**PLOT PROGRESSION:**

When we get deep into this yarn, we will need to be on top of the following salient point.

The ghost began to appear at the time of the death of Terrence Woods. Why? The answer is that a cold case involving Herr Fritz Hämlich is reopened just at that time. Happenstance ...

Scene: Interior.

The very swish office of Judge Frank Hewitt in Collins Street, Melbourne. We see in pride-of-place on the wall a large framed football guernsey (signed) in the St Kilda colours (in honour of their only Grand Final win of 1966.)

Background: Frank (a solid unit) is larger than life. He's in his 60's and is a by-word in Melbourne for "good value". Go to a cricket game, or to the races, or to the footy with His Honour Frank Hewitt and you are guaranteed a top-notch day out. You have never played golf unless you've caddied for Frank. Legend!

Frank is just now reading about the death of Terry Woods. The story has popped up on his news page (on his laptop).

There is a knock at the door. In steps Frank's nephew: Harry Hewitt.

Frank *jovial, very bonhomous*

Ah! Here he is! What good is nepotism without a favourite nephew to go on with?

Harry

Hang on, Uncle Frank ... I thought Mitch is your favourite?

Frank

He is.

Doesn't Mitch work at AFL Grange?

Harry

Yes. That'd be correct.

Frank

I say "work" but it's more like "poncing around".

The reason I mentioned the Grange is that it's just come to my attention that Terry Woods has died.

Harry *uncertain*

Oh ... Well ...

Frank

A Sainter. I used to go (as a kid) and stand about in the outer at Junction Oval. Mum gave me enough loose change to catch the tram there and then get home again, get myself into the ground, buy a pie with sauce and have a small Coke. Talk about luxury! Look at me now!

[Loud, hearty laugh.]

But I digress. No, I was going to tell you that there never was nor never will be a more effective backman than Terry Woods. He was a legend.

He and his missus own AFL Grange. Well, she's his long-time partner (to give her a more exact status). And that's where your brother works.

Harry

Right.

Anyway I --

Frank

I suppose they're all tottering about organizing the funeral

... They'll drape his St Kilda guernsey over the coffin ...

That's a given.

And it's "Your Honour" not "Uncle Frank". Get a grip!

So, what are you here for anyway?

Harry I'm trying to tell you Unc -- Your Honour. I have to report to you every --

Frank How many years was it that you graced the hallowed portals of the University of Melbourne? And most of the time slogging away at being inebriated ... shagging all the good-looking female students (if I know which side is "up").

Harry *whining* That is so unfair. You keep going on about what a marvellous time I'm supposed to have had when in fact it was bloody hard yakka. Up all night --

Frank Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.

What do you want anyhow? Apart from reporting in.

Harry *happier* Okay. I'm helping the Victoria Police with their backlog. So up my alley. And the current pot-boiler is interesting plus 10. A cold case. Port Augusta in 1924 --

Frank *laughing loudly* Port Augusta? In the 20's? That was a wild old place. You'll need a large bottle of Johnnie Walker to get you through that one.

Harry It's about a coppersmith. A master craftsman. And at the time the police sewed it up as quickly as possible. But I think that the "person or persons unknown" can be narrowed down to one single murderer. And I shall find out his name. Long dead (of course) but I like everything to be

neat and tidy.

Frank *nods*

Closure.

Yes, I get that.

No wonder the police gave it short shrift. Overworked and underpaid ... Same story all the time.

Alright. See what you can make of it. Play nicely with the cops now and give my love to your Mother.

Harry

Will do.



AFL Grange is an exquisite, stately Toorak mansion with magnificent gardens.

In the foyer of AFL Grange a huge screen is mounted in full view (even though the décor speaks of late 19th century).

The screen loops around. It shows AFL speckies (exciting marks). These have been recorded in very slow motion. The loop lasts around 10 minutes. However, we will only require enough to get us through the TITLES.

And the background music to this loop is comprised of the last several bars of Mahler's "The Titan". If necessary, we shall slightly change this music such that it provides our AFL Grange Theme.



BACKGROUND NOTES:

Before the movie kicks in, I want to cover off a couple of interesting points.

BACKGROUND TO THE HAMMERHEAD CHARACTER (1920's)

In addition to a rough-house band, the proprietor of Rushcutters Hall provides some entertainment in the shape of a very indifferent baritone: Herr Fritz Hämlich (whose nickname is "Hammerhead").

Fritz (in his early 30's in 1922) has a very rich German accent. Most of the time, he does not sing but rather intones the words of songs. Full of fun, Fritz points to members of the audience as he "sings". Fritz may actually sing the last few bars of his feature song – loudly and wildly.

To add no decorum at all, Fritz appears on stage in a shimmering grey suit. On his head he wears an outrageous rubber cap meant to replicate the head of a hammer-head shark.

We discover (in passing) that Hammerhead is a coppersmith by trade.



BACKGROUND TO THE WAL CHARACTER (1920's)

In a way, Wal reminds me of the dwarf named "Grumpy" in Walt Disney's "Snow

White". He gives the impression that he is a cantankerous hard nut, but underneath he is as mooshy as a marshmallow.

Wal is extremely uncomfortable in the presence of any female.

He gets around this by acting as if the female is not there.

In order to converse with the female, Wal speaks to the nearest male such that that male is able to pass on information to the female. Or ask questions of her. And always Wal's back is turned to her.

This method might work for Wal, but not for the female.



BACKGROUND TO THE BERYL AUSTRALIS (1920's)

The amazing opal known to history as the "Beryl Australis" is 99% gem opal, weighing 17,000 carats and is 27.94 cm (11 inches) long and 11.43 cm (4.5 inches) high.

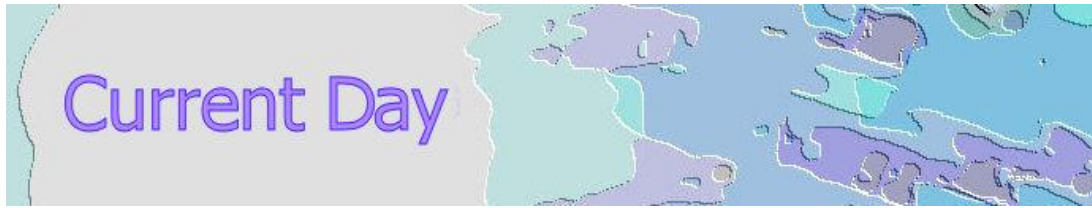
BACKGROUND TO "NOT A ROUND BALL" (Current Day)

AFL football shows are unbelievably popular. Foxtel provides all manner of footy-related coverage; the games themselves are interspersed with panel shows. The most revered footy panel show is "Not A Round Ball" (aka N.A.R.B.). Directed by AFL great Austen Hampton (who appears every Wednesday night to explain AFL rules)

the show itself has 2 topline sports journalists (Howard and Robbo) along with one-time footy champion Whaler. Behind the scenes are backroom people, most of whom we meet along the journey.

"Not A Round Ball" airs at 6:30 pm Monday to Wednesday, and occasionally on Thursday (if there is not televised game). Each show runs for 1 hour. On Grand Final eve, there is a special 2-hour tribute with live audience.



**Scene: Interior.**

The Argus Building, South Melbourne

Storming The Bunker

Current day

Protagonists: Carla Ambrey, Brendi, Whaler, Emelia Ingpen, Serge.

We walk in in the middle of a major brouhaha. The employees of the Foxtel Footy Channel have locked themselves into the bunker in order to avoid having to talk to Emelia. The walls of the bunker are made of thick glass. Emelia (with Serge at her side) bangs on the glass demanding ingress. The shouting match progresses through the thick sheets of glass.

Carla is immediately on the phone to security.

Emelia *appalled* How dare you refuse to talk to me! Do you have any idea who I am?

Carla Yes, I do. You're a serial pest who is making my life unendurable. I'm calling security.

Emelia I demand that you open the door and let me in.

Carla And I demand that you get out of the building before you're thrown out.

Three security men arrive. They tower over Emelia. The discussion between the 3 security men, Emelia and Serge is not heard by us. There is a great deal of gesticulation.

Our camera remains in the bunker with Carla, Whaler and Brendi.



Serge has wandered off. Austen Hampton approaches the 3 security guards and we see him leading Emelia off. Remember that we are watching this from the bunker.

The head security guard signals to Carla with a thumbs up. She responds likewise. The 3 security guards go back to their stations.

Carla *contemplative* Like – how can someone like that find their way out of bed in the morning?

Brendi The boys on “Not A Round Ball” can’t open their mouths without her firing off email after email after email.

Whaler Is that her? The “Email Pest”.

Bendi That’s her. I knew she’d be old like that! Nothing else to do

...

Every single thing that a footballer does is a real hang-up for her.

Carla *sighs* As if footballers are going to be confident public speakers or sing beautifully or have an entrancing stage presence.

**Scene: Interior.**

The Argus Building, South Melbourne

The Ted Whitten Room

Current day

Austen Hampton (one-time footballer and chief of "Not A Round Ball") is alone with Emelia in the Ted Whitten Room.

Austen Where's your mate?

Emelia I have no idea. Probably on the hunt for food.

Or passion ...

Austen As long as you're comfortable talking to me alone.

Emelia No worries. Fire away.

Austen So ... Where do you want to start?

Emelia I happen to be one of the most influential people (I'm counting men in that) in AFL football. I **am** AFL football.

Austen I was thinking more about the ghost. They told me that there's a ghost haunting AFL Grange. Some people have actually spotted the ghost on the oval during a footy game.

Can we talk about that? It's pretty major.

Emelia looks about and sighs. She is put out. The last thing she wishes to discuss at this time is the ghost.

Austen Is that hard for you to talk about it? Too emotional? Too raw?

Emelia Yes.

No.

Yes.

Austen See, I more or less run this place, so I've been tasked with --

Emelia *surges ahead* We have to start **right** at the beginning. None of this will make any sense unless you're in at the ground floor.

Do you know what I mean when I mention "Rushcutters Stadium" in Sydney?

Austen *startled* Boxing?

Emelia *nods* Correct.

Now, I want you to travel back in time to 1922.



Scene change: Interior Rushcutters Hall. Night. August 1922.

Emelia will describe in voice-over what we are seeing on the screen.

Young people push their way into the hall (such is the crush). The noise would be as described by Emelia. The “badly-played” music is “The Darktown Strutter’s Ball”: played very fast and with huge enthusiasm.

Emelia *voice-over*

Rushcutters Stadium (where the boxing matches were held) had an adjoining hall which had an official name in recognition of a past Lord Mayor of Sydney. However, it was affectionately called “Rushcutters Hall”.

Every Friday night there was a rowdy dance held at Rushcutters Hall. A bunch of gleeful young men had formed a band “The Rushcutters Band”: saxophone, piano, drums, banjo and fiddle. To say that this band of musicians was not very good is to understate the case: they were shockers.

Still, they managed to beat out some lively music (mostly in the English style of jazz) to which the young people could dance. It was fast and furious: much to everyone’s delight.

Hammerhead:

Onto the stage rushes Hammerhead. He is dressed in the shiny grey suit and hammerhead cap as described. Hammerhead "speaks" the song in his mesmerising German accent as he points to the dancers. And when the words "Old Rushcutters Hall" ring out, all the dancers join in.

The Darktown Strutters Ball à la Hammerhead (Sydney version):

I'll be round to get you in a taxi Honey

Be there about half-past eight.

Oh baby don't be late

I want to be there when the band starts
playing.

New South Head Road is the spot

Where it joins Neild Avenue.

That's where I'll jive with you

And the band will jazz it up too!

As soon as we hit the Old Rushcutters Hall.

Just remember when we get there Honey

Oh! We're going to have a ball!

We're going to kick off both of our shoes

When they play the Blue Mountain Blues

As soon as we front at the Old Rushcutters Hall.

Just remember when we get there Sugar
All the sheilas will vamp in style
The coppers will strut and smile
They've been practising for a while
As soon as we hit the Old Rushcutters Hall.
As soon as we hit the Old Rushcutters Hall.
As soon as we hit the Old Rushcutters Hall.

The song ends to rapturous applause.



**Scene: Interior.**

The Argus Building, South Melbourne

The Ted Whitten Room

Current day

We return to the conversation between Emelia and Austen. The music shuts off dramatically leaving a stagnant background silence.

Austen Mmmm ... Sounds like fun.

Emelia 1922 – it was all people had for entertainment. That or the radio.

Austen So ... Is the Hammerhead the ghost?

Emelia I don't believe so.

We're still conducting exhaustive tests on the identity of said ghost. At AFL Grange.

Yes, it's male. Dressed in an old-style football strip. And it definitely exists ...

Back to Hammerhead. He had to be introduced into the equation, as you'll see.

And you ***have*** to remember that the lives of men have meandered along as they had always done. 1922 and 2026

weren't that much different – for the men.

But in those days girls and young single women were completely under the control of someone or other and they couldn't do *anything*.

Not like now!

There is a knock on the glass partition of the Ted Whitten Room.

It is Howard Whitely who is the co-presenter of the footy show “Not A Round Ball”. He gestures to Austen that he (Howard) needs to speak with Austen.

Austen nods and gestures that Howard may enter the room.

Howard opens the door, nods to Emelia. He holds out a few printed pages to Austen.

Howard	The legal team need you to approve this item on tonight's show.
--------	---

Austen nods, taking the pages. He flick-reads these.

Austen	You're going to quiz the Carlton coach about the time delays, yeah?
--------	---

Howard <i>nods</i>	The heavies at Carlton have asked that nothing “delicate” should be covered. Well – time delays is a current issue. Robbo and I don't believe it's delicate – neither does the legal team -- but you have final say.
--------------------	--

Austen nods again, handing back the pages.

Austen *to Howard* Yes, go with that. But be ready with a punchy line if Brent gets shirty.

Austen turns to Emelia, smiling.

Austen *to Emelia* I bet I don't need to tell you who this bloke is.

Emelia *ultra-polite* How do you do, Mr Whitely?

Austen *grinning, to Howard* Howard, this lady is Emelia Ingpen of AFL Grange. She's N.A.R.B.'s most assiduous email correspondent.

Howard blenches and goes pale. He is unable to frame any words. Austen finds Howard's discomfiture amusing.

Austen Siddown, Howie. You might enjoy what's coming.

Howard *nervous* Thanks, but I'd better get back to --

Austen *forceful* Sit down. Smell the roses. Do you good.

[To Emelia.]

Okay. We had travelled back to the August of 1922.

