

PICAROONS

Gibbo meets up again with Cooper, Donny, Jeparit,
Wayne and Shailah.

They all made a packet from their movie “Slash and Burn”.

And now Gibbo has a stupendous suggestion:

LET’S DO A PIRATE MOVIE!

Along with Des Ormond (Gibbo’s bestie) Gibbo drags in Vikings,
Arabs and assorted freebooters.

Also appearing in this wild ride is Australia’s own
William Dampier.

Loads of fun!!

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*And a new twist on the ever-popular corsair flick.*

## STRAIGHT INTO THE TITLES

*Each character (except for Fleming) will appear (in a pair) in comfortable close-up. Fleming will appear alone.*

*They speak straight to camera. The name of the real actor will appear above the "character". Backdrop will be an inviting tropical beach (except when Fleming appears).*

*GIBBO and JEPARIT: They bustle into view and smile at the camera.*

*They are then pushed aside by SHAILAH.*

Shailah                      Ladies first, Gib.

*NAOMI and SHAILAH: They bustle into view (ousting Gibbo and Jeparit). They beam at the camera as they stand cuddled up together.*

Naomi                      Naomi Lin.

Shailah                      Shailah Coniglio. We're besties.

Fleming *voice-off*                      We're not into "plot" yet, ladies. Titles only please. Okay – move on.

*NAOMI and SHAILAH slump off.*

*GIBBO and JEPARIT: They bustle into view and smile at the camera.*

Gibbo                                Gibbo. Er ... That's Josh Gibson.

Jeparit                              And Jasprit Namipors.

Gibbo                                Yeah but that's not what we call you. Say "Jeparit".

Jeparit *annoyed*                Well my real name (and that's what the punters want to know) is "Jasprit".

Gibbo *equally annoyed*        Yeah and when I yell out "Jeparit" the punters won't know who the fuck I mean!

Fleming *voice-off*                Keep the swearing to an absolute minimum, thanks Josh.

                                              Next!

Jeparit *cheesed off*            And just remember that I never call **you** "Skippy".

*DONNY and COOPER: They push Gibbo and Jeparit off to the side and take up their places. Once again, the "characters" beam into the camera.*

Donny                                Donny.

Cooper *pumping the air*        **Coo-pah!**

*Donny looks to the side, as he is speaking to Fleming (off-camera). Meanwhile Cooper does some "attractive looks" towards the camera.*

Donny *speaking off*            Of course you know why they never, ever put this important stuff right at the beginning, don't ya? Because the late-comers miss all the good bits. That's why you should have gone with the Viking farmyard as your starting point. Like

Gibbo wanted. Anybody who missed that wouldn't give a rats.

Fleming *voice-off*      Thanks Don. Next!

*DONNY and COOPER shamble off.*

*WAYNE and PROFESSOR LIEDEN: They appear to be the most sensible pairing in the group.*

Wayne *salutes*      Wayne Elwin. Greetings to the Mothership.

Professor Lieden      Professor Jonathon Lieden of the University of Sydney  
History Department. Consultant.

*The camera now swings over to show Fleming. He holds a clipboard and wears earphones. He is surprised at this turn of events, and looks awkward.*

Fleming *awkward*      Er ... Yeah ... Er thanks. Fleming Hardcastle. From Texas.  
Director.

*The men call out "Flem!" and pretend to cough up phlegm. They also sing out: "Our own Texas Ranger!"*

*Laughter and applause. Fleming grins, and takes a bow.*

*The rest of the titles will be the usual, but with some random photos of the actors (posed in groups if possible).*



## ACT I

### **I, Scene i:** Gibbo Gets An Earful (in 2022)

*This scene oozes with ostentatious wealth, sophistication, glamour.*

*Our camera moves swiftly along a busy corridor within a company that makes movies. Extremely well-dressed people scamper about. Our camera moves into a very well-presented conference room. There is a ginormous screen in this room.*

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*Naomi Lin confronts Gibbo. She has access to an electronic panel which controls what is shown on the huge screen. She will play excerpts from some other movies.*

*Naomi is extremely forceful, but under control. As with many young businesswomen, Naomi uses her hands when she speaks (in an attractive way). She is not angry. What she wants is for Gibbo to see her point of view (and to agree with it).*

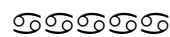
*Yeah ... right ... **Snowflakes in hell** ...*

Naomi

Okay. I'll give you **another** example.

If you were to be making a film about (say) Chicago in 1928 (the Depression, Prohibition) ... You cannot help but include gangsters, thugs in knuckledusters and bootleggers. That's a given.

Something like this ...



## Chicago Gangsters 1928

(extracted from "Who Shot The Bartender?")

Now we see a particularly violent Chicago gangster scene on the huge screen. It is brash, loud and confronting beginning with a rough man roaring into the camera then launching into a wild brawl. Barrels of illicit hooch (in a dingy warehouse) are smashed with axes as they are being shot at with Derringers. The scene lasts just long enough for us to get the message. Naomi pauses the scene at a point where punches are being thrown.



Naomi

That's "bums on seats", Gib. People associate **this** kind of movie with **that** kind of activity. And they literally feel uncomfortable

without it. That's ***audience expectation***.

Okay?

Well, with that in mind, we will expect a Viking movie to start ***as expected***: a fierce battle on the ice. Sealskin jerkins edged with fur. Hefty beards (sometimes plaited). This is a testosterone fest. Teeth clenched. Ginormous ice picks with glinting sharp spikes. Grunting, clubbing, violent, senseless slaughter ...

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Vikings Fighting Somebody Else 700 AD

(extracted from "Thor Rocks Valhalla")

Now we see a particularly violent Vikings scene on the huge screen. It is brash, loud and confronting beginning with a rough man (heavily bearded) roaring into the camera then launching into a wild brawl. The scene lasts just long enough for us to get the message. Naomi pauses the scene at a point where men are clubbing each other with stout pieces of wood and large axes swing.

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Naomi

That's what we paid our hard-earned for.

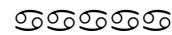
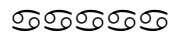
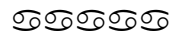
That! Okay? Okay.

Now, we (the long-suffering audience) further expect that a ***pirate*** movie will begin with a gang of pirates scrambling onto a ship by hauling themselves up the ropes. They wear bandanas and are literally armed to the hilt (most of them having a knife or

cutlass gripped between their teeth). And loads of tasteless tattoos.

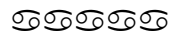
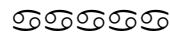
*Gibbo sighs. He nods reluctantly.*

Naomi Here's what I mean ...



**Pirates Boarding A Spanish Galleon, 17<sup>th</sup> Century**  
**(extracted from "Edward England Flexes Into Florida")**

Now we see a particularly violent pirate scene on the huge screen. It is brash, loud and confronting beginning with a rough man (with blazing black eyes) roaring into the camera then launching into a wild brawl. Naomi allows this scene to progress (but in mute). The screen shows pirates attacking hapless Spanish sailors on the deck of a Spanish galleon. Swords are brandished. Unfortunate victims are shot with old fashioned, smoking firearms.



Naomi *very quiet* You have failed us on both counts: Vikings and pirates.

You start out in a medieval farmyard. What on Earth are you thinking ... ?

Gibbo *squirms* I need to set up the background.

Naomi No, Gib. Everyone in the audience has walked out of the movie house during this bucolic interlude which should have been peopled by Norsemen slugging it out or buccaneers slashing it out. Either will serve.



Gibbo *wry smile* You seem to have an amazingly jaundiced view of the punters, there.

Naomi Pretty much. I only ever think of one overwhelming, fantastic theme: bums on seats.

We have to jettison the farm and the dreams and the choppy seas.

Gibbo *appalled* No! We have to set up the back-story for the mystic knarr. We have to answer the vital question: Why there are Vikings in this story? We have to explain that.

Naomi Yes! The boat, the knarr. Glad you mentioned that.

The Vikings are always – ***always!!*** – ferried about in those marvellous wide longships. The dragon prow alone caused fear and panic in those landlubbers who saw it. But your “knarr” is simply an unornamented utilitarian uber-dinghy. A totally appalling understatement.

*[Pointing at Gibbo, accusing]*

You’ve done it, haven’t you?

Gibbo *confused* Done what? What have I done?

Naomi You’ve emasculated the pirates and you’ve feminized the Vikings ... Haven’t you?

Gibbo *appalled* ***No! Never!***

Just wait! There’s shitloads of carnage, slaughter and bloodshed when the guys raid the monastery. Mayhem coming out of our --

Naomi *forceful* Josh Gibson! Listen to me! Pay close attention! Yeah?

You’re trying to make an art-house offering.

However, we don’t do “art-house”. Get that laser-etched on your brain. Never do “art-house” at this studio. Never!

*Naomi gathers her belongings and stands. She moves briskly towards the door.*

Naomi                      Now as you know I've called in Fleming Hardcastle. You've worked with him before. Major success. He's already flown out from Texas.

Remember this real good, Josh Gibson:

***We – don't – do – "art-house" – Gib.***

END OF SCENE

Footnote: I see no need to do the medieval farmyard as a stand-alone scene. We will rather grab bits of it as the Vikings randomly appear. In fact all of Naomi's suggestions are solid: "We have to jettison the farm and the dreams and the choppy seas." We shall not actually "jettison" – but they will appear as snippets along the way.

## **I, Scene ii: Why The Kids Have Two Dads (in 2022)**

*This scene starts at Gibbo's palatial poolside patio in Noosa Heads. Jess and Markie squeal and laugh as they skylark about. The water is crisp and a superb aquamarine colour.*

*Jeparit, Wayne and Cooper laze around drinking and chatting. With the friends lounges Des Ormond.*

*Be advised that Des Ormond must be played by a big man: the type who played as prop in the NRL. Des Ormond will appear much later on as Rurik, the murderous Viking.*

*Donny (armed with a suitcase) arrives by taxi. There is general welcome and hand-shaking. They provide Donny with a beer. Introductions are made such that we hear "Des Ormond" named.*

Cooper                                So what would ya call this? A reunion?

*Everyone nods.*

Jeparit                                That movie we made that got taken over by transformers and dinosaurs and Miss Marples made us all very, very, very rich men. If we couldn't afford a plane ticket to Brizzie from the 4 corners of the world – then something's wrong.

*Everyone nods.*

*Jess hauls herself out of the pool. She approaches Des, calling him "Dad". Then she whispers something to Des. Except for Gibbo, the men are surprised. As Des rises to accede to Jess's request, the guys look a question at Gibbo.*

Gibbo                                It's like this ...

Des felt crap for what he and my ex (now also his ex) missus did to me re the kids. So he came up with a plan. He got custody of my kids after she pulled a swifty on him with that Nedson bloke. So Des reckoned that if he came and lived next door to me here in Noosa Heads, then I could see the kids all the time. From that, we became besties. We're even in a "Bet-with-mates" betting syndicate together with some other blokes.

The billy-lids think of both of us as "Dad". All up – magic!

Cooper                                Brutal! That's genius.

Gibbo                                Yeah. Works a treat.

I mean ... At the time, I wanted to smash Des' face in for taking my missus and my kids off me. But I later realized that they were better off with him.

And now we're mates.

Funny that, isn't it?

Donny                                And what's darling-old Sonya up to now?

*Des and Jess re-join the others. Jess jumps into the pool. Des carries a brown A4 envelope which he passes negligently to Gibbo.*

*Des to Gibbo*

Mail.

*[To the others]*

I can fill you in on that. Our combined ex-wife Sonya has been charged with affray – she laid into her new beau Tony Nedson in an up-market Perth restaurant. Last week.

Not affray – assault. That’s what you call it, right? Out on bail; community service.

Anyway – still a bloody troublemaker.

*Gibbo scans the A4 envelope that Des handed to him.*

*Gibbo*

Ah! From Hollywood.

I wonder ...

*Gibbo rips open the envelope then extracts the contents. This proves to be a collection of typed A4 sheets, stapled together. Gibbo begins to run his eye over the pages.*

*Gibbo musing*

“The Horizon Has Eyes” ... Balls!

END OF SCENE: SEGUE INTO NEXT SCENE

### **I, Scene iii: Which Character Am I Playing, Gib? (in 2022)**

*Gibbo plonks himself into a deckchair. Gibbo continues to study the stapled pages and frowns as he does so. Reading over Gibbo’s shoulder are Donny, Jeparit, Cooper and Wayne. They point at the pages at the relevant moments.*

*Wayne*

What’s zat?

*Gibbo reading*

And all the time I was aiming for subtlety ...

Bloody typical! "Don't-Mess-With-Me-Naomi-Lin" has held good with her threat. She'll do everything in her power to unman me in all the usual ways.

And she's roped-in our old Hollywood mate (Fleming Hardcastle) to direct my trainwreck.

*[Flicks the pages]*

First fruits ...

Donny Are we in it?

Gibbo *absently* Yeah ...

Donny More accolades.

Wayne Give us a decko.

Donny *pleased* There you go! I'm El Urraq. Dressed like El Cid. That's armour, a tunic and a helmet. Macho man. Sweet!

Cooper Who am I?

Donny *reads* You are ... Okay! You're Don Alphonso de Bravari dressed like a 17<sup>th</sup> century English gent. Is that okay?

Cooper *unsure, shrugs* Guess so.

Gibbo *off-hand* Yeah. Hardcastle reckons that you got a lot of lines, Coop. We all do, actually (so he says).

Jeparit *frowning* "The Horizon Has Eyes" ... That is one crapload of kangaroo poop (as titles go). Can't Rigidfort think of anything better?

Gibbo No. It all makes sense, actually ... When you think of it. Once we kick into it ... well ... the whole thing makes total sense.

Cooper And which Viking do I play?

Gibbo No-one. That is -- none of us guys play Vikings. Just as well (probably). That Naomi tart wants to hack them out of the movie anyhow ...

Jeparit                      Woo hoo! I'm a witch doctor called Bobi. That's a guest spot for me. Blimey!

Oh ... wait on! There's more ... I also play William Dampier.  
Australia's most famous pirate.

Gibbo *frowns*              Give us a Captain Cook at your cozzie ...

Oh fuck! I'm wearing a William Dampier outfit and so are you.  
We'll look like fucking twins.

Jeparit *nasty*              Yeah right ... No-one will be able to tell us apart ...

Cooper *to Gibbo*              What's that on your head? Is that a tiara, mate?

*All the guys howl with laughter (except for Gibbo).*

Gibbo *nasty*                I'm not wearing a fucking tiara. Get outta here.

Donny *reads*                No wait on ... It's a titchy crown. You're a king, Gib. A Spanish king. That's called a "Rey". So you're full title is Rey Guidado Gormez and a whole lot of extra words that no-one gives a shit about ...

Hey! It says here that you collect butterflies!

Jeparit                      Does he wear a tutu, by any chance?

*There is more laughter. Gibbo snorts his disapproval. He walks off, throwing the papers to the ground as he does so. Wayne scoops the papers up, greedily reading them.*

Wayne                      Okay. Wayno (hero and man of means – that's my good self!) plays the villain of the piece. (And I thought I'd be reprising my romantic leads from the last film). Bummer!

No worries ... Count Bertanza Phillipe (uncle of Princess Ulpia).

Rightio. I can stretch my acting talent to that.

Cooper *giggles*              Says that you wave your hanky, mate. Noice!

Donny                      And listen!

Hardcastle reckons that we couldn't use the words we wanted to

because some other arsehole prats got in first. So "pirate", "corsair", "freebooter", "buccaneer" and that were all taken. All we were left with was "picaroon".

Des *snorts*

"Picaroon"? That's a low blow. What about "filibuster"?

Jeparit

Only marginally better.

Or ... There's another one ... um ... "Privateer" would have been better than "picaroon".

Donny

So is this Gibbo's handiwork or Hardcastle's?

Jeparit *frustrated*

Jesus, Donny! Gibbo cannot possibly have sunk this low. "The Horizon Has Eyes" is bad enough. Now Flem Rigidfort wants us to sound like nosepickers. Yeah! That's it! We'll all have to borrow Wayno's hanky. What a complete crock!

Cooper

If that's a lateral snipe at Gibbo, you're wasting your time. He's pissed off.

END OF SCENE

## **I, Scene iv: We Might Need Some Explosions (in 2022)**

*Donny, Cooper, Jeparit and Wayne are grouped together in the room we visited in ACT I, Scene i.*

*They watch some of the movie footage which Naomi provided for Gibbo at that time: that is the ferocious Viking fight in the movie "Thor Rocks Valhalla".*

*The guys throw in grunts and interjections as the DVD progresses. The ferocious testosterone-charged action continues unabated. There is some dialogue: it is in Norwegian without subtitles.*

Cooper *annoyed*

I can't understand a single word they're saying. Is this German or Dutch or what?

Wayne Does it matter? We don't need to hear the speeches, anyhow.

Donny *shrugs* It'll be something unnecessary ... What Gibbo calls "plot progression".

Wayne Why can't our Vikings do this? Magic!

*Jeparit reaches for the box in which the DVD was stored.*

Jeparit Er ... Yeah ... It's Norwegian. From Norway. The sticker says "Thor Rocks Valhalla". Sweet!

Jeez! I can't even pronounce the names of the cast members ...

They're longer than

Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwlantysiliogogoch.

*Wayne reaches over to the control panel to pause the film. Cooper, Wayne and Donny look at Jeparit with amazed respect.*

Wayne Go that one again!

Jeparit *sighs through his teeth* Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwlantysiliogogoch.

Cooper *impressed* Brutal!

Wayne *impressed* Right!

Cooper D'youse know what'd work with this Viking stuff? A blast from the past.

Gunpowder or even detonate some sticks of TNT. You know with seal blubber spraying out all over the shop and that ... There were always barrels of gunpowder lolling around, weren't there.

Surprised that Naomi-No-Knob hasn't spruiked that one.

*Wayne uses the control panel to recommence the movie.*

*There is a bit more fighting when the door opens.*



*Gibbo (looking extremely contrite) shepherds Naomi as well as Professor Lieden into the room. They are followed by the actors who play Oliver, Benjamin, Leonard and Barnaby (from the "Nellie Elle" scenes). The latter foursome wear modern casual clothes.*

*Professor Lieden glances at the screen.*

Professor Lieden *smiles* Ah! This looks interesting. Is this part of your film?

Naomi *crisp* No it's not. It should be but it's not.

Wayne, turn it off please.

*Wayne quickly co-operates.*

Naomi This gentleman is Professor Lieden of the University of Sydney. He teaches History with special emphasis on the Age of Sail whereby Spain garnered all her riches from the Americas.

He'll run a clinic for us about how to safely grasp a cutlass between our teeth as we scamper up a rope ladder.

He'll also cover off on the security activities in relation to Spanish galleons (laden with gold treasure) as they ride the Gulf Stream current back to the Iberian Peninsula.

*Naomi nods and smiles. She gets as far as the door, which Gibbo opens for her. Before the men can relax, Naomi swings around.*

Naomi Oh! Yes! Something else ...

I've been in confab with Fleming Hardcastle. We've decided to slot in some dramatic explosions here and there (where they fit with the action, of course).

Okay! I'll leave you guys to it.

*Cooper ecstatically rubs his hands together.*

Cooper *pleased* Brutal! Winners are indeed grinners.

*Naomi (brisk and businesslike) whisks herself out of the room.*

Wayne                                      We got enough chairs?

*There is a small bustle as chairs are found, hands are shaken and so on. Meanwhile Professor Lieden stands at the front (before the now darkened screen) He hands out bamboo letter openers.*

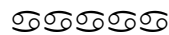
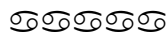
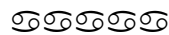
Professor Lieden                      Okay. We have to make sense of the "gripped between the teeth" motif.

The pirate stowed his handgun in his belt. It would be safe there – no harm done. And unlikely to become dislodged as he scaled up the rope ladders.

However, the knife or dagger or cutlass was an entirely different matter. It might easily impale the pirate as he climbed should he be so foolish as to stow it in his belt. High possibility of dropping into the drink as well.

Hence the use of the teeth. Sounds grisly but it actually works! Try it.

*There is laughter and general chatter as the men practise with the letter openers between their gritted teeth.*



*The screen is once again showing the Norwegian Viking movie "Thor Rocks Valhalla".*

*All the men (including Professor Lieden) sit on chairs as they watch the movie. Their enjoyment level is super high.*

*There is loud barracking and other noises from the men as the violence in the Norwegian movie appears to increase.*



*A rude shelter (akin to an igloo combined with reindeer hide hut) is blown-up. Yupik and Inuit extras are launched into the air. Muck and blood is sprayed outwards from the shelter. Terrified huskies gallop past the camera.*

*All the men in the room let out a roar of approval. There are high fives all round.*

Professor Lieden                      Your dragon-lady would love that!  
*laughing*

Gibbo *chuckles*                      It doesn't fit with my script ... but ... Hey! What the hell!

END OF SCENE

## **I, Scene v: Tony Nedson Rocks Up As The Explosives Expert (in 2022)**

*If you cast your mind back to "Slash and Burn", Tony Nedson was the loser who could not act for quids. He was summarily removed from every role he won (in the TV series "Tarandrelong") through the means of having Tony's character slaughtered in some grisly way. Our team is totally blown away when they come to realize that it is Tony who is ramping up this movie ("The Horizon Has Eyes") with his u-beaut explosions.*



*So we begin with another bloody explosion. This time, it is a rude shelter made of debris collected in the Australian bush that is detonated. Rubbish flies dangerously through the air. People (mainly bogun extras) are hurled onto the ground after being tossed about.*

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Gibbo, Donny, Wayne, Cooper and Jeparit stroll up prior to the explosion. When it is completed they applaud with supportive comments delivered to a general audience. There follows a busy clean-up of the set as seen in the background.

The camera finds Tony Nedson. He is stripped to the waist (otherwise wearing jeans and work boots). The sun glistens on his chest. He turns towards the 5 friends.

Tony Nedson *smiles* G'day fellas. Long time, no see.

The 5 friends are gobsmacked to see Tony Nedson.

Cooper *amazed* What the fuck!

Gibbo *amazed* Tony Nedson! For Christ sake: you're never the bang-man on our pitcher?!

Tony Nedson *chuckles* That'd be right. Nice to see youse blokes again.

The 5 friends all shake hands with Tony, who greets each man warmly.

Donny Last time I saw you, you were getting eaten alive by a combine harvester.

Tony Nedson *grins* Think it was an exhaust fan, actually.

Anyway, I got really interested in that side of things. Yeah. So now I'm (like you said) the bang-man.

Jeparit So no more acting for you. That's a heartfelt relief for the Ozzie viewing public, anyway.

