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PROLOGUE A

UNCLE DAPTO

Sets us up for the man we do not meet: Artie.

And (worse luck!) we bump into Milo.

(Sherryn does her best ...)

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Scene: Exterior.

Drongdrong Picnic Race Meeting.

It is a glorious Saturday in Western New South Wales.

The Drongdrong Racing Club is holding the biannual picnic race meeting.

Our camera captures the wild beauty of the surrounding bush. The cars (sedans, utes and 4WDs) are parked in some sort of order on a slope. Nearby the horse transports and horse floats are nestled in a designated area. Lots of racehorses are being led about by lots of people. People crowd into the bar -- talking, laughing, drinking cold beer from plastic tumblers. Everyone is armed with a mobile phone. Children run about as picnic lunches are being enjoyed in the shade. Women in their finery are photographed (again, more mobile phones).

This is a top-notch day out for the locals or for visiting Sydneysiders.

The horses running in the next race present in the mounting yard under the watchful eyes of interested punters. Our camera picks out one particular punter: Artie Rice Cougan. Artie does not fall into conversation with anyone. He is focused on horseflesh.

The mounting yard is very busy: horses in their racing gear (saddled with numbers visible), strappers, trainers, jockeys, officials and owners. Two clerks of the course are mounted on their ponies, having a yarn to anyone on either side of the mounting yard fence. One of these clerks is Uncle Dapto in his clerk-of-the-course kit.

Uncle Dapto catches the eye of Artie. Both men give a brief acknowledgement to each other. Then Artie wanders off.

Uncle Dapto *voice-* See that bow-legged bloke wandering around? That's Artie

over Rice Cougan. Worked on the rodeo circuit. Got an amazin' rapport with horses, eh. Dogs, too. Even dingoes loved Artie. His real passion was fishin' but that's another story ...

The course broadcaster's voice peels overhead. Our camera idles about on the racehorses.

Uncle Dapto *voice-over* Artie Rice Cougan managed to blend into the crowd, eh. He gives nothin' away as he looks over the horses presenting for the next race. But if you watch closely, you'll see that plenty of blokes are watchin' Artie (as inconspicuously as they can).

Watching him, eh ... Because Artie always made a packet at the races (even at the picnic races at Drongdrong) ...

Artie finds a spot under a tree. He leans against the tree, working busily on his mobile phone. The bets that he is making on line come from his head: he has nothing written down and does not refer to racebook nor form guide.

Uncle Dapto *voice-over* About 20 years ago you'd put your bets on in public view with the bookies, eh, and all the bogans could see what you were doin'. But these days Artie has an on-line bookie, just a mobile phone app away.

He slinks off where no-one can disturb him to place his bets: in private, discreetly. Brutal!

Behind the scenes the voice-over announcer Milo gets stropky. Milo has been hired as the announcer: so what is this "Uncle Dapto" bloke doing (he wonders)? Oh, and Sherryn is Milo's side-kick (when she is required).

Milo *voice-over, stropky* Hey! What's going on? I'm the voice-over bloke for this movie -- not this ring-in who finishes his sentences with "eh" and not with a full-stop.

Uncle Dapto *voice-over* Sorry, mate. I'm Uncle Dapto. I have to explain to the peeps how Artie made so much dosh. See, he was a horse --

Milo *voice-over* No you don't! This is **my** gig!

Uncle Dapto *voice-over* -- whisperer.

Sherryn *voice-over* Sorry Uncle Dapto. I do apologize for my colleague.
[Savage undervoice to Milo.]

Milo, let him get on with it.

Milo *voice-over, irate and abrasive* No! To hell with that! He's stealing my lines -- lines that I was hired to say.

Sherryn *voice-over* They're not **your** lines. You and I are doing the footy stuff and he's doing the racing stuff (what there is of it).

Look! That's him. See? The clerk of the course on the chunky bay pony. That's him!

He's been a main character in all 3 movies. The one about the Romans in Sydney with the drugged-up Vikings ... The

one about Antarctica with the eye-candy Prince ... and now **this** one.

Milo *voice-over*

Well, I --

Sherryn *voice-over*

And he does a brilliant "Welcome to Country" at the start of important AFL footy games.

He's a complete and utter legend. Much better known than **you**.

Now shoosh!

Uncle Dapto *voice-over*

It's okay, Darl. I've nearly finished saying my say, eh.

Sherryn *voice-over*

Thank you.

[Aside to Milo, in an undervoice.]

Oh look! Now you've upset him ... he's gone off in a miff and we absolutely need to hear what he's about to say.

[As sweet as sugar.]

Please Uncle Dapto. I'm thrilled beyond words to hear your speech about ... About ...

Uncle Dapto *voice-over*

About Artie Rice Cougan, eh.

Well ... He's an interesting bloke alright.

You could be at Drongdrong or Randwick or Rosehill or Wyong or any race meeting... Artie would be there.

He never studied form or bloodlines. He never watched race replays. And he never followed certain trainers or jockeys. He couldn't care less about fast times or track conditions. Artie certainly would never be influenced by the

odds, eh.

Artie: jucking fenious. All he did was watch the horses paradin'. And from just that -- he knew.

Milo *voice-over* Is this a show about the gee-gees, mate?

Uncle Dapto *voice-over* No. I've finished now, eh.

Milo *voice-over, very tart* Because we happen to be at the very most gut-wrenching part of the movie. This **footy** movie ...

Uncle Dapto *voice-over* Sorry to be so much trouble, mate.

Milo *voice-over, emphasis* Footy!

Uncle Dapto *voice-over* Yeah, footy. I played as a kid: five-eighth.

Milo *voice-over, explosive* No not **that** footy! Jesus! Not NRL! Not thugby!
This is **real** footy mate -- AFL!

Uncle Dapto *voice-over* I reckon it's time for me to get out of your road, eh ...

Milo *voice-over* Too bloody right, it is!

We watch Uncle Dapto on his pony follow the horses onto the track as the runners make their way to the starting barrier.

Sherryn *voice-over* Tsk! You are such a tosser, Milo. I can't tell you how much

I hate working with you.



Artie opens the passenger door of a taxi waiting outside the Drongdrong racecourse.

Artie Yeah. Dubbo Airport, thanks.

Driver Are we in a hurry? What time's yer plane?

Artie *chuckles* Nah. Haven't booked it yet.

Dubbo to Sidders then on to Melbourne. I gotta meeting tomorrow in a little town called Spotswood (I think it's called). Yeah ... Spotswood.

Driver Right you are. Hop in.

Artie climbs into the taxi.



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PROLOGUE B

CRAGNESS HEADS FOR NEVADA

But receives a heads-up from his agent prior to departure

Music: no music.

Scene: Interior.

Philadelphia airport, noisy departure lounge.

Cragness (with a minimum of luggage lolling about nearby) is on his mobile phone to his unseen manager Jane Dunleavy.

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Cragness into mobile phone Here's the thing (recalling that I'm in Philly headed for Nevada).

You're asking me – nay, **telling me!** – to direct my faltering footsteps towards the far-flung reaches of Central Australia or wherever the fuck it is and that I should begin filming the imminent discovery of a hidden city that would be older than the pyramids?

Jane voice-over That sounds about right.

Cragness into mobile phone Whereas (in reality) I'm signed up for about 12 weeks' work with a film crew in Nevada. Are you still with me?

Jane voice-over The rags-to-riches Big Brown Land should be your highest prior. We both know that, ratings-wise.

Cragness into mobile phone Contract. I have a contract. An iron-clad contract. I am bound to that contract ...

Jane voice-over Okay ... Remind me why you're in Philly.

Cragness sighs into mobile phone I had to meet up with Dominic Lynier.

Jane voice-over Before Nevada?

Cragness into mobile phone Well, on my way to Nevada. He's here at this airport now – probably in the VIP section. I'm out in cattle-class as you'd expect. But we managed to meet-up earlier so all good.

Jane voice-over And why is Dominic in Philly?

Cragness into mobile phone Oh, some kind of legal entanglement, I think. Does it matter?

Jane voice-over I just need you to wheedle your way out of the movie gig

and rush out to the Australian Outback for **my** project.

Cragness *into mobile phone* And thereby scoring rave reviews?

Jane *voice-over* Correct.

Cragness *into mobile phone* A great huge dry land which doesn't even have its own raft of indigenous placental mammals is mooted to contain a buried city thousands of years old?

Jane *voice-over* Well ... seems you got a handle on it. Can you wrap-up your ecology thing and –

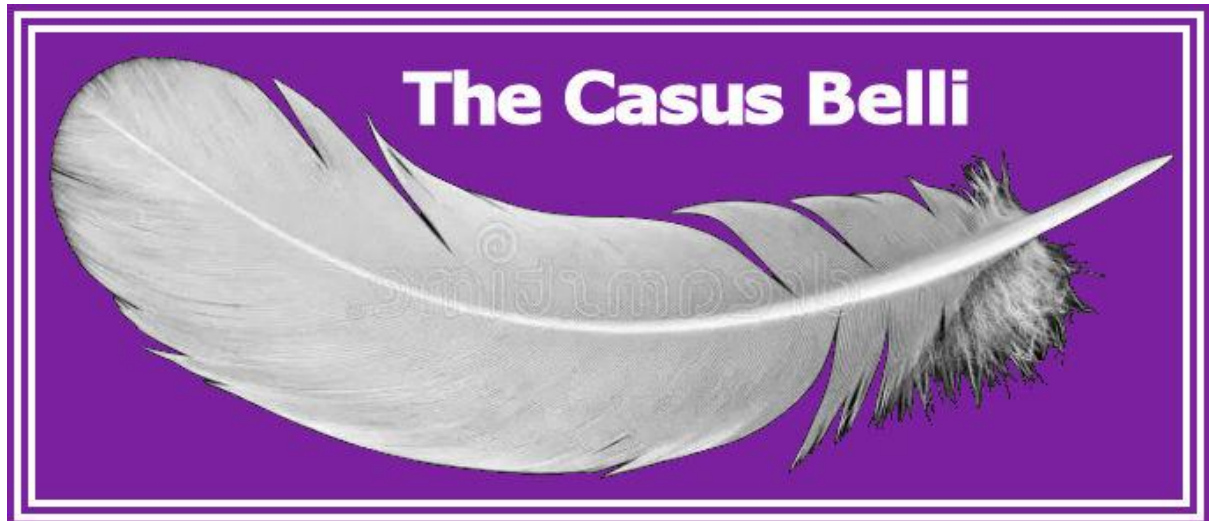
Cragness *into mobile phone* Evolution. With Dominic.