Rushcutters Hall in Sydney held a rowdy dance session every Friday night. The star turn at this event was a

German gent whose soubriquet was "Hammerhead". He wore a hammerhead shark cap while he belted out the songs.

Emelia *smiles warmly* Well done, you!

Austen You pointed out that young ladies and girls got the rough end of the pineapple way back in 1922.

Howie and I both have teenage daughters. Your pearls of wisdom may prove helpful there.

Emelia The MacPherson family lived in a modest domicile not that far from Rushcutters Stadium.



Scene: Interior.

The MacPherson kitchen, inner Sydney suburb.

August 1922.

We are intruding upon an argument.

PROTAGONISTS: Beryl, Dulcie (her sister), Mum (Lainie) and Dad (Jock) along with the maid Ada.

Lainie Ever since you've read about that Christie opal being found

...

Beryl *eager* Yes! It's absolutely caught the public imagination.

Jock *flatly* You're not going!

Beryl Dad! I'm 21. Nearly 22. I can do what I like.

Lainie *severe* The outback is no place for a single young lady. Put it completely out of your head.

Beryl *mulish* You can't stop me, Mum! My mind's made up.

Jock There's only one possibility, young lady.

 If you marry Laurence Ingpen, then all your concerns will be **his** concerns (not mine). So, you might just be able to con **him** into taking you. But you do **not** go alone!

Beryl *appalled* Marry Mr Ingpen! I'd rather be fed to the lions.

Jock *waspish* That can be arranged.

Dulcie *imploring* Think what you'll miss, Sis.

All eyes turn to Dulcie.

Dulcie Well, you know ... In the outback they won't have lovely hot scones dripping in butter and weighed down with strawberry jam. Or singing around the piano. Or long deep baths full of scented bubbles. Fine dining ... Theatre evenings with a box of chocs perched on one's knee.

Lainie And it will be as hot as Hell (pardon my French).

Ada *full of business* I know who's put her up to this.

Beryl *warning* Be quiet, Ada or I'll throw my shoe at you.

Lainie *to Ada* Who?

Ada *smug* That Hun bloke that sings in Rushcutters Bay. Dresses up like a shark.

Beryl *savage* You turnip! Go home and soak in a hot tub. And I hope you drown in it.

Lainie *appalled* Beryl! That's more than enough!

Beryl *crying* She asked for it: dobbing me in like that.

Jock Sit down!

"The time has come," the Walrus said. "To talk of many things: Of shoes and ships and sealing-wax – Of cabbages and kings".

Now. Ada. What Hun bloke and what shark?

Ada *crying* His name is Fritz Hammer-something. And he's been shouting off the rooftops about his great plan to go to Coober Pedy and mine for opals. Scraping around for anyone to go with him.

Dulcie *breathless* And his eye has alighted upon Beryl.

Ada nods swiftly. She is full of importance.

Ada And his eye has alighted on the elder Miss MacPherson.

Lainie *to Ada* Sweetie, you go straight home. We'll take this over. And don't go blabbing about this in the street.

Ada Yes, Mrs MacPherson. I mean, no Mrs MacPherson.

Lainie *to Beryl* Beryl, before Ada leaves, you apologize to her. Right now

and with your whole heart, not just empty words.

Beryl *very reluctant* Sorry Ada to have called you names.

Lainie nods, satisfied to have resolved this issue. Ada departs. Lainie presses forward in order to seal her ultimate success.

Lainie *very firm* Now.

Beryl.

Mr Ingpen is coming to have afternoon tea with us tomorrow. I'll make sure that you two are left alone and he can pop the question. You can tell him "yes" and mention in passing that you want to go opal-mining at Coober Pedy. And if he doesn't go for that idea, then you can fling the engagement ring back in his face.

I'm adamant that you are not permitted to go opal mining unless you are safely married – either to Mr Ingpen or to someone else.

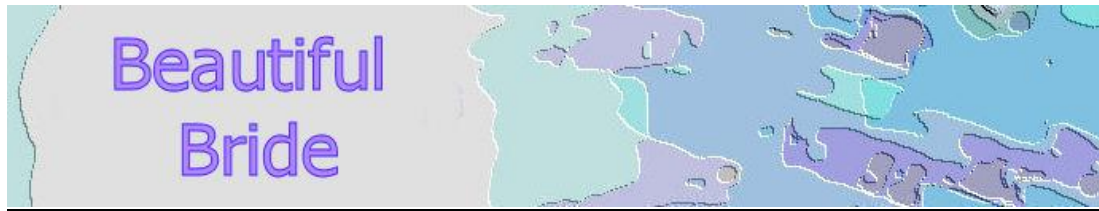
That's my final say on the subject. Your Dad stands 100% behind me in this –

[Jock sits open-mouthed in complete shock.]

You and Dulcie go to bed. And pray for guidance from The Lord.

Lainie gives a nod of finality, then goes off to the loungeroom to get on with her

knitting.

**Scene: Interior.**

St Erth's Church of England, inner Sydney suburb.

October 1922.

Beryl looks demure in a white muslin dropped-waist wedding dress which does not reach the floor by 8 inches.

She has a wreath of white roses on her head. She carries a small bouquet of white roses.

She seems inordinately sad as she stands beside Laurie at the altar. Many tears are shed.

Dulcie is a vision in a matching dress (shaded a soft pink). She too has a wreath of roses (pink) in her hair.

But unlike her sister, Dulcie beams. So does Jock, Lainie and Ada.

Likewise the bridegroom. Laurie is too happy for words.

Scene: Interior/Exterior.

Argyle's Hotel, inner Sydney suburb.

The Wedding Reception: within the Lotus Room (the women) and then into the beer garden (the men).

October 1922.

Then there is the wedding reception which begins in the Lotus Room but then trails out into the beer garden.

The Males.

All the men gather together around a nine-gallon drum of beer outside. They smoke, drink and laugh heartily. Not only wedding-night advice is being hawked about, but the male chauvinist jokes abound. All the men laugh immoderately. Laurie is red-cheeked from laughing.

Every so often, one of the older females slips more food onto a picnic table which is stationed near to where the men drink.

Our camera and microphone will pick up the enjoyment that the men feel in company with other like-minded men. Beer-drinking is the order of the day.

They are not drunk: just very, very merry. They cough, laugh outrageously, smoke and lightly knock each other around the way men do when they are telling blue jokes. Several men relive cricket anecdotes.

Laurence is the centre of attention, having his back or shoulders slapped by other men.

The Females.

Inside (in the Lotus Room) the women and girls sit about chatting. They fuss over the bride. Lainie is over-the-moon with pleasure. A daughter married! She and Dulcie run the festivities with great aplomb, ordering the Argyle staff about. Beryl is demure; she is still a bit weepy.

Our camera and microphone pick up the chatter of the women and girls. Everyone

talks at once (except for Beryl). A couple of ladies recite favourite recipes (at the same time) and Lainie can be seen gesturing her instructions to the hotel staff.



Scene: Interior.

Room 17 at the London Hotel, inner Sydney suburb.

The Wedding Night.

October 1922.

It is dark in their room. There is just enough dim light to vaguely make out the action. We hear (rather than see) that Laurie is hopping into the nuptial couch.

After an instant, Beryl is heard to take a sharp breath.

Beryl *whispering,*
urgent

What are you doing? Are you allowed to do that?

Laurie *laughing*

Absolutely! We signed a bit of paper in front of witnesses.

Beryl *appalled*

This is dreadful! Your male bit has gone all hard or something ...

Laurie *proud*

Yes. I'd say so. Ready for action, aren't ya, Old Boy?

Beryl (climbing out of the bed) is now crying. Rather than lose his temper with

her, Laurie is unfailingly patient. He strokes Beryl's shoulders as he kisses her hair.

Laurie *whispering* I'm not going to give up, Berry. You just have to relax and let it happen. If you go all limp like a knitted doll, I'll do the rest. Can't say fairer than that.

Beryl *crying* I don't want to do it. I'm frightened.

Laurie *reasonable* I promise you that when you get used to it, you'll love it.

Beryl *crying* I ... I can't ... I can't do it, Laurie.

Laurie *coaxing* I'm going to be as gentle as I can be. But you have to let me get started. What about a kiss? Hmmmm?

We can vaguely make out that Laurie has taken his bride in his arms and is kissing her.

Beryl *whispering* Yes. The kissing is nice. But the other thing is --

Laurie makes gentle hissing noises. We can see that Laurie has put Beryl into a more favourable position on the bed.

Beryl How is it that **you** know what to do but I don't?

Laurie Aw ... Ya know ...

[Takes a big breath]

They make sure that the bridegroom has some experience.
Exactly so that he can handle this situation when he is on
his wedding night.

Beryl

Who? Who does that?

Laurie *shrugs*

His brothers, uncles, friends, male cousins ... We all flex off
to a house of ill repute where the ladies aren't really ladies.

If you just relax, I can prove to you what an A-class
student I was. Make the lads proud of me.

Beryl gives a weak giggle.

THE MOOD SNAPS ...

Ted Whitten
Room

Scene: Interior.

The Argus Building, South Melbourne

The Ted Whitten Room

Current day

We return to the conversation between Emelia, Austen and Howard. As expected,
Emelia's story has shocked and stunned Howard and Austen.

Howard *appalled* How the hell do you know all this private stuff?

Emelia She left a few notes and letters.

Howard *horrified* About sex on her honeymoon?

Austen Did she really write-up a dossier like that?

Emelia *to Austen,*
ascerbic I told you it was different back then for girls. I'll bet your wife wasn't a virgin on your wedding night. I'll bet she knew ***exactly*** what to do in bed.

Austen *blushes fiercely* Can we fast-forward to the opals, please? I'm assuming that that's the basis for the Ingpen fortune, allowing the Ingpen clan to purchase the stately AFL Grange?

Emelia Quite true.

Austen You'll have to put me straight about how a dyed-in-the-wool Sydney couple wound up in Melbourne supporting Aussie rules footy.

Emelia Quite.

 And I shall do so.

 Via Adelaide.

Howard's mobile rings. He promptly answers it.

Howard *on mobile* I'm in the Teddy Whitten Room. Apparently, I'm headed for Adelaide.

**Scene: Interior.**

Aboard The Gusta train.

October 1922.

Next is the train trip on the following morning from Sydney to Adelaide.

The bridegroom and bride sit side-by-side as the locomotive rattles along.

Laurie I don't know anyone who would ever think of spending their honeymoon in Adelaide. Bloody long way!

Beryl *nods* Then it's over 10 hours by bus to Coober Pedy. They change drivers at Port Augusta, I understand.

Laurie Yairs.

Beryl And your cousin Wally will be there to take us to his claim. In his jalopy. Is that right?

Laurie Yairs. Wal promised to pick us up.

Beryl looks extremely uncomfortable. She checks that no-one can listen in.

Beryl *whispers* I'm sorry Lovey about last night.

Laurie What?

Beryl *whispers* About last night. I'm sorry if I mucked it up for you. I didn't

understand.

Laurie grins, taking her hand.

Laurie *grins* But we got there in the end. And it was worth it. Believe you me! It was worth it. And I understood how you weren't sure what to do.

Laurie steals a kiss. He pats Beryl's hand then continues to hold it.

Beryl I was pushed into it: the marriage I mean. Dad forced me, with Mum backing him to the hilt. If I didn't marry you then I couldn't even ***think*** about the opal mining.

Beryl steals a glance at Laurie. He is unchanged: happy and contented.

Beryl I've been distracted by the dream of digging up beautiful lustrous opals. Actually doing it myself. And in all that time since I accepted your proposal I haven't once thought about ... about ... You know ...

Laurie It's alright Berry. It all got sorted out.
Look!
I know that you don't love me as much as I love you. But once –

Beryl *urgent* Oh! Don't say that! I don't want you to ever think that.

Laurie *continues* Once we get used to each other and you start having nippers, well you'll turn it around. By the time our third son is born --

Beryl *shocked* Third son! My fat aunt!

Laurie But your Dad and Mum are right. Wal wrote warning me what to expect. These mines in the outback are no place for a lady. Especially not a looker like you.

The blokes there are rough-edged. They're not gentlemen. Without a man to protect you, you wouldn't have a hope.

This way (married to me and sidling up to Wal and his mates) we can make a quid then retire. And without you getting trampled on.

Beryl stares out of the train window.

Laurie Whadda ya say?

Beryl turns to Laurie but does not answer.

Laurie *cajoling* Buy a nice house with a garden. Have some nippers and a dog.



Scene: Exterior.

The Bus Stop at Coober Pedy, 1922.

When Beryl and Laurie arrive at Coober Pedy in the bus, there is no jalopy awaiting them. There is only an old horse harnessed to a wooden dray. Beryl sighs (very downhearted) as Laurie drives the horse-drawn rig.

Laurence and Beryl will reside in a tent which is situated a little way off from the claim. Someone has thoughtfully provided an outside wooden dunny for the use of the newly-weds.

Laurence carries Beryl into the tent, in the time-honoured tradition. They kiss with real affection.

Scene: Interior.

Wal's Kitchen, 1922.

Wal I think it might be best if we give your missus somethink
easy to start off with.

Beryl *eager* Oh, I don't mind mucking in with everyone else.

Wal *ignoring the interruption* Your missus might be good at weighing the gemstones and divvyin' up the spoils and doin' the books, like. She can sit down while she does the paperwork. Ladies like to sit down on a chair and that, don't they?

Laurie sees that Beryl is about to expostulate. He signals quickly but clearly that she must keep quiet. Laurie nods to Wal.

Laurie *diplomatic* That's a good start. But I know for a fact that she's very capable at most things.

Wal *continues* The policy here is to not have open pockets. No-one gets frisked or that ... but it helps if there's no suspicion. You understand. So, first thing to do is get your missus to sew up any pockets on your strides or on yer shirt. And no socks. Nothin' that could give suspicion.

[Wal now becomes very embarrassed]

And a tight belt on yer strides, of course.

And your missus will have to sew up her pockets too.

Beryl *taking exception* My clothes don't have any pockets. Except for my apron, of course.

Laurie *quickly* We'll get her a hessian apron like the blokes wear.

Anything else?

Wal *nods* The other 2 blokes are Cal (that's the young bloke) and the old man is Rumpty. I've told them that on no account are they to ... to ...

[Forcing himself to continue.]

She's your missus and they understand that. But if there's any playing-up, you come straight to me. Don't start a punch-up or nothin'.

Beryl *roundly* If anyone goes beyond the line, I can handle that myself.