 Sorry. No offence meant.

Tony Nedson *shrugs* Well, this is more fun.

 Naomi Lin – do youse know her?

The 5 friends all groan.

Cooper Yeah, she's our boss. Our dragon lady. We are totally squashed under her manicured thumb.

Gibbo Although (at the same time) I'm working very hard to get into her muff grass.

Jeparit *very surprised* As in "you want to root her"?

Gibbo *reasonable* Yeah. Blood oath. Why not? A thirsty bloke wandering about in the desert will drink anything, they reckon. Besides which she's pretty good on the eye. Nice tits.

Wayne *leering* A man's gotta do what a man's gotta do, eh?

 Swing the wedding tackle ... Throw the leg over ... Have a naughty ... Work like a jockey ... Shock the vicar ... Go forth and multiply ...

Jeparit Good luck with that, mate. I don't like your chances.

Cooper *appalled* That'd be like training for the Olympics.

Tony Nedson She gives the impression that she **loves** testosterone-packed males, but I don't think she really does. I gave it a whirl but got a knee to the agates to go on with. So be warned: be careful, Gib.

 Yeah, well (back to me story) anyway Naomi Lin --

Wayne *snaky* Who we know as "Naomi-Knees-Your-Nuts".

Tony Nedson Right! Naomi Lin has given me a floor of 10 bangs and a ceiling of 24. So I'm aiming for about 16. Mid-range.

Donny And what will you be blowing up, mate?

Tony Nedson *shrugs* Aw ... I dunno ... Anything, I guess ...

 Anything that's nailed down on land or bobbing about on the
 briny. Yeah! Mainly ships. Wooden sailing ships.

 And I got all these stunt men and women under my command
 who have to fling out, up and over onto safety bump beds. Magic!

 I'd rather do that than acting anyway.

Donny *impressed* Sweet!

Cooper *impressed* Brutal!

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*The 5 friends wander off.*

Cooper                                      I didn't know you were trying to root "No-Nuts". What brought  
                                                 that on?

Gibbo *sarcastic*                        Obviously my lack of activity in the sexual intercourse arena is  
                                                 causing me some distress.

                                                 What do you fucking think, Coops?

Donny *thoughtful*                        That was your one clear benefit from being married, I 'spose.

Jeparit *nods*                                I tell you: a bloke on his own needs to get a woman or a dog.

Wayne *snorts*                              Huh. With Ms Lin ya get both!

*The 5 friends chuckle. There is a bit of horseplay as they saunter off.*

END OF SCENE

**I, Scene vi:** The Picaroons Are Scoundrels (But Not) ... (late 17<sup>th</sup> century)

*The quarterdeck on the “Nellie Elle” pirate ship. The ship’s name will be picked up by filming the stern.*

*Bit of background seafaring music is required. In his duffle, Duck-Money has brought along a set of old English bagpipes. At the very end of the movie, he will be seen to play these. For now, we shall hear rather than see them. (Duck-Money is at prayer, after all).*

*Rain falls heavily. It is all bleak and windy. The ship lies at anchor not far off shore (a rocky coast).*

*The camera moves down into the waist of the ship. Here all the pirates stand about, heads bowed, hats removed. When they speak, they will have marvellous regional English accents.*

*Facing the men is Philpot Phaedron, with Master Alf at his side. Philpot drones at the men from a worn prayer book. Even though they are at anchor, the ships rocks from side to side. The men sway in order to maintain balance.*

Philpot *sonorous*                      Lord most high: protect us (vile sinners) from the rages of the merciless seas in which we ply our trade.

Guide those your servants who man this jolly ship (the “Nellie Elle”). May we (fathers, husbands, brothers, sons and friends) be ever faithful, one to the other, and all to our Heavenly Father.  
Amen.

*All the men repeat “Amen” as they relax, replacing their caps or hats on their heads.*

Philpot                                  Master Alf Crummins will now address you. Please recall your manners, there.

*The men applaud as Master Alf steps forward.*

Master Alf                              My good friends –  
  
We’ve been cunning, as is our way. Predatory-like. Cunning and resourceful. Always on the lookout for some likely vessel a-bobbing about on the briny. With narry a broadside, with not one big gun to our name, the crew of the “Nellie Elle” succeeds in spite

of the adverse report that we receive.

Ye'll all recall how very busy we been over the last few months taking plunder from many a laden ship (French, Italian, Spanish, English and so forth). Our illegal takings bain't jewellery nor precious metals, like. Whatever we found (be it even so humble as a few pots of tar) and whatever we robbed got put to good use and now the coffers are not as empty as they sometimes be.

The bursar (Mr Squirrel) and I have honestly and fairly apportioned our loot as per the prevailing law of the sea. So, prior to your taking shore leave in the Port of St Simon, you must call at my cabin for your just allotment of our booty. In coin out of course.

*Again, the men applaud and cheer. There are many smiles and nods.*

Master Alf                      If any of you seadogs have complaints on the weight of your loot bag, we will take that up after all the other men have gone ashore. But I'm as certain as I can be that no man here shall have any reason to dispute his just portion of the spoils.

Oliver *calls out*              Begging your pardon Master Alf, sir. But pirate Captain Barbaretti (he that skippers the "Black Sloop", ye know) calls his men "pretty boys". Yet you call us just plain "seadogs".

I beg your honour might call us "pretty boys" so that we may feel more like pirates, beggin' your pardon good sir.

*There is a murmur of assent from the pirates.*

Master Alf *brusque*              Never gonna happen!

Dumpling: I don't call you "pretty" because none of you bain't pretty. Not even close! You only need a looking glass to testify to **that** fact.

And I don't call you "boys" because you are all grown men. Well, the potboy brothers aren't men yet (out of course) but I never



address them anyways. So naught lost there.

And you are all the very best bunch of pirates that any man-jack ever sailed with (or fought alongside with) so I don't have to give you all fancy names, now do I?

Right! Back to business.

*Master Alf looks at the men, nodding. There is a shout of approval from the men. Then Master Alf continues.*

Master Alf *smiles*            When Manfred Major (he that we lovingly know as "Nuts Abound") sets foot on dry land, he will meet his little baby son for the very first time. Congratulations, Manfred!

*Manfred blushes and fidgets. The other men pat Manfred's shoulders and congratulate him.*

Master Alf                    My hearty friends, please be sure to wet the boy's head.

Now, things happen as they happen, in God's sight (and out of it). The Port of St Simon is a rowdy joint, just as they all are.

With that in mind ...

If any of you suffer any kind of harm or ailment during our few days' stay in Port of St Simon, come back to the jetty. Either myself, or Mr Phaedron or Mr Squirrel will attend to your wants. We'll work in shifts.

*There is a murmur of approval.*

Master Alf                    As you can imagine, our tidy ship needs the ministrations of the carpenter, sailmaker and shipwright. Once that necessary work is completed (if ever this blasted rain might cease) and we have re-victualled, off we will speed to resume our devious mischiefs and deviant adventures.

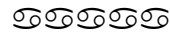
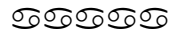
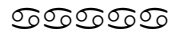
You are all good men. I hope that you will all return to my crew.

That is all I have to say. Fare ye well.

*[Aside]*

*(Pretty boys ... hmph!)*

*There is a very hearty burst of applause, followed by three cheers ("hoorah" rather than "hooray") for Master Alf. Master Alf returns to his cabin, with the bursar Andrew (Mr Squirrel) close behind. Behind the bursar file the crew. They are super keen to be paid out.*



*This is how it works (during which time the boys will be in voice-over):*

- *Andrew sits in the Master's cabin at a tiny table.*
- *Between his legs (under the table) Andrew guards a strongbox. The lid of this strongbox is open. Small bags of strong cloth are piled into the strongbox.*
- *Beside Andrew stands Master Alf with a loaded flintlock pistol at the ready (tucked into his belt).*
- *One by one, the crewmembers approach Andrew. He hands over a pouch of booty.*
- *The crewmembers shake hands with Master Alf, receiving a farewell message of thanks from the Master.*
- *The men tug the forelock, then quickly leave allowing the next man to approach the desk.*
- *The pirates rush off the boat: down the rain-soaked gangplank and onto the wet jetty. They are exuberant in spite of the rain.*

*While all this (above) proceeds, we hear voice-over. This is Gibbo explaining his "take" on the life of pirates.*

*Gibbo voice-over*

Look! I'm a realist.

There is no way that a pirate ship could have worked in any possible way unless there was some sort of organization.

That's crap to think that they spent all their time swilling grog (pissed as newts), fighting each other with swords and planning to overthrow the skipper. Just crap!

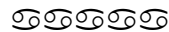
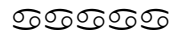
*Donny voice-over*

Yeah but I like movies like that, Gib. One-legged pirates mucking

around in chaos and disorder. That's what I like.

Cooper *voice-over* Me too ... Brutal! A treasure map ... An island with palm trees ...  
Long John Silver with a cocky on his shoulder ... Gallons of ...

Jeparit *voice-over* Bitch-face Naomi will tear your balls out, Gib. She wants rum-soaked mayhem. Desperate men grasping for riches --



*Switch back to Gibbo's palatial poolside patio in Noosa. Des (now swimming), Jess and Markie shout, squeal and laugh as they skylark about. Jeparit continues.*

Jeparit Lawless, vicious men without scruples, ethics, or moral fibre –  
You're setting Master Alf's merry sea-thieves up as a sweet little group of would-be boating enthusiasts.  
  
Geez, Gib! I'm waiting for them to whip out their stitchery to while away a lazy hour ...

Donny So tell me again what happens.

Gibbo *reluctant* If I talk about it, I'll put the mozz on it.

Cooper No you won't! Come on! Spill the beans, Bro. We gotta find out anyway. We didn't fly thousands of kilometres just to fuck spiders!

Gibbo *long sigh* Awright ... This is where we stand until Naomi-No-Knickers slashes us with a scimitar.

Don't shake your head, Coops. She'll bloody do it!

Wayne *dismissive* I'll lock her away in a cupboard then. With the spiders. Come on, Gib!

Gibbo Awright then.

The crew of the "Nellie Elle" come back from shore leave on Port of St Simon (where we left them). A couple of them won a treasure map in a game of dice or something. A genuine treasure

map.

Cooper Brutal!

Gibbo It's a leather map. You know – soft goatskin, actually.

But it's in a language called Old Norse (because that's what the Vikings spoke). Old Norse ... Runes ... The pirates can't read it. So that's the problem: translating this old treasure map so that they can use it. You know ...

Jeparit Mate! You do realize that there's already probably about 282 movies or books or poems or plays or that where some tossers require some pounce to translate their runes or Old Norse words or that so that they can make sense of a treasure map.

No! Closer to 1282 would be more like it.

Gibbo *nasty* Don't be a douche-bag, ya douche-bag! I haven't stolen any ideas off anyone else! Honest! This is all me own work which Fleming Hardcastle is gonna do his best to tie up in knots (at "Don't-Fuck-With-Me-Naomi"'s instruction).

Cooper What's the word for that ... For what you done ... Plagiarism!

Wayne Copy cat from Ballarat.

Donny Do you guys know that I've never even **been** to Ballarat?

Gibbo *arcs up* Get over it!

My idea stands. I never copied anyone!

*There is a pause which centres on Gibbo's response to the attack. Wayne decides to steer the conversation in another direction.*

Wayne Yeah, well that's where I'm up shit creek, Gib ... I don't get it ... Why are the Vikings mooching around? Surely they died out centuries before this?

Gibbo Some big-time Vikings (in one of those huge longboats that Naomi

Lin salivates over) buried the treasure that they nicked from a monastery. And some dude called "Rurik" done this map.

All good.

Our Vikings that chunder around in a cute little knarr will make a phantom appearance, translate the Old Norse for Master Alf and the guys, and then Bob's yer uncle.

See, that's the bloody point! I wanted to start with the back story ... the Vikings ... but everyone is yelling me down. Now no-one will have a fucking clue.

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There is a short break in the conversation as more beer cans appear, along with food.

Cooper Gibbo, what I'm having trouble with is all these parts that we've been given. Donny is an El Cid bloke, I'm playing a Spanish dude. Jeparit is a witch doctor as well as Bill Dampier. You are a Spanish king who collects butterflies. Wayno is – What was that again?

Wayne *shrugs* I can't remember. All I know is that I'm dodgy. I'm some girl's wicked uncle or that.

Cooper Right. So how do all these parts tie-in with the Vikings and the fluffy pirates?

Gibbo *explosive* Well they do! Trust me – they do!

Gibbo is frustrated. He wanders about, combing his hair with his fingers. He calls out to his son not to be too rough.

Calmed, Gibbo wanders back to the group.

Gibbo Look ...

Yeah I understand the concern about the picaroons being low-key.

But I have to make everyone aware of the common tie between the high-end Vikings and the “Nellie Elle” pirates: it was lucre. Filthy, rotten, soul-destroying lucre.

Now my Vikings on the knarr are in a whole different mould. Their mutual link is “a-life-for-a-life”. They have all sworn to die in each other’s cause. Each man exists purely to keep each other man alive. It’s the most sacred of bonds: even more spiritual than the marriage between a man and a woman.

Wayne *long sigh*

Alright. You win. Start with the start. Get going ...

END OF SCENE

I, Scene vii: The Picaroons And The Treasure Map ... (late 17th century)

The rain has eased off.

The picaroons row themselves to the “Nellie Elle” in three dinghies. They climb aboard by hauling themselves up the ropes. Each man totes a duffle or swag.

As each man comes on board, he performs a sketchy salute. Bursar Andrew Squirrel sonorously calls out the name and nickname of each man. Master Alf shakes the hand of every man. There might be a quick bit of dialogue: otherwise it is the usual “Welcome aboard, jolly tar” or such like.

Andrew Philpot Phaedron, Sir: barber-surgeon and man of God. Ye’ll be pleased (I doubt not) that this good soul does return to the “Nellie Elle”.

Master Alf *nods* Aye, true, true ... Our every hope of success rests on your capable shoulders, Philpot. Welcome back aboard, my good friend!

Philpot moves to one side. We will need to see Philpot in conversation with Gabriel and Claude when they come on board (as follows a little further on in the script).

Andrew Joshua Fandrift, affectionately called "Duck-money".

Master Alf Welcome back on board, jolly tar.

Andrew Benjamin Lillipan named "Tarfeet".

Master Alf Tarfeet. Your many navigational skills shall see us proud. Welcome ye back on board "Nellie Elle".

Andrew *grins* Oliver Trickett whom we all know as "Dumpling" (who dreams that he is a pretty boy).

Master Alf *chuckles* Welcome back on board, then. Ye be most welcome!

Oliver Sirs! Master Alf ... Mister Squirrel ... Young "Nuts Abound" bain't comin' aboard, Sirs. He'll hope to catch us up next time around that we be to Port of St Simon. Bein' as his missus has just whelped, Sirs ...

Master Alf nods.

Master Alf Aye. That is good thinking there. Mayhap on our next turn, we shall pick him up again.



The screen freezes.

Donny *voice-over* This isn't the start, you dickhead. This isn't your farmyard!

These blokes aren't Vikings ... They're the crappo pirates! What's goin' on?

Gibbo *voice-over* Oh ... Sorry ... They all rock up to the repaired and re-victualled pirate ship (except for Manfred, who's taking paternity leave, of course) and --

Cooper *voice-over* No. No good, Gib.

I'm at the pictures – in the audience, right?

Now, I'm **really** ready to roll my Jaffas down the aisle or fart really loudly. In protest. Because this is lower than a snake's --

Gibbo *voice-over* Look! Let's give them a chance. Finish the rollcall, get them sailing off into the horizon and then straight into the Viking bizzo. 'Kay?

Jeparit *voice-over* No, hang on! We need to hear about the map. Rurik's soft goatskin map. That has just **got** to be discussed, mate.

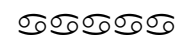
Donny *voice-over* Yeah! Right! The map thingy ... We need to --

Gibbo *voice-over* Hang on, then! Just a minnie ...
desperate

Footnote: And we are left hanging, waiting to see the little knarr. But (as per usual) we are going to have to wait ...



END OF THE INTERRUPTION



Return to the pirates boarding the "Nellie Elle" as speedily as possible. Clacker is the only crew member wearing a leather eye-patch.

Andrew Leonard Clack that we call "Clacker".

Leonard Aye, aye. I be of requesting permission to reboard my ship, sir.

Master Alf Granted. And welcome back on board, Clacker. I disremember a more capable seaman than you be (even with only the one eye).

Andrew Gabriel Stall nicknamed "Chief Proudfeather".

Master Alf Go lightly there young chief. It would not be a proper voyage out to sea without your company, matie.

The next man (Midnight) is black-and-blue from fighting. He wears some rough bandages.

Master Alf *worried* Oh, goodness me ... Go you to Philpot and have them wounds dressed.

Andrew This be Claude "Midnight" Orrie, sir, as you'll recall.

Master Alf Aye! Midnight is most welcome, to be sure. But I dislike them wounds and grazes on his face, so help me.

Claude 'Tweren't my fault, Master Alf. I was fairly set upon.
But the other cove come off worse than me in the final analysis.

Master Alf And so I should hope, Midnight. So I should hope.

*Master Alf waves Claude away such that he can have his hurts attended to. Now the conversation between Philpot, Claude and Gabriel takes place. **The leather map is discussed. These three men point and frown as they do so.***

Andrew John Tongue: being called "Grimsnarl".

Master Alf Welcome back on board, jolly tar.

Andrew Barnaby "Barnster" Grey.

Master Alf Welcome back on board to you, jolly tar.

Andrew The pot-boys: brothers Abraham and Ezekiel Hammond:
"Goldpan" & "Silverpan" as they are known.

Master Alf *dismissive* Aye, aye ... Come ye aboard then.

Andrew And lastly our cook: "Cookie" Robert Snell.

Master Alf And without a doubt our most important crew member, think on.

Master Alf nods with finality.



The “Nellie Elle” is under sail with appropriate majestic music. She sails out of the harbour (Port of St Simon).

Footnote: This might have been an excellent opportunity for some “seamanship-speak” (nautical terms) but we shall save them for later. We have seen Claude and Gabriel discussing Rurik’s map with Philpot. More of that later, too.

END OF SCENE

END OF ACT I



ACT II

II, Scene i: Another Fine Example of Gender Imbalance (in 2022)

Shailah (wearing a delicious sarong bathing costume) lounges back in a banana lounge beside Gibbo's swimming pool in Noosa Heads. Wayne (in tropical board shorts) sits very close by. He holds Shailah's hand.

Shailah *annoyed* ... which means that I'll be the sole female in a cast entirely made-

up of males.

Wayne I think they flex off to some rum-soaked dives during their travels. The pirates do I mean. Half-clad women posturing over the furniture ... So that equates to a whole herd of females for you to pally-up with.

Shailah *snarky* Oh, great! Wonderful company they'll make.

Wayne *reasonable* But they're actresses, not real sluts. They just have to **act** as sluts. Underneath they're just ... you know ... actresses.

Shailah *dismissive* They'll all be cliquey. Stick together. Keep outsiders like me at a distance.

Don't forget: I've been there before.

Any more A-grade suggestions, Wayno?

Wayne Buddy it up with Naomi Lin, then. You two could go off shopping together in Hastings Street.

Shailah *nods* Bingo! Actually, that's absolutely been my intention all along. That woman has the best dress sense in the known world. She knows exactly what style goes with what body type. Rhodes scholar! But a control freak at the same time.

Wayne *harsh* Whatever you do stay away from Don Airlie. He's a sleazoid.

Shailah *surprised* Donny? We have a huge love scene together.

Wayne *warning* You let me know right away if he goes one centimetre too far. I'm fairly busting to give that bastard a Glasgow kiss. Knock him right out.

Shailah *lost* But you and I licked each other when we were covered in golden syrup in that murder mystery movie. The one where we all made bucket loads of money.

Wayne Yeah. How could I forget? I was wearing just footy shorts and you

had this gorgeous tropical thing draped over you.

Shailah That was more intimate than **anything** I've ever done before or since. So why are you getting so upset? Donny and I are never ever gonna go anywhere near as far as that.

Wayne *firm* I just don't like --

Shailah I don't wanna hear what is getting up **your** clacker, Wayne. I wanna tell you (to your face!) what is getting up **mine**.

This is a "boys club" scenario. I won't put up with any male ego nonsense. I just won't!

I'll drag in Naomi Lin to sort it out if any of youse blokes goes even a titch too far.

Wayne *nasty* Don't bother, Babe. She's worse than everyone else. Her idea is that we have to be **so** charged with testosterone that we fair dinkum burst off the screen.

She wants blokes behaving like blokes with blokes.

Shailah buries herself in a glossy magazine. Wayne (angry, frustrated) stomps off.

END OF SCENE

II, Scene ii: Marital Arrangements For A Spanish Princess (late 17th century)

Princess Ulpia is played by the same actress who plays Shailah.

Count Bertanza is played by the same actor who plays Wayne.

El Urraq is played by the same actor who plays Donny.

Music: sweet, romantic, lyrical.

Princess Ulpia is a very beautiful brunette. She is kneeling. We look straight at her face as she whispers to a small statue of the Virgin Mary. Princess Ulpia is at prayer. Her facial features shift from sincere piety to smiling girlishness and then back. Often she closes her eyes.

We are at sea (literally). However, the motion of the waves is barely visible. Her duenna (Lady Antoinetta) approaches.

Lady Antoinetta Your Royal Highness. Your beloved uncle wishes a private word with you ere we make landfall at Port of St Simon.

Princess Ulpia completes her prayers, then crosses herself. She stands, taking the hand of Lady Antoinetta.

Princess Ulpia I know what he is about and I am reluctant to hold an audience with him. You might go and tell him that.

Lady Antoinetta No, my love. Such kindness! Such care! Your uncle and guardian thinks only of your welfare. He is more than committed to it.

Recall (my dear) that you were in ecstasies of rapture when he informed you of this most advantageous marriage not long since.

Princess Ulpia *put out* But I understood then that Don Amboise della Croisier was a man of youth, vigour and romance.

Lady Antoinetta *a little shocked* Do you say "vigour"! What can you imply with that word? Oh my love! Spare my blushes!

Princess Ulpia But now we are to understand that he is no such thing! Here is an older man with grown children of his own who came from an earlier defunct marriage. Careworn and bent with rheumatism, he supports his tottering frame with a walking cane. **That's** what my uncle offers me as a prospective bridegroom. Not the heroic man of my dreams, at all.

Lady Antoinetta Don Amboise wrote to Your Highness in exemplary, ardent tones.

And has promised to adore you until his earthly life is at its end.