Jane *voice-over* What?

Cragness *into mobile phone* It's "Evolution" not "Ecology". Hey! I bet you're not even gonna watch it.

Jane *voice-over* "Evolution"? No hope. In my house? **Please!** Come on!

Cragness *into mobile phone* Bye Jane.



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PROLOGUE C

DOMINIC WIELDS HIS ENGLISH WILLOW BAT

The R. H. Dominic Lynier & Eric Conway

Music: elevator music.

Scene: Interior.

Philadelphia airport, VIP Lounge.

The well-appointed, elegant VIP Lounge, Philadelphia airport where patrons behave in a dignified and decorous manner. One of the wall signs will indicate that we are in Philadelphia.

There is a hum of polite conversation. Once or twice we hear the overhead announcement of an imminent departure (flight number, gate and so on).

The uniformed head steward herein (Walter Skerritt) exudes an air of dapper

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refinement.

The Right Honourable Dominic Lynier is attired in a smart business suit. He wears a distinctive Lord's red and yellow barber stripe tie. In his pocket is scrunched a Lord's MCC cap. To complete this ensemble, he carries a Gray Nicolls English willow cricket bat.

Dominic walks about in the VIP Lounge (whistling). Walter smiles. The fact that Dominic has an impressive courtesy title is not lost on Walter. Walter murmurs to the uniformed junior steward beside him.

Walter *pleased, smug* This is just the kind of guest who rightly belongs in our VIP Lounge. A titled English gentleman: devoted to cricket. Note the MCC tie – and that's a Lord's cap in his *poché* (I'm certain).

A doyen of a proper lifestyle!

Ah ... Everything that is good and noble ...

The young steward is impressed. Walter maintains his attitude: that the better class of passenger makes him feel elevated.

Dominic continues with his whistling -- cricket bat in hand. He performs a few practice shots as he wanders about – bonhomous.

Some guests are looking at him. Dominic smiles.

In an instant Dominic's expression darkens to a hateful glare. He has spotted his arch-enemy among the guests who have just landed: Eric Conway. Dominic storms at Eric with bat tucked under his arm. Eric blanches at the direct

onslaught. He is surprised and extremely uncomfortable.

The subject at issue is: water-birds (or birds living close to water) having ventral white feathers and dorsal dark feathers (countershading).

Music: building in intensity, becoming strident.

Dominic <i>furious</i>	Conway you are a complete arse! I want a disavowal from you issued immediately.
Eric <i>stiffens</i>	You got it wrong, Lynier. Admit that your research was faulty. You have no other choice based on my findings. As a once-revered palaeornithologist you are now completely washed-up.
Dominic <i>incandescent with rage</i>	My argument (uncomplicated enough even for you to take on board) is that there is a trend (an evolutionary trend) for breast feathers to become paler or whiter as the taxa heads towards countershading.
Eric <i>defiant</i>	I hold that there are any number of reasons for change in feather colour. It is the behaviour of birds which is the evolutionary moot point: they are working together to achieve mutual beneficial ends. It's the same principle that dog breeders have long mastered.
Dominic <i>incandescent with rage</i>	I would like to cite (sir!) the Australian sea-eagle <i>Ichthyophaga leucogaster</i> along with the crinifer <i>leucogaster</i> <i>Haliaeetus leucogaster</i> .
Eric <i>defiant</i>	Pooh! The colour of the plumage could depend on successful sexual display – or temperature regulation. You

haven't got it, Maestro!

Dominic *incandescent with rage* There has been a definite, discernible trend for cormorants to exhibit --

Eric *defiant* The cormorant! I put to you the cormorant: *Phalacrocorax carbo*. ("Carbo" for black). All black. Not a white feather to be seen.

[Long pause while Dominic strives for a comeback. Eric smiles smugly.]

And ... ?

Dominic launches himself onto Eric who shouts in fear.



By this time Walter and his lackey (both being concerned and put-out) have rushed towards the arguing men.

Security guards quickly appear. They try to intervene.

Dominic is now directly threatening Eric with the cricket bat.

The security guards attempt to wrest the bat from Dominic's grasp. Dominic is so incensed that he fights off all attempts to interfere with him. Eric is not a fighter: he seeks protection from Dominic behind the security guards. Dominic addresses his shouted remarks to the gathering crowd (made up of concerned

males).

Dominic *shouts angrily* This loathsome pond-life -- This imposter -- This mountebank deserves to be pilloried. Haul him through the streets in chains and throw rotten fruit at his sad scone -- that's as good as he deserves.

The security guards try to remove the cricket bat from Dominic and also attempt to calm him. This only stirs up Dominic further. Finally, the guards get the upper hand and (after much struggling) Dominic is dragged off, still shouting obscenities at Eric.

Eric is blood-red in the face and quite tussled. Other passengers try to assist Eric. We see him issuing thanks, and shaking his head. "No, I'm quite alright. Thank you".

Walter *visibly upset, to his lackey* I've never seen anything as low as this. I want to mark it down to intemperance ... But it's way too early in the a.m. for that ...



We shall hear Grantley's voice-over and begin with the TITLES as we watch order being restored to the VIP Lounge. Full name: Grantley Frawley.

Music: where it will not drown out the speeches, we shall hear the “Riding My Chainsaw With You” theme tune. So: it comes and goes until further advised.

TITLES ROLL THROUGH

but only halfway.



Scene: The Titles Are Interrupted.

While Milo and Sherryn chat amongst themselves, the TITLES go off and do there own thing for a while. This can be very Monty-Pythonesque -- we should be able to wring some belly laughs out of this!

Sherryn *voice-over* Milo ... Did you notice that Uncle Dapto was referring to Artie Whatsisface in the past tense, as if he was dead?

Milo *voice-over, heavy sarcasm* What? Are you talking to me now, are ya?

Sherryn *voice-over* I asked you if you thought it was strange that Uncle Dapto spoke about Artie as if he was dead. Did you notice that?

Milo *voice-over*

Nuh, I switched off. That bloke is a rugbyist which closes all lines of communication as far as I'm concerned.

Now! We have to finish-off these rubbishy titles and credits and so-on and then into some meat-and-potatoes footy.

Speckies and handballs and kicking miracle goals and Wharfietime ...

Jeez! Can't ya just smell the liniment?!

TITLES ROLL THROUGH

From halfway and then they are interrupted a second time.

Scene: Interior.

The Departure lounge of Philadelphia Airport.

There must be a visible sign that this is the Philadelphia Airport.

Grantley is seated amongst crowds of people. He is speaking loudly on his mobile phone.

Grantley *voice-over*

Adrian Lannsing! How are they hangin', mate?

[Slight pause.]

Yeah, Philly is chilly ... What else is new?

[Slight pause.]

Don Cragness is off in Nevada with his film thingo. And

Dom Lynier is pacing about. Think he was supposed to ...

Aw! wait on ...

[Becomes excited.]

Hey! Have you seen this? Our boy has caused all manner of mayhem at the airport ... He's been detained by the cops.

Wow!

Yeah ... I know he's not an Ozzie but --

When I said "our boy" I meant --

[Very excited.]

My God! Listen to this -- I'm reading-out just a few juicy words here: "furore", "fracas", "jostle", "set-to", "altercation" ...

We must somehow get Dom signed up for the Ozzie team -
- he's a shoo-in for the next Test match.

[Slight pause.]

Aw, sorry. They wanna finish the TITLES ...

Not surprised after all this piss-farting around.

TITLES ROLL THROUGH (continued)

Music: Pick up the RMCWY theme music and segue into the merry melody of the chainsaw advertisement which follows.

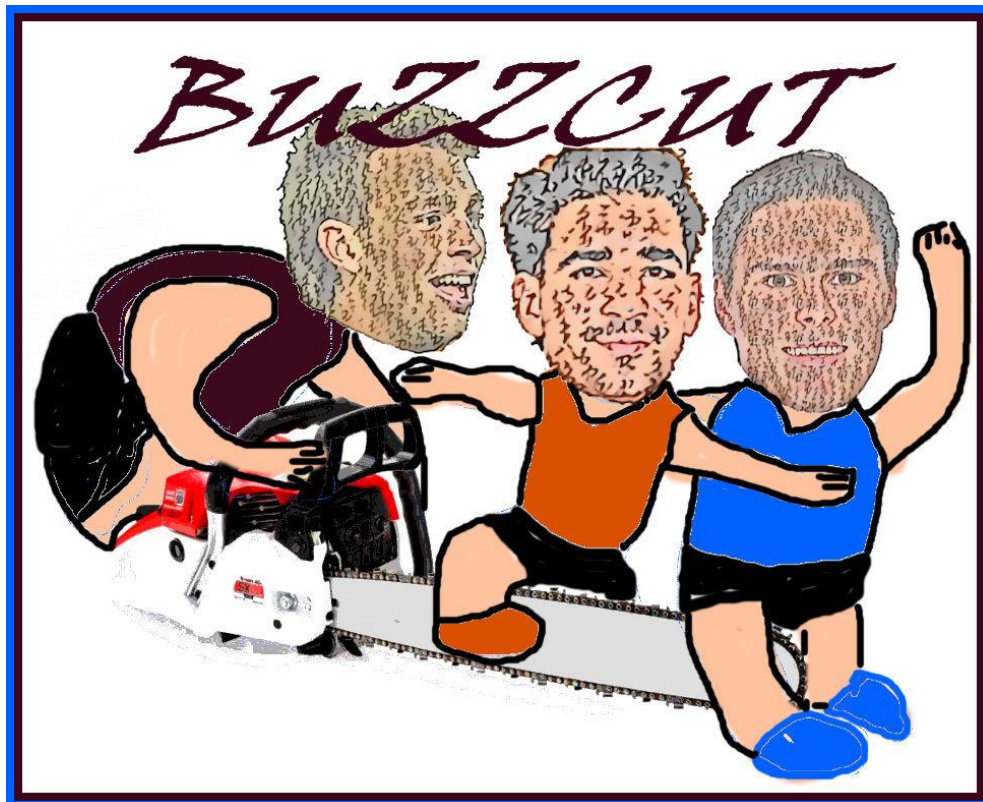


In the Northern hemisphere: late Summer.

In the Southern hemisphere: late Winter.

Pages 20 - 27

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.
A CHAINSAW ADVERTISEMENT
AN AFL BETTING SHOW ON THE TV
A CASE OF MISTAKEN ADDRESS
"THINGS ARE CROOK IN TULLAROOK"



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Advertisement for Buzzcut chainsaws.