Laurie *to Wal* I'll keep an eye on her.

Anything else?

Wal shifts about it, uncertain whether to press on.

Wal The thing is ... Well, the thing is ...

Can your missus cook? Rumpty is past it. These days, we can barely get down anythink that he slaps up. It would be grouse if your missus took over in that line.

Beryl looks mulish as Laurie glances at her.

Laurie *proudly* My bride is an excellent cook. You won't find any problems there.

Beryl emits an angry sigh.

Wal Good-oh. That's about it.

Wal stands. The men shake hands. Wal nods to Laurie and continues to ignore Beryl. Beryl puts on a wide smile.

Beryl *sarcastic*

Thank you so much. What a pleasure to chat with you.

[Facing Laurie, mulish.]

And now (instead of using a pick and digging for opals and getting my hands dirty) I'm going to be slaving over a stove in the outback heat.

Laurie

You'll be queen of the dig. "Mrs Opal" they'll call you.



Scene: Interior.

The MacPherson kitchen, inner Sydney suburb.

August 1922.

Dulcie reads Beryl's letter aloud. At certain points in the letter, the subject of the discussion we witness smiles and nods from the family members and Ada.

PROTAGONISTS: Dulcie, Mum (Lainie) and Dad (Jock) along with the kitchen help Ada.

Dear Dulcie,

Love to Mum, Dad, and Ada,

I hate to say that Dad was right but the life here is very strenuous and hot: what Ada would call “hard yakka”. The men took one look at me and assigned me to domestic and administrative duties only.

Thank goodness I filched all your recipes from you, Ada!

Dulcie - you would be pleased to see me baking floury scones (in a cast-iron camp oven). They wind up smothered in butter and jam (which comes from the market in Port Augusta).

I have a Coolgardie safe for the meat and eggs: so, we are doing alright (if not “fine dining”, Dulcie).

You will be pleased to learn that Laurence is doing very well. He is more capable than any of us guessed. Whenever anything mechanical breaks down, he fixes it in a jiff. Besides, he is by far the cleverest of the men and knows what’s what. I am very proud of him!

More to the point, our share of the claim is building up into a handsome profit.
Very handsome!

Love to all of you from the Bride and her Bridegroom. xxx

PS And just as I close this letter, our workmate Cal was bitten on the leg by a snake (a King brown). I sucked out the poison, administered the antivenom, bandaged him up and now he is as right as rain.

A MEDLEY OF GENERAL COOBER PEDY SCENES

Beryl holds an opal in her hand with the sunlight bringing out its rich colours.

Beryl and Laurie are squished into their tiny tent. Laurie drinks beer from the bottle as he watches Beryl doing the bookwork.

The newly-weds along with Wal, Rumpty and Cal celebrate Christmas as best they can. It is ludicrously hot. Beryl's party hat is very crude, but it bears the name "Mrs Opal" on it.

Beryl and Laurie laugh at her efforts to form Easter eggs with melty chocolate.

**Scene: Interior.**

The kitchen at Wal's claim.

May 1923.

Rumpty puts a superb metal music box onto the kitchen trestle table. He motions to Beryl.

Rumpty

That fruit pie you made last night was like manna from Heaven. Reminded me of me Mum.

Got me thinkin' that it's just as hard yakka for you here as it is for us blokes.

Any road, I want you to have this. Like a "thank-you" to Beryl.

My missus shot through years ago. This was for her. But she never got it because she shot through ...

Beryl wipes her hands on her apron. She admires the music box: it is made from copper, inlaid with opals. When she opens the box, a delightful tune is heard. Immediately, Beryl begins to cry. Under Rumpty's startled gaze, Beryl weeps openly. Rumpty makes all sorts of noises.

Beryl *weeping* Thank you so much, Rumpty.
It's so lovely. Did you make it?

Rumpty No. No. A Hun bloke done it. That was his trade back in
Hunland. He was a coppersmith. He made it for my missus.
That is, he made it for me to give to her. But she shot
through, like I said.

Beryl Back in Sydney there was a German gent who did this type
of work. We all called him "Hammerhead".

Rumpty *nods* Yeah. That was him. Fritz Hammerhead.

Beryl *eager* Hammerhead was here?

Rumpty *nods* Yeah. But he left about 4 weeks before youse turned up –
you and your hubby. Went further down the track, he did.

Beryl *wistful* Gosh ... I hope everything turned out alright for him ...

**Scene: Exterior.**

Wal's claim, Coober Pedy.

May 1923.

Laurie and Beryl watch the stars in the clear skies.

Beryl Can you borrow the horse and cart tomorrow? And drive
me to the township?

Laurie Can't you go there yerself?

Beryl No. I want you to take me. I want you there with me.

Laurie Alright.

Beryl I have to collect some supplies ... Run some messages.
And visit the doctor.

Laurie What's the matter? You feeling crook?

Beryl No ... Yes ... No ...
[Takes a deep breath.]
I'm pretty sure that I'm expecting a kiddy.

Laurie Good-oh. You can find out from the doc how long you can stay here before you'll have to return to the Big Smoke.

Beryl Me? It'll be both of us, surely.

Laurie Yeah. That's what I mean.
We've been at it for the thick end of a year. Made a nice pile.
We can become a real married couple: Mr and Mrs Ingpen and child. I hope it's a boy. Nice to start off with a boy. The girls can come later.
And I can have open pockets again (which will be a long-awaited blessing, that's for sure!)

Beryl I'll be really sorry to leave the claim.

Laurie Well, if the doc thinks you're up the duff, then you can ask him about staying on here. Right up until the last minute.



Next day, Laurie and Beryl are settling themselves on the dray when an almighty male yell goes up. It is Cal.

Cal rushes up to the dray, holding a large object.

Laurie leaps off the dray to join Cal. Wal and Rumpty bustle along in Cal's wake.

Cal *overjoyed*

This is it, boys! This is like somethink you'd read about in the Bible. I'm gonna call it the "Beryl Australis" after Mrs Opal.

The 4 men (grinning) look at Beryl. Even Wal looks in her direction.

Beryl *puzzled*

Why? Why me?

Cal *jubilant*

Because I was gonna give up on that spot but you told me to keep goin'.

Beryl

Did I?

Cal *nodding wildly*

Yairs. You said you had a pretty good feelin' about it. And you saved my hide not so long back when the Joe Blake bit me. That makes you a heroine in my book!

Beryl becomes ghostly pale. Rather than thanking Cal, she climbs quickly down

from the dray. Out of sight of the men, she retches.

Wal *concerned* What's goin' on with yer missus? Doesn't she want the stone named after her?

Laurie *grins proudly* Aw. She has to see the doc. She reckons she might be up the duff.

Rather than being concerned for Beryl, the 3 men (Cal, Rumpty and Wal) all give jubilant congratulations to Laurie.

Rumpty The pudding club! What a wonderful thing!

Cal A mammoth opal and baby news all in one day. Cracker!

Wal *nods* She's a muddy blarvel. A cracker alright! A corker!

Scene: Interior.

The MacPherson kitchen, inner Sydney suburb.

May 1923.

Dulcie reads Beryl's letter aloud. They all respond appropriately to Beryl's words. At certain points in the letter, the person mentioned in the letter smiles and nods.

PROTAGONISTS: Dulcie, Mum (Lainie) and Dad (Jock) along with the maid Ada.

Dear Dulcie,

Love to Mum, Dad, and Ada,

We are both thrilled that you have become engaged to Donald Fairweather. Laurie has nothing but the highest praise for Mr Fairweather, and reckons that he is a very fair spin-bowler and can tell a good yarn at a pie-night. Well done, you!

We are all still soldiering on in the heat and dust of Pedy. Making fistfuls of moolah (as they say). An old bluebag called "Moira" is here. I have to show her the ropes. She's as thick as 2 planks - not smart like our Ada.

The thing is that I'm with child. Laurie and I are expecting our first-born in less than 5 months. So everyone wants me to clear out of Pedy pronto. When you see me next, you will all marvel at how sun-tanned I am.

Laurie and I have made so much money that we can afford to buy a mansion.

Laurie's thinking is that he'll start a business. He has learned so much here at Pedy.

Love to all of you from the Parents-to-be. xxx

“Ooooooooooooo – a baby!”

Everyone in the MacPherson kitchen clucks and coos all at the same time. They are all absurdly happy.



**Scene: Interior.**

The Argus Building, South Melbourne

The Ted Whitten Room

Current day

When Emelia began her story, she was alone in the Ted Whitten Room with Austen Hampton.

Now there are 8 people in the Ted Whitten Room with Emelia. Some extra chairs have been dragged in. The table is littered with all manner of books, diaries, running sheets, empty food plates and coffee/tea mugs.

Robbo is reading from his mobile.

Those in attendance: AUSTEN HAMPTON & BRENDI ANGLAND & WHALER [TED EDWARDSON] & HOWARD WHITELEY & ROBBO [MICK ROBERTSON] & 3 OTHERS.

Robbo *reading*

Laurie Ingpen found that Melbourne was better for his business than Sydney so he and Beryl settled in Toorak. They bought "The Grange". Their daughter was Dulcie (named after Beryl's sister, of course). Then came Joseph (born in 1926). And a third child, also a boy.

But Joseph Ingpen was your father. And you followed in 1954.

Emelia Correct.

Robbo You never married.

Emelia To keep the Ingpen name.

Robbo But your partner (your great love) was St Kilda defender Terrence "Terry" Wood. Made the back-pocket his own domain (it says here).

Emelia Correct. I was with Terry for over 40 years until he passed on.

Robbo Pissed off from his wife to take up with you.

Emelia She would never allow a divorce from Terry. She remained his de jure wife until his death.

Robbo You and Terry lived at AFL Grange which you bought from your older brother.

Emelia Spot on.

Robbo After winning a disgusting amount of money in a European lottery. You have a cat named Barassi. And your great-nephew runs AFL Grange for you. He is Lachlan McGill.

Emelia Right again.

Robbo About 6 weeks ago Terrence Wood passed away. And that's when the barrage of emails started. The emails to N.A.R.B. I mean.

Emelia And the appearance of the ghost. He popped up about the same time as Terry became deceased.

Howard So Terry – is he the ghost?

Emelia Definitely not. I can categorically state that the ghost of

AFL Grange is **not** Terrence Wood.

Robbo But there is a ghost ... Tell us about him.

Emelia I'm getting to him (given half a chance).

Robbo *looks around* Ghost stories are unbelievably popular.

I was thinking that we could make a really good splash about that on N.A.R.B. – if she can identify him.

Emelia If I tell you all about the ghost, we have to follow-up with the German bloke: Fritz Hämlich. That copper music box he made for Rumpty's wife (which was then passed-on to Beryl) is at The Grange as part of the décor. It really is beautiful.

Whaler But there **is** a ghost? (I mean, some people think it's AI). And it's not Hammerhead and it's not Terry Wood?

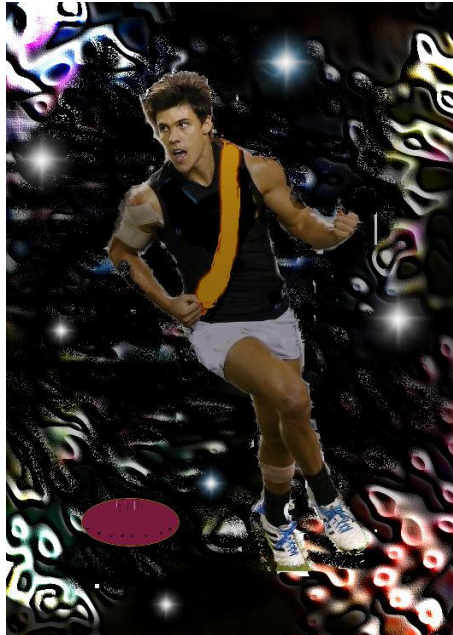
Emelia *nods* I'm every bit as keen to identify the wraith as everyone else, but I don't know **who** he is.

And believe me – I've seen him right up close.

I was on a plane. Business class. Coming back from Charles de Gaulle airport. No! No! Serge and I were flying **to** Paris.

I was stretching my legs (as you do) then he came running towards me at full tilt, bouncing an Aussie rules footy.

Swear to God! "Off to the races". Running full bore down one of the aisles in the plane and then banged into me.



Austen What? You were really knocked-over by the ghost? In a plane?

Robbo Fair dinkum?

Emelia Serge and another couple of passengers saw him. The cabin staff had to help me up.

Howard Amazing!

Robbo That's 'king brilliant! You saw the ghost in person?

Whaler Talking of your Serge: do you actually know what he's up to?

Emelia Usually it's eating.

Whaler No. He's wrangled his way into the Bunker and he's busy trying to get our Carla's knickers off.

Most of the attendees groan and guffaw. Brendi is straight-out embarrassed.
Emelia takes it in her stride.

Whaler Which is why Brendi is in here with us.

Emelia *shrugs* He's a red-blooded boy. What can I say? We were in Paris together for many weeks and I saw him in action.
"Insatiable" might be an appropriate description.

Austen *embarrassed, blustering* Are we done here? Shall we all get back to work? We have a show to put on this evening. Our block shares repeatedly keep us on top.

Robbo Hang on, Austen. We're all here (except for the couple rooting in the Bunker) --

Howard *laughs* Which is completely glassed-in so good luck with that.

Robbo We're all here. Let's instruct Ms Ingpen, since she's been so kind as to share her reminiscences with us. Let's ask young Brendi to tell Ms Ingpen why she (Madame Ingpen) is called "The Email Pest" by us.

Howl of protest.

Emelia Are you a nasty piece of work by accident or by design?

Robbo Neither. I am a "tell-it-like-it-is" journo with a penchant for speaking in silken tones.

Brendi is our backroom girl on N.A.R.B. Go on, Brendi. The

floor is yours, Darl.

Brendi is blushing furiously. Austen smiles and nods. She takes a big breath and away she goes.



Scene: Interior.

The Argus Building, South Melbourne

Brendi's office and then the Ted Whitten Room.

Not very long ago.

Brendi sits at a desk in a very small but well-lit office. She has her laptop open in front of her. Brendi is appalled.

She reads an email, looking totally aghast.

Then she slams down the cover of her laptop.

She stands, then walks purposefully to another office.

She peaks her head around the corner.

Ted Whitten Room.

Presenters Whaler, Robbo and Howard are dressed casually as they review the upcoming "Not A Round Ball" programs.

Brendi makes them aware of her presence.

Brendi You guys got a minute?

Robbo Yeah. What's up?