Princess Ulpia *waspish* And that "earthly life" might expire at any day now! Why, I'll be widow long before I was ever wife.



There is a knock at the door. It is Count Bertanza who opens the door and peeks in.

Count Bertanza Is the coast clear? May I enter the dormer of the so beautiful Princess – my niece?

Count Bertanza enters, leaving the door open. Lady Antoinetta curtsies and then moves to a corner of the room, to sit in a velvet chair near the porthole. She appears to become engrossed in her stitchery. She must remain in the room to protect her young charge's honour and reputation.

Count Bertanza is very pleased. He rubs his hands together.

Princess Ulpia Uncle! I cannot --

Count Bertanza Don Amboise della Croisier is a man of honour, wealth, dignity and great authority. Your future is assured when you place yourself in his keeping.

Princess Ulpia *snarky* And is there not a grand reckoning-up in your favour, should this mesalliance take place?

Count Bertanza Don Amboise certainly invests upon me a handsome token of his gratitude when I deliver you to him at the rustic township of Mesa Central in Texcoco.

Princess Ulpia I cannot marry a man (a crock!) just so that you can take a well-deserved emolument, Uncle Bertanza. Please return me at once to Spain.

Count Bertanza takes the hand of Princess Ulpia and kisses it. He chuckles.

Count Bertanza He is not like to live until the Yuletide.

Princess Ulpia That can never be a sound reason for a woman to wed a man!
God must surely frown on such an undertaking.

Count Bertanza Then you must pray for guidance, my dear. Pray for --

What background music there was now changes dramatically to stirring, military fervour.

Outside the cabin, a tumult and shout goes up. Yelling, clamour and the sounds of gunfire continue.

The ship is under attack from pirates. All three occupants of the tiny cabin are alarmed. Lady Antoinetta goes to her charge and enfolds her in her arms and her shawls.

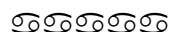
Count Bertanza braces himself, scurrying from the room.

Several males *voices-off* Stand the guns! We are under attack! Every able body to defend your ship! Stand firm men!

Lady Antoinetta *scared* God forbend!

Princess Ulpia Oh, close and lock the door Antoinetta! We must hide ourselves
trembling away to avoid discovery.

As the external noises can be heard, the two females scamper about, locking the door and taking up hiding places: Lady Antoinetta under an eiderdown on the floor and Princess Ulpia under the huge skirt of a gown hanging down against the wall.



El Urraq bursts through the door into Princess Ulpia's cabin.

He dominates this scene: completely and utterly. He is dressed as already described, in utilitarian warrior outfit. Dressed like El Cid in armour, a tunic and a helmet. He is (as Donny described) the very essence of a macho man.

As far as accents go, El Urraq has an up-market London accent, as if he were schooled at Eton. Very plummy and correct.

We can see by El Urraq's eyes (darting about) and by his sly smile that he is onto something. Without seeming effort, he removes his armour (letting it clatter to the cabin floor). He pulls off a light shirt which he lazily chucks away. Now he is bare-chested. Beads of sweat glisten on his skin.

Still his eyes dart everywhere. But he also sniffs the air, letting out a long "Ahhhhhhhhhh".



The flashback takes us to a superb Arabian palace; to a large room therein.

Beautiful Arabian music is played as wealthy Middle Eastern ladies and gentlemen dance in the style of 17th France. In the background we see tables lavishly laden with delicious food, and decorated with lashings of flora.

We see El Urraq (decked-out in superb silken costume that reminds us of Arabia) edging about the crowded room. El Urraq stops as he steps up next to Princess Ulpia (who is deep in conversation with several sharifs). Wreathed in smiles, El Urraq excuses himself for brushing past the beautiful princess.

But it is evident that he smells the hypnotic scent of her perfume. Almost reluctantly, El Urraq moves away. El Urraq queries some bystander as to the lady's name. We hear "That is the Princess Ulpia" float about.



El Urraq *whispers to himself* By Allah! I am delivered into Paradise. Have I died? No ...
I live! And my life has become at once real, marvellous ...

El Urraq steps further into the cabin. His eyes take in the details. That sly smile remains. Superb music builds as he moves towards the huge skirt of the gown hanging down against the wall. Carefully El Urraq discloses Princess Ulpia, who trembles under the skirt.

The frightened Princess Ulpia lets out a yelp. This causes El Urraq to kneel beside her, trying to calm her. The other effect is to cause Lady Antoinetta to fling off the eiderdown under which she was hiding. She launches into El Urraq: squealing abuse and raining blows on his back with her fist.

A rough pirate (complete with eye-patch) bodily snatches Lady Antoinetta away. Lady Antoinetta screams wildly, causing the pirate to laugh as he carries her from the room.

Pirate Don't you scuff-up the young gent, now. He's 100 times better than you, my fine squawkin' hen.

Come ye along, darlin' girl for Cap'n Thom (known to all rogues and rascals as "The Wild Corsair") might find you interestin' ...

Lady Antoinetta screams loudly as she is carted off.

Meanwhile, silence descends in the cabin. El Urraq and Princess Ulpia are together on the floor. El Urraq quickly goes to the cabin door. He drags a heavy chest to the door (to prevent it from being opened). Then he quickly returns to the frightened Princess Ulpia. He positions himself such that she lays in his embrace (still on the floor). Princess Ulpia makes a pretence of struggling (aware that she will be overpowered if she goes too far).

Princess Ulpia *scornful* You are El Urraq! Your reputation precedes you. Have you not

wives enough to satisfy yourself?

El Urraq *drawls* They are forgotten. I shall put them behind me, Princess Ulpia.

Princess Ulpia You are a scoundrel, then.

El Urraq *eager* I must have you. Deny me not, Princess.

Princess Ulpia But I am betrothed. I belong to another. This vessel transports me to his comfort.

El Urraq I cannot live without you. As Allah is my witness.

Princess Ulpia *outraged* Speak not in this way! You shall be damned for handling me thus.

El Urraq kisses Princess Ulpia. At first she tries to push him away. Then as the kiss progresses, she relaxes.

El Urraq *smooth* In Riyadh (which is a diamond in the desert sands) has been dreamed a most beautiful garden. It has stood for all time tended by holy men. And the perfumes from that delicious garden make one's head spin.

Yet should you (most lovely Princess) step carefully into the midst of the plants and trees there – then should the word "Heaven" float in the air. Those who gazed upon you would know that they had found everlasting peace, could they but adore you as I do.

El Urraq kisses Princess Ulpia's cleavage. She gasps.

Princess Ulpia No! You must not touch me there. And say not those words to me.
trembling You could drive the angels mad.

El Urraq *ardent* I mean to cast aside all my other wives for you. They shall be carried on the backs of camels to places of retreat. They shall feed on plums and dates there.

[Very low voiced]

For their delight, pots full of fragrant meat and rice must be buried in the sand. Burning, smoky charcoal will cook the delicate food

such that when at last the servants dig up that sand the scent of spice shall waft from the pots as if angels called out.

[Return to normal voice]

And so shall my many wives and their offspring feast. Poets will read to them daily from the Koran. Scholars will educate my sons (and my daughters too!).

There can be nothing wanting. So shall it be.

El Urraq once again kisses Princess Ulpia's cleavage. They look at each other for an instant, then El Urraq goes into full pash. They kiss. They really mean it.

El Urraq I possess a bejewelled dagger. No man could ever reckon its price.

From father to son to son to son has it been passed along in my family. Each of my forebears has treasured that dagger. It has killed – yes! Down through the ages, both wicked men and true have fallen, impaled upon its shimmering blade.

But it shall now pass to you, my divine Princess. You will allow me to enter your most winsome body. You will allow me to be a man for you. And then (when at last I roar out, consumed with passion, with lust; when I have taken from you your most well-guarded maidenhead) you shall plunge my dagger deep into my heart. That will be no difficulty for you Princess as my chest is uncovered (as you see).

I can envisage no more fitting way for me to die. Allah ordains it!

Princess Ulpia *alarmed* No! Oh do not speak in this mad, bad way!

I could no more kill anyone than --

El Urraq *musng* After my body is lifeless ... In a heap there ... My blood fanning out for all to view ...

Why then you may venture on to meet this so longed-for husband.

An old man to whisper (lover-like) his intimate --

Princess Ulpia

My husband-to-be will not take me if another man has had me first. Be assured, El Urraq that once my virginity is stolen from me, my life can no longer cleave to its chosen path. Ruination and despair await me. That is all that will be left.

El Urraq *urging*

Then be my most loved wife. Marry me so that your days will sing with joy.

It begins.

Now I shall stand with you in my arms. Now that my loins are bestirred to the height of manly glory, I shall remove you to the divan. And thereon will you know manhood for the first time.

[Unctuous]

You will feel the thrust of my masculine member. That will bind us together for all time. Nothing parts us! From that time on we are as one: one to the other.

Give yourself up to my passion, Princess Ulpia. Be unified with me. Allah will smile upon us. So shall it be. So shall it be.

Princess Ulpia is resigned to her fate. She closes her eyes.

Princess Ulpia *whispers*

Take me then. I shall yield to your greater strength. This poor woman fights against you no longer, so bewitching are your magical words.

The spoils go to you, Sirrah.

As El Urraq lifts Princess Ulpia, hugely romantic music billows over the scene. Slowly, slowly he moves towards the bed, carrying Princess Ulpia in his arms. She is overcome with the ardour of the moment. The camera moves slowly back as the love-making begins. The music climaxes.

END OF SCENE

II, Scene iii: Accolades For Donny (in 2022)

Donny lounges about in the outdoor area of a Sydney harbour-side eatery. Background music is modern. Donny still sports the stylish Spanish beard (as worn by his character El Urraq) and longer hair. Donny drinks a beer as he idly glances over the laminated food menu. Cooper places his schooner of cold beer on the table as he plonks himself down. Cooper stares at Donny as if Donny were a rara avis.

Donny acknowledges Cooper with a simple nod.

Donny G'day. Are we eating or what? I could go a gourmet pie if they serve it up with veggies instead of rabbit food.

Cooper *worshipful* Jeez, Don. Where the hell did **that** come from?

Donny *confused* Where? ... What?

Cooper None of us had a clue that you could act like that. You were genius ... You reminded me of those Zorro blokes or the famous celluloid pirates. Hair-oil Flynn! Yeah, him!

Donny *shrugs* I was just acting.

Cooper No mate. Fair suck of the saveloy. That was inspirational. We were given a sneaky-peeky by the powers that be.

You should've seen it. We asked them to roll it through twice more. It was fabulous.

Donny Aw, ya know ... Good direction.

Cooper You will fair dinkum win the Academy Awards Oscar for services to tongue-kissing!

Donny *embarrassed* Well the role called for --

Cooper I never **ever** keep watching any movie when they get all lovey-dovey and start groping each other. Kissing! No! Turn off.

Porn? Yeah – course! But lovey-dovey? No way!

Donny The director told me that I had to --

Cooper But I was glued to the screen, mate. Glued! With Araldite ...
Tarzan's Grip ... You name it ... ***Could – not – budge!***

Now Gibbo rocks up. He is beaming. Gibbo insists that Donny stand such that Gibbo can give him a very huggy man hug. Gibbo pats Donny, who is choked with embarrassment. Gibbo thanks Donny profusely.

Then (as Gibbo flexes off to collect a jug of beer and some glasses) it is Jeparit's turn. Jeparit and Donny shake hands.

Jeparit I was fair dinkum ***that*** close to tears. You were an actor's actor
up there on the screen. You've inspired me to work harder on my
William Dampier bizzo.

Gibbo returns. Donny hides his confusion in drinking the beer.

Wayne rocks up. He does not congratulate Donny, nor in fact speak to him.

Gibbo So! I haven't heard from Nerves-On-Edge-Naomi. That makes me
assume that we can keep kicking on.

Wayne What next, mate?

Jeparit *nasty* You know what we should go for? Some continuity. Up to now this
cinema triumph (that we're all slogging our guts out over) has
zero continuity.

Gibbo We'll get El Urraq to dump the Princess on the "Nellie Elle" with
the "good" pirates. She can teach them to embroider. They'll go
for that stuff.

Jeparit *sneering* Noice!

Gibbo *encouraging* For all those still paying attention – my latest great idea is to call
in some help. From the U of S, actually ...

Cooper And with any luck we crack it for a round or two with the Vikings.

[In the manner of a boxing commentator]

"In the blue corner, coming to the ring by way of Norway ..."

END SCENE

II, Scene iv: For Those Who Have Lost The Plot Part I (in 2022)

We are now in a flash studio where a panel-type sports show would be filmed. The huge banner logo “Hit For Six – Australia’s favourite cricket show” is clearly visible.

At the main table sit Gibbo (drinking a stubby) and Professor Lieden (glass of wine).

The table is strewn with maps, sketches and script pages.

Gibbo My mates reckon that they are totally lost in this thing. One of the real stars of this extravaganza reckons that the continuity is all wrong. I’m fair dinkum losing sleep trying to work out if we’ve skipped too far ahead with the plot ... If we’ve missed something ...

So what I reckon is that we get you (a respected man, a wise man) to spruik this. Explain it all to everyone as we go.

Professor Lieden First, tell me Gibbo if we are ever going to meet up with the harmless Vikings on their knarr.

Gibbo *nods* Yeah. Blood oath. We have to because they are the backstory to this whole thing. Without them we’re really stuffed.

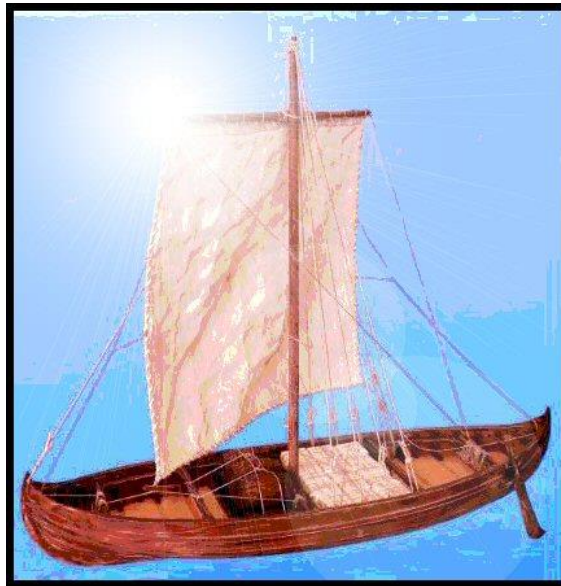
Professor Lieden Alright. So that would be my first port of call.

Get the Vikings onto the screen doing what they do and have them explain how it is that they are ghostly, spiritual and what have you.

That would be my main thrust.

Gibbo nods.

END OF SCENE (for now)



II, Scene v: Our Gang of Vikings Aboard Their Knarr Part I

(around 600 CE)

Music: lyric, non-intrusive.

The knarr is small. Not known to be a fighting vessel, the knarr is more of a little work-horse. This Viking boat moves cargo, animals and folk from point to point. Just as would a large water taxi in our day. It was never intended to traverse the oceans as does its more robust cousin, the dragon-prow longship.

In this scene, our knarr is manned with the following 7 males:

Björn, Axel, Lars, Erik, Nils, Vilhelm and Conrad.

The skipa (that is, the man in charge) is not a specific, designated man. Our Viking knarr is “captained” by any one of the men (acting in turn). There are necessary tasks which must be completed such that the vessel stays afloat and goes in the correct direction. All the men accomplish the various tasks (basically without instruction), being competent sailors.

Nils (in voice-over) will deliver a bald, sober account of this background plot.

Our knarr will be seen on a clear, sunny, crisp Scandinavian morning going about its business as Nils speaks over the top.

Nils *voice-over*

During a sudden storm, a rogue wave overturned our knarr. The crew drowned, save for myself (Nils). I survived. I was rescued by farm people, went to work on their farm and fell in love with the daughter (Edile).

But on odd occasions, the ghost knarr returns to the farm. At those times, I have to choose between the gang (the link-trust) to which I had pledged my life and the lovely bride.

The knarr moves out of sight. Our camera moves back to take in the stark drama of the scene.

Nils *voice-over*

I always choose the knarr.

Only if the stars align as the gods ordain, only then will our ghost knarr re-appear. And then my link-trust will help me to board our boat. Whilst they all stay young and fit, they watch me grow older, more tired. The son I got on Edile also grows older: strong and wise. He will one day replace me on the knarr as it wends its mystic way ...

Dramatic, bold music.

END OF SCENE

II, Scene vi: For Those Who Have Lost The Plot Part II (in 2022)

We now return to our flash studio where a panel-type sports show would be filmed. The huge banner logo "Hit For Six – Australia's favourite cricket show" is clearly visible.

At the main table sit Gibbo (drinking a stubby) and Professor Lieden (glass of wine).

The table is strewn with maps, sketches and script pages.

Professor Lieden Now ... When we met Tarfeet and Clacker and so on they were --

Gibbo They are pirates. We're calling them "picaroons" so we don't get entangled in anyone else's copyright or that ...

They're not ... You know ... They don't have any cannons on their ship.

Professor Lieden What category of sailing ship is it?

Gibbo The "Nellie Elle"? She's a caravel. A very small caravel.

Professor Lieden Okay. So small, sleek, fast.

Number of souls on board?

Gibbo Around 15 ... 16 ... something like that. They could use more hands I guess.

The idea is that these guys (under Master Alf) don't actually get involved in skirmishes. Scouts, you'd call them.

They mooch around on the outskirts of the fight to pick up the crumbs. Stray flotsam and jetsam gets washed away from the --

Professor Lieden I get it. And you have a particular fight in mind, don't you Gib?

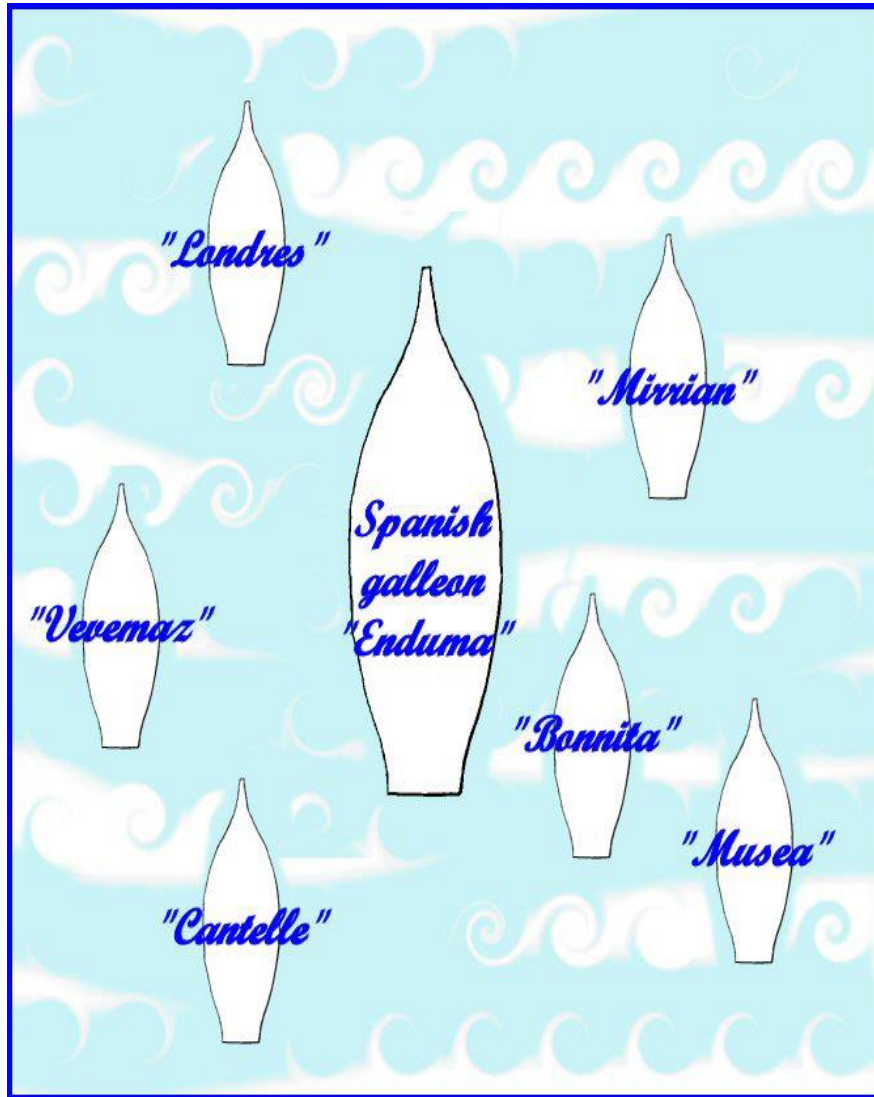
Gibbo Sure! I got a drawing here somewhere ...

Gibbo hunts out a particular piece of paper from the litter on the table. He passes this to Professor Lieden (who quickly flicks his eyes over the paper, then nods).

END OF SCENE (for now)

II, Scene vii: Professor Lieden Explains It All (in 2022)

Here is a super-slick glamorous presentation whereby Professor Lieden (very suave in a lounge suit, shirt and tie) explains the Spanish galleon scenario. At his command is a cutting-edge graphics application. As he speaks, various superb shots appear on a gigantic screen behind the Professor.



Professor Lieden

Spain plundered the New World. Gold but more importantly silver was stripped by the conquering Spaniards.

To ship the precious metals to Spain required large robust ships. The galleon was the vessel of choice. Further (due to the

incursions of pirates) smaller ships sailed alongside the galleon, in a protective formation. Here is a well-documented example of such a format.

We see that the "Enduma" has as her escorts the "Londres", the "Mirrian", the "Veveamaz", the "Cantelle", the "Musea", and the "Bonnita".

Another vessel was mooted to join these escort ships: the "Aquinata" was carrying Rey Guidado Gormez. This Spanish king was one of many young men dedicated to protecting the "Enduma". Unfortunately, the "Aquinata" sank (probably attacked by buccaneers).

Nevertheless, this robust array of sailing power must certainly thwart any plans that pirates might have concocted.

Change of screen. Now a superb film is shown on the screen. Filmed from overhead, our camera shows us these actual vessels plying the waves. It is superb!

END OF SCENE

II, Scene viii: For Those Who Have Lost The Plot Part III (in 2022)

We now return to our flash studio where a panel-type sports show would be filmed. The huge banner logo "Hit For Six – Australia's favourite cricket show" is clearly visible.

At the main table sit Gibbo (drinking a stubby) and Professor Lieden (glass of wine).

The table is strewn with maps, sketches and script pages.

Professor Lieden I understand. Your script demands some awesome action about now -- right?

Gibbo *nods* Correct.