Their ridiculous, amateurish advertisement features a cartoon of 3 AFL stars riding a chainsaw. The heads of the 3 stars are large and recognizable. The bodies are tiny. The 3 stars sit squished up together, legs astride the cartoon chainsaw.

[Author's note: my effort above is an idea only. Total apologies to Riley Thilthorpe, Toby Bedford and Eric Hipwood. God! I love footy!]



Buzzcut sponsors a segment on the AFL footy betting show: "What's Wrong With Footy?".

So the Buzzcut ad is played herein starting with film of the 3 stars sawing wood.



The male voice-over has a deep, masculine voice and a clear Australian accent.

Male *voice-over*

Felling a tree? Buzzcut has your measure.

Firstly (in the bush) one of the stars chainsaws a tree. He is seen to call out "Timber!" as the tree crashes to the ground. All smiles.

Male *voice-over* Trying to impress your best girl? She'll be tickled pink with your work, mate!

Secondly (outside a country homestead) another footy star chainsaws his way through a small pile of firewood. Then he collects the wood against his chest and takes it into the homestead. The home-owner (a dear old lady who might well be the star's grandmother) receives the wood with great pleasure. It is neatly stacked near the fireplace. All smiles.

Male *voice-over* You can't go wrong when you get stuck into it using your Buzzcut chainsaw.

Thirdly (in a copious shed) a log up on a stand is neatly sawed into sections by a third footy star. All smiles.



In the bush the 3 stars handball a footy about. In front of them (on the ground) lie some Buzzcut chainsaws. All smiles.

Male *voice-over* The boys agree: when it comes to chainsaws, look no further than Buzzcut. A cut above the competition!

[Later some wanker will come up with the theory that there is a suspect activity taking place behind this action in the bush. Lunatic. And of course we shall follow that up. Page 59 and following.]



Now our camera focuses on the awful cartoon advertisement which portrays our 3 AFL stars aboard a chainsaw.



END OF ADVERTISEMENT

**Scene: Interior.**

In a Melbourne TV studio on the set of "What's Wrong With Footy?".

The TV show is: "What's Wrong With Footy?" and focuses on best bets (as per Betcha online betting shop). It runs from 8.00 pm to 9.00 pm on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

Three long-retired AFL footballers are the pundits.

They pick up the thread as the Buzzcut advertisement cuts off.

Music: cuts out.

Pundit #1 That's right. Fellas: get your hands on a Buzzcut chainsaw.

Pundit #2 And the ladies!

Pundit #3 *giggles* What? Get your hands on the ladies?

Pundit #1 *restores order*

Buzzcut chainsaws are ideal for all those tasks around the house. And the ladies use them just as much as the men.

Okay! Time to have a look at our bets on the top-ranking defenders. Who are we going to nominate for this week's Buzzcut Bewt Backman? Boys! Speak to me!

The TV show "What's Wrong With Footy?" will chug along. However, the sound is muted. The show continues with filmic tributes to spectacular AFL play along with graphic lists of best bets.

We have already met up with Milo and Sherryn. They have been hired by those filming this extravaganza. At least Sherryn makes a fist of professionalism. Milo does not bother.

Neither Milo nor Sherryn is ever seen on camera; they only speak over the top of the action. Their purpose: informative and humorous. However, they do tend to take over their scenes (which is a nuisance).

Milo *voice-over*

G'day viewers. I'm Milo.

I'm narrating this movie because this part is a bit ordinary. I mean -- it's a bit weepy. You might need to dig out a hanky. (I usually find mine squished down between the cushions on the couch. ... Either that or old lolly wrappers ...)

And the end isn't much better either (emotion-wise that is).

[Puts on a deep, authoritative voice.]

"Viewers are warned that --"

[Back to normal voice.]

I gotta put you in the picture but some of it is a bit sad so
I'll race through it quick as I can.

TV: a replay of a very exciting AFL game.

Sound is muted as Milo speaks over the top.

Milo *voice-over*

So ...

AFL is what they call Australian footy. Very popular. Season goes from late March to late September.

And you bet on which team you reckon will win the ordinary matches and which team will win the Grand Final and which bloke you reckon will kick the most goals (that's the Coleman medal) and who's gonna win the Brownlow medal.

There are shitloads of TV shows where sports journalists and retired players sit around and pontificate. And they also show you the odds and stuff ...

TV show "What's Wrong With Footy?" continues.

Milo *voice-over*

The Brownlow medal is the most prestigious award in the AFL. The Best and Fairest. Well ... the Fairest and Best, actually. Voted on by the umpires each match.

[Slight pause.]

Yeah ... I know what you're thinkin' ... Umpires!

Whadda **they** know?



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THE CRIME THAT STOPS THE CITY OF MELBOURNE

FIRST BLOOD

Music: something-is-going-to-happen.

The Shooting (part I).

The second week of August. It is night-time: 20:22 pm.

The assassins are toughs. Their faces are hard, scarred. They bear a plethora of tattoos.

Mulligan and Casey are driving along Drummond Street, Mitcham in a stolen car. They cruise past a house. Mulligan is the driver sitting nearest to the target. Casey is the shooter in the passenger seat on the wrong side of the car for shooting. They are consummate professionals at their "craft". They hardly speak. When they do, it is with meaning.

Casey Cruise past number 18.

The stolen car slows down. This is a substantial house in a substantial street. We can see the number "18" on the fence. There is a Ford ute parked in the driveway.

Casey Yeah. The target's coming out.
Go up there a bit and drop a u-ee.

The U-turn is neatly executed and the stolen car slows down. But now it is positioned correctly for the shooter.

Kai Williams leaves his house carrying a large carry bag. He coughs. Just as he reaches the car door and pulls the door open, the stolen car drives slowly past. Casey gets off his shot. "Phfft!" As Kai Williams crumples to the driveway, the stolen car takes off with the passenger window winding up closed. The 2 men flee the scene at moderate speed so as not to arouse suspicions.

Our camera focuses on Kai Williams. He is not yet dead. There is movement. But it is evident that if help does not arrive soon, Kai Williams will bleed-out and die.

Music: fades away but is still evident as a deep, dull tune.

Milo *voice-over, takes a long jagged breath* I can't do this. I'm going to go into woosy-man mode. Can somebody else do this, please? Sherryn?

Sherryn *voice-over* Shove over, Big Boy.

The hitmen had been previously told by their boss that the job was located at "18 Drummond Street, Mitcham". But the actual location should have been "18 Mitcham Street, Drummond".

Milo *voice-over* I don't understand how they could have stuffed that up. I mean, Mitcham is a leafy Eastern suburb whereas Drummond is out in the bush. In the Wimmera or that.

They must have known they were on the wrong tram!

Sherryn *voice-over* Do you want to take back the explanation or not?

Milo *voice-over* No ... You go on ...

Sherryn *voice-over* You have a runny nose.

Milo *voice-over* Aw ... Sorry ...

Sherryn *voice-over*, We need a medic!

shouting [Softens her tone.]

Can someone/anyone get us some tissues, please? Milo's nose is reminding me of a tap and it's putting me off.

A man is seen walking a small dog. He stops at number 18.

A male jogger runs up. He stops to converse with the man. They both appear to have noticed the body in the driveway next to the car. There is pointing and indecision. Then they converge on the body to see if they can assist.

Sherryn *voice-over* Right. Thanks.

Before leaving his home at 8:15 pm (that's 20:15), Kai Williams kissed his wife Pattie goodbye. Pattie is 4 months pregnant. So on her husband's departure she dived straight into bed. She saw nothing; heard nothing.

Apparently Kai Williams was going to pick up another Hawthorn player (Lucas Kidder). From there they would drive to Tullamarine to fly off to Brisbane for Saturday's Brisbane Lions versus Hawthorn Hawks blockbuster.

Briefly we view a map of the east coast of Australia with a heavy dotted line moving north from Melbourne to Brisbane. The dotted line contains a representation of a tiny aeroplane.



Now the 18 Drummond Street scene contains an ambulance. We can hear Pattie Williams weeping unrestrainedly. She is comforted by neighbours. We can see the paramedics stooped over or beside the body of Kai Williams. A police car with lights flashing rocks up. Random skat vocals are just audible.

Milo *voice-over* Sherryn, you have to tell the peeps that Kai is the runaway fave for the Brownlow medal at \$2.85 on the Betcha app.

Sherryn *voice-over* Shut up or you're going to get me crying too.

 The man walking the dog and the jogger spotted the dying man. The jogger rang for the ambos. They arrived too late. Both the dog-walking man and the jogger had tried to staunch the bleeding but ...

Milo *voice-over* Everybody tried hard to save him.

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**THE CRIME THAT NO-ONE IN MELBOURNE
GIVES A SHIT ABOUT
SECOND BLOOD**

Music: again, something-is-going-to-happen music.

The Shooting (part II).

Interior. Same night but 2.5 hours later.

In a very, very, very run-down shack at 18 Mitcham Street, Drummond.

Vic Clancy sits at a messy kitchen table going through various cards and receipts in his wallet.

The back door flies open as another hitman bursts in and calmly shoots Vic Clancy dead. The shooter then swiftly leaves.

Our camera focuses on the last moments of Vic Clancy's life as he lies twitching, dying. We hear a car drive off.

Milo *voice-over*

It's okay. I can do this bit. There's the box of tissues you asked for. Try not to blow yer nose too loud, but.

Anyway ... this bloke (the bloke who's ***supposed*** to be the victim!) is a scumbag.

So the real hit was supposed to be on one Vic Clancy: a lowlife living (or that is "existing") at 18 Mitcham Street,

Drummond.

Not long after he sent the first hitmen off in the stolen car, their boss realized his error and sent someone **else** to do the real job on Clancy.

Cool, mate -- cool.

Didn't know they'd mistakenly executed Kai Williams, but.

Sherryn *voice-over*

This all came out later when the Victorian police were trying to piece it all together.

Milo *voice-over*

The "wrong" bloke would have simply been reported as a mistake (if he'd been just an unknown peep). Five minutes of posthumous fame ...

But the outcome of the grisly error went **way way** beyond what **anyone** could have imagined ...



Pages 34 -40

THE CRIME THAT STOPS THE CITY OF MELBOURNE
FIRST BLOOD (continued)

Music: none until advised (Channel 7 newsflash alert).

Scene: Interior.

In a Melbourne TV studio on the set of "What's Wrong With Footy?".

The TV show will chug along as before.

The intrepid pundits are thrashing it out.

Pundit #3

Daugherty is a coach's dream. He goes where he wants to -
- the coach gives him free rein. He's faultless. No matter
what condition the game is in -- like they could be 4 or 5
goals down and he still goes in full bore. He -- Um ... Sorry
... What?