Brendi flops into a chair. She rests her head on the desk.

Robbo What?

Bendi There's this woman. She's probably old ... but I don't know. She sends email after email about mistakes (grammar mistakes) that the players make when you guys interview them. It's a real hang-up for her.

Howard *grins* You showed me those. As if footballers are going to have a grasp of the minutiae of English grammar. Ignore her.

Whaler *laughs* We get crank letters from old farts all the time. Bin it.

Robbo *snorts* Correct grammar went out with the ark.

Brendi Well, she's really steaming along now. She wants an immediate change made to the words of the Richmond club song in line with ...er ... concussion protocols.

Robbo and Whaler
astounded What?!

Brendi *sings where appropriate* "In any weather you will see us with a grin
Risking head and shin".

The reference to risking our heads has to go (she reckons).

She demands (***demands!***) that they go for something like:

"In any weather you will see us with a grin
Whether thick or thin".

Robbo *appalled* Is she completely insane? Certifiable? Off her cruet?

Brendi ploughs on.

Brendi One of her latest comments is that it is no wonder that the French government hasn't complained yet about the tune (La Marseilles) being used by Brisbane for their song. No-one in a fit (she reckons) could deduce from the Lions' chanting that they have ripped off the French national anthem – it is just a monotone.

Howard *firmly* Just delete all emails from her. Block her as a sender. She won't know.

Brendi *cautious* I thought you might want to put her on the show.

Resounding “no” from Whaler, Howard and Robbo. Brendi winces.

Brendi Okay. Well the thing is that she's now insisting that the winning teams must improve their singing. You know, when they win they sing their club theme song. Anyway, according to her – the singing is totally lousy.

Robbo *shrugs* It's always been. It's a triumphant moment and the guys belt out the song. Tunelessly and mindlessly ...

Brendi She wants all the players to spend at least 2 hours per week on singing practice.

This is met with howls of laughter.

Brendi Her clincher here is that if it is good enough for the All Blacks to rehearse their Haka then it is good enough for (say) the Carlton boys (and girls!) to take singing lessons. In citing the All Blacks she reckons that they practise the Haka such that they are trained to the point of rivalling a corps de ballet.

Robbo *scathing* Ballet! That's all we need!

Whaler *points* Actually, now that I remember ... One of the players let slip that somebody or other never sings the theme song with the guys (he only pretends) because he has a very fine operatic voice. Bass or bass-baritone ... Something like that. But he doesn't want anyone to know.

Brendi *eager* Who? Which team? Do you know?

Whaler *shrugs* Wouldn't have a clue. Sorry.

Brendi That's a pity ... That would have made a great feature on the show. He could sing "Old Man River" or something ...

Resounding “no” from Whaler, Howard and Robbo.

Howard Which leads me to point out the salient "spot-the-goof": if a man never sings, how can anyone know that he has a fine voice?

Robbo *nods* Good question, good question.

Brendi I mean ... So, do you want me to dig out this Pavarotti in the AFL ranks?

Whaler, Howard and Robbo *together* ***No way!***

Brendi Do you want me to chase up with this loopy lady?

Whaler, Howard and Robbo *together* ***No way!***

Howard And anyway Brendi: Pavarotti was a tenor, not a bass-baritone.

Brendi shrugs.



Once again, Brendi peeps around the door. Whaler glances in her direction as he (along with Robbo and Howard) gather together their papers.

Whaler We've just about finished up here, Hon.

Brendi This is so much worse than anything you could possibly dream up. Our nagging correspondent turns out to be Emelia Ingpen of Toorak. Owns AFL Grange. And just lost her long-time partner.

Whaler surprised Emelia Ingpen? Of Toorak? Doesn't she own AFL Grange?

Brendi That's what I just said.

Robbo *decisive* Okay, Brendi. You and I will trot over there now and see her. There might be a story in her after all.

There is a long pause while Robbo moves away. Then he does a double-take, clicking his fingers.

Robbo *alert & excited* No! No! Wait, wait, wait, wait!

She's doing a gig in Paris. Calling the footy in French. Unbelievable! She is way over the top. But apparently the Parisians love her.

Brendi *confused* What? Who?

Robbo Ms Emelia Ingpen!

Brendi *blown away* So ... Um ... Will we ring her then?

Robbo Hang on ... She'll be flying back since her partner has snuffed it. She'll be wanted at the funeral and at the wake. That's the usual go.

Whaler Isn't her man Terry Woods from St Kilda? We have to put in a tribute to him on N.A.R.B.

Robbo Yeah, yeah ... So long as that bloody old ratbag Ingpen doesn't get her moosh on our show.



We see Brendi and Whaler watching an AFL replay. Carlton have won. We are in the change rooms and the men are in a circle. They sing the Carlton theme song.

Brendi and Whaler zero in on Den Columbus of Carlton. He looks like he is mouthing the words. Whaler rings a contact using his mobile phone.

Whaler *speaking on mobile* Yeah, mate. What's the go with Den Columbus? During the theme song that your boys sing – doesn't he join in?

[Listens intently.]

Just pretends to sing? What's wrong with his voice?

[Listens intently.]

Okay. Thanks mate. You're gold!

Brendi What have you got?

Whaler *excited* Our Blue-boy who won't lend himself to singing the theme song after a Carlton win is number 19 Den Columbus who is having singing lessons.

That means that my current gig is to locate a singing

teacher nearby to Ikon Park.

That is – an *opera* singing teacher nearby to Ikon Park.

Brendi

That is: an *opera* singing teacher nearby to Ikon Park who welcomes chunky AFL footballers to sidle up to his/her piano.

Whaler *wicked*

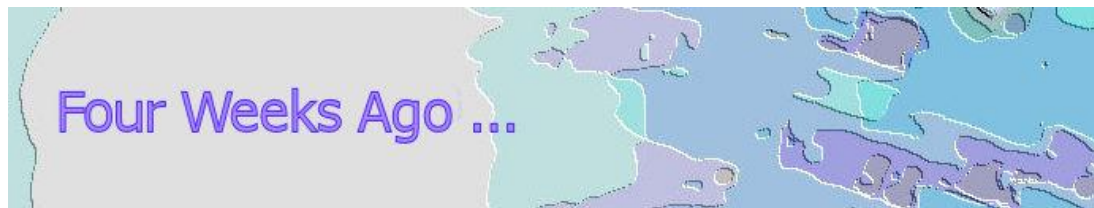
Ya!



Whaler (flushed with success) finishes his mobile call.

Whaler

And the winner is Madame Lavinia Brask of Parkville. Let's go!



Scene: Interior.

Special conference room A-15 at Russell Street Police Station, Melbourne.

This is a huge room filled with 12 long tables and ample straight-back chairs. It is modern and well-lit. From time-to-time, special announcements crackle over the tannoy.

This multi-purpose room is available to Harry Hewitt. People (most of whom are uniformed police) wander in and out to use the kitchenette (and maybe raid the fridge). However, Harry is the only occupant sitting down (which makes him seem like a lonely ant). He has a spread of manilla folders, document boxes, an evidence box and a laptop in front of him.

We discover Harry staring at a group of 5 photos: all depict the deceased body of Herr Fritz Hämlich. The date of death is 05/10/1924. The location is Port Augusta.

His Honour Judge Frank Hewitt enters room A-15. He is in the middle of a conversation with some unseen person, and laughs jovially.

Frank *loud, laughing* ... only if your golf game improves. There are lessons on Youtube, you know!

I'll see you again when I'm looking at you. Probably at the Bridge Club. Ta-ta!

Harry quickly looks up. Having his wits about him, Harry stands out of respect.

Frank looks about, interested.

Harry Your Honour. This is a welcome --

Frank *very friendly* I thought I'd save you the time and worry of having you
flex-up to Collins Street.

Frank wanders over to Harry's table and sits opposite Harry.

Harry That was very kind. Thank you.

Did you stroll over from your office or ...?

Frank *chuckles* No hope of that. I caught a tram.

Oh, my God! How many times have I graced this room?

Sit down! You can't discuss the case on your feet.

How's it going (the case)?

Harry *nods as he sits* It's very interesting.

Frank reaches across for the photos. He glances quickly then puts them back in front of his nephew.

Frank What have you got on this deceased bloke?

Harry Nothing really ... Fifth of October 1924 was when he met
his untimely end ... The cops were called in due to a dead

body under some stairs and ... No known enemies or associates --

Frank

He was German, right? "Herr Fritz" is the giveaway.

You have to recall that there was a lot of anti-German feeling in Australia at that time. Because of the War. The Great War. The First one.

He might have been knocked-off simply because he had a dodgy accent. Or because he ate rollmops or sauerkraut or something along those lines.

Harry *defensive*

He did a stage act which was very popular. Dressed up as a shark. My understanding is that people like him in spite of his being German. There's a couple of newspaper clippings (if you're interested).

Frank *persistent*

By the by, the people in the Barossa Valley were all of German heritage. You know, they had to put on a patriotic display three times as big as what all the other Aussies did. Anyone with a Hun name was a virtual goner ...

[Change of tack.]

What's in the evidence box? Did you find anything that you can focus on?

Harry *fiddling about*

His wallet and a couple of letters in German (Gothic script) ... And um ... There's a note saying that a "ball-peen hammer" was located near the body and then went astray ... Dunno what that would be.

Frank

A ball-peen hammer is used in metal-working. I remember that you said earlier that he was a coppersmith, so that

figures.

Is there anything in there that could render DNA? These days, you can't get past "Go!" without some kind of DNA sample to be getting on with.

Harry *grimaces*

Yes. There's a top joint of a man's right index finger in a small Vegemite jar. Bit distasteful.

Frank

Soaking in Formulin?

Harry *shrugs*

I think so ... Of course! Yes!

Frank gestures to Harry that the bottled finger should be retrieved from the evidence box. Harry does so, handing the Vegemite jar over to Frank, who studies the sample with great interest.

Frank

Is it his?

Harry *shrugs*

There's no indication. No label ... I just feel that the police investigation was a bit ... you know ...

Frank *handing back
the bottle*

Slip-shod. Yes, so do I.

Listen, young Harry. It will be an unmarked grave in South Australia. I'll get my Girl Friday to chase up exactly where that grave would be. You'll have to get the body disinterred. No other way for it.

Get him up out of the turf and then check his hands. If this is **not** his finger, then you need to find out whose digit it is. And if it **is** his -- well, you're no worse off. Besides, digging up the corpse gives you instant DNA anyway. It's a win-

win.

Harry Hewitt: I'm officially advising you to have this bloke's remains exhumed.

Harry *worried*

Won't that take a long time? I mean -- to organize the official paperwork?

Frank *smug*

Nah.

They'll start first thing tomorrow morning with their diggers.

I'm a Judge. Top gun in the Legislature. Third rung in the Balance of Power troica behind the House of Reps and the Senate. When I majestically wave my hand, wonders happen.

You'll be able to fly over to South Oz ASAP -- and clock-up the dollars to the Cold Cases department. I'll okay that as well. Oh, and take the Vegemite finger with you.

Harry *impressed*

Jeez! Great ... Only, I hope he wasn't cremated ...

Frank *dismissive*

No, no ... they didn't fire the bodies back then.

Frank begins to stand, then does a double-take.

He retrieves a business card from his pocket and a biro, then scratches a name onto the back of the business card, which he then hands to Harry.

Frank

Oooo ... Just an afterthought ...

You'll need to drag a clinical pathologist (specializing in autopsy) along to the exhumation. Forensic analysis. So

buy 2 plane tickets, yes?

[Reaches over to touch the business card.]

Find out from her as much as you can about the corpse.

She's very, very, very helpful -- and knowledgeable too -- and her tits are superb (but you didn't hear that from me!)

Oh! And keep young Mitch totally in the loop. Right?

Harry *surprised*

Mitch? Why him?

Frank *firmly*

There's some funny business going on at AFL Grange. That's where your brother works. I've got a feeling in my waters that there's a tie-up here.

[Turns to leave.]

Keep me and your brother posted!



Scene: Interior.

The Argus Building, South Melbourne

The Ted Whitten Room

Current day

Austen has given the lead; everyone (except for Emelia) stand. They make to leave the room. Some of them thank Emelia.

Emelia It was lovely to meet you all. I'll tell the story of the ghost to myself, shall I?

The Foxtel people who are leaving the Ted Whitten Room, stop and look back.

Howard *hesitant* Oh ... I thought we'd finished ...

Emelia Of course. We've finished the lead-up to the ghost.
However, I realize that you have work to do.
We'll leave that other stuff until another day.

All the Foxtel people look at each other, then take their seats again.

Robbo *facetious* Hang on then, Darl. I'll get some pizza and drinks delivered, shall I?

Austen *direct to* The ghost.
Emelia

Emelia *smug* The ghost.



This is a confronting kick-in-the-teeth visualization.

Scene: Interior.

In a crowded international plane.

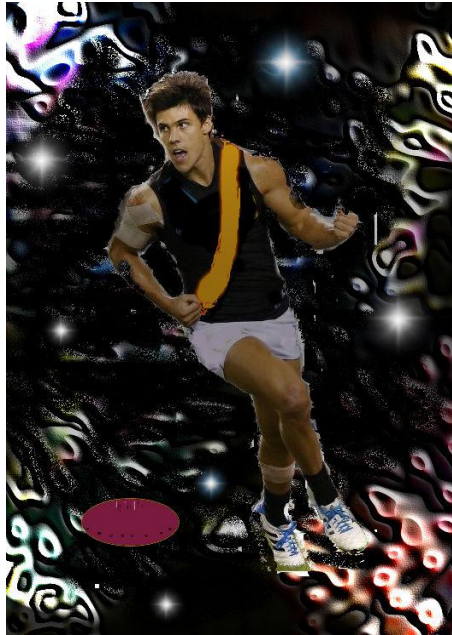
An on-board screen indicates 35 minutes before landing at Charles de Gaulle airport.

Emelia Ingpen mutters something unintelligible to Serge (who sits beside her) then leaves her seat, headed for the toilet. As she walks down the aisle, she stops in awe as she sees the AFL ghost running towards her, bouncing the ball (every 14 paces) as he runs. We hear the "thump, thump" of his feet as he runs (along with the sound of the ball being bounced).

Emelia Ingpen gasps, shrieks and then she is mown down by the spectral footballer who then completely disappears.

We hear a resonating "thud" as Emelia tumbles over.

Then black screen.



Scene: Exterior.

The plane has landed at Charles de Gaulle airport where Emelia Ingpen is carted off on a gurney towards a waiting ambulance.