Professor Lieden Whilst they sail from the Americas to the Iberian Peninsula, this noble flotilla will come under attack from various pirates. Yes?

Gibbo *nods* Sure.

Professor Lieden And that attack will be Caribbean in nature ... Somewhere around the vicinity of the Port of St Simon. Have I got that?

Gibbo *pleased* You're right on the money, Prof. But we have a trick up our sleeve. One of the pirates pulls a swifty. However, I can't take you there until we cover off all the other stuff first.

Professor Lieden Such as the goatskin map.

Gibbo *careful* No ... No ... That map has nothing to do with the "Enduma" flotilla.

Professor Lieden Well, I need to understand all that. Let's once again go back to Tarfeet and Clacker. That's where the map is first seen.

Gibbo Yup. Midnight and Chief Proudfeather won it in a game of dice while they were laid up while the ship was being tarted-up. In Port of St Simon.

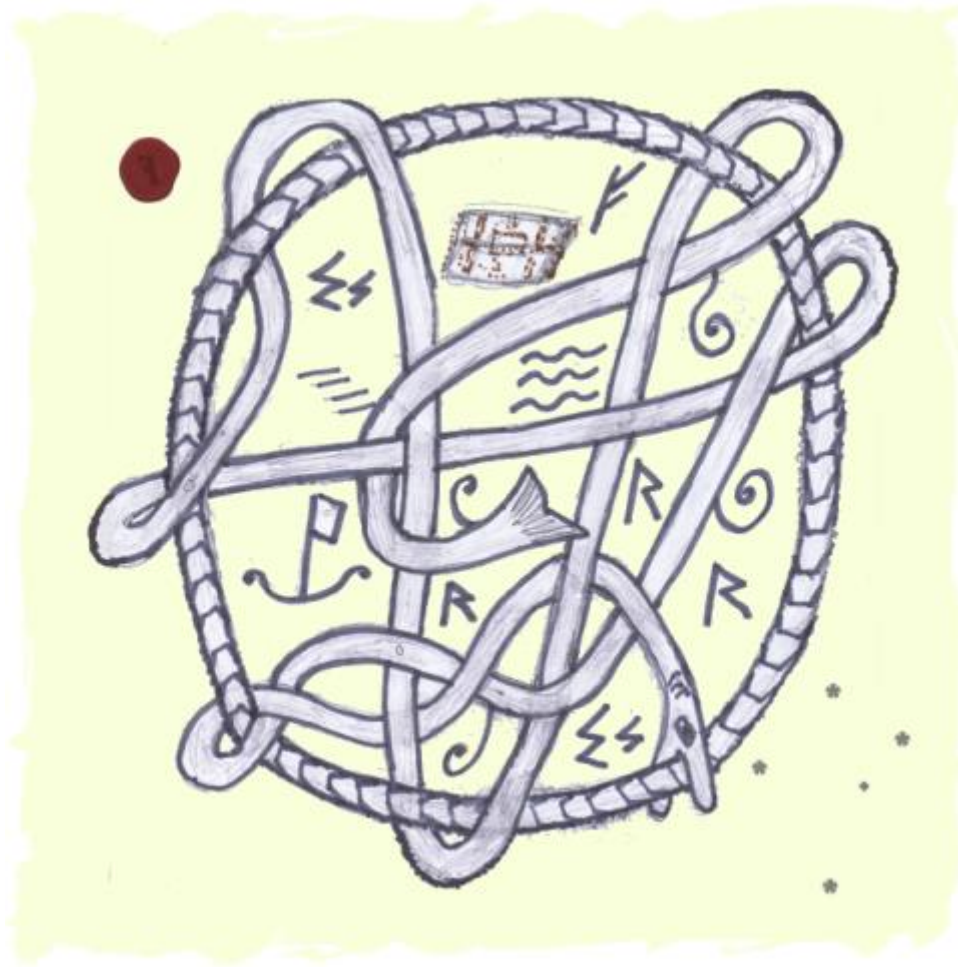
 I showed the guys the bit where Master Alf was trying to make it out. But they were as stumped as everyone else.

Professor Lieden Why?

Gibbo Because it's in Old Norse. Or runes they call them. I'll show ya.

Gibbo fossicks about and then drags out the map. This he gives to Professor Lieden.

END OF SCENE (for now)

II, Scene ix: Master Alf Studies Rurik's Goatskin Map (late 17th century)

*While Master Alf smokes his clay pipe in the confines of his cabin, he peruses Rurik's goatskin map.
Music: very elusive, "something-is-about-to-happen".*

There is a light knock at the door.

Master Alf *absently* Come!

Barber-surgeon Philpot Phaedron and bursar Andrew Squirrel creep into the cabin. Their eyes focus on the goatskin map. So now all three senior pirates stare intelligently at the map.

But of course there is an interruption. The music grinds to a halt.



During our interruption, Master Alf, Philpot and Andrew will continue to gaze at the Viking map, with Master Alf running his finger over the goatskin as he traces the various lines thereon.

Meanwhile, Gibbo cops another serve. This time from Jeparit. (All this will be in voice-over).

Jeparit *voice-over* That doesn't even vaguely resemble a map. That looks like something your kids knocked up.

Gibbo *voice-over* It **is** something my kids knocked up (under my instruction).
I reckon they did a good job.

Jeparit *voice-over* Bulldust! You got a snake winding around and around.

Gibbo *voice-over* It's a fish.

Jeparit *voice-over* Looks like a Joe Blake to yours truly ... Not actually helpful on a map.

Gibbo *voice-over* Haven't you ever seen Viking art before?

Jeparit *voice-over* Art? **Art? You call that "art"?!**

My earnest suggestion is that you whizz over to the graphics people and get them to draw you up a --

Gibbo *voice-over angry* I fair dinkum want to thump you right in the moosh, Jeparit! This is a map that was supposedly done by Rurik (who was a fierce Viking) and his talents did not run to masterpieces.

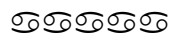
He was simply drawing a map. If it got a bit fancy (with the intertwined fish and that) then that might have been a religious thing ... or a social thing ... or ... I dunno ... Something Rurik just **had** to do.

Jeparit *voice-over* Well, judging by the look on his face old Master Alf there is stumped. Clueless.

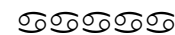
Gibbo *voice-over* Good! The runes and the other signs will mean something to the mob of drongoes on the knarr – they'll explain it later on, so all good!

Footnote:

Rurik found the scrap of goatskin on the beach. It was part of the wreckage from the dragon-prow longboat. The goatskin already bore the "artwork" (writhing fish) and the red wax seal. Rurik (desperate) would have scratched his runes and symbols onto this medium, fitting his offerings into whatever spaces the "artwork" provided. It was Rurik who also etched the Southern Cross.



END OF THE INTERRUPTION



Master Alf smokes his clay pipe in the confines of his cabin (which is lit by a swinging lantern) as he peruses Rurik's goatskin map. Music: very elusive, "something-is-about-to-happen". Barber-surgeon Philpot Phaedron and bursar Andrew Squirrel also focus on the goatskin map.

Master Alf Can either of you make anything on this? The writhing snake certainly likes me not.

Philpot *nods* That treasure chest is fairly clear. 'Tis the sole indication (look you) that this be a pirate map.

Master Alf Or else it be trickery. If you look at the rest of it, that chest be out of place, like, as if added later.

Andrew But that there in the upper corner is an impressive-looking wax seal. Mayhap 'tis not skulduggery at all ...

Master Alf Over all, gentlemen – it does not resemble any map of the seas that I ever saw. I'll be returning it to Midnight and Chief

Proudfeather I believe, and none the wiser shall I be.

Andrew

By my reckoning this here scrap of goatskin has been hawked about since Adam was a pup and no man any clearer as to its bearing (think on).

Philpot

Aye! Excepting (Master Alf and Mister Squirrel) – them little spots down in the corner there ... You could think that they might be cinder burns from some cove a-reading of it before a roaring fire. But if not ... If them spots be intended like ... Well then, once I seen a formation of stars like that ... Down in southern reaches ... A long time ago it was ...

Our camera focuses on the Southern Cross featured in the bottom right-hand corner of the goatskin map. Music builds.

END OF SCENE

II, Scene x: For Those Who Have Lost The Plot Part IV (in 2022)

We now return to our flash studio where a panel-type sports show would be filmed. The huge banner logo “Hit For Six – Australia’s favourite cricket show” is clearly visible.

At the main table sit Gibbo (drinking a stubby) and Professor Lieden (glass of wine).

The table is strewn with maps, sketches and script pages.

Gibbo

Jeez! I’m really sorry about all the crappo shitto vocal intrusions that my mates done.

I mean -- this is what I have to live with all the time. It’s either **them** putting their oar in, or Flem, or Touch-Me-And-You-Die-Naomi.

I fair dinkum understand why some poonce would get hold of a

scattergun and let fly on a room full of Sunday school kids.

Fair dinkum I do!

Professor Lieden
horrified

No you don't! Promise me you'll never ever contemplate that!

Gibbo *grumbling*

Well ... I'm being pushed along ... My plot is sinking directly into the quicksand. And I'm following in 2nd place.

Professor Lieden *kindly*

Then let's throw a lifeline to both yourself and to your plot.

I vote we stoke up your Vikings (who never harm a fly) and then we'll wheel out *your* character: King Rey. Let's give him a guernsey and see what he's made of.

END OF SCENE

END OF ACT II



ACT III

III, Scene i: Our Gang of Vikings Aboard Their Knarr Part II (around 600 CE)

We revisit ACT II, Scene v.

The music is beautiful, all-encompassing.

Nils (in voice-over) will deliver an account of the next stage of the adventure.

Our knarr will be seen on a clear, sunny, crisp Scandinavian morning going about its

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business as Nils speaks over the top.

Nils *voice-over*

Kindly farming folk delivered up my mortal body from sure death.
The others of my link-trust passed away to mess in company with
the gods. And good eating, too (it will be), with food enough to
make the trestles of Asgard groan!

However that may be, on odd occasions, the link-trust ghosts put
aside their merriment. The ghost knarr returns to the farm.

This will be one such time ...

The stars shall align themselves as the gods ordain.

Then will our ghost knarr re-appear. For surety it will.

The knarr moves out of sight. Our camera moves back to take in the stark drama of the scene.

Dramatic, bold music.

END OF SCENE

III, Scene ii: Fleming Complains About The Male-To-Female Ratio (in 2022)

Fleming has found a very up-market room within the studio complex. He is scribbling on a whiteboard while talking to a group of people. We do not see these people. Fleming is haranguing them as he attacks the whiteboard.

Fleming

More women!

If we don't get some more women into this picture it will sink into
the Caribbean Sea without a trace.

In 30 – no make that in 20 years' time, divers will investigate the
strange object found on the seafloor (found with sonar

equipment) ...

"What is this crazy thing?"

"Oh, that? ... That's the remains of a superb and wonderful movie that failed to take off because there were not enough **women** in it."

Fleming takes a slug from his water bottle.

Fleming Here are some ideas. Mermaids. When the guys go into the briny they could be surrounded by mermaids.

Angels. That Viking knarr that our scriptwriter Gibbo gets so all-fired excited about could be helped along with angels. Or Valkyries or whatever the heck those dames are.

Female #1 *voice-off* Marvellous! Well done, Fleming.

But I vote that we cover **all** body types there. If you include women in this boys' club movie then they must be portrayed as **real** women – not as sexy Hollywood babes (which is the usual stock-in-trade).

Female #2 *voice-off* Hear! Hear!

We hear a murmur of strong dissent (male voices). Fleming looks aghast.

Fleming *totally* What? Of course we want sexy Hollywood babes! Sexy English
appalled babes ... French ... Swedish ... Latvian if that's what it takes.

Male #1 *voice-off* This is an homage to men. This movie is filled with action, man-speak, slaughter, mateship ...

Female #2 *voice-off* Men of all shapes and sizes. Correct. So that same standard must – **must!** – apply to the females.

Male #2 *voice-off* A minimum of 10 explosions of all kinds. Including humans forcibly ejected by the strength of the bang.

Male #1 *voice-off* Right!

However, Fleming is 120% right that we must bump up the female quotient with more beautiful bodies. Luscious ... gorgeous ... "I want to hit on that" ...

Male #2 *voice-off* It's a no-brainer.

Female #2 *voice-off* As usual you blokes are thinking with your dicks. I'm outta here.

Female #1 *voice-off* This is sexploitation and you know it! Youse are macho pinheads!

We hear a murmur of agreement (male voices). Fleming's face (aghast) says it all: nothing could be more outrageous as what the women have suggested.

Two chairs scroop. Directly in front of our camera, a woman's body (clad in black) storms by, followed closely by a woman's body (clad in tan). We hear the door open. And then close. There is a collective sigh of relief (male voices). We see Fleming relax.

Fleming Okay.

Let's do this properly.

Let's slash the word "women" and replace it with "babes".

Not undressed as such.

But ***almost*** undressed.

Well ... if we can keep a lid on it ... yeah ...

Long silky hair. Superb tits.

Let's scratch the word "tits" and replace it with "female charms".

We can have naked female charms but naked tits is a bit too strong. The censor might – What do you Ozzies call that? "Arc up". Yeah ... the censor might arc up.

Okay.

Furthermore, I want girls of all races and creeds ... Let's not be labelled as "racist" along with everything else.

Fleming paces about with the whiteboard marker in his hand. He then goes to the whiteboard and marks a final underline under the word "BABES".

Fleming *with finality* I absolutely refuse to be chauvinistic about this. Females definitely have a place in gung-ho stories of this kind.

Absolutely!

We shall show the world that this studio supports the involvement of all genders in our various undertakings.

Gentlemen! Let's get to it!

There is a strong murmur of assent. Chairs scroop.

END OF SCENE



III, Scene iii: Rey Takes A Dancing Lesson Followed By A Fencing Lesson
(late 17th century)

Rey Guidado Gormez is played by the actor who plays Gibbo.

Luiz is the personal servant (valet) to Rey Guidado Gormez.

A flautist and a harpist (both male and wearing 17th century Spanish court costume) play a lovely, lilting melody. Rey practises dancing with Luiz, who instructs.

Luiz Majesty! It behoves me to absent myself from your royal presence. I beg that you indulge me in this.

Rey makes a flippant gesture of dismissal.

Rey Go! It is our wish.

With a low bow, Luiz absents himself. Rey dances about alone, humming to the pretty tune (harp and flute). Then Rey holds up an imperative hand to indicate to the musicians that they also are dismissed.

The screen freezes with Gibbo in an embarrassing posture.



Fleming microphone Hold it, guys! We got us a problem.
voice-off

Gibbo *voice-off calls* What's a matter?
out

Fleming microphone Just got word -- The actors I hired to play the mild-mannered
voice-off brotherly Vikings in their little ol' knarr are involved in an incident.
As we speak.

Donny *voice-off calls* What?
out

Fleming microphone Quick as you can get yourselves over to the ... ah ... um ... Okay!
voice-off To the North Bondi RSL. You want the gaming room. I'll organize
a chopper.

I think that these guys might have started a fight or something.

And try to keep the cops out of it if you can. Quick now!

Gibbo *voice-off* *[Calls out]*

Hold with the chopper, Fleming!

We'll be quicker in speed boats.

[Aside to Donny]

If this is Wayno's doing I'll tap-dance on his scrotum.

Donny *voice-off to*
Gibbo

I've seen those dudes. They are big units, mate. I'd hate to see them in a really ugly fight. It could be ...

Gibbo *voice-off to*
Donny

Yeah. I get it – really ugly.

They speed off in a speedboat. Gibbo is still in costume. Very upbeat music.

~~~~~

**BREAK**

~~~~~

~~~~~

**NORTH BONDI RSL GAMING ROOM**

~~~~~

The actors who play the mild Vikings are involved in a huge brawl in the North Bondi RSL gaming room.

They started by fighting amongst themselves, but now other toughs have weighed-in.

The bouncers and security guards cannot control the mayhem.

Heavy chairs are physically lifted and hurled about. Grunts, groans and "oofs" abound.

Men wrestle and tussle on the carpet, rolling about (and thereby providing tripping hazards).

Poker machines sway and rock to and fro (complete with the cascading coloured lights and razzle-dazzle sounds) as the men crash into them. Some machines tip right over.

Frightened patrons (the elderly males and all of the females) scurry from the room. A scrum of younger men (mostly sporting beer bellies and exotic tattoos) become willing spectators. They remain in the gaming room.

Somebody tries to calm the frenzied fighters by admonishing them via the overhead tannoy (but to no avail).

~~~~~ **BREAK** ~~~~~

~~~~~ **THE DASH TO NORTH BONDI** ~~~~~

~~~~~ **ACTION: HIGH SPEED BOAT DRAMA** ~~~~~

The high-speed boat chase started off as just one boat containing Donny (in casual dress) and Gibbo (costumed as a 17<sup>th</sup> century Spanish king).

They have been joined by a flotilla of people in speedboats.

We see the drama of these boats weaving between jet skiers, kite-riders, windsurfers, board-riding surfers and water skiers. All this at high speed and with tremendous thrills and spills.