All 3 pundits receive messages in their earphones and react to same.

Pundit #3 tries to communicate with the TV audience but is clearly being given
contradictory instructions via his earphone. Very confused (even lost) his eyes
dart about. He is tongue-tied.

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Pundit #1 Er ... Sorry. Looks like we need to take a feed ... a studio update.

Pundit #2 *undervoice* What's goin' on?

The 3 pundits appear confused. Then the screen changes to a warning sign (still photograph).

Female *voice-over* We apologize for this break in transmission. We cross now to the Channel 7 newsroom for an urgent newsflash.

~~~~ SEVEN NEWSFLASH ~~~~

Music: the usual upbeat newsflash theme is heard.

A male news presenter sits at the news desk. The on-screen time indicator shows 8:22.

Female *voice-over* Please be advised that the following news item contains material and information which some viewers may find distressing. Viewer discretion is advised.

Male news presenter
very serious

Kai Williams who played centre for AFL team Hawthorn has been murdered just minutes ago in front of his Mitcham home in what police believe was a drive-by shooting. His pregnant wife Pattie remains unharmed and is being cared for by neighbours as she awaits the arrival of her family members.

Repeating: Hawthorn centreman and outright Brownlow medal favourite Kai Williams has been shot dead in his driveway several minutes ago. No-one else appears to have been attacked during this incident.

Please stand by for more updates as they become available.



Now a roving camera is in position in the front yard at 18 Drummond Street Mitcham. Police tape surrounds the murder scene. Kai's car is still parked in the driveway as police continue interviewing neighbours. Several footy fans in Hawthorn kit stand in the background holding lit candles. There is an air of disbelief and uncertainty. Many women are in tears.

Female reporter *voice-over, passionate* The AFL world is in mourning as the shock news of this unthinkable murder is being broadcast. People are stunned. As you can see, several Hawks fans are holding a candle-light vigil.

Kai Williams had walked out to his ute ready to head off to Glen Waverley to collect team-mate Lucas Kidder. They were mooted to meet other Hawthorn team-mates at Tullamarine airport prior to flying to Brisbane in preparation for Saturday's crucial top-of-the-table match at the Gabba.

As he opened the car door, Mr Williams was shot once only.

Paramedics believe that Mr Williams did not die immediately but later bled out.

It is still too early to make a call on the underlying reasons for this seeming execution-style shooting. Police investigators can neither confirm nor deny that there is any link between the killing and the fact that Kai Williams is the tearaway favourite to win this year's coveted Brownlow medal award.



Our camera returns to the TV show "What's Wrong With Footy?"

The Grief-Stricken Exodus

The 3 pundits seem unable to comprehend what is going on.

Suddenly pundit #1 (visibly distressed) jumps up and rushes from the studio set.

Pundit #2 and pundit #3 seem uncertain. They slowly stand, then wander out. The lights dim and the area is seen as an unoccupied TV set.

This is very disturbing. Our camera keeps rolling. There is no music but some unexpected sounds (as would be the case where a mike is accidentally left on) can be heard.

After a while (deep in shadow) a stagehand (in silhouette) goes into the empty set to turn off the mike. Then he slowly leaves the set. It is deserted again.

Our camera will stay on this deserted scene as the following voice-overs play through.

Milo *voice-over* Throughout that night, the candle-lit vigil grew to hundreds strong. The Hawthorn theme song rang out in the night air. Loads of media people wandered about: they interviewed and they filmed.

Sherryn *voice-over* Of course, the murder itself was horrible. Senseless, meaningless and horrible. Unthinkable.
But the true weight of the catastrophe would be felt later.

Milo *voice-over* Yes. If you did the Maths it became clear that the AFL people were going to be in all manner of difficulty.

Sherryn *voice-over* Bottom line. Kai Williams was so far ahead in the Brownlow tally that it was extremely unlikely that he could be overtaken. He would miss the last few home-and-away games. Obviously. There just weren't **enough** games left for anybody else to catch up with Kai.

And thus he would still poll the highest number of umpire

votes of all players. He would be awarded the medal. Think about it: Kai Williams (deceased) would be awarded the medal.

For the very first time in AFL/VFL history, the Charles Brownlow medal would be given posthumously.

Milo *voice-over*

You know what? This reminds me of one time I was in the Commercial Road tram. These 2 old blokes were having a chinwag: very worried (they were) that the bloke leading the footy tipping competition in their office had collapsed and died. What were they going to do, they wondered.

Sherryn *voice-over*

Only **you** could slot that crappy anecdote into the conversation at such a time. Footy tipping! Try for some dignity, will you?

Milo *voice-over*

Erm ... This **is** a footy show about betting and tipping ... You do know that, doncha?

Sherryn *voice-over*

You are a complete tosser, Milo.

[Slight pause]

But ...

Could you pass us the box of tissues, thanks Milo?

Milo *voice-over, shouts* We need a psych! Calling for a psych! Dr Freud, please!



Music: mournful harp and flute. The Hawthorn theme song is based on “Yankee Doodle Dandy” so (if possible) this mood music could be a very sad rendition of that song.

Scene: Exterior.

Night. 18 Drummond Street, Mitcham.

Our camera focuses on the hundreds of Hawks fans holding candles and singing.



Cameramen and miked-up interviewers wander about everywhere.



Our camera picks up some girls and young women sitting in the Williams's garden crying. Someone hands them cups of tea.



Even though it is late at night, bunches of flowers appear at the locked front entrance to the Kennedy Community Centre, Dingley Village (this being the Hawthorn base). Our camera shows this.

Pages 41 -44

THE CRIME THAT STOPS THE CITY OF MELBOURNE
REACTIONS TO THE DREADFUL NEWS

Music: none.

Scene: Exterior.

The front entrance to the Kennedy Community Centre.

Our camera watches the bunches of flowers being randomly deposited at the front entrance to the Kennedy Community Centre. A couple of distraught people tie Hawthorn scarves to the locked doors.

The following unrelated dialogue occurs as this activity progresses but it is in voice-over.

Degas *voice-over* Like ... I hate the way dudes call ballerinos "pooftahs". It sucks. You know what a pooftah is, don't ya Barizh?

Barizhnakov *voice-over* Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah ...
I can't never be a ballerino because ... like ... I'm like too big.

Degas *voice-over* And I'm bigger again than you, man.

Barizhnakov *voice-over* So where were you yesterday, Shinty?

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Degas *voice-over* At the job centre being told for the 85th time that I will never get employment because I'm too old and too inexperienced. Why don't they just tattoo "Loser" on my forehead and be done with it? God, it sucks man.

Barizhnakov *voice-over* Hey! I hear your whingeing --

Degas *voice-over* Jeez! My resume highlights the major part that I took in saving a foreign country. Bestrasia! In Northern Europe. At the Prince's direct request. For fuck's sake I --

Barizhnakov *voice-over* *[Change of tone -- now alert]*
Hey! I just got a weird message on my screen. One of those little pop-ups that --

What the fuck!?

Scene: Interior.

The Philadelphia hotel room of Grantley Frawley; in his dimly-lit lounge.

He stands about in his pyjamas talking on the phone to his wife. Meanwhile, he glances at his open laptop. Something on the screen catches his eye and he does a double-take.

We assume that the Channel 7 newsflash is now appearing on his laptop screen.

Grantley does a complete reaction to what he sees. The mobile phone remains clenched in his hand.

Grantley *appalled* ***What the fuck!?***

Sorry -- A news rep—Yeah, I've just seen it.

Hang on, Hon. Sorry.

So ... Saturday's game at the Gabba won't go ahead: it's postponed. Well ... that makes sense.

Honey, can I ring you back? This is a national emergency.

Er ... Yes ... Yes ... Sorry. Get back to you.

Scene: Interior.

The bedroom of Degas Dolmey at his Aunt Elaine's house in Shinty Victoria.

Degas contacts Laurie (a sandy-haired youth of 19 years) via his mobile phone. Laurie answers after several rings. Laurie was asleep in bed.

Laurie *voice-off,*
thickly

Yeah? What?

Degas *excited*

Flowery Lowry: where are ya mate?

Laurie *voice-off,*
thickly

In bed asleep. Where all honest folk should be. And before ya ask: **yes**, I'm alone and bimboless in this cruel world. Whaddya want?

Degas

But you're supposed to fly out to the States I thought.

Laurie

Later, mate, later.

Whaddya want again?

Degas *excited*

Barizh rang me with front page news.

That dude that everyone with a pulse thought was a shoo-

in for the Brownlow has been taken out. One shot, mate.
One shot only.

Laurie *voice-off*

Jeez ... Things are crook in Quambatook ...

Degas

All the team-mates had herded together at Tulla. And then they hear the news and they're all gutted (as you would be). And **then** -- the game's being postponed anyway. So one late-night flight to Brizzie half empty while the Hawks drive back home.

Laurie *voice-off*

Yeah?

Degas

Now ... I realize that you're half-asleep but are you able to put your proverbial thinking cap on? Would we be able to nut this out? I mean ... Make this a kind of a project that ...

Pause.

Laurie *drawls*

It could be ... It could be ... Let me get back to ya.

Pages 45- 53

FILMING "CAGELESS" IN NEVADA

and

FIRST REAL MENTION OF CENTRAL AUSTRALIA

Music: African drums (as in the beginning of "King Solomon's Mines" [1950]).

"Cageless" first iteration.

This is a terrible safari film on the subject of big game hunting. This nod to the opening scenes of "King Solomon's Mines" is being shot in Nevada under the direction of Jock Flanders.

Poor H. Rider Haggard ... How he must be rolling about in his grave at *this* travesty.

The music must be strong with an African beat reminiscent of the introductory music in "King Solomon's Mines" (1950).

Handsome English boffin Donald Cragness (aged 31) is the technical consultant. We met him right at the start of our movie. He has a wide knowledge of everything. It is evident that he has fallen heavily for actress Tamara.

Pepe di Ganzo (a Mexican actor with Zapata moustache) as Captain Sir Rudolf Eansley, English big game hunter. This is an appalling piece of miscasting. However, Pepe is very Allen Quartermain as played by Stewart Grainger (King Solomon's Mines, 1950).

Tamara Winks (an Australian actress of 27 years) as his love-interest Gloria Sweet. Her Edwardian costume has to be as revealing as is humanly possible.

The hunters (from 3 to 5 men) are very well-dressed and ooze power, authority and self-centredness.

The ghastly director is Jock Flanders who has the compassion of a gnat.