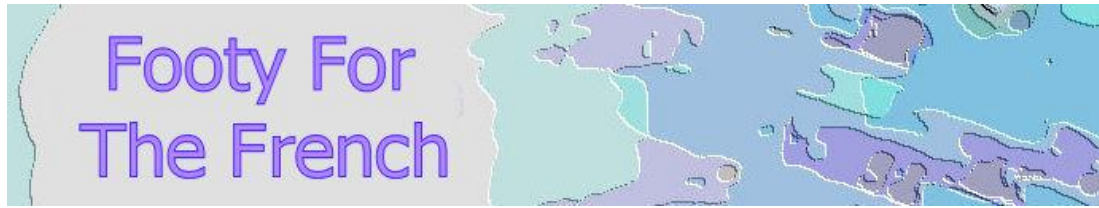
A clear indication that we are in Paris (Charles de Gaulle Airport) appears on the screen.

As Emelia Ingpen is wheeled off, a concerned Serge hovers beside her. With what appears to be her last breath, Emelia Ingpen grabs Serge's sleeves and speaks to him: she is shaken, breathless but urgent.

Emelia *urgent*

Tell them that the ghost thingummy attacked me in the plane. ***In the plane***, Serge! But I should be alright for the broadcast ...

Tell them! *En français*, of course!



Scene: Exterior rolling into interior.

Start with a beautiful bird's eye view of Paris.

Zoom into a very down-at-heel apartment block in Paris.

As we zoom in through the window we find Emelia Ingpen yelling in French as she "calls" an AFL game. Sitting beside her is Serge. He is wearing headphones.

Emelia's style of football commentary is dramatic and comedic: she wrings every ounce of excitement and thrill from the game.

Carlton (les Bleux) are engaged in a very close contest with Essendon (les Bombadiers).

Our camera is stationed BEHIND two large screens, such that we are looking directly at Emelia Ingpen and Serge (who are both eagerly watching the screens).

There follows a pregnant pause as Emelia Ingpen and Serge seem to hold their breath. Then both erupt with huge excitement.

*Emelia in French,
highly excited*

Les Bombadiers: ils marquent un autre but. C'est des autres points (six points!) pour les Bombadiers. Archerfield a couru vers les dents de but et a tiré. Il était tranchant comme un rasoir. Personne l'a arrêté. Personne! Il y a couru et c'est ça. Et regardez ces célébrations! Les joueurs sortent dans une excitation extatique.

Translates as: The Bombers get another goal. That's another six points for the Bombers. Archerfield ran into the teeth of goal and kicked. He was razor accurate.

Nobody stopped him. Nobody! He just ran in and there you are. And just look at those celebrations. The boys are jumping and leaping about in the throes of ecstatic excitement.

Our camera now travels to a position behind the old woman and the young man such that we are able to watch the action on the screen (which now goes to a couple of mildly amusing French ads).

Emelia *in English* How are we doing Serge, old son?

Serge mutters something unintelligible.

Emelia *in English* Yes. I agree.

[Pause]

Okay, I'm okay (after that grisly aeroplane episode).

Back to the Français.

The football resumes after the ad break. However, we have segued into AFL Grange where the footy spectacle narrated by Emelia and Serge is featured on the huge AFL Grange screen.



Scene: Interior.

To recapitulate, AFL Grange is an exquisite, stately Toorak mansion with magnificent gardens. An impressive staircase winds upwards.

In the foyer of AFL Grange a huge screen is mounted in full view (even though the décor speaks of late 19th century).

In our first visit to the huge AFL Grange screen, there was a loop of specky marks to the accompaniment of Mahler's "Titan".

However, at this time the broadcast of the AFL game in French is on display. Carlton and Essendon are in the throes of the final minutes. This is a continuation of the game (from previous page).

Emelia *speaking in French* Il ne nous reste que deux minutes. Les Bleux: peuvent-ils réussir? Est-ce que les Bleux triompheraient avec deux ou trois buts électriques? Est-ce qu'ils voleraient la jeu? Si ils ne font pas, ainsi Essendon gagneraient. Je vous assure!

Translates as: We only have just over 2 minutes left. Can Carlton get up? Can the Blues triumph with a couple of stunning goals? Can they steal the game? If they can't then Essendon will win. Guarantee it!

Emelia *speaking in French* Mon coeur, Serge! Mon coeur! Trouvez le défibrillateur immédiatement (au cas où je devrais mourir). Oh, monsieur l'arbitre! Comment ça va?

Translates as: My heart, Serge! My heart! Find the defibrillator immediately (just in case I cark it!) Oh, umpire!

The umpire bounces the ball. Just then, the final siren is heard.

Emelia *speaking in French* La sirène! La sirène! Essendon: les grands Bombadiers ont gagné le match! Ils emportent les chocolats à la maison.

Translates as: Siren! Siren! And Essendon (the mighty Bombers) have won the game. They take home the chocolates.

We see the Essendon boys jumping about in a congratulatory huddle. Then the action is replaced by the main credit screen. This stays on the huge AFL Grange screen for a minute or two, and is then replaced with the usual AFL/Mahler loop.



Scene: Interior.

The superb foyer at AFL Grange.

Our camera backs away such that we can see a knot of viewers who stand about looking up at the huge screen.

They all look embarrassed as they cringe. Emelia and Serge have sunk to a new low point. However (as indicated above) the French AFL call has now been replaced with the usual schtick.

In the background, the Mahler music can faintly be heard.

PROTAGONISTS: MITCH HEWITT, LACHLAN MCGILL, MIRIVALE CORTEZ, MRS LUCY THOMAS, PROFESSOR LITTANY.

On the ground floor (in the foyer) stand Lachlan, Mitch (who is very tall and

angular), and well-dressed Mirivale. To one side stands Professor Littany. Mrs Thomas is not visible: she is in an upstairs room. Remember that AFL Grange contains an impressive grand staircase.



Mitch *grimacing* Did she say that the Bombers will take home the chokkies?

[Slight pause.]

Really?

Lachlan *wondering* Is it at all possible to sink any further? To spiral any lower?
As in "snake's duedenum" ...

Mirivale I can't believe that the peeps (who run the rubbishy footy show that she dotes on) don't drag her into the studio for their own comedic benefit -- it would be right up their alley, don't you reckon?

Lachlan *firmly* Promise me that if **anyone** from **any** footy show wants to speak to Ms Ingpen that you completely block them.

Mrs Thomas *voice off* Are you people ready to get going with the ghost thingummy?

There is a thoughtful pause. They have forgotten about Mrs Thomas.

Professor *dramatic* "Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio."

Lachlan *calling* Just a minnie, Mrs Thomas. We'll be right with ya.
upstairs

Now Lachlan, Mitch, Mirivale and Professor (who is peevish) mingle about at the foot of the stairs.

Mirivale *to Mitch* She said he was a youngish footballer, bouncing the ball as he ran towards her. She's okay now but --

Lachlan *to Professor* What's up, Prof? Are you okay?

Professor *eager* "But soft, behold! lo, where it comes again! I'll cross it, though it blast me."

[Suddenly pouts.]

Are we ready for my soliloquy?

Lachlan *uncomfortable* What -- from "Hamlet"?

Professor *peevish* No! The piece I've prepared. My tribute to the Australian Football League ... My *bons mots*.

Mirivale *false smile* Sure! Let's go!

Professor *reciting very grandly* When that April with his coolness sweet
From March's swelter doth take out the heat
Then longen folkes in sundry bower and hall
To maken handpass and to kick a ball.
For therein roam the rover and the ruck --

Mirivale *reassuring* Yes thanks Prof. That's lovely. Except that it's August and not April. But that doesn't matter.

Professor *put out* It's in the style of Chaucer. The "Canterbury Tales". Surely you covered the topic at University?

Mitch *swiftly* Yeah! Thanks! We get it.

Mirivale *phony as hell* Terrific!

Lachlan *fixed grin* Can't wait to hear the next instalment.

The others now more or less overlook the Professor's presence. They do not consult him.

Lachlan *smart arse* Look! He's probably just some dead guy who's cheesed off about not being awarded a free kick in the 1932 Grand Final. Something along those lines ...

Professor Is this in relation to Ms Ingpen's wraith?

Lachlan *nods & grins* Whatever or whoever ... We've been tasked with nutting it out. So let's do that.

[Looks upwards and raises his voice]

Sorry for the delay. Are you ready, Mrs Thomas?

Mrs Thomas *voice-off* Yes, go for it.

Lachlan turns to Mitch.

Lachlan Run up the stairs, Mitch. You are in a real hurry to get to the next floor up, so put some muscle into it.

Mitch is lost.

Lachlan *testy* Come on! Run up the stairs.

Mitch looks about for inspiration. There is none. He shrugs, then tears up the stairs, touching only every third step. Lachlan is pleased.

Lachlan *pleased* Great!

Mitch looks down over the banister.

Mitch Were you timing me, or something?

Lachlan Not at all.

[Louder to Mrs Thomas]

Did you hear that, Mrs Thomas?

Mrs Thomas *voice-off* Yes.

Mitch nods as he descends the stairs.

Lachlan then turns to Mirivale.

Lachlan Mirivale! Your turn. Now off you go as quick as you can.

Mirivale *doubtful* But I'm wearing heels.

Lachlan is indifferent to Mirivale's footwear.

Lachlan So what? Come on – run up the stairs as fast as you can.

[Louder such that Mrs Thomas can hear.]

Here comes another one, Mrs Thomas.

Mrs Thomas *voice-off* Rightio!

Mirivale (resting her hand on the rail) runs up the stairs in the manner of a piston: her feet touch every step.

Lachlan *pleased* Sensational!

Lachlan looks up to where Mirivale stands about, panting. Lachlan calls loudly.

Lachlan *calling out* Mrs Thomas! You can come out now.

Mirivale turns around as a door opens on the upper landing. Mrs Thomas steps out. She leans on the banister.

Lachlan (looking up) remains with the Professor (an interested spectator) and Mitch on the ground floor.

Lachlan Which one was it?

Mrs Thomas The second one. Quick tap, tap, tap. Not the Kabam!
Kabam! Of the first one.

Lachlan So our ghost is not a young man with long legs. He or she
is either a female or an older man who has given up
bounding his way up the stairs.

Terrific!

Mirivale *worried* But that can't be right ... That doesn't tie in with what Her
Ladyship saw in the French plane ... Her plane ghost was a
young man – very athletic and fit ...

Lachlan *frowns* Maybe a small man, then. A wingman or a rover?

Lachlan leaves them to it, calling out as he goes.

Lachlan Back to work everyone.

If I need you again I'll sing out. And remember: no-one is
allowed to interview Ms I. without my say-so.

Professor *hopeful* Then -- shall I continue with my Chaucerian recitation?

There is a resounding “No!” from everyone else.



Scene: Interior.

The Argus Building, South Melbourne.

The "Not A Round Ball" studio set where our 3 presenters (Howard, Whaler and Robbo) run the footy show in an enthusiastic manner.

The start is a series of interviews with random footy fans. The interviews are shown on the huge screen behind the 3 presenters.

PLOT PROGRESSION:

The ghostly activity at the football game exactly coincides with the exhumation of Fritz. As soon as possible we shall meet up with Harry and Mitch to cover the forensic analysis and to flashback to the murder itself.

The facts: the ghost (who is identified in this following scene) died in 1942 in the Middle East during World War II. Fritz died in 1924 in Port Augusta.

The first interview is with a youth outside the MCG.

Youth Yeah I saw something ...

Interviewer *voice-off* Can you describe it? What you saw?

Youth Yeah ... It was ... You know ... A ghost or something ...

The second interview is with a young lady outside the MCG.

Young lady My sister was making a movie with her phone, but when
we ran it back there was nothing.

I mean -- no ghost.

Interviewer *voice-off* Was she filming because she thought --

Young lady No.

I mean -- no.

It was just happenstance. We both saw the "thing" on the
field. And we hoped that it would be there on her phone
but no such luck ...

The third interview is with a middle-aged man outside the MCG.

Middle-aged man #1 It was fwit! fwit! fwit! It was really hard to make out.

The fourth interview is with another middle-aged man outside the MCG.

Middle-aged man #2 I thought my old eyes were playing up.
shakes head

The fifth interview is with a 30-ish mother outside the MCG.

Young woman There was definitely something there. Definitely!

The sixth interview is with a very elderly man outside the MCG.

A really old man I been going to the footy a long time, like. You know who it reminded me of? Jasper Peele. They nicknamed him "Lemon" -- you know, "Lemon Peele".

If I had to put my hard-earned on it (in a wager, like) -- that's who I'd say it was. Old Lemon Peele.

Interviewer *voice-off* And when did he play? Can you remember?

A really old man *nods* Yes. Around the time the men and boys were trooping off to the War. I would have been a young tacker of about 9 or 10 at the time when I saw Lemon play.

Interviewer *voice-off* Which War was that?

A really old man Jeez! The second one, of course. I'm not **that** old!
caustic

Interviewer *voice-off* So ... Around 1939 or 1940 or even 1941? Right?

A really old man Yes. I was born in 1930 so that sounds about right. Yes!

That'd be right.

The seventh interview is with one of the Richmond players in the dressing room.

Interviewer *voice-off* You were on the field near where it was seen towards the end of the third quarter. Did you see it?

Footballer *doubtful* Um ... Might have ... I dunno ...

Yeah ... No ... Yeah, maybe ...

There was a misty something ... Spooky.



The huge screen returns to the "Not A Round Ball" logo.

Our camera focuses on the 3 presenters.

Howard It started as a trickle, but now it has become a rush. Footy fans who attended the Melbourne versus Richmond game at the MCG yesterday might have thought that their eyes were playing tricks. Many ghost-sightings have been reported related to this incident. All of them agree as to the timing of the apparition: it happened 9 minutes into the 3rd quarter.

Whaler Fans claimed that at this crucial point in the match a spectral figure (wearing an old-fashioned footy strip) ran among the players. The event lasted only a few seconds. Several people managed to take phone photos at the crucial time -- but none of them captured the mystical player. However, the official AFL live cameras covering the game's action do in fact reveal a misty grey presence hovering about for a short time during the game.

Robbo An elderly gentleman in the MCG crowd recognized the spook as Jasper Peele who played for Richmond during the early 1940's. Jasper (nicknamed "Lemon") was a speedy wingman for his side way back when.

Whaler *grinning* And on a light-hearted note, senior AFL umpire Dal Fitzgibbon warned that umpires will ***not*** be awarding free kicks to any player who is impeded by a ghost.