~~~~~ **BREAK** ~~~~~

~~~~~ **NORTH BONDI RSL GAMING ROOM** ~~~~~

*Order is just about restored when Gibbo and Donny burst into the gaming room.*

*There are males (actors and others) lying about (bruised and bloodied). Most of the electronic equipment is broken in some way. Some of the razzle-dazzle poker machine sounds are now really wonky. Many machines are now out of service. Some mopping-up is being attempted by the RSL staff.*

*All the people in the gaming room freeze when they see Gibbo in his superb costume.*

*Realizing his advantage, Gibbo takes command.*

Gibbo *in character*            Cease and desist, you Godless crew! This is our desire.

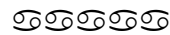
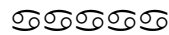
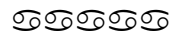
For very shame! For very shame!

*Donny decides to wrest the command from Gibbo because everyone is so shocked that they are witless.*

Donny Er ... Yeah. Right. Thanks Gib.

Well, here's the deal, guys. Flem Rigidfort wants youse blokes back on set now. That's **now!**

Let's move it.



*We now return to the exact position we left off before the interruption. The screen remains frozen with Gibbo in an embarrassing posture.*

*The "freeze" melts away as if play mode is resumed on a DVD. Gibbo shakes his shoulders and arms. Donny stands around beside him.*

Fleming microphone All good?  
*voice-off*

Gibbo *calling out* Yeah. They are all very sorry for themselves. But – yeah, all good.

Fleming microphone What started it?  
*voice-off*

Donny *calling out* Aw, they were all playing the pokes. As you do.

Then one of the lads complimented a lady on her bosoms. That's the word he used: "bosoms".

Gibbo *calling out* And then one of the other lads said: "That's a bit old school isn't it? Calling them 'bosoms'".

Donny *calling out* And it pretty much went from there.

Fleming microphone So – it was pussy-based?  
*voice-off*

Gibbo *calling out* Pretty much ...

Donny *calling out* Usually is ...

Fleming microphone 'Kay.

*voice-off*

Take up your positions. Donny you're not in this scene. So take a hike.

*Donny nods as he strolls out of camera shot. Once again, Gibbo loosens up by shaking himself.*

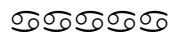
Fleming microphone Gibbo – you ready?

*voice-off*

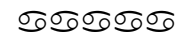
Gibbo *calling out* Yeah, mate.

Fleming microphone The fencing lesson in the medieval dungeon. And roll it. **Action!**

*voice-off*



## END OF THE INTERRUPTION



### A Brilliant & Graceful Fencing Display Ensues

*Rey is now creeping around in a dungeon. Braced on the dark stone walls we find the occasional flaming torch (aka flambeau). So when we see Rey he shows a sly smile (glistening white teeth). His eyes are alert – sharp. And the glint of Rey's sword (held in his hand) is picked up by the flambeau.*

*Suddenly Rey is jumped by his fencing master (also Luiz). The pair go into a very balletic, staged sword fight. (Later Cooper will indulge in athletic swordplay, but it is nothing like as controlled as this piece). Rey and Luiz fence for a little while until the men come face to face, cross-guard to cross-guard. They are out of breath. Both men sneer menacingly at each other as they gasp for air.*

*Then Rey steps back. Standing straight, Rey and Luiz salute each other with their swords. Then they stow their swords in the scabbards which hang from each man's belt.*

Rey Faithful Luiz. Tell to me: am I ready?

Luiz *short bow* Aye, master. You are ready.

Rey Then find me a ship.

Luiz

Done! 'Tis done, sir.

The "Aquinata" awaits your presence at the dock. I have specified to the quartermaster of that worthy vessel that your cabin must be of the finest. Your night bags await Your Majesty at the door. So there remains nothing to hold you back.

I shall summon your coach. You may then be on your way.

*Rey moves forward to shake hands with Luiz, then to quickly embrace him.*

Rey

It is my fate to go, but not my doom. Pray for me, Luiz.

*With a determined look and a nod to Luiz, Rey is off.*

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~~~~

Fleming microphone

Cut. Guys – that was awesome. Great work there.

voice-off

Gibbo and the actor who plays Luiz make gracious bows.

We hear enthusiastic applause and whistles from Fleming's crew.

END OF SCENE

III, Scene iv: Post-Altercation Make-up Session (in 2022)

The knarr actors will need loads of make-up due to the barney at the North Bondi RSL club.

To that end, we find a couple of knarr actors (those playing Axel and Vilhelm) in make-up. Three make-up ladies are required: Maddie, Tammy and Lou. They are all busy fixing-up the damage to the faces of these actors. (Other actors will probably follow later but we will not see them).

Lou *surprised* What the hell have you guys been doing? Did you get bashed up on set?

Actor playing Vilhelm *grins* These are the battle scars from a lovers' tiff at an RSL, if you must know.

Maddie Stitches! These are stitches done by a doctor! Some lovers' tiff. What was she: a lady boxer?

Actor playing Axel *proudly* No woman could ever have done this to me. Unless she was wielding a Viking axe. No ...

What happened was that I was taking a close look at a poker machine and got a bit too close.

That's all.

Maddie I've never ever seen anything as bad as this before.

Tammy And you're *all* messed up: every one of you. We'll be here for the entire day with overtime thrown in.

What was it: a free-for-all?

Lou Tag-team wrestling?

Maddie *decisive* Okay guys – we can work with this. No sweat. In fact, this might work in our favour. Light bulb overhead moment.

Vikings would naturally get messed up over the course of their career. Right? I mean probably on a daily basis.

Okay then. They can look like this in our movie. Easy enough to disguise what we have to (I'm thinking of these surgical stitches) as normal cuts and abrasions. Sweet!

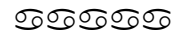
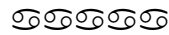
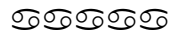
Actor playing Vilhelm Just do what yer can to make me look good, darl.

Lou *laughs* Make-up: yes. Miracles: no. You'd better call for a plastic surgeon to make you look good. A top-notch one at that.

Actor playing Vilhelm If it's any help, I'm a good root (so I'm told).

That causes general laughter.

Lou *snarky* Yeah. Right. Take your word for it, mate.



END OF SCENE

III, Scene v: Rey Is Saved By Bobi (late 17th century)

The Giant Hairstring Saves Rey From Becoming The First Course At Dinner

Bobi is played by the actor who plays Jeparit.

Bobi (a learned man of the Taino people) is found muttering to himself as he methodically lays out various pieces of vegetation on a log. A rude fire burns nearby. Smoke billows about.

This primitive work area of Bobi is surrounded by thick strands of tropical growth. Butterflies flit about, flying in and out of the smoke. It is as if Bobi had tamed them as pets.

From nearby, a man shouts out. Bobi's head bobs up. After a moment of listening to several more urgent calls, Bobi jumps to his feet. He forcefully lurches himself through the undergrowth. Soon Bobi arrives at a glorious tropical beach. A group of Taino people are gathered about what remains of a makeshift raft. On the raft Rey lies unconscious, close to death. The wavelets rock the raft. The Taino bystanders point to Rey as they watch the

approach of Bobi.

Bobi squats by the raft as he touches Rey. Then Bobi pokes Rey in several places, laughing. Bobi signs to the bystanders that Rey will make a good feed for them. The bystanders seem pleased.



As the inevitable voice-overs intrude upon the movie the following activities will occur. Hopefully, the various voice-overs will coincide with the actual activities.

These speeches run over the top of the Bobi/Taino activities from the time Rey's body is carried to the hut. And as discussed, we must try to match speech to action.

Bobi will command the bystanders to carry Rey's limp body into a hut.

Donny <i>voice-over</i>	Yeah. Okay. [Slight cough] Presenting Bobi, witchdoctor to the rich and famous. So, we find ourselves in deepest darkest Africa with --
Gibbo <i>voice-over</i>	A so-far undiscovered island in the Caribbean. Not Africa.
Jeparit <i>voice-over</i>	Right! Gibbo (aka Rey) will now demonstrate how to insult and denigrate by every possible means a tribe of native Caribs.
Gibbo <i>voice-over</i>	The Taino people, actually. I'm revering and glorying them, if you'd care to pay attention.
Jeparit <i>voice-over</i>	With a witchdoctor as their leader? How does that work?!

Gibbo *voice-over* He's a wise man who is well-versed in galenical medicines. Stop being a douche-bag!

Bobi (excited) will work feverishly on his Taino medicinal remedies.

Cooper *voice-over* So this Bobi dude will resurrect our Spanish rey and then what?

Jeparit *voice-over* Hang on! Let's get a grip here. I (in my hallowed role as Bobi) have to look down at Gibbo's uncovered wedding tackle and all that that entails.

I should have received danger money for this part of the scene.

Then Bobi will enter the hut in order to paste the herbal dressings over the naked Rey.

Gibbo *voice-over* I told the camera blokes to be extra careful not to film my old fella ... You know ... My under-carriage ... Best be careful ... Might lead to some issues or that ... Never know ...

Jeparit *voice-over* You have totally no problems with filming everyone else's naughty bits, but. Jeez, Gib! You're a fucking legend!

Some sort of loincloth is fashioned for Rey. This is worn when some of the Taino men assist Rey (walking) to regain his fitness (under the overseeing of Bobi).

Donny *voice-over* Learning to walk again ...

Jeparit *voice-over* A large deputation from the United Nations will arrive at any moment Gibbo to hear your explanation for why you made the

Taino people out to be cannibals et cetera et cetera. Your inappropriate (not to say crass) interpretation of an ethnic minority will undoubtedly make headlines.

Gibbo *voice-over*

From now on I'm ignoring anything and everything from you, Jeparit-Shut-The-Fuck-Up. So just shut the fuck up.

Ah! Here we go! The Rey and Bobi buddy it up over the Giant Hairstring butterfly. So instead of eating Rey, Bobi will get him back to Civilization.

Jeparit *voice-over*

Yeah and receive no thanks from you, you prick.

Bobi has an impressive collection of butterflies close to his work area. One of them is the Giant Hairstring. Both Bobi and Rey can be seen to marvel at it.

Wayne *voice-over*

What's this scene for? Some of them native women should have had (could have had) bare tits. Then I'd have something to look at.

Donny *voice-over*

Well ... I reckon that they're all topless underneath but their long hair --

Wayne *voice-over*

Yeah! That's what I mean! Their long hair is stopping me from enjoying myself. Can we get the wind going? A giant fan? A tsunami?

Gibbo *voice-over*

Aw! You're rubbish, Wayno. Fair dinkum!

Grab a stick magazine, why doncha. Coops usually has a cupboard full of them.

Cooper *voice-over*

Uh?

Rey is again dressed in his "William Dampier" outfit.

Rey dances in the style popular in 17th century Madrid. The Taino folk find this very entertaining.

Jeparit *voice-over* Oh ... Don't need pictorial assistance (though) when we've got you, Gibbo. Do we?

We've missed a bit, but. We had to take a quick break from filming in the hut while somebody (naming no names here) needed to take a slash. Whereupon Naomi-Give-Me-More-Explosions-Lin marched onto the set to check on our progress. Walked right up to the Rey during his birthday suit scene (the reshoot) and --

Gibbo *voice-over* Shut up, you turkey!

Jeparit *voice-over* And Ms Lin continued with her usual diatribe without missing a beat, whereas the man-of-the-hour (Rey of Sunshine here) barred up like a flagpole on Australia Day to everyone's --

Gibbo *voice-over* Shut up, you moron!

Jeparit *voice-over* Stunned amazement.

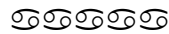
Gibbo *voice-over, screaming* You're gutless! You know that? You're fucking gutless!

We hear the sounds of a scuffle in the background. Jeparit and Gibbo are having a "contact meeting" (aka wrestling in anger).

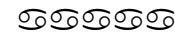
Donny/Wayne *voice-over* Come on fellas! That's enough!

Several Taino men paddle off, with Rey as their passenger. He waves and shouts to Bobi and the others. They wave to him fondly.

Cooper *voice-over* And as the sun pulls away from the shore and the boat sinks slowly in the West ...



END OF THE INTERRUPTION



END OF SCENE

III, Scene vi: Crooning Along With Bob Dylan (in 2022)

It is now the turn of the titles contractor (rather than Gibbo) to earn the wrath of Naomi-Cut-To-The-Chase-Lin.

Some bright spark has come up with the cheesy, corny idea of putting up the titles for "The Horizon Has Eyes" on the HMS Roebuck such that there are lots of fluttering flags with the titles printed on them. This provides a new low point.

We get to see this awful offering. We also get to see Fleming, Naomi and some others nearly puke on first viewing of this travesty. Groans and moans proliferate.

Naomi *appalled* God! Where did these people get their media certification from?
The back of a Weeties packet?

Fleming *appalled* Dig a hole and bury it! That is one sicko title sequence. You'd better give them an earful, Nay.

Naomi *determined* That's precisely what I intend to do.

The heavies storm off to have words with those responsible.



The film room is empty. However the ghastly titles for “The Horizon Has Eyes” continue to roll through on the huge screen. The theme music is a jaunty sea shanty. Without warning the “sailing ship” of the titles sequence blows up. Debris from the explosion hurtles about, along with pirates. These men wiggle about as they are airborne, then they land in the water.

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*The film room is now populated by the usual suspects.*

*Once again the boys are watching a movie in this studio from which the heavies have stormed out. Not only our 5 friends but some others are there as well. This time the film is “Who Shot The Bartender?” They have reached a very exciting action-filled scene in this gangster movie. However the guys are almost drowning out the audio because they are loudly singing (that is “trying to sing!”) a verse from the Bob Dylan classic “Like A Rolling Stone”.*

Donny                                      That would be better! Makes more sense.

Jeparit                                      A movie with the title “The Horizon Has Eyes” can’t ever make sense, Don. Not in a million years. The theme music is completely irrelevant, mate.

*Then a call comes over the tannoy for the knarr Vikings to assemble on site. Those involved jump up and leave.*

*Meanwhile the singers continue; the movie rocks on.*

END OF SCENE

### III, Scene vii: Nils Boards The Knarr (late 17<sup>th</sup> century)

*We actually see the “reboarding the knarr” sequence at the farm. Well, we shall do so once ANOTHER interruption rocks through ...*

*We get as far the farm (which stretches down to the North Sea). It is late in the evening. Edile and her husband Nils are now very old. They look out to sea. We just get started when (lo and behold!)*



Fleming microphone  
*voice-off*

Attention! Attention! Boys and girls.

May I have your attention, please.

I have an important announcement to make.

*Some wag (a male) has got hold of another microphone and interrupts Fleming.*

Male microphone  
*voice-off*

And this is it! This is Flem's announcement.

He thought he'd buried all the bad Aussie humour.

Well bad luck Flem! No can do. Nah! Never!

*This is met with a loud burst of laughter and applause.*

Another male *yells*

Suck it up, Flem. Aussie humour is like a dunny brush on heat, mate. Ya can never hold it down!

*After more applause and laughter, Fleming tries again.*

Fleming microphone  
*voice-off*      You know I really love you guys. And I love working with all of you. You're all such wonderful, beautiful people. Thanks to all. Let's keep on rockin'!

*Now there is some serious applause.*

Fleming microphone  
*voice-off*      Okay. Tomorrow we start filming what will no doubt prove to be the most exciting, visceral scenes to be shot in our movie. Maybe to be shot in all of time.

For the next few days we sail with Rurik the heavyweight Viking. We raid a splendid monastery, slaughter a few monks and friars and then pillage the treasure.

I would request (from deep, deep in my heart) that you will all put forward your best efforts. No slacking off, no interruptions, no scallywags ... Let's make this an assignment to ring down through the ages.

*More applause.*

Fleming microphone  
*voice-off*      Sorry ... I'm intruding on the knarr malarkey. Come on! Roll it!

~~~~~      ~~~~~      ~~~~~

Gibbo *to Donny* Remember when we first met Flem? In Hollywood? It turns out that he is your classic funny drunk.

You know how most blokes get nasty when they get on the turps and wanna have a punch-on ... Well Flem is different. He giggles and says funny things.

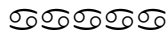
That crappo shitto that he just doled out at us about monks and friars reminded me. One night (I was with him in L.A.) he was trying to say "Friar Tuck" but it just kept coming out as "Try A

Fuck”.

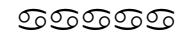
Legend!

Donny *nods*

Yeah ... My mum’s the same ... She hits the sherry bottle and then launches into the “Pheasant Plucker” song. Major mistake!



END OF THE INTERRUPTION



CATCH UP WITH THE KNARR AND HEAR BEAUTIFUL MUSIC

The son of Nils is played by the same actor who plays Nils.

Finally! We are at the farm (which stretches down to the North Sea). It is late in the evening. Edile and her husband Nils are now very old. Their son (also called Nils) will take the place of the elder Nils on the knarr.

The stars in the twilight sky appear. Wispy clouds tear across the sky.

We see the faces of Edile, Nils senior and Nils junior. They are alert and very watchful.

Then our camera refocuses on the sea. Appearing as if by magic comes the knarr. It seems to float above the water: never rocking. Every one of the Vikings aboard steps easily into the water. They hold hands in such a way that they provide “human steps” from the beach to the knarr. Axel is nearest to the three onlookers. He holds out his hand – not to the elder Nils (as expected) but to the younger Nils.

The younger Nils takes the hand of Axel. The younger Nils is able to walk without effort, holding onto the hand of each Viking as he walks through the water to the knarr. Without any fuss, all the men haul themselves aboard. The knarr heads off, out of sight of the farm.

END OF SCENE

III, Scene viii: Rurik And His Vikings Raid A Monastery (around 600 CE)

THIS IS THE BIG SCENE – THE BARNBURNER
NOT SCRIPTED – DIRECTOR’S DISCRETION ADVISED

Rurik is played by the same actor who plays Des Ormond.

So this will basically be a complete re-hash of Naomi’s “Thor Rocks Valhalla” DVD except that the language will be English (although the dialogue is very scanty here). This is what Gibbo promised to Naomi in ACT I, scene i: “Just wait! There’s shitloads of carnage, slaughter and bloodshed when the guys raid the monastery. Mayhem coming out of our –”.

*In a funny turn of events, Rurik’s men are played by the same actors who play the gentle giants on the knarr. But we know better! We’ve seen these guys in action at the North Bondi RSL. Well, our raid on the monastery will make even **that** event seem tame.*



THESE LITTLE FELLOWS REPRESENT EVERYONE’S FAVOURITES FROM THE LEWIS VIKING CHESS PIECES.

WE CAN ASSUME THAT THEY ARE WORKING THEMSELVES INTO A FRENZY OF BLOODLUST.

They perform the beserker and light immense fires. Senseless bloodletting will be the uppermost theme. There will be fire, screaming, drums, axes & swords glinting in the sunlight/moonlight and overall the roaring of the rampaging Vikings. Major, maximum impact is demanded.

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*Okay so now we have the treasure in a chest which several Vikings carry to their large dragon-prow ship.*

*The wind roars (which causes the many fires to be interesting). The monastery explodes. The bodies of dead monks are thrown into the air.*



