorian, however, is more concerned with what's happening on their right.

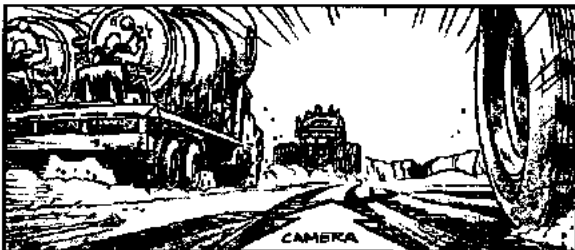


THE GIGAHORSE

Has found the TRACKS into the canyon.



The DOOF-MOBILE covers the rear.

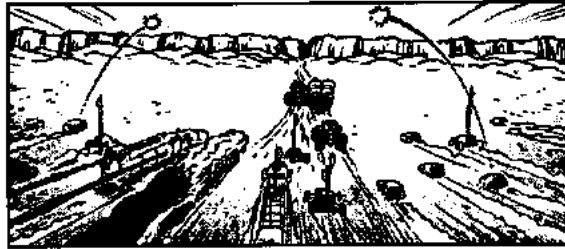


While the recycled BIGFOOT sweeps left to cover their flanks.



THE RACE TO THE PASS

The ROAD WARRIOR and the PRAETORIAN turn their vehicles towards the pass. The GIGAHORSE is several lengths ahead.



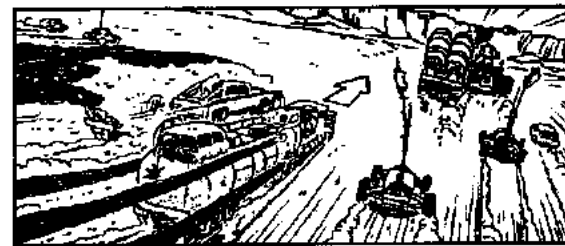
The BIG FOOT is determined not to let them closer. The Road Warrior takes him on. Wheel to wheel.



This allows the Praetorian to slide behind them...



And press after the IMMORTAN.



Even with a boost of nitro, she's barely gaining on him.



She yells to the Volvalini.

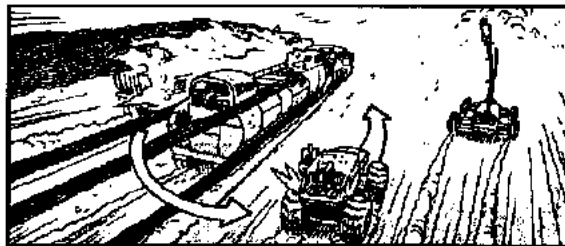


PRAETORIAN
Is there anyone left down the back?!

VOLVALINI
No.

PRAETORIAN
We've got to lose the tanker!

The Big Foot drops off the Road Warrior and tries to come around the War Rig on the inside.



The Praetorian can see that the entire FUEL TRUCK is now in flames...



It's going to blow!

Too weak to shout above the noise, she signals to him...jump ship!



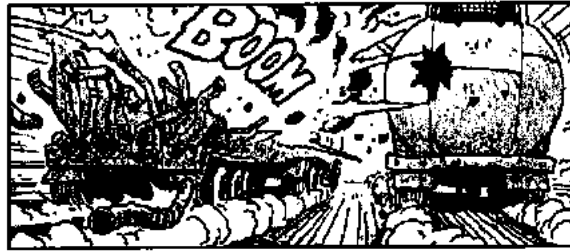


ROAD WARRIOR
Are you hit?!



CAPABLE
She's hurt! Come across! She's hurt!

But it's over for the Fuel Truck. The fuel lines rupture...and the first of the tanks EXPLODES.



The Road Warrior yanks on the choke...



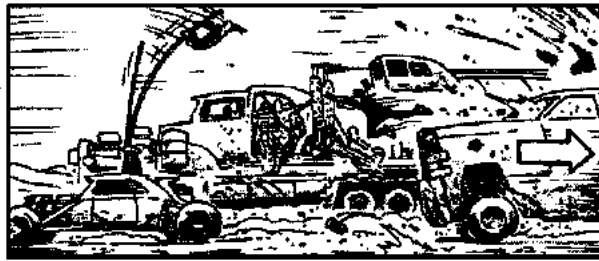
And clambers out the front window.



The rest of the tanks go...



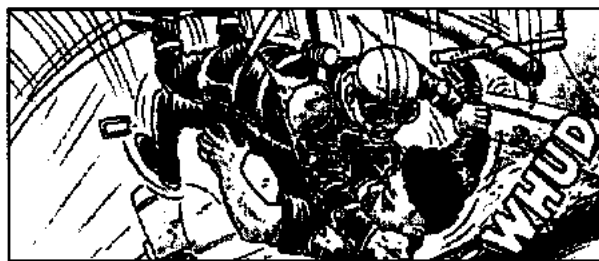
He leaps for the War Rig... makes it across.



But before he can be pulled on board, a WAR BOY swoops in on a Polecat...



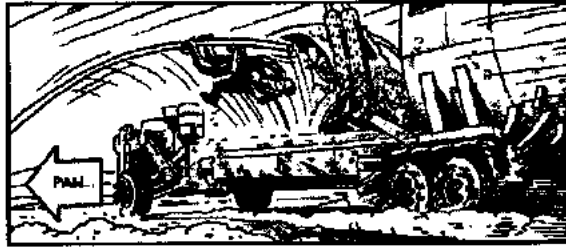
And knocks him off.



The Praetorian thinks she's lost him.