The huge screen changes again. Now we see Dal Fitzgibbon speaking direct to camera.

Dal If any wraiths or haints or poltergeists or phantoms should try to disrupt any AFL game, we (the umpires) will forcefully step in.

No spooky ghost business for us!

Interviewer *voice-off* So if a player claims that he should be awarded a free kick because a ghost had hold of his guernsey --

Dal No free kicks! We certainly don't approve of spirit figures moving onto the arena. Players and officials only, thanks!

We in the umpiring fraternity won't tolerate **any** supernatural presence in **any** AFL game.

The huge screen returns to the "Not A Round Ball" logo.

Our camera focuses on the 3 presenters (who are heartily laughing).

Howard Since the beginning of tonight's program, the texts have been running hot. There are a great many viewers who concur with the gentleman interviewed earlier: the ghost is (or rather "was") Jasper "Lemon" Peele.

Camera closes-in on Robbo.

Robbo So my question Whaler and Howie is this: what is causing a man who played footy for Richmond just as the Second World War was breaking out -- what causes him to take on a ghostly form in our current day?



Scene: Exterior.

Night. In the sumptuous garden of AFL Grange.

Serge has received some interesting news on his mobile phone. He passes the phone to Emelia, standing nearby.

Serge They sent you a photo of the bloke who's been haunting you. "Richmond Football Club, Jasper Peele Wingman".

Emelia glances at the phone.



Emelia *blenches* Yes that's him.

She relives the footballer charging up the aisle bouncing the footy as he runs.



Emelia I was stretching my legs (as you do) then he came running towards me at full tilt, bouncing an Aussie rules footy. Swear to God! "Off to the races". Running full bore down one of the aisles in the plane and then banged into me.

**Scene: Interior.**

AFL Grange, a private room.

Mitch and Harry will now cover-off various details which are required to keep this yarn boiling along. Harry has stored his props and specimens in a canvas bag.

Harry *reading from a notebook*

And the pathologist pointed out that the lungs of the corpse bore clear indications of having had all the usual hang-ups associated with metalworkers: metal fume fever and poor condition due to respiratory irritation.

Mitch

But he didn't cark it because of that.

Harry

No. He had been knocked about pretty severely during one or more altercations taking place in the Carson Hotel. Evidently the Carson was a rough sort of pub back in the 1920's.

Mitch

So you're basically telling me that the cops were actually right: person or persons unknown.

Harry Whatever caused his death, Uncle Frank warned me that I'd need DNA samples from the corpse, so I've got them in spades.

Mitch Why does Unc think that I'd be interested in this?

Harry Not sure. Maybe the ghost bizzo. I dunno.

Mitch drums his fingers in a restless manner.

Harry The forensic upshot is that the finger did in fact belong to the victim. It was sawn off, but after death.

Mitch Anyroad, I'll update you on the ghost hunt.

Lachie bought a refracting camera from Moscow. Cost an arm and a leg. Enough to buy a Maserati. That's what finding a world-famous opal will do for you.

Harry A camera from Moscow? Couldn't he just grab one from the local shopping centre?

Mitch It's so that he can film the ghost. We've had any number of sightings. Mrs Thomas is sick to death of hearing it run up the stairs. And there's a fossilised professor on hand who keeps wandering aimlessly about quoting from Shakespeare's Hamlet.

The ghost isn't Terry; but it's bloody interesting that it first fronted when Terry did the big dirt dive.

Harry Uncle Frank said --

Suddenly, Harry is arrested. He stares with blank eyes at the opposite wall.

Mitch *worried* What?

Harry *dazed* Hang -- on -- a -- minnie --

Harry slowly stands, then paces about watched by Mitch. The strains of music now emanate from the music room.

Harry We did the exhumation on a Friday and on the very next day (when the Tigers played Melbourne) the ghost was spotted by various bods actually at the footy.

Mitch Yeah?

Harry stares at Mitch and then (light-bulb moment) Harry slaps himself on the head.

Harry We've all been paddling up Shit Creek in a barbed wire canoe with tennis racquets for paddles.

It has nothing to do with Terry Woods dying, but rather with the **day** he died. Or rather the day after that actually.

I went to see Uncle Frank and we discussed this case: the German coppersmith.

Mitch What --

Harry *enthusiastic* This is a cold case that I was reopening on my own advisement. I got old Unc to rubber stamp my working on it.

Now you saw the photos of the corpse: a man about our size. The pip-squeak ghost isn't him.

So ... It must be a rellie who's trying to avenge his murder.

Mitch For fuck's sake: where is this coming from?

Harry *exultant* It's Hamlet! The ghost of Hamlet's father tells Hamlet that his murder has to be avenged.

Mitch No, no, no. You're right off the money with that theory. The Kraut bloke died in 1924 so he had to have been born in the 1890's. Your ghost (Lemon Peele) played in 1939 to 1941. So he was a young man born (say) 1920 or that ... If anything the "avenge my murder" would apply to the Kraut's son.

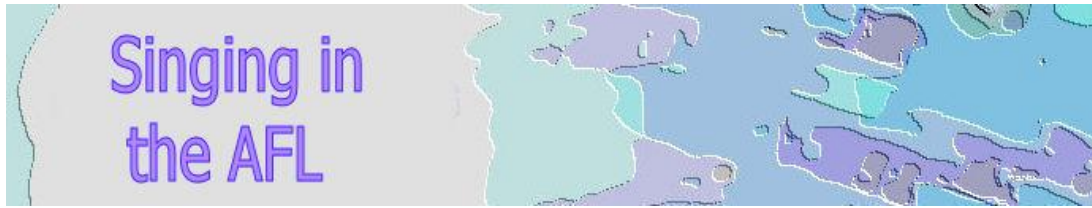
Harry But his surname is "Peele" and not "Hämlich". I don't get it.

I'll phone in our findings to Unc. He might have a clue what we should ...

[Change of tack.]

What's the ruddy noise?

Mitch *chuckles* The music room. Ms Ingpen wants the standard of AFL theme songs to improve.


Scene: Interior.

The music room at AFL Grange.

Here we find a glee club of 6 males. Mitch operates the controls. We hear a brisk version of "The Can-Can".

Then Mitch re-cues the music and nods to the singers. He replays "The Can-Can" and the men sing with gusto. The words of the Tasmanian Robots AFL Theme Song appear in large lettering near to where Mitch works.

The 6 members of the
glee club *singing*

You couldn't get more brainier

Than to love Tasmania

Footy is our core -- our strength -- our life -- our passion!

We find our muesli's grainier

If grown in Tasmania

"Robot" is our favourite word de jour! Hey!

The 6 members of the
glee club *shouting*

Go Tazzie Robots -- win the flag!

Mitch

Yeah, thanks boys. That was great. I'll add that to the loop.

That will come out good when the Robots win their first
ever game ...

Male *voice-off* I dunno ... It's not a really ballsy theme song, is it? You can't see strapping Tazzie footballers revving themselves up with that one ...



Professor is with Lavinia (dressed to maximum effect) who in turn is accompanied by Den Columbus who wears the normal Carlton casual uniform. Lavinia and Den look about in awe.

Lavinia is deeply impressed by the size of the small orchestra. She gestures towards the musicians, face wreathed in smiles. The musicians will stand for the introduction, then immediately sit once more.

Professor *smarmy* Madame Brask: may I present the Grange Orchestra, under the baton of Jerse Humphrey.

Ladies and gentlemen: Madame Lavinia Brask B. Mus. of Parkville. And with her, Mr Dennis Columbus who is a forward playing for Carlton and a worthy student of Madame Brask.

[For Lavinia's private ear.]

We tried for Petrenko but he was unfortunately engaged in Oslo.

Jerse nods to Lavinia. She inclines her head to him in respect.

Professor *to Den* Hop up on the platform, would you, Den? There'll be a short intro leading in and then I'll give you the nod to begin singing.

Lavinia *very grand* It is **I** who shall direct the vocal interpretation of Mr Columbus, thank you. You (Professor Littany) may step aside in order to better enjoy the entertainment.

Professor *whispers* Very well. But please try not to rile the trombonists. They are big lads – very stroppy when questioned. I leave them to do their own thing.

Lavinia Assuredly. I should not dream of vexing the brass section.

Professor *to Den* Sing that, if you will.

Professor hands a musical score to Lavinia and another identical musical score to Den.

Den takes one look at the musical score then flicks it away. He is not impressed.

Den *mulish* I'm not singing that!

Lavinia Den! You are here to sing --

Den *irate* That's the Geelong theme song. I'm not singing the Geelong theme song.

Lavinia *reasonable* Just sing it, my dear. Heaven knows! When you become a free agent next year you may well value a Geelong

connection.

Den *reluctant*

Alright ... If I have to ...

Lavinia nods to Jerse who conducts a loud, gutsy version of Carmen's Toreador Song. Den sees Lavinia nod to him at the strategic moment. Den sings in glorious, mellifluous bass-baritone. Combined with the orchestra, the theme song is stunningly beautiful.

Den *sings*

We are Geelong -- the greatest team of all

We are Geelong -- we're always on the ball.

We play the game as it should be played

At home or far away.

Our banner flies on high from dawn to dark

Down at Kardinia Park.

At the completion of the song, the orchestra members applaud the singer. So also does Professor and Lavinia.



Lavinia *angry and put out*

That is a vile, chauvinistic, outdated and moribund viewpoint. Shame on you! A man of letters to be so

corruptible.

Professor *at sea* I mean ... No intention of ... I was just saying that I need to take a slash.

Lavinia *very grand* Then say your piece without this withering contempt.
"Madame Brask. Please permit me to vacate your august presence in order to powder my nose."

And then you will bow yourself off.

Oh! I am in no doubt as to the root cause behind this
"heathenness" that one witnesses amongst these various
AFL people. Abhorrent and antisocial to the core.

Professor is gobsmacked. He looks about urgently for some kind of response but everyone else is likewise gobsmacked. Professor races off, passing Lachlan on the way.

Professor *manages to* She's ... She's ... She's worse than Emelia Ingpen.
blurt out to Lachlan

Lachlan stands near the music room, weighing-up whether to enter. He decides against it. Lachlan (and we the audience) can hear a very stirring rendition of the Sydney Swans theme song, as sung by Den with accompaniment from the Grange orchestra.

Lachlan wanders along on the trail of Professor, who reappears.

Professor *shocked* I mean ... Esprit de corps. We're blokes!

Lachlan *nods* Too true.

Are you putting on your "Usage and Abusage" session now?

Professor *sadly* Yes. Yes.

One can only trust that Eric Partridge will give me his celestial blessing. I'm afraid that I'm being crushed by these viragos who surround me, torturing my life.

Lachlan I'll need you tonight. Full moon.

Professor *all at sea* Full? ... I don't quite follow ...

Lachlan *proudly* The expensive new camera has just now arrived from Moscow. We should give it a test run. And we'll drag Mitch along to ensure fair play.

Professor *seeing the light* Ah! The spectral vision. But won't the full moon put it off?

Lachlan No, Prof. You're thinking of vampires.

A full moon is okay for ghosts.

**Scene: Exterior.**

It is a brilliant moonlit night in Melbourne.

The location is one of the splendid lawns at AFL Grange.

Lachlan and Professor are busy setting up the exciting new Russian spectral camera.

Lachlan gives the ghost-capturing camera a run. We hear its motor rumble and click.

Professor *doubtful* Is it working?

Lachlan *off-hand* I dunno ...

The 2 men fiddle about with the camera, muttering to each other.

Lachlan restarts the camera.

Suddenly, the ghost of Jasper "Lemon" Peele rushes from the garden. He bounces his football once and then kicks it over Professor and Lachlan (who are rooted to the spot in surprise and fright).

Then the ghost disappears.

There is a stillness. The 2 men cannot move. They are astounded and unbelieving.

Lachlan Um ... The camera was running ... Did we get that?

Professor What are you asking me for? I've lost all sense and reason.

Lachlan There's a little screen here that came from Russia as part of the kit. The instructions are in Russian so that's not much help. But the illustrations and diagrams are in English -- I mean ... You know what I mean.

I'll attach the screenette to the camera and we'll see what we see.

What d'ya reckon?

As they converse, Lachlan does his best to connect the screen to the relevant part of the camera.

Professor What do I reckon? I reckon that I have completely missed my one chance to be a hero.

Lachlan Uh?

Professor I should have asked: "What, has this thing appeared again tonight?" or even better: "Peace! break thee off; -- look, where it comes again!"

Mitch approaches. With Mitch is Robbo.

Lachlan What about that one you laid on me?
"Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio."

As Lachlan greets Mitch and Robbo (handshakes all round), Professor is absorbed with the idea that he should address the ghost of Jasper Peele. He is (as Lachlan so elegantly puts it) "off with the fairies". His handshake is autopilot. So he does not join in the conversation, but rather Professor runs a little spiel of his own.

Meanwhile, the screen attached to the camera from Moscow bears fruit.

Lachlan *excited* Hey! You little bewdy! It worked. Look!

Robbo and Mitch stare (transfixed) at the screen. Then Robbo slowly turns towards Lachlan.

Robbo *reverent* So this is it. This is the ghost.
It's not typical of me to be "speechless" but I'm speechless.

Lachlan nods eagerly.

Lachlan *proudly* That's what I took the film of. Using this special camera.

Robbo The ghost-capture camera?

Lachlan Yeah. I stood under the full moon out in the grounds here
(with the Prof but he's off with the fairies) and that's what
bobbled up.

Robbo is still transfixed. He sighs long and hard.

Professor *aside, aloud* Dear ghost -- speak to me. Tell me what you are trying to
achieve with this haunting?

Lachlan I know some of them calculated that the ghost was a
woman ... but as you can see that's clearly a bloke.

Robbo nods absently. He is still staring at the screen.

Lachlan A footy player for sure. I'm thinking Essendon or Richmond.

Robbo continues to stare at the photo. However, he slowly shakes his head.

Robbo Not necessarily -- there were other teams with a sash.

Professor *aside, louder* It may be that we can help you in your turmoil. Tell us what we must do to assist you.

Lachlan Why not Port Adelaide or something?

Robbo snaps out of his reverie. He turns to face Lachlan.

Robbo Because we're looking for someone a lot older than that. Jeez! Port Adelaide have only been in the League since 1997. We're after a dude from (say) the 1940's or thereabouts.

Lachlan Yes but this guy --

Robbo *forceful* You haven't got it Lockie. You haven't got it. Nice try but it's not the ghost.