*All of the Vikings quickly return to the dragon-prow ship. And off it sails – tossed about on the rising seas.*

~~~~~

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~~~~~

Rurik's dragon-prow boat is swept out to sea, they ride an Indian Ocean current and land in Western Australia at what will become Roebuck Bay. The boat will smash up and all the Vikings will become cannibals or be killed by natives. Meanwhile we catch glimpses of Rurik creating the soft goatskin map. We will have to assume that there was a spare piece of goatskin lying about in the ship.

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*Rurik (the last soul left alive) will place his map in a sealed earthenware jar. And he will throw this jar out to sea.*

*The music will be huge throughout the scene, rising to a grand crescendo at this point.*

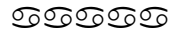
END OF SCENE

### **III, Scene ix: Fleming, Gibbo and Professor Lieden Thrash It Out (in 2022)**

*We now return to our flash studio where a panel-type sports show would be filmed. The huge banner logo "Hit For Six – Australia's favourite cricket show" is clearly visible.*

*Near to the main table stand Fleming, Gibbo and Professor Lieden.*

*The table is strewn with maps, sketches and script pages. A large moveable whiteboard is covered in ideas (jotted down).*



*There is a riveting sadness to this scene.*

*The Professor knows the historical details. They are his stock-in-trade. He lays it on the line for Gibbo and Fleming.*

*Basically, every book on pirates tells the same story: the truth about their tough lives does not equate with the adventurous romance of the legends (as immortalized in novels and on celluloid).*

*But at least Fleming has worked out how the rest of the movie will flesh-out such that we all meet at the crescendo: the "Enduma" fight.*

Fleming                      I wanna use a word but I hope I got it right.

"Contemporaneously".

Gibbo                      Wow! Did you swallow a dictionary, Flem?

Professor Lieden *nods,*      Go on!  
*interested*

Fleming                      Yeah. We got us a whole lot of stuff marching along side-by-side,  
and happening at kind of the same time.

Now, I figured out that what we have to do now is to present the  
various activities of each of our main characters under a single  
umbrella.

Like – We can't have the usual flicking back and forth between  
scenes until we reach the "Enduma" showdown. The punters can't  
follow that (given that we have all manner of Spanish gentlemen  
flapping about).

So to that end, our screen will present a mini title for each  
character "block".

*Fleming's assistant Mavis stalks in. Mavis is a very harassed-looking older woman.*

Mavis                      Fleming, the cricket people want their set back.  
  
*[Gives an expansive "sorry-about-that" gesture]*

You've left a lot of stuff here and they wonder what to do with it  
all. Are you moving it out of here or are they?

*Fleming looks around.*

Fleming                      A lot of stuff?

*Mavis gestures to the table.*

Mavis                      Papers and maps and drawings. They weren't sure what to ...  
  
And this whiteboard (covered in stuff) ...

Fleming *worried*                      But this has been our pirate-slash-Viking think tank.  
  
When do they want to get in here?

Mavis Well ... tonight. The Test Match starts tonight.

Fleming *surprised* In the dark?

Gibbo No, it's not in Australia, Flem. In England. Old Trafford. Manchester (I think) ...

Anyway, the blokes that belong to this set want us to give it back to them so they can oil the First Test up on TV. Better make that pronto.

Professor Lieden Oh, yes. Sorry Mavis. We'll get that all under control.

Mavis I'll get some cardboard boxes and a trolley.

*Mavis leaves briskly.*

Fleming We'll have 5 separate adventures to get us to that point: Count Bertanza, Don Alphonso (we haven't even met him yet!) and El Urraq (well he's just busy screwing the Princess) and then William Dampier. And Rey, of course.

Gibbo Sounds like a plan.

*Fleming receives a phone call. He leaves the cricket show set.*

Fleming *calls out* I gotta take this. Back in a minute.

*Fleming leaves just as Mavis returns with the empty boxes on a trolley. Then she dashes out of the set.*

*Professor Lieden and Gibbo load the stuff into the boxes.*

Gibbo What the knarr Vikings mean -- the link-trust and that ... It can't be bombarded with explosions and over-the-top excitement. I really mean that. That's not how it is.

Professor Lieden Of course not.

Gibbo *firmly* This is like a holy crusade for me.

Professor Lieden I realize that and I honour you for sticking to your guns on that front in the face of such opposition as you've received.

And you wisely faced the truth on that other front, too ...

Pirates were really living on the poverty line. There weren't as many gold-laden galleons sailing about as one might imagine.

That stuff about "the captain rose from a silk divan with a pistol in his fist and shot the lock off an iron box and a blood red ruby kissed" ... It's all total crap, Gib. Amazing lyrics, but ...

Gibbo *musings*

Their footsteps in the sand were soon blown clean away by the wind.

Professor Lieden

Exactly!

You nailed it with Master Alf and his crew. You were dead right: only a well-run ship -- a taut, trim ship could even hope to make a quid. Stealing trade goods (timber, skins, tobacco, rum, sugar) -- that was all they really had. They were essentially as you painted them: ex-Royal navy men plundering here and looting there to keep their heads above water.

Not Godless ruffians at all.

*Fleming (somewhat breathless) returns. They are nearly finished loading the boxes. Fleming decides that it will be his role to wheel out the whiteboard.*

Fleming

Sorry about that.

Yep. Five little vignettes devoted to each of our main characters and then we zero in on the big dance for the "Enduma". That will be magic.

Gibbo

I promise you that the finale is all that I've claimed it would be.

Fleming *jolly*

Yes! It's a barnstormer! We'll give a whole new meaning to a life on the briny sea: freedom, adventure, and untold riches!

Professor Lieden *sour*

Even by bending the truth to fit the fantasy. (I was just explaining to Josh).

Fleming *frowning* But I don't understand, Professor. It was your good self that assisted Gibbo and kept him on the straight and narrow. Now you're backing away?

Professor Lieden Well-respected 19<sup>th</sup> century authors (who constructed an exciting life for Cornish pirates) created a breath-taking world that many boys dreamed off -- but the truth was totally ghastly.

They were worse-off than factory workers ("those dark, satanic mills") and with 80 times more the danger.

Freedom! There was no freedom on the relentless ocean -- she was a cruel mistress.

Fleming Steady on there, Prof. I'm getting a tiny bit emotional here.

*The three men stand stock still.*

Professor Lieden Gibbo is right.

Now you found that there was not enough thrill there. With the "Nellie Elle" crew, I mean. Master Alf was no pirate! No "picaroon"! He counselled Christian values and safety for all his men. He was in fact a sound sailor who simply filched a little when the opportunity came.

However, you could not draw in the fickle public to pay their hard-earned to watch *that*.

And Flem – that means that you are right, too. You can't make a saleable motion picture out of the tough reality of the pirate's life. It would prove to be a tragedy rather than an adventure flick. You would be playing to empty cinemas as the peeps would stay away in droves.

And thus Naomi is right: to play to packed theatres only comes about by selling the dream.

If we have a pirate movie then there has to be a buried treasure



and pirates slashing at each other with swords and ships (with an impressive battery of cannon-power) that blow each other up.

That's a given! She's right: 100% right.

*[Long sigh]*

Funny, isn't it, Gib?

I'll bet your Master Alf thought only of making enough gelt to purchase a small farm and live out the rest of his days in bucolic bliss.

*Gibbo hangs his head, pretending to be focused on the clean-out. When he speaks, his voice is jagged. He is wrought with emotion.*

Gibbo                                      I don't know ... I don't know him that well ...

END OF SCENE

END OF ACT III



## ACT IV

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**IV, Scene i:** Don Alphonso de Bravari Runs Amok In the Desert (late 17<sup>th</sup> century)

*Don Alphonso de Bravari is played by the same actor who plays Cooper.*

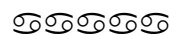
**Racing Arabian Horses In The Desert**

*Our scene is a natural dry gulch somewhere in northern Africa. Surrounding the gulch are some prominent stone outcrops.*

*Our first view is a huge dust storm (in the gulch) as would be formed by a car (driven dangerously) in a modern-day car ad (with burn-outs and fake smoke plumes).*

*However, it is not cars causing the dust: Arabian horses (ridden by young men) race against each other. The horses sport rudimentary bridles and are without saddles.*

*This scene is very exciting. The men yell and roar at the horses and at each other. Their flowing garments whirl about in the dust-laden breeze. Their voices hang in the air even when they ride out of sight.*



## Cooper's Voice Will Have To Be Dubbed

*Cooper does not take to acting in the same way that the others do (that is Gibbo, Donny, Wayne and Jeparit). His swordplay and general stagecraft are excellent but ...*

*Cooper struggles with accents. And his voice often possesses an annoying whiny tone.*

*Thus, when we hear Cooper's delivery of his lines, they are in a strong Australian accent.*

*So, before we get very far into the scene, Fleming Hardcastle will have a Spanish actor with a very deep baritone voice dub over Cooper's speeches.*

*To this end, we will see a comic rendition of this scene (which will hopefully translate onto celluloid).*

*Cooper's "missing" lines will come back to haunt us later.*

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Three Australian actors play the parts of Ashaf, Dirar and Motte (all Middle Eastern types). They have to work hard to get Cooper through the scene.

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*So the race winds up. To one side of the "course" stands a half-tent. Some men sit about, having watched the race with interest. The men are dressed as Arabians, or African chieftains or in European attire of the 17<sup>th</sup> century. Don Alphonso sits at a trestle table and is busily writing in a ledger book thereon.*

*Motte smacks the table with an elegant flyswat.*

*Surprised, Don Alphonso looks up.*

*Don Alphonso startled    What's wrong with ya?!*

*The actor playing Motte mutters under his breath.*

Don Alphonso                      Oh, yeah ... Sorry ...  
*[Deprecating cough]*  
Um ... Ah ... Sir! What do you mean by this show of arrogance?  
Motte *snarls*                      How is it that your steed wins every race in which you enter it?  
Don Alphonso *brash*              My chemist is right on the money, as it happens. Uses the right  
drugs.

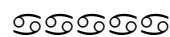
*Don Alphonso laughs without humour. Dirar steps forward. He is angry.*

Dirar *furious*                      You dope your horse? Do my ears deceive? Do I hear you  
correctly, Don Alphonso?

Don Alphonso *smug*              Blood oath!

*Again, the actor playing Motte mutters under his breath.*

Don Alphonso                      Yeah. Yes. Got it! Sorry once again ... Ah ...  
  
There are no rules to preclude such an undertaking, my good  
man. Not that I'm aware of anyhow.



*From now on, Don Alphonso (that is Cooper) will have his voice dubbed by a deep-voiced Spaniard. The voice will not be in sync with Don Alphonso's words. Cooper will later complain bitterly to Fleming regarding this voice switch.*

*Ashaf now steps forward.*

Ashaf *threatending*              If that is truly so, sirrah, then you had best sleep with one eye  
open. Because my associates and I do not relish playing for big

money against an avowed cheat.

Don Alphonso  
*cocksure, dubbed*

I am deaf to your threats! Bring on your strongest champions – my henchmen will best them: never fear!

**[Stop tugging, fellas. My bully boys are more than a match for your thugs.]**

Ashaf *furious*

I have heard enough of your braggadocio! This insult demands immediate redress.

*Don Alphonso leaps into action, whipping his sword from its scabbard.*

Don Alphonso *cheeky, dubbed*

I live only to fight with sword or fist, Excellency. Stand guard!

**[Get 'em up then, fuzz-face. You'll have to be pretty switched-on to beat me!]**

## A Brilliant & Dangerous Sword Fight Ensues

*Now follows a brilliant sword fight between Don Alphonso and Ashaf.*

*The other two men (Motte and Dirar) stand poised (swords in hand) to join in if Ashaf should flag.*

*There are dazzling athletics as the two men fight. Don Alphonso takes a slight wound to his upper arm. He fends off Ashaf for long enough to dive around the back of the half-tent. An African servant awaits him with a black stallion (bridled and saddled) ready to go.*

## Don Alphonso Saves Himself

*Don Alphonso vaults with ease into the saddle then takes off at speed. More dust! Music: one meaningful verse from "Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap" by ACDC.*



*A huge explosion occurs just where Don Alphonso has ridden by only seconds before.*

END OF SCENE

Footnote: Yeah well that piece of music has probably been used many, many times before in movies to fit similar action scenarios. If the powers that be reckon it is now overused, then so be it. Find something else. But I like it because it completely sums up the situation. QED.

PS: and imagine if we can have it bob up throughout the good bits at the end!

#### **IV, Scene ii:** Cooper Arcs Up About His Voice Being Dubbed (in 2022)

*At the studio, Fleming and Cooper are having a “contact meeting”. Judging by Fleming’s words, “contact” has already been made. Fleming’s Texan accent is very pronounced.*

Fleming *upset*                      Don’t push me, buddy. Don’t go all macho on me. You picked the wrong pigeon. Nothing physical, alright? I don’t do physical ...

Settle down. Settle down. Alright ...

*Cooper is red-faced with anger. Fleming (calming himself) tries to placate Cooper.*

Fleming                              I’m sorry, Cooper, but we had no choice. No choice!

*Cooper angrily runs his fingers through his hair. Then he slaps the script.*

Cooper                      This is the script I was working from. You gave me this script and I learnt my lines from it.

So ...

My line is: "Stop tugging, fellas. My bully boys are more than a match for your thugs." There it is in black and white. But then you've gone and changed it to --

*Fleming removes the script from Cooper, placing it on a nearby stool.*

Fleming *calmly*              You're gonna have to be mature and professional about this. I'm serious, Max. A lot of big veeps have invested big deeps into this blockbuster. We gotta get it right. Which is to say I gotta get it right!

Our changes to your performance were mandated by --

*Again, Cooper grabs the script. He reads and then waves the script about. He is very angry.*

Cooper                      And then my next line was supposed to be: "Get 'em up then, fuzz-face. You'll have to be pretty switched-on to beat me!"

*Fleming works hard to calm Cooper. Cooper wants to jump out of his skin: he is twitchy and very worked-up.*

Fleming                      Okay! Okay! I hear ya! And I don't like what I'm hearing.

Cooper *whiny*              I go to all the trouble of learnin' me lines and you kybosh me.

Fleming *trying hard*        You're not listening to me, buddy. I don't like what I'm hearing. It's your voice. I can't use your voice.

Okay. My hands are tied, Max. I need Don Alphonso de Bravari to have a deep, lazy, Latino drawl. Not an uptight whine from Down Under.

Your voice doesn't work for me.

Cooper *aggro*              Then why the hell am I in this fuckin' pitcher? Why don't ya stick the four-balls Latino bloke in my spot and have done with it? Then



I can go back to Weipa and fish for barra and be eternally happy.  
How's that sound?

Fleming *relentless*

Hey! Don't get sore, Max. The guy who's dubbing your lines is something like 54 years old, is overweight and couldn't even get close to performing the stunts that you do.

You are a natural. You're good-looking, athletic, manly ... It's just that you sound like a ... What? ... A drongo maybe ...

*Cooper's anger fizzles out. Now he is just down-hearted. Cooper looks at the floor.*

Fleming

Okay? So no more hissy fit. Okay? Your voice will not be heard in this movie. Live with it and enjoy the ride.

END OF SCENE

#### **IV, Scene iii:** Putting The Mockers On Motte, Dirar And Ashaf (late 17<sup>th</sup> century)



*Somewhere on the Spanish west coast, in a down-at-heel town, in a back street. We are outside the La Crista inn.*

*In the street a nobleman's carriage stands about. It is drawn by two bay horses. Without warning, the carriage explodes, causing a massive spray of debris, clouds of black/orange smoke and a stupendous bang. Ladies dressed to the nines are thrown out of the carriage, up into the smoke-filled*

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*air and then down (onto the street). Their wide skirts whoosh up, displaying their white pantaloons. There are screams. Several dogs leap towards the camera (seemingly in fright).*

*However, the horses are completely unaffected by the blast. They stand about. Then they realize that they are no longer harnessed to the carriage. The two horses saunter off as slowly as possible. They are completely indifferent to the commotion and general pandemonium.*

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Our camera moves inside La Crista. It is almost medieval, such is the dark rankness of the inn. A skinny man with an ugly face plucks at a guitar. Fat women tap on tambourines.

This is where two worlds collide. On the one hand, rough men and even rougher women cavort. They dance to the "music" (which is a new low), shout and laugh drunkenly. Clearly most of the women are prostitutes. The men are villains and miscreants.

Yet, on the other hand, well-bred gentlemen are escorted up the stairs to service the more delightful women who are kept hidden in their over-scented chambers.

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*A very well-dressed senor struts up the stairs, and our camera follows him. This gentleman retrieves a fine lace handkerchief from his pocket and holds it to his nose. Then (full of grace and dignity) he knocks gently on the door of one of the chambers. When he speaks this gent has strong Spanish accent.*

*All the time, the racket from downstairs is ever-present.*

Senor *sugary*

Dulcima? May I wait upon you in your chamber of bliss?

*A sweetly lilted Spanish voice answers him.*

Dulcima *voice-off*

You may come into my arms only if you are young, strong and virile, kind sir.

*The senor apparently believes that he fits the bill on these three points and so (grinning smugly) he discreetly enters the room, closing the door softly behind him.*

*Our camera moves away from that door. In another doorway, we see a door open very carefully. Only a fraction. Enough to make out that someone is hiding there and is checking that the coast is clear. This is Don Alphonso in drag (that is, to save himself he is disguised as a female).*

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Downstairs, three men stand about in a corner of the bar: Motte, Ashaf and Dirar. They appear to be disgusted by the capering of the drunken inn patrons. However, they plot the revenge they will take on Don Alphonso.

Dirar *darkly* Of all the places that we have looked for this fellow, my gut tells me that he will be found here amongst this riff-raff. According to our religion, we ought not to be here. However, there is not another way.

Ashaf *darkly* I agree! This will be the place. But do not (my friends) look for Don Alphonso to be in his usual garb. Truth be told he will wear some raiment that will hide him. We must be on our guard.

Motte nods solemnly.

Motte My thoughts tend towards those fat women. Surely he will disguise himself as one of their number. We shall have to investigate them (that they are indeed females).

Dirar *disgusted* Faugh! To touch them will be alike to caressing the flesh of plucked boiling hens!

The camera moves about such that we see the merry revelry which seems to grow ever louder. A young man wearing 17th century French costume marches in (stately and regal). He is carrying an Uber Eats brown paper carry bag.



Fleming microphone
voice-off, angry

What is this?!

Aw! Cut! Cut! Cut!

WTF here? Get that idiot off the set!

Mavis! Clear this, will ya Hon?

Mavis clucks about amongst the actors who play the revellers. As she flaps about, we discover that one of the inn tables (out-of-the-way at the back) is covered with all kinds of modern fast food: Maccas, Hungry Jacks, chips, coleslaw, buns and so on (along with cans or bottles of drink).

Mavis *harassed*

Quick now! Move this all out of sight. I don't even want to see a spot of grease here.

Now there is a general hubbub as actors declare that they are pissed off by this sort of slovenly behaviour. There is a deal of cat-calling, groaning and laughing.

Fleming microphone
voice-off

Come on, guys. Don't argue. Just get your swans serried, there.

Our three actors (who are playing Motte, Dirar and Ashaf) now reveal that they are in fact dyed-in-the-wool Aussies.

Dirar actor

Get a grip, you morons!

Motte actor

Aw! What are ya doin'?

Ashaf actor

Useless prats!

Motte actor *aside to
Ashaf and Dirar*

I'm going to be fairly surprised if this flick ever gets off the ground. Every time we get started --

Male voice-off

Do youse want this garlic bread? I got a herd of it for ya.

Dirar answers the disembodied voice.

Dirar actor A herd? How much is that when it's at home?

No answer is forthcoming. Instead, several foil packages are slapped down on the bar near the three actors. The foil is ripped open disclosing several small slices of garlic bread. The three actors consume these.

The Strumpets Receive A Foof From Make-up Ladies

Meanwhile the make-up ladies (Maddie, Tammy and Lou) fuss about with the females who are playing strumpets. The actresses all talk as they are being foofed. The make-up ladies commiserate:--

- It's so hot in here!
- I'm sweating like a pig.
- This costume is making my skin itch.
- Does anyone have a spray deodorant?
- I feel shithouse: wrong time of the month for me.
- One of the guys who's playing a sleazoid really *is* a sleazoid!
- I'm not built for lounging. It makes my back ache.
- I worked on a movie about binge-drinking in EnZed and it wasn't half as strenuous as this.
- Can you do anything about my hair? The droopy thingo is falling out all the time.
- See that greasy creep over there? He stuck the tongue in when we went for a quick kiss. Talk about gross out!

~~~~~

### END OF THE INTERRUPTION

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We simply do not have the time nor the patience to act out this lot (following).

Therefore a workaround has been found.

These cartoon drawings are done at lightning speed. They represent storyboard technique.

1. *Don Alphonso is disguised as a woman who is running from La Crista. (A pretty ordinary woman at that).*
2. *Motte, Ashaf and Dirar look threatening as they seek out Don Alphonso in La Crista.*
3. *Motte, Ashaf and Dirar capture Don Alphonso, tie him up and drag him (kicking and screaming) to the grimy waterfront.*
4. *Don Alphonso (in this bondage) is chucked into a dirty lighter.*
5. *The lighter (containing Don Alphonso) is sent out to sea.*
6. *Pirates take the bound Don Alphonso on board.*

END OF SCENE

IV, Scene iv: Forcing Us To Come To Grips With It All (in 2022)

Gibbo, Donny and Cooper are in Fleming's office. Fleming, Wayne and Jeparit are absent. The three guys are sifting through an untidy pile of papers on Fleming's desk.

After some serious sifting, Donny triumphs.

Donny *elated* Here it is.

Donny flips through the stapled A4 pages during which time Cooper tries to tidy up the mess that they have made with the pile of papers. Gibbo stands (arms akimbo) with a heavy frown on his face.

Gibbo *sarcastic* So tell us Donny-boy – how has Flem Rigidfort stuffed around with my script this time?

Donny *reads avidly* Let's ... just ... check ...

Ah! The pirate ships!

This is what we want.

So ... Captain Thom Brown (aka "The Wild Corsair") is the skipper

of "Dame Salome".

[Looks at Gibbo]

Okay so far?

Gibbo shrugs.

Gibbo *reluctant* Yeah.

Donny *reads* And he gets heavily involved with El Urraq and Count Bertanza and the luscious Princess Ulpia. In fact, that's the stuff we've already seen. Apparently there's more to come from that quarter.

[Looks directly at Gibbo]

Are we sweet?

Gibbo *nods* Sweet.

Donny *reads* Good.

And there is Captain Barbaretti who skips the "Black Sloop".

Cooper clicks his finger and thumb excitedly.

Cooper *excited* We've done him right up in the beginning. Oyster wanted them to be called "pretty boys". Remember?

Gibbo Dumpling, actually.

Cooper *shrugs* Yeah. Whoever.

Donny *reads* Captain Max "Birdie" Trill of the "Desdemona".

"Red Dog" Neall is in charge of the "Indulva" and the "Dirty Nun" is skippered by "Blear The Pirate".

Cooper *laughs* The "Dirty Nun"? Did you really come up with that all on your own, Josh Shakespeare Gibson?

Gibbo Well ... I might have been a bit elephant's trunk when I thought that up.

At any rate, my character Rey the Spanish himbo is a passenger

on the Aquinata. That ship is attacked by pirates. "Red Dog" Neall to be correct.

Has Flem dicked with that?

Donny *reads* Er ... No. Still "Red Dog" and Rey. They have a ripper sword fight, apparently.

Gibbo We haven't seen that yet. But we **have** seen what happens when Rey gets chucked off the "Red Dog" ship. He washes up on Bobi's island.

Cooper throws up his arms in frustration.

Cooper *annoyed* That means we've skipped some stuff. Bloody hell!

Gibbo No, no, no. Flashbacks are a director's best friend ...

And Coops. You play Don Alphonso.

Cooper Yo.

Gibbo Last seen you were disguised as a woman in a third-rate coastal town (where carriages get blown up in the main street). Three rather nasty types were after you. They got you, chucked you into a lighter and then sailed you off to be taken on board by the pirates on the --

Gibbo quickly points to Donny, who reads from the paper he holds.

Donny *reads* Yeah. Right. Next is "Birdie" Trill of the "Desdemona".

Gibbo And all the pirates (even they of the "Dirty Nun") will converge on the flotilla for the big dance. But we have a u-bewt trick up our sleeve. We find out about that soon.

Gibbo moves across Fleming's office and switches on a large screen at the side.

Cooper *excited* Hey! I know what we can do!

Give the punters a joystick or something electronic like that. A hand job thingo ...

They could select which ending they want.

Brutal!

Gibbo

No. That's next year, mate. Or the year after ...

Okay! Here we go. Let's not miss *anything*.

NOTE THAT THE SAME SET IS USED FOR THE THREE ACTION STATIONS AS IF FLEMING WISHES TO SAVE TIME AND MONEY. EVEN THE ACTORS ARE ALL RECYCLED.

**Three For The Price Of One: "Red Dog" Neall
Pirate Captain Of The "Indulva"
Attacking the "Aquinata"
(How Fleming Saves Money While Making This Epic Movie)**

We revisit the DVD "Edward England Flexes Into Florida". We saw a long excerpt from that movie in ACT I, Scene i. Fleming simply copies the idea therein.

Gibbo presses buttons on the control panel. Then he stands back looking pleased. He nods.



Now we see a particularly violent pirate scene on the huge screen. It is brash, loud and confronting beginning with a rough man (with blazing black eyes) roaring into the camera then launching into a

wild brawl. The screen shows pirates attacking hapless Spanish sailors on the deck of a ship (the "Aquinata"). Swords are brandished. Unfortunate victims are shot with old fashioned, smoking firearms.

Into this scene jumps pirate "Red Dog" Neall. And from the other direction comes Rey. They both bear meaningful-looking sabres. Both men size each other up (as pirates and sailors thrash it out in the background). Both "Red Dog" and Rey grit their teeth behind murderous smiles.

Gibbo *voice-over*

Here is Rey going a few rounds with "Red Dog". Some nice athletics here, boys. I surpassed even my own expectations.

Er ... by the way they are on the "Aquinata" which "Red Dog" will sink later.

The duel is very exciting. Then "Red Dog" cheats. A group of his pirates chuck a raft overboard. Then they pick Rey up and turf him into the sea. "Red Dog" and the pirates laugh loudly as Rey has to dog-paddle for the safety of the raft.

SPOILER EXPLANATION:

And from there (the "Aquinata") to Bobi (ACT III, scene v). On a rude raft. Already seen.

Then onto the Taino outrigger to be dropped off on the "Cantelle" which is sunk during the "Enduma" big dance. Rey will be rescued by the "Nellie Elle" prior to sailing off.

Thus, we can safely say that Rey has an adventurous adventure (for a king!)

Three For The Price Of One: "The Wild Corsair"
Pirate Captain Thom Brown Of The "Dame Salome"
Attacking the "Mirrian"
(How Fleming Saves Money While Making This Epic Movie)

The pirates move back from the railings, shaking hands with "Red Dog" and with each other.

Pirate to "Red Dog" Good work, mate.

"Red Dog" Thanks. See yuz all later.

"Red Dog" nods a farewell and walks off the set. The sailors and pirates return to their original positions. Even sailors who were mortally wounded stand up, dust themselves off and get back into the action. The make-up ladies rush in with blood-free shirts for those actors who were "killed" or "maimed". And they perform clean-up on the actors.

And so here we go again.



Into this scene jumps pirate Thom Brown. And from the other direction comes Count Bertanza. They both bear meaningful-looking sabres. Both men size each other up (as pirates and sailors thrash it out in the background). Both Thom and Count Bertanza grit their teeth behind murderous smiles.

Gibbo *voice-over* And here is Count Bertanza shaping up to the champion Thom Brown. Basically it's the same as before. But Wayno is pretty handy. What do they say? He buckles a mean swash.

The duel is very exciting. Thom's pirates chuck a large net over Count Bertanza (who is hauled off to the brig). Thom and the pirates laugh loudly as they high-five each other.

Footnote: I can hear you already when the diving scores appear. Overdone and boring. However, there is a funny twist to this theme in the next section.

See – the thing is that I can imagine movie-goers saying "They should have held up scores for the diving. That's funny." So let's go with it.

Then (however this might be done) Count Bertanza escapes his captivity and performs a beautiful swallow dive off the side of the ship. The sailors and pirates break off their fighting to hold up score cards (10, 8, 10, 8.5 etc). The sailors are able to throw a primitive life raft to Count Bertanza. With the sailors waving goodbye and the pirates giving him the bird, Count Bertanza makes his escape. Thom shakes his fist at Count Bertanza.

Three For The Price Of One: “Birdie” Trill

Pirate Captain Of The “Desdemona”

On The Deck Of This Pirate Ship

(How Fleming Saves Money While Making This Epic Movie)

The sailors and pirates return to their original positions. Even sailors who were mortally wounded stand up, dust themselves off and get back into the action. The make-up ladies rush in with blood-free shirts for those actors who were “killed” or “maimed”. And they perform clean-up on the actors.

And so here we go again ... again.

Don Alphonso is wet, bedraggled and wearing a woman’s gown. His wig and other accoutrements have gone missing. As the pirates and sailors crack-up laughing, Don Alphonso strips down to his loincloth. He is obviously pumped and primed for a big fight. A make-up lady rushes in to disguise Cooper’s Richmond football club biceps tattoo. Almost angrily, he shakes her off. In fact, Don Alphonso snarls.



Into this scene jumps pirate "Birdie" Trill. He faces up to Don Alphonso. They both bear meaningful-looking sabres. Both men size each other up (as pirates and sailors once again thrash it out in the background). Both "Birdie" Trill and Don Alphonso grit their teeth behind murderous smiles.

Gibbo *voice-over*
amused

We are now on the deck of the "Desdemona".

And looking a treat in his slimline lap-lap we find everyone's hero Don Alphonso (aka Coops). Captain "Birdie" Trill looks like he could hop about with the best of them, too.

Donny *voice-over*
laughs

You could model swimwear, Coops. What a torso!

Cooper *voice-over*

That comes from my healthy lifestyle. Did ya hear me fart when I ripped off me dress?

All three men laugh loudly. All this while "Birdie" and Don Alphonso step about, menacingly on the screen.

Gibbo *voice-over*
amused

Thankfully – no! Over to you, men!

The duel is very exciting. Don Alphonso is more into speed and power rather than proper fencing technique (as seen performed by Rey and Count Bertanza).

Don Alphonso tries a dangerous move, leaps onto the deck railing and then accidentally topples into the sea. We hear the splash. All players come to a complete stop.

Don Alphonso *voice-off* Help! I can't swim!
yelling

There is a long, long pause.

Don Alphonso *voice-off* I mean – Cooper can swim. But not my ... you know ... Help!
yelling Mayday! Help!

The actors (sailors and pirates alike) look about, unsure of how to react to the cries for help.

Then a very skinny, desiccated pirate holds up a score card reading "2.5". This pirate possesses a squeaky little voice and a Cockney accent.

Skinny pirate *shyly*

I 'ad to give 'im zero points for approach, take-off, execution and entry. Degree of difficulty also zero. So basically 'e got a li'le score of 2 and a 'alf for 'ow nice 'e looked in 'is swimmers.

SPOILER EXPLANATION:

As shown in the storyboard cartoons, the lighter took Don Alphonso straight to pirate "Birdie" Trill on the "Desdemona". So the scene we have just witnessed kicks on from there. Further along, the "Nellie Elle" will pick up the almost lifeless body of Don Alphonso. El Urraq (one of the passengers thereon) will care for the Don.