But the Road Warrior hangs onto the War Boy...for all he's worth.



They flail about wildly...one side to the other.



Behind them there is an almighty conflagration...The FUEL TRUCK has rolled into the BATTLE TRUCK.



The WAR BOY pulls a knife.

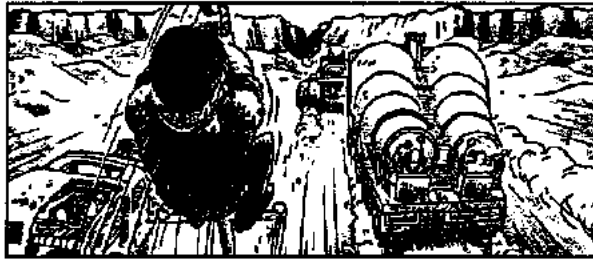
The ROAD WARRIOR kicks hard off the ground.



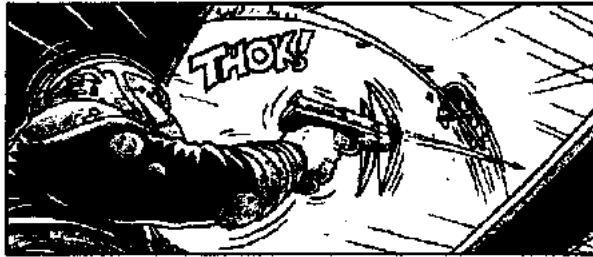
At the apex of the swing... the Road Warrior unclips the harness and the War Boy plummets to the ground.



So here he is...stuck up a pole and the GIGAHORSE is entering the canyon.



Now the Polecat DRIVER is shooting at him!



He rocks from side to side...



He's making for the WAR RIG.



The Praetorian veers closer.



On the return swing...



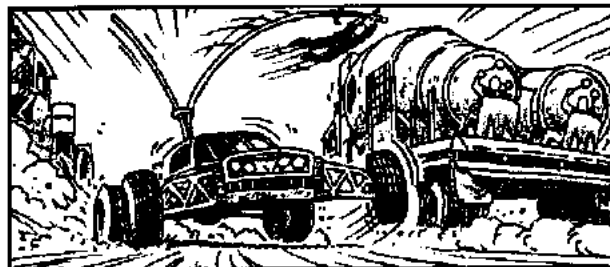
He reaches out...and is about to make the leap...



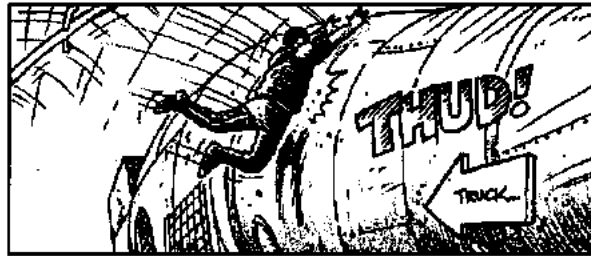
When the Driver pulls on a hand-brake turn.



The Road Warrior is whipped away from the Rig...



Onto the DOOF-MOBILE!



The Praetorian must go on without him...



THE END PLAY

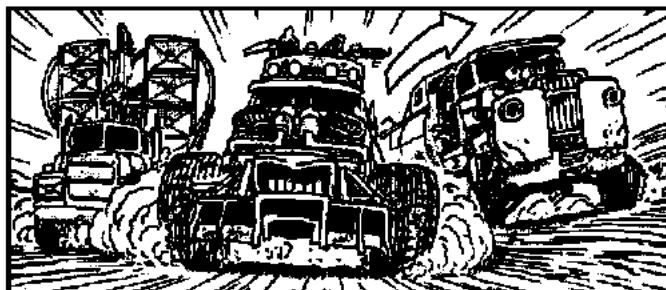
A VOLVALINI draws her attention to the GIGAHORSE swerving from side to side...



VOLVALINI
What's he doing?!

PRAETORIAN
Feeling me out... setting to block me.

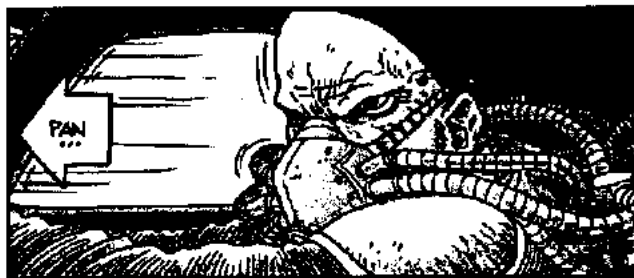
The PRAETORIAN drops down a couple of gears and... with a boost of Nitro... ramps up to higher ground.



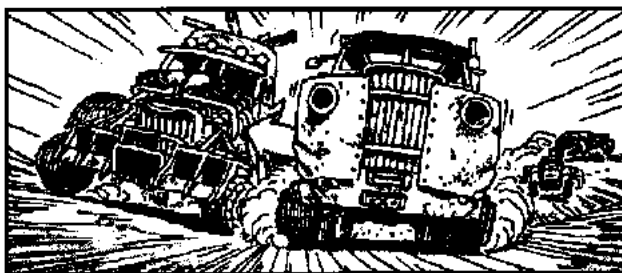
The Volvalini stop work on the release of the tanker and...shielded by the Girls...shoot the Gunners on the Gigahorse.



As the PRAETORIAN goes past the IMMORTAN their eyes meet...one last time.



Now, the Immortan swerves high to the other side...



And...under nitro...roars past the Praetorian.