Professor *aside, really loud* Oh Jasper Peele (known to one and all as "Lemon") -- tell us poor mortals what is distressing you so much that you cannot rest in your sad death?

Lachlan *angry* Then what the hell is it? I followed the ruddy instructions that came with the ghost camera ... Followed them to the letter! Except that they were in Russian ... Did me best ...

Robbo *disparaging* You can't even say for sure that this dude is even playing footy. He could be a rugby guy for all we know.

Lachlan and Robbo once again devour the screen with their eyes. Then Robbo snorts, moving off.



Then all 3 men (Mitch, Lachlan, and Robbo) freeze. The ghost saunters up to Professor in a very casual fashion. Ghost continually handballs the football to himself.

Ghost to Professor I'll tell ya, if ya got a minnie.

Professor Please.

Ghost See -- I can't rest in Heaven or Hell or nowhere. Me Dad was murdered and I have to avenge that. That's me problem. And what makes it all the worse is that I dunno which cove *is* me Dad. Could be anyone. Me Mum might have been a bit of a slut, reckon.

Professor And so we --

Ghost I'm not even me. D'ya follow? I'm not even me.

I went off to the War before I was 21 -- d'ya understand?
And I got blown up by the Krauts in the Middle East. Blown apart. At least me dick and me agates stayed on me torso which was a fuckin' bonus. But me arms and legs were all over the shop. Before I could become a ghost I had to find

all me bits and stick it all together again.

[Really cheesed off.]

Bloody disgrace!

Professor With glue?

Ghost *shrugs* Sort of ... Flour and gentleman-juice works a treat.

Anyroad, all the people are dead so I got Buckley's hope of sorting it out. Buckley and Nunn.

The Professor has a flash of genius.

Professor We can answer your questions with an organic molecule that is often used nowadays: deoxyribonucleic acid.

Ghost *at sea* Eh?

Professor DNA.

[Realizes that this is all way beyond the Ghost.]

Look, forget it ... Doesn't matter ...

[Concentrating his enquiries.]

Are you able to spit?

Ghost *nods* I can spit at a target in a dire emergency. Blood oath!

Professor holds out his palm to Ghost.

Professor Good. Give it your best shot. Right there!

Ghost hawks and spits into Professor's palm. The sample is globby, yellow and disgusting. Professor maintains his *sang froid*. Mitch, Lachlan and Robbo can only roll their eyes and pull faces of horror.

Professor Give me a couple of days. I'll come back here with these gentlemen and give you the answer.

Ghost Bewdy!

Ghost disappears. Professor turns to the other 3 men, who stand about as if turned to stone.

Professor I need to get this spittle (and whatever else he volunteered) to a clinic for DNA identification.

[Very urgent.]

Pronto! Now! Immediately! Chop-chop!

It is Robbo who jumps first.

Robbo *urgent* Quick, I'll drive you straight to the hospital.

Robbo hustles Professor to his car.

Professor We have no idea what is the shelf-life of this spirit
expectoration. Not too long I guess.

Robbo Sure! Sure! I'll do up your seatbelt. Just keep the goo in your hand. Don't lose it. And whatever you do, don't get it on my tartan car rug. It's a mongrel to clean.

Robbo has taken care of the Professor. He swings himself into the driver's seat and guns the engine.

Robbo "Gentleman-juice"? That wouldn't be ... ?

Professor *nods* Semen. Spunt. Cum. I believe that's what he meant.

Robbo *speeding* I'm really glad that you didn't ask him for a sample of that!

Professor *sighs* So am I, Robbo -- so am I!



Scene: Exterior.

Street scene at night outside Port Augusta's Carson Hotel. 1922.

It is a wild night. Drunken men fight in the street. Other men shepherd ladies (and I use the term loosely) towards the Carson Hotel. There is much laughter and

swearing.

We can hear dodgy music issuing from this hotel. Our camera heads towards an old-fashioned door marked "Main Bar".

Another sign on the door indicates that: "Wharfies and stevedores are permitted to drink in this establishment from 5 o'clock in the morning."

Scene: Interior.

Inside Port Augusta's Carson Hotel. October 1924.

The wildness of the night has seeped into the hotel. (Or better yet -- has seeped **out** of the hotel into the street!)

Rough men (miners, wharfies, coal-workers) all indulge in smoking, arguing, swearing, fighting and drinking beer. The females are every bit as rough as the men. Many faces are grubby, courtesy of the coal mines.

The dodgy music is provided by a couple of men blowing into empty long-neck beer bottles. With these men, other "musicians" play the spoons, cornet/trumpet, mouthorgan and ukelele (played by a skinny old woman).

The crowd dancing is rougher than what we witnessed in Rushcutter's Hall. And much older. Everyone is very poorly dressed. Everyone is alarmingly skinny & stringy: not a fat person to be seen in the Carson Hotel in 1924. Besides all that, there is hardly any room to dance. Thus the action is "best-as-you-can-manage".

Once again, our entertainer on stage is Fritz Hammerhead (in his shark kit). Once again, he "enunciates" the lyrics to the Darktown Strutters Ball in his rich German accent. The words have slightly changed and the length of the song has been shortened. As before, Fritz will point to random dancers and gyrate outrageously.

Our camera sweeps through the crowd such that we can see how tightly the revellers are squished in. They are all very drunk. A couple of the scrawny men look at Hammerhead as if they despise him.

The Darktown Strutters Ball à la Hammerhead (Port Augusta version):

I'll be round to get you in a taxi Honey
Be there about half-past eight.
Oh baby don't be late
I want to be there when the band starts playing.

The Carson Pub is where we're going
Rough as guts and worse than Hell
That's where I'll jive with you
And the band will jazz it up too!
As soon as we hit the arse-in Carson Pub.

Just remember when we get there Honey
Oh! We're going to have a ball!
We're going to kick off both of our shoes
When they play the Augusta Blues
As soon as we front at the arse-in Carson
As soon as we front at the arse-in Carson

-- As soon as we front at the arse-in Carson Pub!

Scene: Interior.

Carson Hotel. The area under the rickety wooden stairs. 1924.

There is no dressing room for Fritz. He simply uses a dark corner under the stairs to store his rucksack. And he changes there.

We see Fritz hauling himself out of his hammerhead shark costume.

Maven (a rough-as-bags strumpet) almost clings to Fritz. She is annoying and cumbersome. Fritz pushes her away as best he can.

Fritz *exasperated* I told you that I am already married to a girl in Rushcutters Bay and her father is after me to support her, which I won't be doing any such thing because her child is not mine.

Maven Then divorce her and marry me.

Fritz No. That's not possible.

Maven Why not, Kraut? People do it all the time.

Fritz I don't love you enough to --

Maven That's not what I heard!

Fritz -- and your brother Mervyn is a consummate con artist. I would never consider linking up with you if it meant that I had to be related to your brother Mervyn.

My current idea is -- you know what my current idea is? To meet up again with a little girl who was rather sweet. She and her husband cleaned up in Coober Pedy.

Maven You could write me a ticket for that, yer know.

Fritz *thoughtful* Luck failed me absolutely and utterly on the opal fields of Pedy. My current idea (therefore) is to tie myself to the coat-tails of those who were successful at the diggings.

Maven And yer can take me with ya, Honey!

Fritz I'm packing my bags, Honey. I'll take the train to Melbourne. That's where they have settled themselves. In Melbourne. In a swank mansion that no doubt has a shiny new doormat inscribed "Welcome Fritz Hammerhead".

Maven has been going through Fritz's rucksack. She drags out his ball-peen hammer. She waves it about.

Fritz Hey! Give me that!

Maven Your lovely audience threw so much rotten fruit at you that you could whip-up a fruit salad. Funny though ... None of it stuck to ya.

Fritz *laughs* I ducked and weaved. Now give me back my hammer, won't you?

Just then, one of the bad-tempered drunks who glowered at Fritz's performance swings backstage only to see Fritz wrestling with Maven. He is incandescent with fury.

Furious man *shouts* I had two brothers died during the War because of
Teutonic arseholes like you and now we find you roughing
up the Aussie women.

Not no more, Loverboy!

The furious man swings an iron bar across Fritz's head. Fritz drops where he stood.



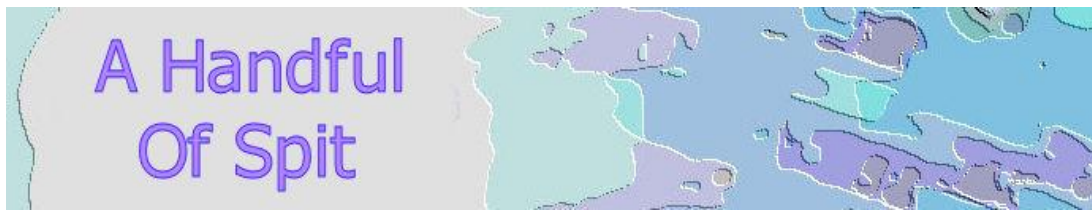
Fritz (near death) has been rolled into the alcove under the stairs. Another man is seeking him out. With a face of towering rage, the second man launches into Fritz with an axe. However, the shiny material of Fritz's suit precludes the slaughter. Instead, the second man turns the axe about and uses the poll to spiflicate Fritz.



Third man You won't point yer finger at my missus no more,
Dreamboat. 'Cause you won't have no finger to point with!

This third man has brought a small saw with him. He quickly gets to work on Fritz's right index finger. He tucks the dismembered finger into the upper pocket of Fritz's grey jacket. Spotting the ball-peen hammer, he steals that (hiding it in his belt).



**Scene: Interior.**

A large, busy laboratory attached to one of Melbourne's major hospitals.

Lab worker (a very pretty female) is busy removing Ghost's spittle from Professor's hand. The sample is being collected in a sealable test tube. Robbo watches the procedure. Lab worker wears a see-through face visor.

Lab worker *to Robbo* You're the bloke from the footy show, aren't you?

Robbo *nods* Yes. That's right.

Lab worker *smiles* Thought so. I never miss it. Your knowledge of footy is legendary.

Suddenly, the lab worker stops. She turns to Robbo.

Lab worker *shocked* This isn't about the ghost you're trying to sort out, is it?

Professor Yes, it is. We have to match this DNA sample to somebody/anybody such that we can make a direct kindred identification.

Lab worker *doubtful* Okay. So have you got the other DNA samples for me to compare this with?

Professor takes a big breath and is ready to launch.

Professor You see, it's like this --

Robbo swings into action (as Professor will obviously take too long). Robbo takes Lab worker by the shoulders and looks deep into her eyes.

Robbo Our baseline problem is that we were just so lucky to get even **this**. The ghost is reticent to the n-th degree.

 You have to guard **this** with your life. We probably won't get another chance.

 When we work out who's who in the Zoo we'll return and get the samples analyzed. Match them up. But this phlegmy mess is **our only possible link** to the ghost.

 Okay? I'll fill out the sticker for you.

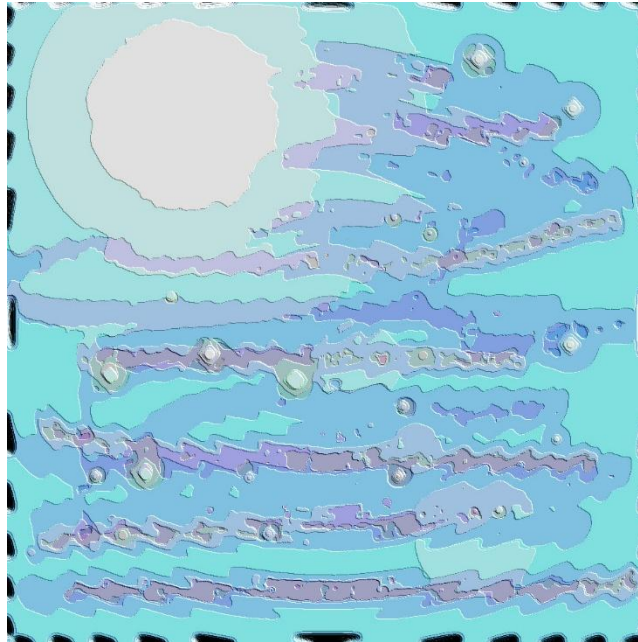
Robbo takes charge. He writes JASPER PEELE per MICHAEL ROBERTSON as clearly as possible, then adds the date. He glances at his watch for the date. Robbo also provides a business card for Lab worker.

Then Robbo gives Professor a friendly pat on the shoulder.

Robbo *commanding* Come on, Mate. We better go.

Lab worker *chuckling* Hang on a minnie!

Lab worker makes a stirring effort to clean and sanitize Professor's palm.



Scene: Interior.

A beautiful glassed summer house attached to AFL Grange.

Emelia lolls about: she is bored and exhausted.

Lachlan (who has been searching for her) runs her to earth here.

Lachlan You okay?

Emelia *sighs* Not really.

I'm a bit down.

It never occurred to me until just the last few days that I've lost the love of my life. And he won't come back.

Lachlan I'm terribly sorry. Nothing I say can ease the pain (I

guess).

Emelia You know, I sang "When the Saints come marching in" with all the other darlings at Terry's funeral. I sang with gusto. I didn't shed a single tear.

But now I'm lost ... Not lonely as such but ... lost ...

Lachlan Is the ghost still bothering you?

Emelia Of course he is. I've stopped counting the number of migraines that that clown has given me.

Just then, Harry and Mitch rush in.

Mitch Sorry to intrude Ms I. Bit urgent. This is my brother Harry by the way.

It's possible that you'll be able to help us. We have a name (Herr Fritz Hämlich) and we have cartloads of his DNA ... well, we want to link him up to the ghost (who as we know was Jasper Peele).

Emelia No idea. Sorry.

Mitch But Ms Ingpen. Emelia! He is focusing on *you*. On AFL Grange.

Emelia *reasonable* I wasn't at the MCG when he made his infamous grab for glory.

Mitch But that was only once. The rest of the time --

Lachlan *clicks fingers* Robbo whizzed a fistful of ghost spit to the DNA testing station at a nearby hospital. You can organize a familial

match on that. Problem solved!

Emelia What and who?

Mitch He was German. His finger was chopped off (post-mortem).
Sang lively jazz songs on stage dressed as a hammerhead
shark. Was killed at Port Augusta in 1924. His special
hammer went missing -- what was it called?

Harry Ball-peen.

Emelia *transfixed* Did you say Port Augusta? Hammerhead shark?

Emelia swings about to look directly at Lachlan.