END OF SCENE



IV, Scene v: "The Wild Corsair" Takes The "Mirrian" (late 17th century)

The "Mirrian" is at anchor. On the deck of this vessel we find several people who enjoy glasses of rum. It is as if they were relaxing at an English tea party.

One by one our camera focuses on El Urraq, Thom Brown (also known as "The Wild Corsair") and Saul (captain of the "Mirrian"). Princess Ulpia has found a secluded spot.

In the background, the pirates from the "Dame Salome" pirate ship (seen nearby) have captured the "Mirrian" sailors. It is as if everyone is standing about waiting for Thom to give the next command.

We understand (hopefully) that these people are actually conversing in Spanish.

Thom *pleased*

This is the only way to parlay! What a glorious day it is too. We are certainly blessed. And you are all no doubt congratulating

yourselves that I'm a dab hand at your Spanish language.

Murmurs of assent are heard.

Thom I have made up my mind. Not a man to dilly-dally. So here is what we shall do. But first –

Captain Saul! You will explain to me why this here glorious vessel of yours –

And be in no uncertainty, sir. I like the cut of its jib, stap me if I don't.

But therein lies the puzzle. This glorious vessel of yours does contain nothing of value. Not at all.

Why then were you bound for Port of St Simon, sir?

Saul *shrugs* That is easy to explain. The beauteous Princess Ulpia is being transported in ease and comfort to Texcoco where her esteemed husband-to-be will claim her in matrimony most sacred.

My idea to visit the pretty Port of St Simon is merely to provide us with a chance for rest from the vagaries of the sea.

Then on to Mesa Central in Texcoco. Deliver the Princess to her ardent fiancé then follow those explicit instructions which I have received (directly from the King of Spain) to join up with several other Spanish vessels in the Caribbean. We are to form a noble escort for the King's ship "Enduma".

Thom *nods* I am very pleased with your tale. However (with your kind leave) I shall change that all about here and there.

El Urraq I hope so. The original scheme (as Captain Saul tells it) does not meet with *my* approval at all. The Princess does not travel to Texcoco, be assured. She sails the world with me. Fetch us a holy man and the wedding is done.

Thom nods again.

El Urraq However (on further consideration) it is not meet for a princess of the royal bloodline to cavort about in the absence of her duenna. You must return Lady Antoinetta to the Princess immediately for her comfort and pleasure.

Thom The duenna stays with me. I have stripped her. I find that her white body pleases me.

El Urraq I can well see that. But her uncle has also been removed from Princess Ulpia's entourage. Outrageous! You shall not treat my future bride so, sir.

Thom You must know (Excellency) that Count Bertanza fled my presence of his own accord. Gone! Gone!

Well he fought bravely and so that is that. Amen to him.

Now – other matters must obtrude here.

My rancid, rat-infested hulk of a ship must be torched. This (the "Mirrian") will be my new ship.

You and Ulpia (your so beautiful intended bride) will be put off at Port of St Simon. All of Saul's crew will be thrown into the gaols there as a promise of good faith.

Murmurs of surprise are heard.

Thom Captain Saul will stay with me. When we join the escort, Saul will be paraded about as a surety. We shall be as a Trojan horse. Once the trap is sprung, down comes the Spanish ensign to be replaced with my Jolly Roger. A flag to warn my pirating pals not to attack *me*.

Thom approaches Princess Ulpia. He sketches a low bow.

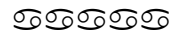
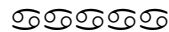
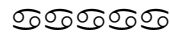
Thom *kindly* Your Serene Highness. May all the Graces in the Heavens worship you as do we mortal men.

My glorious task (in your special honour) will be to care for the

Lady Antoinetta. Keep her clean and fed. Hold her in my arms as I sleep. Dress her. Tidy her. I shall be a pattern-card, Lady.

Princess Ulpia *huffy* This fabulous scheme of yours resembles a gigantic farrago, Captain Thom.

Thom *firmly* We shall see ... We shall see ...



The "Dame Salome" explodes. Fire consumes the rickety vessel. Meanwhile the "Mirrian" sails off towards Port of St Simon. We can hear all kinds of male shouting. Thom delivers a final farewell across the waves.

Thom *shouting from a distance* A toast to you, "Dame Salome". We have come to the end of our travels together, you and I!

END OF SCENE

IV, Scene vi: The “Nellie Elle” Is Visited And Revisited (late 17th century)

Our camera is stationed on the quarterdeck on the “Nellie Elle” pirate ship.

The sun beams down. It is a glorious tropical day. The ship lies at anchor not far off shore (a rocky coast).

The camera moves down into the waist of the ship. Here all the pirates stand about, heads bowed, hats removed.

Facing the men is Philpot Phaedron, with Master Alf at his side. Philpot drones at the men from a worn prayer book. Even though they are at anchor, the ships rocks from side to side. The men sway in order to maintain balance.

Philpot *sonorous* Lord most high: protect us (we who have sinned most vilely in Thy sight). Save us Oh Lord from the raging, merciless seas in which we travel.

Guide those your servants who man this jolly ship (the “Nellie Elle”). May we (fathers, husbands, brothers, sons and friends) be ever faithful, one to the other, and all to our Heavenly Father.
Amen.

All the men repeat “Amen” as they relax, replacing their caps or hats on their heads.

Philpot We welcome to our crew the fabulously wealthy Shah El Urraq. He is brave, pious, strong and manly – the kind of man (that hand on heart) we would all dream of being.

The men applaud as the camera finds El Urraq. He nods regally to Master Alf and Philpot.

Philpot And travelling with El Urraq is his most beautiful wife, Princess Ulpia of Madrid in Spain. She has kindly been instructing us in many old housewifely crafts. Truly we are honoured and blessed to --

One of the pot-boys (not in the waist of the ship) calls out urgently from the deck.

Ezekiel *voice-off urgent shouting* Man overboard! Among the flotsam. Man overboard!

There is a rush of activity. With all voices urgently shouting, calling, advising and admonishing, Don Alphonso (dressed only in his loincloth) is fished out of the water from his makeshift raft.

Don Alphonso is soon assisted by the “Nellie Elle” crew. He is comforted by all the men. A blanket is wrapped around his shoulders. Don Alphonso gibbers in Spanish.

Master Alf This man appears to be a Spaniard (judging by the few jumbled words that I can fathom) ...

El Urraq *taking* Then it is fortunate indeed that I am conversant with that tongue.
command Put him in my cot. I'll deal with this.

Master Alf and Philpot are only too happy to pass the gibbering Don Alphonso over to El Urraq.

Master Alf Crewmates! We head for a rendezvous which could fill our coffers beyond their limits. A Spanish treasure ship – a galleon.

Get ye all back on deck and off we shall sail!

END OF SCENE



ACT V

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**V, Scene i:** Jeparit Nails William Dampier (in 2022)

Jeparit (eagerly thumbing through a book) fairly runs into Gibbo's bedroom (at Noosa Heads), flinging open the door without ceremony.

Jeparit *thrilled* Hey, Skippy! Listen to this!

That William Dampier dude introduced a bucket load of esoteric words into the English language.

Gibbo stirs, groans then rolls over. Jeparit plonks himself down on Gibbo's bed, still reading his book keenly.

Jeparit Get this – barbeque, chopsticks, avocado, posse, cashew, breadfruit ... This guy was a legend!

Gibbo *thick with sleep* I warn you, Bro. Don't ever come into my room again without knocking first. I might have been cranking up for all you know.

Jeparit *unfazed* Well (like I already advised) get yourself a woman or a dog then. Did you hear what I said?

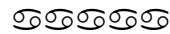
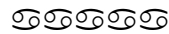
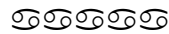
Gibbo Who cares?

Jeparit *excited* I mean, there was Francis Drake. There was Captain James Cook. And wedged between these two heavyweight explorer sailing men was Australia's very own William Dampier.

Gibbo swings his legs over the side of the bed. He rests his elbows on his knees and then his head in his hands.

Gibbo *muffled* Fuck off, you moron!

Jeparit *thrilled* Round the world 3 times and beat Captain Cook to Australia. I didn't know that ...



Jeparit (still holding his beloved book) is now standing outside Gibbo's door. He has been forcibly chucked out.

Gibbo *voice-off, angry* Stay out of my fucking crib, you curry-munching prick!

Jeparit shrugs.

Jeparit *calls out* Just getting into character, Skip.

Jeparit then becomes cheeky. He leans his back against Gibbo's door.

Jeparit *reading* Scientific enquiry. Naturalist. Bit of a dag – liked to indulge in a touch of polite pillage here and there.

[Calls out]

This is gold, Gibbo. We need to mine this real history in your screenplay. He mastered tide movements, storms, wind directions ... genius!

Jeparit whistles happily as he flips through further pages.

Jeparit When he was just a young shaver he got right into navigation. Became a complete legend, apparently. Could read the weather systems like some natives do.

[Calls out]

Most of his early life was spent on the Caribbean Sea. Pirates and Spanish galleons – there you go! Gibbo – we've nailed it!

Suddenly the bedroom door swings open (with force). This causes Jeparit to almost topple over.

Gibbo *savage* Don't do that ever again. That could have been very embarrassing for both of us.

Jeparit *shrugs* I've seen men tugging before. Yesterday's sunshine.

Gibbo snorts loudly (in disgust) as he stalks off towards the kitchen. Jeparit follows him.

Jeparit Okay so he sailed with pirates around Tierra del Fuego. And they harried the Spanish along the continent's west coast. They were dripping with gold and silver (the Spanish were). King's ransom!

He crossed the Pacific to the Philippines and Spice Islands –

Gibbo has reached the kitchen. He begins to prepare breakfast.

Gibbo Yeah, yeah, yeah ... And that's why he's in the movie.

Jeparit sits on a bar stool, dropping his William Dampier book onto the bench.

Jeparit What are you cooking up for brekky?

Gibbo Um ... I dunno. Bacon, eggs, tomato, bread ... stuff like that ...

Jeparit Make it a double-serve, will ya? I'm starving.

Gibbo Yeah, sure.

[Nasty]

But there won't be any curry or naan bread or that in it. Sorry but there it is, mate.

Jeparit smiles. But it is not a friendly smile.

Jeparit *super sweet* One of these fine days I'm gonna smack you. I'll make a very nice fist and I'll plant my bunch of fives right in your gob.

Gibbo leans forward.

Gibbo *super sweet* Do you want breakfast or not?

Jeparit makes a very dismissive gesture.

Jeparit Course I do! Keep going. And I like my eggs sunny side up.
Thanks.

Gibbo gives Jeparit a speaking look, nods and then progresses with the cooking.

END OF SCENE

V, Scene ii: William Dampier HMS Roebuck (late 17th century)

William Dampier is played by the actor who plays Jeparit.

[Although Jeparit is played by an Indian actor (or at least an actor with Indian heritage) this casting will equate to an Englishman with a suntan.]

William and his First Lieutenant Morgan stand at the bow, focusing into the distance with spyglasses to the eye. On deck, all the sailors are very active about their tasks.

The wind is blowing on-shore from the West (the Indian Ocean). Sea birds circle overhead, along with some other birds (more commonly found on land).

Lookout *voice-* Land! Land, there!
off yelling Seven points to larboard, sir.

William *mutters* Aye ... These birds give away the game, do they not?

Morgan *loudly* Hi Lookout! Will a landing be possible, think you?

Lookout *voice-* Nay! Not presently ...
off yelling But it will be when the surf calms down, sir.

William Take a sounding, if you please Leff-tenant Morgan.

Morgan touches the brim of his hat, turns and marches off.

Morgan *voice-off* Swing the lead, there!
yelling

As each officer gives out a command, it will be heard repeated by males (voice-off).

While Morgan has left William's side, we take a panorama of the Eastern-most reaches of the Indian Ocean as it meets the continent of Australia. All this while William is intent on the view from his spyglass.

Morgan returns to his side.

Sounder *voice-off* 24 fathoms here, sir. Some clear sand with rocky outcrops.

Morgan *to William* 24 fathoms and rock enough to hold the anchor. That likes me.

William reluctantly puts the spyglass from his eye. He turns towards the aft.

William Aye!

Close reef the topsail. Hand the main and mizzen tops'l and get down the top gallant yards. If you please, Leff-tenant.

Morgan once again moves about on deck.

Morgan *yells to the* Close reef the topsail, there.

crew Hand the main and mizzen topsail.

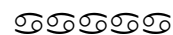
Get down the top gallant yards.

Warmly now men!

We can hear distant men calling out "Aye! Aye!" There is a rush of activity among the sailors, some of whom clamber up the ratlines.



SLIGHT PAUSE



Now the coast is clearly visible. Seagulls caw above.

William *yelling* Bring the Roebuck to!

Morgan *yelling* Drop the anchor there!

We see a gang of sailors lower the anchor. The creaking of the chains is loud.

William *yelling* Hoi there jolly tar. Be so good as to hoist out the pinnacle!

Morgan swings around to face William. His face displays a deep frown. The ship has slowed enough for the anchor to take grip on the sea floor.

Morgan *to William* Belay that order, Sir! You heard the lookout – the surf is too heavy

to make a landing possible.

William looks daggers at Morgan.

William *begrudgingly* Aye! Well thought out.

But I could have thee whipped for thy damned impertinence ...

Very well. Belay that order, there.

Sailor *voice-off* Sir? Please resay the command.

William *yelling, angry* Belay the order for the pinnace. Belay it, damn you! Do you hear me now that I am shouting?

Sailor *voice-off* Aye! Aye, sir!

Morgan *quietly,*
controlling his temper You are ever in a great rush to gather up the local vegetation. But I grant you – 'twill still be there tomorrow morning when a safer landing might be compassed. Then you may forage at your will.

[An afterthought]

Sir.

Morgan and William stare angrily at each other. Then William backs down with a sigh. He pats Morgan's chest.

William *pleasant* Come! I have a neat bottle of mangrove rum in my cabin which must not be drunk by one man alone. I charge you (Leff-tenant) to join me in the consumption of same.

(I'd rather that than have thee flogged).

Aye! And we'll crack a whid. There's right fellowship for you!

William and Morgan begin to walk towards the cabin.

Morgan *sly* And will that loosen your lips enough to indulge me with the truth behind this venture?

William *surprised* Aye ... Out of course. "The truth", is it?

Morgan *to a young* Keep a sharp watch, if you please. Should any folk who might

sailor inhabit that bit of land yonder approach this vessel, you shall inform me of same very sharply.

Young sailor Aye! Aye!

Morgan Should you need me, I'll be with the Captain in his cabin.

Morgan nods then follows William who has outstripped him.

~~~~~ **BREAK** ~~~~~

~~~~~ **WILLIAM'S CABIN ABOARD THE ROEBUCK** ~~~~~

In the confines of William's cabin, William and Morgan smoke pipes and drink rum.

William is conspiratorial. He leans forward. His eyes sparkle. He speaks in a low, thrilling voice.

William Tell me true, now. Have you ever found the chance to meet a fine gent from Norway?

Music: "something-is-about-to-happen". This music is very underplayed but meaningful.

Morgan *frowns* What? I think not, sir.

William Well, once I did meet just such a Norwegian nobleman. What was his name I know not. The bluest of blue eyes he had. And when he told me his tale, those blue eyes seemingly bored into my very soul.

Morgan *alert* Tell me.

William So here is the tale (for what it's worth).
Many hundreds of years ago (when the world was but a newborn babe) this nobleman's kinfolk came somewheres about here to bury their treasure.

Morgan *very alert* Treasure? What treasure?

William These kinfolk from Norway were heathen devils, belike. They stole

gelt (along with other church wealth) from Holy men. And not one jot of regret did they feel for their unchristian pillage. **And** murder!

Then they dragged themselves all this way such that they visaged in the sky the Southern Cross up above.

Can anyone believe that?

Morgan *whispers* Here? Came they here? To the far side of the globe? From Norway?

William Aye! So the tale wends ...

The penny drops for Morgan. His eyes light up.

Morgan And that is why you are so very keen to get yourself onto that shore.

[Chuckles]

You don't care a toss for the wildlife hereabouts.

William Nay but I do! I do ... Most certainly I do.
However, when a chest full of precious religious doodads beckons ...

William stands. He takes a meditative turn about the cabin.

Morgan Wealth ripped from a monastery or an abbey or a cathedral mayhap ... By fierce blood-letting pagans. Here in this God-forsaken pocket. It's to dream of, yes?

William *nods* There is a map. Some lines they be, etched on smooth goat leather.

Morgan *keen* You have it?

William I have it not.

Morgan *frowns* Then --

William 'Twas chucked into the drink in a sealed bottle or vase or some such. It has been seen – viewed by many, many man. But make head or end or tail of it, none can manage.

Ah, well ...

William resumes his seat.

William We'll fossick about. The men need not be suspicious: this is a mandated tour of the world to gather natural specimens after all. If we dig about here and there, 'twill be said that we seek turtle eggs or such.

There is a short silence. Both men are musing.

William Our guest ... the Spanish cove. Were you able to parlay with him?

Morgan *rueful smile* Aye! But only in Latin, sir. He has no ear for our English tongue and I am a virgin in the Spanish one.

We met halfway with Latin.

William And he told you ... ?

Morgan Only that he is a count in the court at Madrid. Bertanza Phillipe, he is called. His vessel was overcome by pirates. That is why we found him a-bobbing about in that wretched little boat.

According to his clear memories, he was valiant in the fray ... To no avail, it seems. Something about a half-naked woman ... Not sure if I got that right ... I never was a scholar (more's the pity).



On the shore at Roebuck Bay, many sailors potter about. They find some bits and pieces from the Viking boat, Viking helmets and so on.

Count Bertanza stays close to William and Morgan. They simply dabble about as dilettantes, enjoying each other's company. As they search for the Viking treasure, they also collect botanical specimens.

Count Bertanza frequently flicks his hanky about, in an effort to shoo away annoying flies.

END OF SCENE

V, Scene iii: The Attack on the Spanish Galleon "Enduma" (late 17th century)

We now enjoy a "to-die-for" scene of the "Nellie Elle" surging through the waves, sails unfurled. We can make out the brisk activity of the crew. El Urraq, Master Alf and Benjamin stand at the bow, holding spyglasses to their eyes.



Our camera then rises up into the sky such that we can pan across to the distant flotilla centred on the "Enduma" just as Professor Lieden describes. And then ... Guess what!



Our 5 friends are playing darts somewhere in the building. A huge screen provides a backdrop. The beautiful seascape rolls on (on this huge screen) uninterrupted. They speak as they play.

Donny

Hang on! Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!

I thought I was followin' this but apparently I'm on the wrong tram. Again!

Gibbo *surprised* What?

Donny *agitated* You've got the Rey-man leaving his tribe of savages (sorry fellas for callin' ya savages, but you know what I mean).

Where was I?

Oh, yeah. Rey was shunted off in an outrigger and now he's on this other tub just as we're about to enjoy the big shootout.

Cooper What other tub?

Jeparit He's talking about the Cantelle. So the outrigger people (Bobi's crowd of hangers-on) shipped Rey onto the Cantelle, little knowing that it was about to get blown apart in the attack on the "Enduma" which is just coming up.

Cooper *confused* Another explosion? Does Gelignite-Tones know about that?

Gibbo *ignoring Cooper* See, Don? Jeparit gets it so why can't you?

Jeparit The Professor explained all that in that clip that Naomi-Don't-Touch-My-Knickers made us watch. The Cantelle is one of the u-bewt little ships that escorts the "Enduma" (that's the Spanish galleon which is loaded to the sky with gold and stuff) towards Spain but ... Shit! I forget what happens next.

Gibbo Okay! So what happens next is that Rey gets dragged **off** the Cantelle and onto the "Nellie Elle" when that bunch of drop-kick picaroons (which is another way of saying pirates) rocks up.

Donny *totally at sea* No ... Hang on! The Nellie isn't in the big dance.

Gibbo Yes and no. That Prof bloke explained it all pretty clear. Weren't ya listening?

Look – Nellie is one of the jackals that goes into the big stoush (not to do any damage) but just to pick up any crumbs that might

be lurking around. See?

Wayne

And lo and behold! The crumb turns out to be the butterfly king
Rey. He of the titchy crown.

[Huge irony]

They'll love that for sure!

Gibbo *supportive of
Rey*

Rey is a fine sailing man. He'll help the picaroons on board doing
nautical stuff.

Donny, Wayne, Cooper
and Jeparit

Bullshit!

~~~~~

## END OF THE INTERRUPTION

~~~~~

**THIS IS THE SECOND BIGGEST SCENE
AFTER THE RAID ON THE MONASTERY
NOT SCRIPTED – DIRECTOR'S DISCRETION ADVISED**

Footnote: I simply cannot script this high-octane action sequence from a desk & chair in south-east Queensland. But these salient points ***must*** be included. Refer back to the schematic in ACT II, scene vii.

- Camerawork will be a mix of shots at sea level with shots overhead.
- The "Dirty Nun", the "Indulva", the "Desdemona" and the "Black Sloop" converge on the "Enduma" flotilla.
- Cannon shots are seen and heard (from all ships).
- The "Nellie Elle" hovers on the outskirts of the flotilla, keeping clear of the bigger pirate ships.

- The "Mirrian" betrays the flotilla. Captain Thom lowers the Spanish flag to replace it with the Jolly Roger (skull and crossbones). The "Mirrian" peels off from the flotilla to join the pirate vessels in their harrying of the galleon.
- The "Cantelle" is destroyed under the battery of relentless cannon fire. We see Rey in the water. We see him rescued by the crew of the "Nellie Elle".
- The "Londres" and the "Vevemaz" are boarded by pirates.
- The "Mirrian" harries the "Bonnita" and the "Musea". These two latter ships speedily withdraw from the skirmish.
- The pirate ships chase the "Enduma" (still unaffected by the pirate onslaught) as she continues alone.
- All the pirate ships deliver volleys of cannon fire at the "Enduma". The cannon fire is returned.
- We join the film crew in their helicopter. They can be seen and heard to applaud and cheer.
- We join the film crew in their launch. They can also be seen and heard to applaud and cheer.

END OF SCENE

V, Scene iv: Rey Confirms His Identity (late 17th century)

Our camera is located on the deck of the "Nellie Elle". Rey (dressed in his "William Dampier" outfit) stands proudly, looking about him with haughty disdain. Facing Rey are El Urraq (grim-faced), Don Alphonso, Master Alf, Philpot and Andrew.

Rey My crown has dropped out of sight with all my other possessions during the storming of the "Enduma". I was stationed on the "Cantelle" which was blown apart by savage rogues and freebooters. No doubt it will be fished-up from Neptune's locker in due course.

Master Alf tries to be diplomatic.