Jock's flibbertigibbet wife is Elizabeth Flanders. She gets in everyone's way on set, holding a small camera. It is she who films our backstory. Whenever she is talking to her camera and/or oozing about on set, she is in everyone's road. We constantly overhear people saying:

- Can you move off-set, please Elizabeth?
- You're in the way, Hon.
- Elizabeth -- would you mind moving to the side?
- Mrs Flanders! We can't film with you in the way.

A story is circulating that there is an ancient city (along with a vast treasure) buried deep in Central Australia (which partially explains why the film set shifts from Mongolia to Wallace Rockhole, Northern Territory. We shall rename Wallace Rockhole as Derby Rockhole.)

Sherryn *voice-over* If these early snippets are anything to go by, "Cageless" will be the shitcan movie of the year.

Milo *voice-over* Guaranteed.

Sherryn *voice-over* I mean ... Usually at least **some** vague attempt is made at "realistic".

Milo *voice-over* But not in this case, Babe!

CAGELESS -- a movie about big game hunting in Africa.

First iteration.

Filming in Nevada.

In this film (that is in "Riding My Chainsaw With You"), we'll definitely need a backstory as we'll be flipping around a fair bit.

	Elizabeth Flanders along with her hand-held camera is a major nuisance but does at least manage to give to the audience a heads-up	
---	--	---

Elizabeth films herself, giggling in a ridiculous fashion.

Elizabeth Hi! I'm Elizabeth Flanders covering my raunchy husband's latest cinematic triumph: "Cageless". My dateline is August 12th 2026. And I'm on set in Finchmore, Nevada.

Elizabeth now repositions her hand-held camera such that she can film the action of "Cageless" both on-set and behind-the-scenes. Her speeches will be matched by the activities she is filming. This will include a close-up of a large-screen replay of a rhino charging (filmed in Africa in 1997).

Elizabeth This is the rhino charging. You can see the big game

hunters lining up to get off their shots. Now we're just going to pretend that our hunters are the same as these guys. That Ozzie guy Laurie Lowry is a genius at editing. He'll make it look seamless. (I love using that word "seamless", don't you?)

Elizabeth moves about among the cast who are lolling about in deck chairs learning their lines.

She tweaks Tamara for slouching.

Elizabeth *sugar sweet* What did you mother ever teach you about slouching? Or did she not bother?

Tamara *taking this on board* My mother wanted me to be ladylike, I guess. Good call!

Tamara shifts in her seat.

As she does so, her phone rings.

Tamara Ah! Speak of the Devil.

[Aside]

My mother.

[Speaks on the phone]

Hi Mum. Is --

[Horrified, appalled and jumps up in horror]

Oh my God! But ... Mistaken identity! That's bullshit. Oh my God!

Cragness *concerned* Is everything okay?

Tamara *babbling* Footy -- I mean -- dreadful news from the home front -- It's ...

Tamara has caught the attention of everyone.

Blushing fiercely, she snaps her phone off and sits down again.

Everyone continues to stare at Tamara, especially Cragness.

	Director Jock Flanders and other crew members are now ready to shoot their film of the actual hunting party	
--	---	--

The actors are in position.

Jock *commanding* Okay! Quiet on set! Tamara -- settle down. Elizabeth -- shut up!

Pause while everyone organizes themselves.

Jock *commanding* Okay! And ACTION!

The male actors have taken up aggressive positions (backs to camera) and fire their guns off at some non-existent charging rhino.

We now view the actors from the front. Pepe looks grim in his rôle as Captain Eansley. All the actors over-act to the hilt.

Pepe/Captain Eansley I don't like this. That poor benighted animal has feelings.
What gives us the right to slaughter one of God's creatures
in this callous fashion?

Hunter #1 *angry* Give me strength! What's come over you, Eansley?

Hunter #2 *angry* You were hired-on to lead our safari. So for Heaven's sake
lead our safari and leave the sermonizing to a vicar in his
pulpit.

Hunter #3 *angry* I've hocked my Daimler in order to raise the cash for this
expedition. And you're going to turn it into a tuppenny
rendition of a moral high ground saga. Shame on you,
Captain! Be a man!

Hunter #1 Pull yourself together, Captain. We're wasting the daylight.
Let's kill this bloody rhino and be done with it!

Pepe/Captain Eansley Very well ... Shoot to kill ...
steels himself

Again, the male actors have taken up aggressive positions (backs to camera) and fire their guns off at some non-existent charging rhino.

Jock *commanding* And CUT!



Tamara now has a turn in front of the camera.

As Miss Sweet, Tamara is ravished by the captain. He pulls at her clothes such that she is all but topless. Meanwhile, the captain growls loudly as he kisses every part of her exposed skin.

He does not kiss her on the lips however: Miss Sweet is too busy groaning (head back, eyes closed) as if the unwelcome advances of the captain are welcome after all.

Jock *commanding* And CUT! Great work, fellas!

Scene: Interior.

Husband and wife Jock and Elizabeth share a moment in their caravan (on site in Nevada).

Elizabeth So tell me how come we're not digging up Central Africa?

Jock *at sea* What?

Elizabeth *pouting* Here we are in Nevada USA filming an African safari flick, for God's sake. But for veracity we ***should*** be filming this thing in Central Africa. You always did pride yourself on veracity, Jock.

Jock *sighs*

Central Africa, is it?

And that's where a certain Communist dictatorship is running all and sundry with an iron fist. And if you recall (Little Wife) they refused to allow us to film where we should have been filming in the first place. We are not permitted to put one foot over their border. And that tells you --

Elizabeth *annoyed*

That means that the Commies will get the treasure. I could just spit!

Jock *completely lost*

What damned treasure? Where is this coming from?

Elizabeth

A woman friend of mine sent me a text about a buried city which reminded me of King Solomon's mine (which of course is the original tale that our movie is based on) and -
-

Wait a minute! I'll show you the very text I got.

After a quick search on her mobile phone, Elizabeth seems deflated.

Elizabeth *little voice*

Oh shit! It was Central **Australia** and not Central **Africa**. I get those two mixed up, I guess. They're both kinda the same shape. Sorry, Hon ...

Milo gives a mock drum-roll by using his fingers on the desk (off-camera).

While Milo and Sherryn speak (in voice-over, below) we shall watch the "Cageless" crew members pack up and drive off, with dust billowing behind their vehicles.

Milo *voice-over* All of a sudden, all I'm hearing about is this lost city buried underground in the middle of our fine country.

Sherryn *voice-over* Crammed full of treasure. Yeah -- right!

Milo *voice-over, falters* Do ... Do you ... Do you happen to know ... how ***much*** treasure?

Sherryn *voice-over* Oh pull yourself together, Milo. Uncle Dapto has informed everyone with a pulse that this is an A-class furphy.

Milo *voice-over* Uncle Dapto? You mean the rugbyist clerk of the course at Drongdrong?

Sherryn *voice-over* Yes. He is a great bloke. If you could just get over your initial prejudice.

Milo *voice-over* That's unlikely.

Sherryn *voice-over* He'll tell you the background to this cock-and-bull crap. It's the biggest hoax since ... Do you remember the bizzo a few months ago about the Roman relics being found in a Sydney garden? Well, this Central Australia scam is all part of the same jumble sale. It's a crock!

Milo *voice-over* A lot of people believe it.

Sherryn *voice-over* Yes. And my father believes that Shakespeare and King Henry VIII are one and the same person. Can't be shaken. That's his "belief".

Pages 54 - 58

WORLD WAR III: THE EVOLUTION OF BIRDS

Laurie gets a guernsey

As the following scenes play out, Milo and Sherryn will voice-over. The dialogue and scenes need to marry-up.

Scene: Interior.

Busy Philadelphia Airport. Arrivals. Laurie has collected his carrybag. As well, he has rolling cases of kit. Quite a lot of equipment.

Dominic walks up speedily, shakes Laurie's hand and assists him with the copious amounts of luggage.

Dominic and Laurie head for the taxi rank.

Scene: Interior.

A very robust bank in Philadelphia.

Laurie sits alone at a desk which is completely covered with his various pieces of electronic equipment. Lights flash as Laurie (very serious) moves from this item to that. His focus is to view some film. He does this on a laptop screen.

The subject of the movie that Laurie is investigating for veracity relates to reptilian scales and bird feathers. Many shots feature the fossils discovered in China: the "feathered dinosaurs".

A short distance from Laurie sits the panel of learned observers. They appear grim-faced as they sit in straight-backed chairs watching Laurie at his work.

A senior bank official stands to the side, accompanied by 2 armed security guards (near the door). Dominic is absent.

Milo *voice-over* You'll remember that Laurie (or was it Degas?) mentioned that Laurie was headed for the States.

Sherryn *voice-over* His expertise is required regarding a short film. Avian expert Eric Conway has been trotting about his latest grand theory (which the movie supports, apparently). The Conway theory is at direct odds with Dominic Lynier's long-held beliefs. So we ask the million dollar question -- Is the subject-matter of Conway's movie genuine?

Milo *voice-over* Or is it fake? Now normally Laurie would go through his paces back in Oz, online. No need to fly anywhere.

Sherryn *voice-over* However Mr Conway has kept his film locked away in a vault in the First Philadelphia Bank and has refused to allow anyone to study it without his express permission. No room was allowed for manoeuvre: Laurie had no choice but to fly to the USA to perform his review in person.

Milo *voice-over* It took all Dominic's argumentative powers to convince the heavies at the University of New England that he **must** be permitted to check that the movie (which almost destroys his credibility amongst academics in his field, by the way) is in fact genuine.

Sherryn *voice-over* Another expert on dodgy videos has also made a call. But the result of **her** deliberations has been kept secret (in a sealed envelope held by the bank's official) until Laurie's decision is announced.

Isn't this thrilling?

Laurie *shakes head* I can see 3 clear deviations from filmic reality. I can see

another 2 possible anomalies that could be line-ball. And noticeable pixel manipulation can be observed at various places in the film.

I can't make sense of the logical inconsistencies which abound here except to conclude that the movie is phoney.

Haughty professor Are you declaring this film to be fake then Mr Lowry?

Laurie *nods* Definitely.

It's very well done of course. Eise Hanover is at the top of his craft for AI discrepancies.

Haughty professor What makes you mention Eise Hanover in this regard?

Laurie *shrugs* Well, it's his work isn't it? Has all the hallmarks of a Hanover job. As I said: it's of a very high standard. It would trick a lot of peeps along the way.

But my final answer is: doctored, phoney, a stitch-up, bogus, a lie. A big, fat fake.