Emelia *to Lachlan* She was there. This is all about Beryl -- my grandmother.

Lachlan The storeroom ...

Scene: Interior.

The large storeroom at AFL Grange.

Mitch, Harry and Emelia watch as Lachlan goes directly to the location of the various boxes once pertaining to Laurence and Beryl Ingpen. Lachlan hoicks each box up onto a ledge. Muttering to himself, Lachlan searches for a specific item. It is an envelope. When found, Lachlan gives a shout of triumph.

Lachlan *jubilant* And the winner is!

Lachlan hands the envelope over to Emelia.

Emelia *reads*

"In the matter of the copper and opal music box (once belonging to Joseph Peele, formerly of Coober Pedy) given as a bona fide gift to Mrs Beryl Ingpen." Ernest Sherville B.Law. October 19th, 1929.

With trembling hands Emelia opens the envelope. It contains the official correspondence provided by the Attorney along with Beryl's personal memories of her visit to Mr Sherville.



Scene: Interior.

The robust legal offices of Mr Ernest Sherville, Attorney-At-Law in Melbourne. The Spring of 1929.

Ernest's secretary shows Beryl and Laurie into Ernest's room. Beryl and Laurie are extremely well-dressed (that is, expensively dressed). They have improved markedly from the eager young people digging for opals in Coober Pedy.

The room is likewise spacious and shrieks "money" and "importance".

Ernest (dressed in a very old-fashioned way with winged collar) is charming but utterly business-like.

Ernest shakes hands with Laurie. Ernest merely nods towards Beryl.

Ernest Do sit down, won't you? Would you require any refreshment?

Lawrie No thanks. We're right.

Ernest Are you sure? I can easily get Miss Sedgewick to brew a pot of tea?

Beryl No thanks. Really. We had morning tea not long ago.

Ernest *nods* You drove into the City?

Beryl *smiles* Oh no. We caught a couple of trams.

Ernest Fine.

 Let's get straight down to it.

 Mr Ingpen, were you aware of the demise some 2 years ago of your erstwhile chum Mr Joseph Peele? You probably knew him in Coober Pedy by his soubriquet of "Rumpty".

Laurie Yes. I received a brief letter from my cousin Wal (Wallace Ingpen). You're right -- it would have been about 2 years ago now. Poor Rumpty! There was a part of the mine which constantly needed reinforcing. Once I'd left the diggings I guess nobody propped it up any more -- and poor Rumpty was buried alive when it collapsed.

 Bit grim.

Beryl Simply ghastly!

Ernest The reason I've asked you both to meet with me is that there is a snag related to the late Mr Peele's possessions.

 Mrs Ingpen: you were given a very valuable music box by

Mr Joseph Peele not long before you and your hubby left Coober Pedy. Was this a gift, do you believe?

Beryl

Yes! We still have it. A friend of mine (or rather to say "an acquaintance") fabricated the music box from copper. It is encrusted with opals. Rumpty paid my friend for the box. It was to have been a present to his (that is to Rumpty's) wife. However I believe that she skipped-out on him.

Laurie

I reckon that Rumpty was very fond of Beryl. She looked after us blokes very well (in those hard conditions), with tallying the books and with the cooking and so on ... I reckon that poor old Rumpty was upset to see the music box just sitting around gathering dust and he might of thought that it would make a nice present for Beryl. And that she would get some use out of it.

Ernest

I see.

Mrs Ingpen -- was your understanding that the music box actually belonged to Mr Peele? That it was his to give? That is, that the absent wife knew nothing of it?

Beryl frowns as she thinks hard.

Beryl

Rumpty said: "She never got it because she shot through"

...

You're right! The absent wife would have had no inkling of the existence of the music box. Nor that it was originally intended as a gift for her.

Ernest *nods*

Then that's that. Thank you.

I wonder (Mrs Ingpen) if you would allow me a couple of moments alone with Mr Ingpen? What I have to relate to him may not be of the most savoury --

Berly *caustic*

Mr Sherville.

I worked with the toughest creatures God ever put breath into when just a new bride. Please don't imagine I'm going to faint away at your words (whatever they are).

Laurie *chuckles*

Go ahead! Have your say! She's a hard case, is my missus.

Ernest

Very well.

Bits and pieces of this story have filtered through to me over the past 2 years.

When Mrs Elva Peele abandoned her marriage to Mr Joseph Peele, she went straight into the arms of the man who fabricated the music box. This occurred in 1920.

Her child (a son) was born in that year. Now the boy might have been the offspring of either man: of Joseph Peele or of Herr Fritz Hämlich. Or even of somebody else ...

Beryl *gasping in shock*

Hammerhead! Goodness ... What a --

Ernest *apologetic*

I did try to spare you this.

Laurie

Who does she think is the father?

Ernest

I'm sure she hasn't the slightest idea. But if it will suit her purpose, then she'll claim her deserted husband is the father of the lad (I should imagine).

Laurie

If I'm reading this right, the widow (this Elva woman) is

after the music box. The Hun bloke would have made sure to tell her all about it: what it was worth and that it was made especially for her. So now she wants to get hold of it and sell it so that she can use the proceeds to support her son. Makes complete sense to me (as it'd be worth a bob or two.)

Either that or she wants compensation from us as to what it's worth. Either is either ...

Ernest nods.

Beryl I'm beginning to see now why a lawyer's involved. It's all about who owned the box and then who is entitled to it after the death of the original owner.

Ernest I had to assure myself that the music box was not put into your possession Mrs Ingpen, in order for you simply to "mind it". If it was definitely gifted to you outright by the owner: so be it.

Unfortunately, there is no paperwork to authenticate the assignation of the object to yourself (Mrs Ingpen). But that should present no problem. Your testimony here in my office goes a long way towards establishing ademption.

Mrs Peele claims that the object should have come to her on her husband's death. Even despite the fact that Mr Peele died intestate, the object was no longer his. He no longer owned it. He could not bequeath it. He could not pass it on.

She has no case.

Quod est lex.

Laurence *pleased*

Hasn't got a leg to stand on!

Ernest *prim smile*

Well put, Mr Ingpen.

Beryl

And the boy? Should we make some provision for him?

Ernest *prim*

That's up to you.

Laurie

In other words -- leave the kid alone.



Scene: Interior.

The large storeroom at AFL Grange.

Mitch, Harry and Lachlan wait for Emelia to come up with a grand idea. It appears that her mind is racing.

Emelia

I've remembered! An old matchbox bound around and around with a lacquer band.

Mitch *surprised*

What?

Emelia

It was my Father's. He never threw anything away. It'll be here somewhere. A Redheads matchbox.

There is a concerted effort made by the 3 men to find the matchbox among the various "Joseph Ingpen" cardboard boxes.

Emelia *sudden shout* No! It's in the copper music box! The big display case in the formal sitting room.

Mitch and Lachlan rush off, actually running down the stairs and then flat-out to the formal sitting room. Harry (aware that he is a guest) walks beside Emelia.

Emelia The solicitor's letter mentioned "Rumpty".

 My Grandma Beryl was very vocal on that subject.

 Yes. My father met Rumpty when he was a boy. Poor old Rumpty needed work done on a tooth. The folks happened to be in Adelaide so they zipped over to Port Augusta to help him. The extracted tooth ended up in a matchbox.

We hear Lachlan and Mitch shout: "Found it!"

Emelia Rumpty gave it to my father. I suppose that he wanted the tooth fairy to visit him or some such thing ... No! He didn't put out the tooth because that was always swapped for money. So Dad kept it in the matchbox.

 And here it is.

Emelia and Harry stroll into the formal music room.

Emelia *smiling* A tooth?

Mitch We haven't opened it yet. We thought you'd want to be in on it.

Lachlan rips off the rubber band from the matchbox, then squeezes it open.

Mitch and Lachlan both sigh, grateful that the tooth was still *en situ*.

Emelia Best to make sure. Robbo can then take the DNA samples from both of the men who wooed Elva Peele and have them analyzed against the gunk from the ghost.

Mitch and Harry: you gents have what remains of Fritz the Hammerhead.

Lachlan: you have the tooth of Joseph Peele (also known as Rumpy).

Lachlan I'll buzz Robbo right away.

**Scene: Interior.**

The Argus Building, South Melbourne.

The "Not A Round Ball" studio set where 2 of our 3 presenters (Howard and Whaler) try to run the footy show in an enthusiastic manner.

However, tonight's subject matter provides a very sombre occasion.

The huge screen behind Howard and Whaler will kick-in as usual.

Howard	Welcome to "Not A Round Ball".
	I have Ted Edwardson beside me. Good evening Whaler.
Whaler <i>nods</i>	Howie.
Howard	This is a peculiar show this evening. Our featured footballer (Jasper Peele) played only a handful of games for Richmond in 1939 and 1940. Then (like so many other brave young men and women) he was sent to fight in the

Middle East. He was a Desert Rat. He met his death when a German bomb landed in the area where he and other men were taking cover. He and his brave comrades never stood a chance.

And Jasper had not yet reached the age of 21.



Whaler

Our co-conspirator Robbo is standing by **LIVE** at AFL Grange where he and several others await the arrival of the ghost of the young footballer affectionately known as Lemon Peele.

Howard

Professor Bruce Littany (footy's voice of reason) has made a promise to the ghost of Jasper Peele: that his father will be named.

Once Professor Littany keeps his sacred promise, it is hoped that Jasper's restless spirit will become calm. It is hoped that his days of haunting will be over.

Robbo: come in, please!

Scene: Exterior.

It is a brilliant moonlit night in Melbourne.

The location is one of the splendid lawns at AFL Grange.

Lachlan, Mitch and Robbo stand about with the Professor. Some other young people loll about. Much in evidence is the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Melbourne.

This exterior scene will be relayed onto the huge screen behind Howard and Whaler.

Robbo Yes, thanks Whaler and Howie. I'm in the august presence
of His Excellency the Archbishop of Melbourne who has
gallantly lent his support to this venture. A mass has been
said this afternoon to offer succour to this very troubled
footballer: Lemon Peele.

Well, you can imagine that this is a very emotional evening. We've worked our butts off to come up with the answers for Jasper Peele, and we're pretty sure that we're on the money. So I'm going to leave it to Professor Bruce Littany to solemnly deliver the verdict to our ghost.

Professor is dressed all in black as in the manner of a conductor for a symphony orchestra. He is keyed-up. This is his "hero" moment and he won't let the side down. Professor wrings every ounce of bravado from his performance.

Professor *loudly*, I speak now to the spirit of Jasper Peele.

dramatic

Using our modern technology, we have established once and for all that you are the legitimate son of Joseph Peele (opal miner of Coober Pedy) and of his wife Elva Peele. Your father was probably never told of your existence. And he died in 1927 as the result of a mining accident. He was not taken out by human intervention: it was simply a workplace accident that robbed you of your father.

So there is no murder for you to avenge, Jasper. Your spirit can take its eternal rest.

There now follows a hollow rumbling. We see Howard and Whaler glance at each other. They are tense.

Professor *loudly,*
dramatic

The man who **was** murdered was a German coppersmith who knocked about in the opal fields of Coober Pedy. It's true that he did have an extramarital affair with your mother, but he did not sire you. We have thoroughly tested what is left of his mortal remains and we have proved to everyone's satisfaction (and beyond) that he was in no way related to you.

More rumbling. It appears that an earthquake may be approaching. We see Howard and Whaler shift about in extreme discomfort.

Professor *loudly,*
pleading, pathos

Dear Ghost of Jasper Peele, please signify that you --

The ground moves about as fissures appear just near where Professor stands. He does not flinch. From the ground rise misty shapes: these are disembodied angels (male and female). These spectral angels hold hands. Jasper Peele (kitted out as an angel with wings and halo) rises from the ground. He does not carry his footy as he always did. His arms are crossed over this chest. He rises upwards to become a shapeless mist.

Now the angels (as if a choir) sing some of the Richmond theme song until they too dematerialize into mist.

Angel choir	Oh we're from Tigerland
	A fighting fury
	We're from Tigerland
	In any weather you will see us with a grin
	Risking head and shin
	If we're behind then never mind
	We'll fight and fight and win ...
	<i>[Dying off.]</i>

As the angel choir dies out, Lachlan continues with the Richmond theme song (with excessive vigour). Others join in. As expected the "Yellow and Black" is sung with superhuman gusto.

Lachlan and others For we're from Tigerland
enthusiastic We never weaken till the final siren's gone.

 Like the Tiger of old

 We're strong and we're bold

 For we're from Tiger

 (Yellow and Black)

 We're from Tigerland!

Back at the studio, Howard and Whaler are more or less speechless.

Howard *to Whaler* You know what? We should cut to a commercial break now.
 I need to sort my head out.

Whaler nods.

Scene: Exterior.

As before, it is a brilliant moonlit night in Melbourne.

The location is one of the splendid lawns at AFL Grange.

Nobody still at the sight of the exorcising has a clue what to do. They wander about.

A very old leather football is discovered on the grass. Robbo picks it up. He turns it over and over in his hands.

Robbo *reverent* I'll take this back to the studio. Give it pride of place in the display cabinet.

Robbo moves towards his car, then stops. He laughs to himself.

Robbo *to himself* Nah! I have a very special person to thank and I'll thank her in my own inimitable way.

Just as Robbo begins to drive off, there is a knock on the passenger window. Robbo rolls down the window. It is Frank.

Frank Judge Frank Hewitt KC. I'm the blood-sucking old uncle of Mitch and Harry (of the DNA samples).

Robbo *pleased* Yes, Your Honour. Pleasure to meet you. Hop in.

Frank climbs into the car.

Frank While you drive me about, you can wax lyrical on the Sainters. What's happened to those boys? Do they need to follow the time-honoured remedy: sack the coach?

Scene: Interior.

The large, busy laboratory attached to one of Melbourne's major

hospitals, as previously visited.

Lab worker (wearing her see-through face visor) is very busy.

When Robbo and Frank saunter into the lab, Lab worker looks up and smiles.

When Robbo sees Lab worker again, he rips off her face mask, pulls her into his arms and kisses her firmly on the lips.

Robbo *adoring* I am passionately in love with you, little lady. Marry me!

Lab worker *laughing* Anything for you, Robbo. And you've brought along your
merrily friend. How nice!

Robbo This (my angel) is Judge Hewitt. He can marry us in a
minute.

Frank I wish I had that Professor bloke with me. I'm sure there's
a Shakespearian quote for just such an occasion.

Let me see ...

END OF MOVIE