Master Alf *carefully* That is as may be --

Rey extends his bejewelled hand.

Rey My finger-ware did not drift off, however. If you should care to inspect my finger ring, that must allay all doubts.

I am indeed a Spanish king: Rey Guidado Gormez.

No further proof need be (nor will be) offered theretofore.

Master Alf nods. However he still wishes verification from some other source.

Master Alf *to El Urraq* What think you, Excellency?

El Urraq stares hard at Rey (who returns the stare with hauteur). Then El Urraq bows.

El Urraq It would seem that the sole "treasure" that you have won from the recent encounter (Master Alf) is this person here.

Andrew But could we not bargain with Spain for his safe return? A ransom like? That might rake us in some fancy gelt.

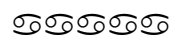
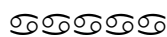
El Urraq *to Rey* I cannot recall your face from the Court, howsoever.

[To Don Alphonso]

Do you recognize this king?

Don Alphonso I am the very last person that you should be asking (so unfamiliar am I with royal doings).

Philpot *to El Urraq* What about your lady, sir? Surely she will know.



Princess Ulpia is led forward by El Urraq. She immediately goes up to Rey and they embrace.

Princess Ulpia *joyful* How intensely gratifying it is to meet with you once again, Cousin.

And in this far-flung corner of our world.

I sincerely trust that you took no hurt from the battles?

Rey ardently kisses the hand of Princess Ulpia.

Rey Beloved Cousin! My battle scars and wounds are but nought (to hold you once again to my chest).

 All that befell me was an encounter with pirates (who ejected me into the sea).

 Wherein I floated about amongst a bevy of beauteous mermaids. Upon making landfall, I was taken under the care of a madman of medicinal bent. He brought back my strength. Then on to more adventures of a seafaring nature.

Ah Princess! How very lovely you look!

Princess Ulpia *to general audience* My dearest gentlemen: this fine man is the nephew of my father King Charles IV of the House of Bourbon. And thus my cousin. He is indeed the king of a small principality (Lancet La Falle) as ordained by King Charles.

They all look from one to the other as if the conundrum of Rey has been resolved to everyone's satisfaction. El Urraq executes a gracious bow. However Don Alphonso frowns. He sidles up to Rey.

Don Alphonso Majesty! You spoke of mermaids. How pleasant that must have been.

Rey *haughty* But yes! Delightful creatures. They made such a fuss of me that my journey seemed no tedium at all.

Don Alphonso Would your Serene Highness care to share your experience with one who almost perished in the ocean without succour.

Rey smiles benignly, nodding.

Rey *sighs* If I were only a poet ...



Rey is floating about on the sea, on a makeshift raft. There are 7 very pretty mermaids swimming about in his vicinity.

One by one, they haul themselves on board Rey's raft. Each mermaid kisses Rey (quite ardently). He touches the long wet hair of each mermaid only to find that each one is bare-breasted. Then (as she has been kissed by Rey) each mermaid returns to the sea.

Rey lies back on his raft with a goofy smile on his face. His hands are placed over his groin to save embarrassment (even though only God can see him).



Both men look at each other. Both men sigh. Don Alphonso gives a slight bow, then moves away.

END OF SCENE

V, Scene v: The Vikings Decipher The Map (late 17th century)

The sun sets. On the deck of the "Nellie Elle" stand Rey, El Urraq and Don Alphonso. Quietly, the trio drink rum as they soak in the beauty of the sunset.

Master Alf strolls up. He is a bit shy with so much grandeur before him.

Master Alf We have lost the wind for a stretch. We are becalmed here it would seem. But not for long, methinks. Not for long.

El Urraq Will you not join us in a drop of this most excellent rum?

Master Alf nods. Don Alphonso hands over a glass to Master Alf, who salutes the gentlemen with his glass.

Master Alf Cheerio!

Our camera pans about as the men drink.

Rey to Master Alf You will not suffer financially for your kindness to myself and Don Alphonso here. You and your sterling crew will be rewarded soundly.

Master Alf That is most ...

It seems that Master Alf is unable to continue. He seems to be focused on the far horizon.

Master Alf I apologize, your Excellencies ... But ...

Don Alphonso *dreamily* You see them, too? Eyes. There are eyes there.

El Urraq *uncertain* The clouds were wispy, ethereal. That was ...

Yes! On the horizon where the clouds spin ... The eyes belong to women ... To angels ...

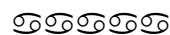
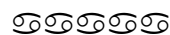
Master Alf breathes in short gasps. He tries to react to what he sees but he is almost immobilized.

Master Alf And how can that wee boat speed towards us when ... When ...
When there is no wind?

It appears that everyone on board the "Nellie Elle" is staring at the fast-approaching knarr. Even the pirates stand about like statues. All eyes are transfixed on the horizon.

Lovely, willowy females fly through the twilight towards the "Nellie Elle". Effortlessly the knarr speeds ever faster. It glides over the surface of the water.

On reaching "Nellie Elle" the Vikings aboard the knarr come on board the pirate ship with absolutely no effort.



The spell is broken!

We have moved into the master's cabin visited in ACT I, Scene vii. The scene is illuminated by an oil lamp which hangs from the "ceiling". Also, a couple of candles in stands have been provided.

At the table sit Gabriel and Claude. On the other side of the table sit Erik and Lars. Lars places a glinting Viking axe onto the table without emotion. Master Alf places his loaded flintlock pistol on the table beside Claude. And then Master Alf steps back. Gabriel (sweating with fear) holds out the goatskin map to Erik and Lars.

With very mysterious music building up, we see the two Vikings pour over the map. They trace about with their fingers as they mutter in deep under-voices to each other. Lars nods to Erik. Then he addresses Gabriel and Claude.

Lars thrilling

This piece of goatskin has been inscribed upon by Rurik.

He was the skipa of a mighty long-ship. Proud he was and brave.
Rurik swung his axe so that many monks died. That hoard of
Godly remnants was taken from the home of the monks (that you
people might call a "monastery" or "abbey") and buried far, far
away. Only Rurik might know where that place was.

Erik approaches. He leans forward, propping himself over the table beside Lars. His eyes are hard and unforgiving.

Erik *very deep voiced* But one by one did those warriors who cleaved to Rurik travel to the last feast in Valhalla. Until only Rurik (bereft at his loss) was left.

This goatskin map has passed on from one to th'other until such time as you two men won it in a game of dice.

How prophetic! Rurik's secret to be uncovered in a game of dice!

Erik goes to the wall where he points to a map of the then-known world. The candles are carried closer. We see Erik point to the vague coastline of Nova Guinea. Then Erik slides his finger south of "Nova Guinea". He taps his finger on the map several times.

Erik *dark, foreboding* Rurik did bury the Godly hoard in the place marked on this map. And committed the map to the sea for others to find. But the man who has come to unearth the holy treasure many centuries later does not find it. He does not have this map, do you see.

He is the skipa of the Roebuck. We shall find him there, at the last resting place of the mighty Rurik. With him, his crew grow red under the beating sun. Mayhap we may rescue them from its relentless heat.

Erik takes a long look at all the faces around him. They are all agog as they are lit by the candlelight.

Erik *very deep voiced* That is where you must sail, in your tidy ship. To the place where the Roebuck is even now anchored, south of Nova Guinea. It is a wild place: rugged and noisome. But that is where you must sail.

Follow our ghostly knarr. It will guide you there.

And may good luck attend your venture.



Our camera allows us to view the fast-moving night sky (populated by twinkling stars). The lovely angels seem to swim lazily through the sky as escort to the two vessels.

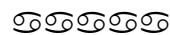
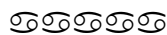
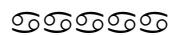
The knarr races around the world at the speed of a jet plane. In its wake follows the “Nellie Elle”. On arriving at what will become Roebuck Bay in Western Australia, the knarr comes to a dead stop. The “Nellie Elle” sails up to the HMS Roebuck and drops anchor.

There is a large commotion among the Roebuck sailors who have been commanded to man the guns. That will entail decamping from the beach and re-boarding their ship. Thus they begin to scramble into yawls.

Tarfeet hoists a flag to indicate that the “Nellie Elle” comes in peace.

The Vikings and the picaroons are able to move through the water without effort. They meet the startled Roebuck sailors on the sand. On this side of the globe, the sun is rising.

There is a three-way face-off: the ghostly knarr crew, the HMS Roebuck sailors and the picaroons. However, Rey goes to Count Bertanza to embrace him. As the sun continues to climb in the sky, Count Bertanza finds El Urraq. Grouped in the middle of the three factions are: Rey, Don Alphonso, William Dampier, El Urraq and Count Bertanza.



The sun rises with majesty. The magic is over.

Rey is now Gibbo.

Don Alphonso is now Cooper.

William Dampier is now Jeparit.

El Urraq is now Donny.

Count Bertanza is now Wayne.



Midnight holds the goatskin map. Armed with spades, picks and other heavy tools, the crew of the “Nellie Elle” lead the HMS Roebuck sailors to part of the hinterland which they have not yet dug. And thus diggin commences.

~~~~~

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*Meanwhile, Wayne stands four-square in front of Donny.*

*Our camera scans from one to the other, taking in a close-up of the expression on each man’s face.*

*Wayne whispers angrily to Donny.*

Wayne *angry whisper*     I told ya to leave yer dirty mitts off Shailah. I seen her first! She’s my lady – not yours.

*The camera stops roving.*

Donny *annoyed*             And I told you before: Donald Airlie is not touching Shailah  
*whisper*                        Coniglio.  
                                      El Urraq (my character) is touching Princess Ulpia (her character).  
                                      That’s what’s in the –

*From now on, the camera will follow the action as advised. Wayne and Donny are bristling for a punch-on.*

Wayne *low-voiced,*        Well, from where I stand, you’re touching my woman. And I told  
*angry*                            ya to stop.

*Donny turns towards Wayne*

Donny *equally angry*       I’m doing what the scriptwriter told me to do and nothing more. If  
                                      you got a problem with that (you prick!) then take it up with  
                                      Gibbo. He wrote this fuckin’ shit!

*Wayne moves right up to Donny, such that they are chest to chest.*

Wayne *really*                I don’t give a flying fuck about the fuckin’ script! You are a cunt

*aggressive* and I'm gonna smash your pretty boy face in!

*Donny and Wayne now lay into each other. They wind up on the sand. They are wrestling, grunting and groaning.*

*The crewmen and friends jump in to separate them. There is a medley of sage advice:*

- *Come on!*
- *They want to get this scene cranked up.*
- *Oh, come on. None of that!*
- *Come on boys. Leave it for now.*

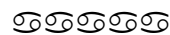
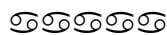
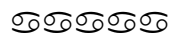
*As the friends try to pull Donny and Wayne apart, Erik looks about at the other Vikings (who have not joined in the search for Rurik's treasure).*

*Erik a bit lost* Turn it up!

What's with the jumper-pulling? Is that what these losers call shaping-up? Might as well be shadow-boxing.

Jeez! This is what our females do when they have a dust-up.

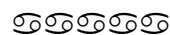
Crikey! Talk about soft!



*The knarr Vikings have disappeared. So also has the knarr.*

*A huge shout goes up.*

*In great excitement, the treasure chest is found. Everyone rushes over to share in the joy.*



*In the background we can see a large group of people (both cast and crew) having a coffee break in the spot where the treasure chest was located.*

*Shailah (superb in a sarong-style bathing costume) and Wayne (dressed in board shorts) are together on a beach sheet on the sand. They are heavily petting. Apparently Wayne and Donny have got over their spat.*

*Our 4 friends (all casually dressed) wander up: Gibbo, Donny, Cooper and Jeparit. Wayne immediately disengages from Shailah to join them. She could not care less whether Wayne stays or goes.*

Cooper *astounded*

Wow!

I mean ... Wow!

I still can't get over it.

Donny

That's ... That's ...

Gibbo *smug*

All those moons ago I tried to impress on youse (and on Naomi-No-Nuts) the importance of these old Vikings. No-one would listen!

Wayne

Yeah, yeah ... Ya made yer point.

Donny

So we just all stayed aboard the "Nellie Elle" as she sailed to Western Australia ... To Roebuck Bay. Sweet!

Jeparit *to Gibbo*

But what you're saying Gib is that the Vikings made it to the West coast of Oz?

Gibbo

Not in real life. But in this picture they did. Sure!

The point was that the guys missed out on their cut from attacking the "Enduma" (which they never got around to doing anyway, since they didn't have any cannons). They made that up with their whack from the Viking horde.

So all good.

Cooper

Only now we've run out of story. Maybe we can drive over to Flem's joint and blow-up his garden shed or something.

*Everyone stops to stare blankly at Cooper.*

Jeparit *confused*                      What?

Cooper                                      Well, I been counting the explosions and we come up short.  
Wasn't the minimum 10? I only counted 8.

Gibbo *sighs*                              Okay. We'll dredge up Tony Nedson. He's probably --

*Wayne (excited) snaps his fingers.*

Wayne                                      Hey! Thinking music here! Sydney Harbour. One of those islands.  
Get Tones to plant a few sticks of gelignite --

Cooper                                      Or back to an idea I had last time. Captain Cook's cottage ... In  
Melbourne ...

*Gibbo puts Cooper into a playful headlock.*

*Happy, laughing and matey, the men wander off.*

END OF SCENE

## **V, Scene vi:** Bagpipe Lullaby On The "Nellie Elle" (late 17<sup>th</sup> century)

*The "Nellie Elle" lies at anchor. Our camera is situated in Master Alf's cabin. There is a pleasant gentle rocking (we see that by the motion of the hanging lamp.) Master Alf smokes his pipe. The cabin door is open. Andrew marches in, closes and locks the cabin door then plonks himself in a chair nearby to Master Alf (who has tucked his flintlock pistol into his belt). So now both men are sitting at the Master's tiny table.*

*Between his legs (under the table) Andrew guards a strongbox. The lid of this strongbox is open. On the table lie a dozen or so small bags of strong cloth. Also sitting on the table is a solid dark brown bottle, filled with rum.*

Andrew *grinning*                      I asked for a lullaby, sir, like you said. Duck-Money is just now  
fetching up his pipes from his duffle. But no tar will sleep tonight,

lying awake a-thinking of his gelt that is to come.

*Master Alf nods.*

Master Alf                    That Will Dampier is a regular sort of cove. Very affable. Runs a trim ship and knows the business, belike.

He was most particular about dividing the spoils in a fair way. Convenient too as he leant more towards the coinage for our share (being as how it would be mortal hard for us to flog the state-ware).

No all things considered, that there is a fine gentleman and I'm glad to call him friend.

*[Nods towards the bottle]*

Added to which, he handed over to me as a parting gift a nice drop of mangrove rum. Which you and me will now enjoy, Mr Squirrel.

Andrew                    Aye! Aye, sir! That's one command I'll not think ill of.

*The mournful sound of the bagpipes is heard from afar.*

*Andrew fetches two glasses. Master Alf pours a small amount of rum into each glass. The two men clink glasses. And then they sip the mellow rum. This scene possesses something very satisfying about it.*

Andrew                    Ooo! That certainly smacks the palate.

To your very good health sir.

Master Alf                    Aye! And yours, Andrew. And yours.

And may we meet with more phantoms (unearthly though they be) that might draw us on to find buried treasure.

*The two men chuckle and drink. More rum is poured and drunk.*

*Andrew fetches a heavy sack. The bottle of rum and the glasses are moved aside. The heavy sack is hauled up onto the table by both men. They laugh and grunt at the weight of it.*

*Then Master Alf and Andrew run their fingers through the hoard of gold and silver coins.*

Andrew                      Midnight and Chief Proudfeather won that there strange map. And so it seems just and right to me that they be rewarded a little extra. Begging your pardon, Master Alf. But that would be my way of reckoning it up.

Master Alf *nods*              Aye! You are in the right of it. Extra coins for two very lucky gamesters.

Come on! We'll divvy it up, then bag it.

*The work is methodical. Coins are piled on the table in equal amounts.*

Master Alf                      This loot is doing my head in. I cannot settle on what I shall spend with my allotment.

Mayhap I'll purchase a corner of Cornwall. A pretty spot where I can get me a new wife. A comely lass to comfort me as I steadily creep nearer to old age. Smoke my pipe, eat fragrant cheese on crusty bread and drink my rum. Ah! What a lovely little life that will be!

Heaven knows where the old wife might be situated ... Nay! Waiting for me she will **not** be. And that is the truth.

No ... All told, a sweet girl is what I crave. One that can sing like a bird all day long. This gelt will further forward that desire, think on.

*The soft lullaby music changes to something louder, more upbeat. Master Alf appears to be listening. Then he smiles broadly.*

Master Alf *nodding*              I thought that might be the case ...



*On deck, all the picaroons dance about in splendid abandon (the lullaby having been shunted). Duck-Money taps his foot as he wrings every last effort out of his ancient bagpipes. The men sing as they dance to the tune: "Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap". Rum is drunk as several men clap in time to the music.*

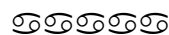
*The picaroons are having a marvellous time.*

Footnote: The ACDC song will be used only in the case that we used it in ACT IV, scene i. Otherwise, go with whatever we used there.

END OF SCENE

## **V, Scene vii:** Des Ormond – Go You Good Thing! (in 2022)

*Our camera focuses on a corner of Gibbo's swimming pool. The water scintillates invitingly. Into this void swim Naomi and Gibbo. Gibbo pins Naomi in the corner. The pair look at each other very lovingly. They kiss very passionately, holding each other. Clearly they are in the beginning of a hot and steamy love affair.*



*Gibbo and Naomi have broken up the clinch. Naomi, Des and the two kids swim about. There is the usual play noise. The 4 friends (Gibbo, Donny, Cooper and Jeparit) sit about beside the pool drinking beer. Naomi plays with the children in Des's company. Naomi and Gibbo glance frequently at each other with great affection.*

*This scene is relaxing, tranquil (in its own way).*

Jeparit

Where's Wayno?

Donny Just got engaged to Shailah, so he's busy –  
*[Whistles and winks]*  
You know.  
Aw, they might come later, but. Never know your luck.

Cooper *to Des* You're a helluva big unit Des, if ya don't mind me saying.

Des Aw I've gone to seed a bit now ... But yeah I was a prop with Cronulla for a few months a long, long --

Jeparit *snarky* I'd have guessed that you might have been a prop if anyone had asked me. No offence of course.

Donny *to Des* We could have used you as a Viking. The shower we had were pretty gruesome.

Gibbo Flem nearly keeled over when he saw the bill that came in for the damage those ratbags did to the RSL in North Bondi. You could hardly count the row of zeroes behind the dollar sign.

Des *surprised* But I **was** a Viking! Youse blokes all came up and congratulated me after I done me scenes.

*The 5 friends are all surprised. They cannot work it out. Des is equally surprised that they do not recall this.*

Gibbo *frowns* When ... When did we do that?

Des Flem was there. You all came up and we high-fived. You all said stuff like: "Great work, big guy!"  
Like that.

*The 5 friends look from one to the other. Naomi rolls her eyes.*

Naomi *snarky* Tsk! He played Rurik. God! You blokes are as thick as two planks sometimes.

*As Des nods, the others are aghast.*



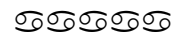
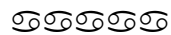
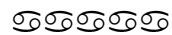
Donny *eyes goggling*      ***You – were – Rurik?***

That was ***you?*** Get out of here!

*Des laughs.*

Des                              I won the part because I could do this.

*Des roars in the manner of the roaring men of our opening scene. The 2 children squeal with delight.*



Cooper *to Gibbo*              Hey! You should have invited Gelignite along. He woulda loved this.

Gibbo                              Tony Nedson? Yeah. He's comin' ...

And the Prof.

*[Frowns, shrugs]*

But he drinks wine ... So I dunno ...

END OF SCENE

END OF ACT V

END OF FILM

END CREDITS

*In voice-over, the 5 friends will enumerate their memories of the movie. Note that the knarr and its occupants do not rate even a mention. Neither do the picaroons on the "Nellie Elle". Yet they were the core to the whole thing. How sad is that!*

Female *voice-over*            Could you all please relate the highlights of this filmic journey?

- The blood-and-guts expo at the monastery (courtesy of Rurik). Awesome!
- That big dance with the pirates and the Spanish thingummy-doodle.
- You know what? We didn't manage one single super-charged car chase (like we did in the last movie).
- Duh! 17<sup>th</sup> century ... so horses and wagons only.
- Yeah but instead we put on a thrill-a-minute speedboat ride – just as good.
- On the way to the big brawl at the RSL.
- But Gibbo never scripted that. That was an accident. Or do I mean incident? Anyway, we can't count it.
- I reckon we clocked-up 8 power-packed explosions but I'll need to re-check that.
- Flem's garden shed going up was a real high point.
- You never blew up Flem's shed, did ya?
- Yeah. Me and Tones. Yeah. We did. Rakes and flower pots and that – all flying through the air like bullets out of a gun. I nearly got a hard-on.
- But ... that's a rental isn't it? The shed, I mean.
- Who'd know.
- Who'd care?
- One full-on root.
- Who? Who got rooted?
- Shailah and Donny. I mean: the Princess and El Urraq.
- Did they really have a naughty?
- Well, yeah ... as we slid off into the end of scene they did.

- Jeez! Get over it, will ya! They got ***married!*** He's probably totes exhausted from swinging the wedding tackle by now.
- 7 Topless mermaids. One for every day of the week.
- Half-a-dozen fantastic sword fights.
- Cooper in drag and then in a loincloth. A lot of peeps would have paid big dollars just to see that.
- Only if they were deranged in some way.
- Gibs in his birthday suit when Bobi had to fix him up.
- But nothing was seen. I told the cameraman not to show anything gruesome (undercarriage-wise).
- Oh yeah! That horse race in all the dust – that was magic!
- The whizz-bang stuff at the end.
- Yo! Finding that treasure chest – that was cool.
- Sweet!
- Brutal!
- Blood oath!
- Okay Gib. What'll we do for next time?

Gibbo has been thrashing around with ideas for his next filmic triumph:

biopics, crime, lust-in-the-dust ...

Result? It's a no-brainer: take a beloved classic novel and film it!

Even if there are already 20 such offerings, surely Gibbo can add one more.

In a new twist, the peeps at Buckingham Palace decide to give out hisses (rather than kisses) to the deserving few. Instead of KCMG, the "honour" will be WTEBS ("Worst Thing Ever Been Seen").

And Gibbo will be first cab off the rank.

"Cajolery" will earn for him the inaugural **Crotch-Kick** non-award.

The moral being:

"If you don't understand Jane Austen -- then leave the poor girl alone!"