Laurie nods to the panel as he closes down the laptop, hands the much-guarded datastick to the bank official and packs away his gear.

Meanwhile, the academics in the panel look at each other: they are very displeased.

The haughty professor sighs. He glances at the attendant bank official and gestures for the man to provide the sealed envelope.

The bank official understands the mime. He takes a sealed envelope from his breast pocket. This he hands to the haughty professor.

Grim-faced the haughty professor slits open the envelope and glances at the piece of paper therein.

Haughty professor I find that Ms Jill Coventry-Sains is in agreement with you, Mr Lowry.

We shall not take up any more of your valuable time.

Thank you for your assistance. I trust that you'll have a safe journey back to New Zealand.

Laurie *angry look* Australia.

The grim-faced panel members stand and file out of the secure room without giving Laurie a second glance. The bank official offers to assist Laurie with carrying his baggage. And then out into the street for Laurie's taxi.

Meanwhile, Milo and Sherryn will close the scene with the following dialogue.

Note that the next segment (where Cragness and Grantley stare at a screen) involves a lovely segue from the bank, out into the street and then up to a Philadelphia hotel room.

Sherryn *voice-over* Laurie's findings have thus vindicated Dominic. Dom will no doubt bring these findings to the attention of his rival ornithologist Eric Conway (who apparently hired Eise Hanover to knock-up the blockbuster). Dominic and Eric have hated each other's guts forever.

Milo *voice-over* Do you know what pissed me off?

Sherryn *voice-over,*
rapid Uncle Dapto's soliloquy at Drongdrong?

Milo *voice-over* Well, yeah that, of course.

No. When Laurie rocked up, that prick professor with his nose in the air asked him how old he was. ***How old he was!*** What a fucking wanker! I wanted to snot him!

Sherryn *voice-over* I beg your pardon?

Milo *voice-over* I wanted to hit the arsehole. Bunch of fives. Fisticuffs.

Sherryn *voice-over* You are (and have always been) a disinterested observer. First law of journalism.

And anyway, wouldn't the pugilism be more fitting if directed towards the original offender?

Milo *voice-over* Uh?

Sherryn *voice-over* Seems to me that it's Eric Conway that needs to be hauled over the coals rather than anyone else. Don't you reckon? After all, he hired the AI genius Eise Hanover.

Milo *voice-over* Yeah ... Well ...

Hey! I didn't know that about your Dad.

Sherryn *voice-over* Sorry. What?

Milo *voice-over* You said that your Dad thinks Shakespeare was Henry VIII and vice-versa. That's a bit "out there" ...

Sherryn *voice-over,*
note of triumph Exactly! Exactly my point!

Pages 59 to 63

THE BUZZCUT CHAINSAW AD IS INVESTIGATED
(No, not the AFL one. The NRL version.)

Scene: Segue Interior then Exterior then Interior.

From inside the foyer of the bank (Philadelphia), our roving camera "looks" through the glass revolving door.

Then it wanders out onto the footpath to watch Laurie's taxi head off as the bank official (who assisted Laurie) sweeps past us on his way back inside the bank.

Then our camera looks up along the street to a hotel room.

Our camera rises up from street level and then enters the hotel room via the window. Inside that room we find Cragness and Grantley as they stare determinedly at a large computer screen.

Background:

In NRL (which is Rugby League) the players can pass (throw) the ball but it must be in a backwards direction -- never a forward pass.

In AFL it is a handball. One hand has the ball lying in the palm, whereas the other hand is a fist. The fist punches the ball. No throwing is allowed in AFL. And a forward movement is permitted.



And of course the NRL ball is a different shape/size and has its own brand label.

Cragness and Grantley are mesmerized by the Buzzcut chainsaw ad made for AFL fans. We saw this ad at the beginning of this movie RMCSWY (just after the Prologue).

Grantley will fast-forward the action until he reaches the critical handball scene.

In the bush the 3 AFL stars handball a footy about. In front of them (on the ground) lie some Buzzcut chainsaws. All smiles.

Male *voice-over*

The boys agree: when it comes to chainsaws, look no further than Buzzcut. A cut above the competition!

The ad grinds to a halt. Cragness and Grantley stare hard. Then they shake their heads. Grantley winds back and replays.

In the bush the 3 AFL stars handball a footy about. In front of them (on the ground) lie some Buzzcut chainsaws. All smiles.

Male *voice-over*

The boys agree: when it comes to chainsaws, look no further than Buzzcut. A cut above the competition!

The ad grinds to a halt. Grantley winds back and re-runs the handball scene.

Cragness and Grantley stare hard. Again, they shake their heads.

Suddenly Grantley has an idea.

Grantley *realizing their* Aw! We've got the wrong ad! Jesus!

mistake and quite

We are supposed to check the NRL ad.

annoyed with

The blokes are "passing" the ball not "handballing" it.

themselves

That's the message I got: "pass" not "handball".

Cragness

What makes you think there's any difference?

Grantley

Because the guys are different. These AFL blokes are long and lean. The NRL lads are built like brick shit-houses. You know: they always make different ads for Sydney and for Melbourne: NRL versus AFL. Always have.

Cragness

Bullshit.

Grantley

No it's true! Hang on a minnie -- I'll get hold of the NRL version and we can give *that* the once-over.



The ad for Buzzcut chainsaws aimed at the New South Wales audience is

almost a clone of the AFL ad.

The only change (really -- apart from the actual ball) is that the 3 footballers are beefcakes and the ball is thrown about (not handballed).

So (once again) Grantley fast-forwards to the ball-throwing scene.

In the bush the 3 NRL stars pass a rugby ball about. In front of them (on the ground) lie some Buzzcut chainsaws. All smiles.

Male *voice-over*

The boys agree: when it comes to chainsaws, look no further than Buzzcut. A cut above the competition!

There follows a long pause. Cragness and Grantley have their faces very close to the screen.

Grantley *drawls* Yeah ... Something is definitely happening in the bushes.

Cragness
dispassionate You know what the NRL guys are like -- it'll turn out to be extra-curricular. Probably some stud and his piece of fluff having a root.

Grantley *excited* We have that interview this evening at Philatevia. Instead of yacking on about the non-existent underground city in the Australian desert (which would take all of 5 minutes) why don't we spiel about this instead?

Cragness *shakes head* Americans have never heard about NRL or AFL -- they won't get it.

Grantley Yeah but they'll love to imagine that a bloke is having a naughty while the camera is rolling. There'll be 40 million hits on YouTube. The chainsaw people will love us to death. Free ads! And I'll knock-up a song that will break all records.

[Sings badly.]

"I'll be riding my chainsaw with you, baby -- Riding it honey with you!"

There follows a long pause. Cragness (unsmiling) looks at Grantley (who is giggling hopelessly) as if he is a *rara avis*.

Cragness *coldly* At our upcoming interview, we shall not mention the chainsaw ad nor indeed anything remotely associated with chainsaws.

Or AFL.

Or NRL.

Let's stick to the Central Australian anomaly -- see if we can tease it out at all.

Pages 64 - 69

WORLD WAR III: THE EVOLUTION OF BIRDS

Punches Are Thrown

PLOT PROGRESSION: PHILADELPHIA.

This is difficult to explain but this is what I want:

[**Background:** Ornithologist Eric Conway is being interviewed in a sound-proof room. His voice is vaguely audible in the waiting room where Cragness and Grantley await their turn before the mike. The bored female panel operator is drinking soft drink direct from a large bottle and shoving handfuls of potato chips into her mouth.]

The ACTION will be of Dominic arriving by taxi at a place in Philadelphia (in the night, in the rain).

While this is going forward and at the same time, a voice-over conversation will take place to accompany Dominic's actions (but in no way to depend upon them).

That first ACTION will complete and the accompanying dialogue will complete.

Next: the ACTION will show Dominic (having arrived at his destination) taking the lift to the desired floor and moving swiftly along a corridor to the studio door.

While this is going forward and at the same time, a voice-over conversation will take place to accompany Dominic's actions (but in no way to depend upon them).

That second ACTION will complete and the accompanying dialogue will complete.

Then follows the fight in the studio in which all the men participate.



START HERE

Remember that the dialogue and action are not linked.

Scene: Exterior.

It is night-time. The weather is lousy: drizzling and windy. Our camera is stationed on the 4th floor of a building, looking down at the road. A taxi pulls up on the opposite side of the road from our camera's location. The passenger in the taxi is The Honourable Dominic Lynier (Dominic). He wears an overcoat and carries a briefcase. Having paid the fare, Dominic turns away and the taxi departs with a spray of gutter water. Dominic walks in a masculine, purposeful manner. When we manage to see his face, his mood is evidently grim.

He enters a building with the name plaque PHILATEVIA clearly visible.

Jane *voice-over* Has my girl Friday (my soon to be **ex**-girl Friday) called you lately?

Cragness *voice-over* Not that I'm aware, no.

Don't tell me! Let me guess! You've heard that I'm no longer locked into my adventure in movies and --

Jane *voice-over*

No! Listen, listen, listen!

Because if she does call you, I'm begging you not to speak to her. Don't listen to anything she says! I'm attempting to put a legal gag on her but that could take forever.

Cragness *voice-over*

What's this all about?

Jane *voice-over*

Where are you?

Cragness *voice-over*

Grantley and me are waiting to go on the air. We're being interviewed at Philatevia studios.

Jane *voice-over, impassioned*

Oh no! That's --

For God's sake -- (whatever you do) **do not** mention Central Australia, buried cities, mountains of treasure or -- I'll get back to you!

Cragness *thoughtful*

Or indeed anything remotely associated with chainsaws. Or AFL. Or NRL.

Or ... What else was there?

Jane *voice-over, really annoyed and anxious*

What!? Oh for God's sake -- Goodbye!

Grantley

We don't actually have much left once all these cuts come into force.



END HERE



START HERE

Remember that the dialogue and action are not linked.

Scene: Interior.

So now Dominic has entered the building, impatiently presses the lift button and then enters the lift and ascends. At the 7th floor, Dominic exits the lift and then heads along a twisting corridor, arriving at last at a thick door with a flashing **RECORDING DO NOT ENTER** sign posted over the doorway. As Dominic proceeds through this door, Cragness, Grantley and the female panel operator become wary. Dominic totally ignores them.

Grantley *voice-over* I can judge by the squawking noises on your phone that that was Jane Dunleavy.

Cragness *voice-over* If you're going to be dragged through the mud then you might as well be harangued in style.

Grantley *voice-over* Bewdy! Sure! She's the girl for that.
What's her current beef?

Cragness *voice-over* Just this: we're not to mention Australia during this interview.

There is a long pause.

Grantley *voice-over* Given that the subject under discussion will be the Great Southern Land itself, maybe we had better take a vow of silence, huh?

Cragness *voice-over* Or else we could call it *Terra Australis* ... ?

Grantley *voice-over, singing badly* "And I'll ride my chainsaw (that breaky, flaky chainsaw)" --

Cragness *voice-over* Shut - the - fuck - up!



END HERE

**Scene: Interior.**

Cragness and Grantley look up in surprise as Dominic storms in.

Dominic (still in his wet overcoat and still carrying his briefcase) marches into the soundproof area. Music: racy, pacy, thumping and pumping.

The following events occur in rapid-fire succession:

- Dominic yells abuse at Eric Conway
- Eric jumps to his feet appearing concerned and afraid
- Eric babbles as Dominic continues to berate him
- The interviewer begins to babble in an effort to calm the confrontation
- The panel operator jumps to her feet, sending potato chips flying about
- Dominic physically launches himself at the shrieking Eric and tussles roughly with him, strongly manhandling Eric
- Cragness and Grantley leap into action in an attempt to separate the wrestling combatants.

Pages 70 - 73

THE CRIME THAT STOPS THE CITY OF MELBOURNE

THE FUNERAL CORTEGE

For Kai Williams.

Along with Grantley's brainwave.



Scene: Exterior.

Our camera will be such that we see close aerial shots (from a drone), from buildings in the vicinity and from street level.

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The funeral procession moves along Elizabeth Street and Collins Street in Melbourne. Thousands of footy fans (wearing their team's scarves and beanies) have been marshalled behind barricades. The preponderance of colours are gold and brown.

All other traffic has been diverted; likewise the trams.

Our camera captures the emotion: tears, grief, immense sadness.

The 3 pundits from "What's Wrong With Football?" will be in evidence.

Now it is apparent that Grantley is watching (on his laptop) a replay of the funeral broadcast. The commentary drags on in the manner of these things. Grantley (when he speaks) speaks over the top of the commentary.

But right now he appears glum and depressed.

Then his mobile phone rings. Grantley answers.

Grantley *speaking on mobile phone* Brawly Frawley. Speak to me -- it's your zack.

Grantley utters a sound of utter disgust.

Grantley *annoyed* Aw, I was all set to blather on about the chainsaw ad (the NRL one of course) when Craggs and I were at the Philatevia studio. Literally ready to front-up to the mike. A heartbeat away!

Then some wanker barges into the studio to thump the bloke being interviewed before our spiel and --

[Slight listening pause.]

Never mind, mate. Something will turn up ...

[Slight listening pause.]

Oh, yeah! Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah -- We could see the bushes heaving. No worries.

[Slight listening pause.]

Okay. I'll see ya when I see ya ...

Grantley (still annoyed and toey) finishes the phone call. He sighs heavily.

Back to the funeral replay.

We see that Grantley is thinking hard as he watches the funeral. He drums his fingers on the table.

Then he stands to mosey over to the window. Hands deep in his pockets, Grantley studies the view.

And then, he suddenly swings around.

Grantley dives on his mobile phone and speed-dials a contact. When Grantley speaks to his contact (Cragness) he is very, very excited.

Grantley *excited, talks* Craggs! Mate! I got it!

on mobile

Something bothered me about that NRL chainsaw ad with the bloke screwing his girlfriend in the bushes.

Cragness *voice-off* What?

Grantley *excited, talks* There's a vague hint of a shadow. I thought it was probably
on mobile a bird. But now I reckon it's a drone.

Cragness *voice-off* What's that? I mean ... what's that ...

Grantley *excited, talks* A drone, mate -- a drone!
on mobile I'm watching the funeral of the Brownlow fave and they
used drones for that. And all of a sudden it hit me! That's
what I saw in the --

Cragness *voice-off* I think I see where you're going with this. You think that
someone might have filmed the shaggers?

Grantley *excited, talks* Yeah, mate! Blood oath!
on mobile

Cragness *voice-off* Okay. Ring Laurie Lowrie. He'll know what steps we can
take with this. He's actually here in Philly as we speak.

Grantley *excited, talks* Bewdy! Bewdy! Yeah, bewdy!
on mobile

Pages 74 -75

NUTTING IT OUT Part I
Involving Degas

Scene: Interior.

The tiny police station at Shinty is manned by a female uniformed constable.

Degas strides manfully into this police station. His next step is to drape himself over the counter, looking straight at the constable. She appears worried that Degas has marched into the station with such presence. His size and evident confidence intimidates her.

Constable *nervous*

Yes?

Degas

Who have you got on your books whom you consider a crack shot -- a marksman?

Constable *frowns*

Ah ... We don't have books anymore ... It's all on-line ...

Degas *pleased*

Great!

Degas reefs a datastick from one of his pockets with such speed that the constable does not have time to think. Degas slaps the datastick onto the counter. The constable looks at the datastick then at Degas.

Constable Why do you want to know about marksmen for?

 [Looks worried].

 You're not thinking of hiring one, are you?

Degas *grins* No way! No ... actually I'm doing a bit of sleuthing.

Constable *puzzled* "Sleuthing?" What's that? I've never heard of that ...

Pages 75 - 79

NUTTING IT OUT Part II

Working on the location of the second stolen car

Involving Degas, Barizhnakov, Matt

Scene: Exterior.

Outside the Shinty Police Station where several cars are neatly parked, Degas speaks on his mobile phone. He holds up the datastick as if his voice-only phone pal can actually see what he is doing.

Degas *excited* I got it! I've got a list of 28 dudes for us to sift through.

Scene: Interior.

A large police station in Collingwood (an inner suburb of Melbourne).

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There is a lot of incidental police-type activity going on.

Barizhnakov and his brother Matt are standing out of the way, arguing.

Matt *pissed off*

I never see you for 4 years (except at birthdays, weddings and funerals) and then you rock up --

Barizhnakov *pleading*

Please! Come on, Matt -- we're brothers.

Look! What I want is easy.

The Kai Williams execution: the car that was used by the shooter and his driver. I heard that it was stolen. I also heard that it was identified in Mitcham via CCTV and later found abandoned in a Woollies carpark in Spotswood. Am I good to go with that scoop?

Matt

Is this to do with your fucking gaming shit?

Barizhnakov

No way! That was just a sweetener.

What I *really* need is the deepdown on the *other* car.

Matt

Which other car?

Barizhnakov

The job in Mitcham was a mistake. The job in Drummond was the real deal. So tell me about the second car: the Drummond car. You know: the one that ferried the shooter to Drummond.

Matt

That was never found.

Barizhnakov

No mate. Listen! This is ridgy-didge. The car used in the second crime. You can just give me the make and rego and I'll take it from there.

Matt *shakes head* Can you clean the wax out of your lugs so as you can hear me properly? ***That car was never found.***

This is all that we got: a middle-aged man was discovered shot dead in a house in Drummond. (By the way he had priors.) Anyhow there was not one shred of evidence to link his killing to any one person or organization. We have nothing. Nothing! Nothing! Nothing!

Barizhnakov Except that the addresses of both murders were switcharoos.

Matt That's the only link. Well ... and the timing.

Same night, switcharoo addresses.

Barizhnakov *keen* I gotta mate who's following this up. The second whack (in Drummond) -- that had to be reaction. Everyone and his dog agrees with that.

Okay. So the bottom line is the shooter and his driver. It dropped on them because the first hit was a fuck-up. Not planned: a reaction to the previous cock-up. They (the hitman and his chauffeur) grabbed the nearest possible vehicle and hurried off northward.

So if we can identify ***that*** car, then that puts us near the crime syndicate's headquarters. That's a straight A.

Matt *annoyed* You got too much time on your hands, Sunshine. You know that you can't --

Barizhnakov *playing his ace* The official police stand on the Kai Williams job is that if any member of the public knows anything, they should come forward. I wanna come forward.

Matt *on the counter-attack* Have you got your driver's licence yet?

Barizhnakov Nuh. It's coming ... It's coming ... Working on it ...

Matt *insulting* You're a prick!

Scene: Exterior.

Outside the Collingwood Police Station, Barizhnakov speaks on his mobile phone. He holds up a piece of paper as if his phone pal can actually see what he is doing.

Barizhnakov *elated* I managed to wheedle the info out of my brother. We're good, mate!

Our camera backs away as Barizhnakov runs to the train station. Further and further away ...

Sherryn *voice-over* Far out! This chap with the name of a Russian ballet dancer mentioned the Woollies carpark at Spotswood. I just heard him say that!

Well, that's where the police found the car that was involved in the Kai Williams shooting. Spotswood ... the carpark ...

Milo *voice-over* What's that got to do with the price of fish in Sydney?

Sherryn *voice-over* Don't you remember? Right at the beginning of this movie

(before the TITLES cock-up) Artie Thingummy told the cab driver to take him to the airport: Dubbo, Sydney, Melbourne and then Spotswood.

Hey! I'm getting really suspicious of Artie now!

Milo *voice-over*

Yeah, well hold that thought Darl because we are now transferring our attention to Mongolia for more of "Cageless".

Sherryn *voice-over*

Our resident Chinese water torture.

Pages 80 - 84

FILMING "CAGELESS" IN MONGOLIA

The sour taste of porn reflux.

Music: The African drums again (as in the beginning of "King Solomon's Mines" [1950]).

The African drums stop as if cut off.

Scene: Interior.

The caravan of Jock and Elizabeth Flanders.

Jock and Elizabeth are in the middle of a ferocious argument. Elizabeth is in tears and Jock is furious as he waves some papers about.

Elizabeth *weeping*

That son-of-a-bitch ex of mine swore that every copy of that skin-flick was destroyed!

Jock *very angry*

Apparently not!

By God! You're gonna have to explain this to the entire crew. I'm sure they know about it by now -- "Fondling With Your Boobs" -- for Chrissake, Elizabeth! What were you and your poisonous ex-husband ***thinking?***

And who is the muscle-boy who is fucking you in this video

which is currently circling the globe?

Elizabeth *weeping*

His name is Crow. Dalsey Crow, apparently.

I don't even **know** anyone called Dalsey Crow. I swear I've never even met the guy. It's a fake, Jock! Anyone can see that.

Besides, it was called "Fiddling With Your Books", you boring swine. It's over 20 years old. I was just a kid. A foolish, put-upon kid! And my husband at that time was a brute. ***Just like the one I've got now!***

Jock *snarling*

So innocent!

It wouldn't be the first time you screwed an incognito, Honey.

Elizabeth *sobbing*

Besides, I've never even **heard** of NRL. It could be a new political party for all I know.

God! I hate you! I hate all men!

Jock explodes out of the caravan, slamming the door with incredible force.

Elizabeth *screams*

And you can call off the press conference.

after Jock

I have a migraine! And I need the medic -- ***immediately!***

Music: The African drums again (as in the beginning of "King Solomon's Mines" [1950]).

"Cageless" second iteration.

Scene: Exterior.

The "Cageless" film is now being shot in Mongolia.

To assist with the filming 2 men wear a rhino costume. When they charge towards the hunters (who are now chest-bearing himbos -- same actors) the rhino-men trip.

The movie stars fight bitterly with director Jock Flanders. There is an actual punch-on whereby Pepe and Jock come to blows.

Jock loses it. Elizabeth continues with her migraine.

Milo and Sherryn will voice-over to explain this scene.

Milo *voice-over* I'm getting really sad because this is the funeral of --

Sherryn *voice-over* No. We've done that bit.

Milo *voice-over* Uh? ... Where are we up to, then?

Papers are heard to shuffle. Sherryn is heard to sigh.

Sherryn *voice-over* See? There's a sign on the screen that says "Mongolia".
We're in Central Asia filming "Cageless".

Milo *voice-over* I thought that was in Nevada?

Sherryn *voice-over* No. They got chunked out of Nevada because of Pepe's
drug problem. Elizabeth has this one long migraine ...
Plus the cast weren't feeling it.

Milo *voice-over* But they can feel it in Mongolia? Yeah?

Okay. Right!

[Noticing the fake rhino.]

WTF? Are we expected to buy into that?

Sherryn *voice-over*

Gently, gently ... It's a ploy. Once the filming is finished, the editor will tidy up these bits and a real charging rhino will --

[Noticing that the fake rhino has tripped.]

Yeah ... Well ... As I said, the editor will --

There are now 2 men lying on the ground in a heap of rhino costume.

The crew members are rocking about with laughter.

We look at the hunters from front on. They are both perplexed and amused. The hunters are now chest-bearing himbos -- same actors but beefed-up to look more macho.

As the rhino stuntmen try to stand, Jock swoops on them to scream at them in uncontrolled rage. We hear only background noise.



Then Pepe steps forward. Jock and Pepe begin to fight.

Milo will imitate an American boxing announcer.

Milo *voice-over*

"And in the blue corner weighing-in at 170 pounds --"

Sherryn *voice-over* Is this movie dedicated to men throwing punches at each other?

Milo *voice-over* Yeah. You're right. I'm with you. I've had enough. "Cageless" has got to be the worst movie **ever** since "Plan 9 from Outer Space".

Sherryn *voice-over* The next bit explains itself so we can take a well-earned break. Our scene will be Philadelphia. Lots of fun!

Milo *voice-over* Rightio! Philly it is! See you on the flip-side.



Pages 85 - 87

ELIZABETH FLANDERS BEARS ALL!

Music: the music of Latin American dance dominates.

Scene: Interior.

An upmarket Philadelphia hotel is staging a Ranga Tango.

Red-haired dancers gyrate to the contagious beat of Latin American music.

Grantley (trying to use his mobile phone) is wincing. He can hardly hear his caller. For this reason he quickly exits the dance area, escaping to a glassed corridor.

Grantley

Sorry about that. Loud music.

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[Pause while he listens.]

Dalsey Crow? The lock from the Sealions? Really?

[Laughs loudly.]

So his bum has been identified -- Legend!

And did you say the bird is Elizabeth Flanders? The wife of that director?

[Further listening pause.]

But that's incredibly impossible. She and her shit-head husband are filming in Nevada.

[Further listening pause.]

Okay. Mongolia then. Wherever.

What? What did you say? This is from an ancient porn flick that she made? Are you kidding me?

That's --

[Seriously impressed.]

How fucking good is this AI anyway?

Grantley spots Cragness approaching. Grantley signals that he is tied up in his mobile phone call.

Grantley

Okay ...

I'll let you get back to it.

Bye for now.

Grantley finishes his mobile phone conversation.

Cragness We're having an alcoholic beverage or 12. In the more restful locale of the lounge. Why not join us, Old Mate?

Grantley I have stunning and fascinating news for you (which takes precedence over your alcohol stream by a long kilometre).

You remember: the chainsaw ad for NRL (the naughty in the bushes that was also being picked-up by a fortuitous drone). Well, the woman ***not*** being rooted by NRL himbo Dalsey Crow in that video (which is now viral, by the way) is Hollywood legend Elizabeth Flanders.

Cragness Is or is not?

Grantley Is not. It's all AI. No -- it should be called "AFI" -- Artificial Fucking Intelligence.

Jesus! I thought I had the story of the millenium.

Cragness Hope lives on ... Come on! Dom is awaiting your charming company.

Pages 88 - 95

THE WASH-UP FROM THE PHILATEVIA FIGHT
LAURIE TALKS THE TALK
CRAGNESS MULLS OVER HIS FEELINGS FOR TAMARA
Involves Dominic, Cragness, & Grantley

Music: the music of Latin American dance wafts into the room from some other part of the hotel.

Scene: Interior.

A quiet area of a lounge at an up-market Philadelphia hotel.

Daytime. Sunny.

Dominic, Cragness and Grantley are drinking. We catch them in the middle of a robust conversation.

Dominic *forceful*

No, Crag. This man -- this Philistine -- was sabotaging my career!

Cragness

Come on. Be fair. Eric Conway was calling it as he saw it. He simply went overboard in backing-up his assertions. That's all.

Dominic *forceful*

No! It's way worse than that.

Two well-respected universities had actually *cancelled* my

speaking engagements.

[Rubs his hand through his hair in frustration.]

I had received at least half-a-dozen emails asking me if it might not be advisable to withdraw from the lecture circuit altogether. These rumours which had been published in several academic papers suggested that my research might have been flawed.

Grantley *whimsical*

And all this due to the underlying structure of the biological entity commonly referred to as "the feather".

Complex epidermal --

Dominic *fiercely*
interrupts

You can scoff, Grants -- but this is my bloody livelihood.

Cragness

Anyway, he has --

Dominic

No, you're missing the point. This puffed-up con artist was flopping about with a short-subject movie ***proving*** that my long-held theories on avian evolution had now been overturned. That he had been right all along.

My God! But for Laurie Lowry and Jill Coventry-Sains, I'm debunked, washed-up and hung out to dry. Probably slit my throat on the strength of it.

Grantley

They saved you.

Dominic

They saved me. However, nothing can save Eric Conway. His fly is open and his dick is on the chopping block.

And I'm informing the world at large that this scholar-fraud actually ***paid*** somebody to doctor his supporting evidence in order to attack me. Don't worry: I'm lawyered-up. I'm

suing the swine for untold millions.

And my tea-leaves suggest that he could be looking at a stretch of community work (if not actual jail time).

Grantley *chuckles* When we saw you stride manfully into the Philatevia studio (ready to commit murder) -- with face of thunder -- we both sensed trouble.

Cragness We had to drag you away before you murdered Conway. It took 4 grown men to heave you off the guilty party.

Dominic *chuckles* Well ... I was pretty angry.

Grantley *ironic* Is that what you call your mood? "Angry?"

Dominic Anyway -- where's Laurie? He said he'd meet us here. I want to heap gratitude on his shoulders.

Grantley (who is standing) does a funny impersonation of a man dancing the cha-cha.

Grantley Light fantastic (he's tripping the).

Dominic *to Cragness* So why are you here in Philly? I thought you were filming in Nevada?

Cragness The breeze blew me here. And apparently I'm now joined at the hip with this bloke.

Grantley I'm here to pursue a lucrative financial opportunity emanating from a chainsaw ad. However, it's fallen into the poo from a fairly dizzying height.

Dominic *confused* What's that? I'm afraid you'll have to spell it out for me.

[To Cragness]

Filming? Nevada?

Cragness *nods*

You're 100% correct. I snagged a really good paying gig on a filmset in Nevada. Chaps with gigantic balls (Jatz crackers the size of clenched fists) arming themselves to the teeth in order to fire salvos at unsuspecting African animals. Sort of a rehash of "King Solomon's Mines". Of course, it didn't even get close.

H. Rider Haggard -- where are you when we need you?

At any road, I was the Technical Consultant. And as soon as I started doing my job (you know -- consulting in a technical fashion), I was fired post haste.

Grantley

He spoke his mind to the director who promptly sacked him.

Dominic *disbelieving*

Never!

Cragness *firmly*

Fact!

I mean, the firearms were completely the wrong calibre. Doubt if you'd even hit a dead duck at 20 metres with those lousy guns.

As for the rhinoceros, the locale and hunting method were wrong. The Captain's British Army uniform was incorrect and his clothes (his bespoke hunting outfit) would not have been available in the early 1900's (when the film was set). Jeez! Velcro was not even invented way back then.

Oh! And the Zapata moustache on Mr di Ganzo's face was

also an anachronism. Not to mention his tattoos ...

To be brutal, they hadn't managed to get much that was on point.

Dominic And so the guy took exception to your critique, I take it?

Cragness Yes, he most certainly did not like being told that he was at fault.

Grantley *grins* What about the grotesque example of miscasting?

Cragness I'd forgotten that ...

The Mexican star tried to give moral support to the director only to have me throw him under a bus by mentioning that his upper-class English accent reminded me of tamales. And of course I stuck the knife in and twisted it by imitating his ghastly accent to his face.

Grantley *laughs out loud* Rather well, I understand.

Cragness The director (Jock Flanders) turned slowly towards me with a look on his face of bitter contempt -- "What did you just say?"

Grantley *laughs* I understand that you were the sixth tech consultant that he's hired on that film. And the better they are, the quicker he turfs them out!

Cragness You know how it goes at the beginning:

[Imitates Jock]

"Donald (dear boy), you have to tell me if I get anything

wrong."

[Returns to his own voice]

"Okay: Mr Flanders -- there are 8 points of inaccuracy. Let me discuss them with you."

And in so doing, I was shafted. Total balls up!

Dominic

And yet you remain in the US because ... ?

Cragness *shrugs his shoulders*

No idea ...



Cragness moves towards a window (drink in hand) and stares out, unseeing. The following flashback haunts him. Tamara looks up at Cragness. It is evident to any onlooker that Cragness is utterly smitten by Tamara's beauty.

Tamara *blithely*

I was sacked too.

Cragness *surprised*

Really? But you seemed to be doing so well.

Tamara makes a face.

Tamara Kissing the Mexican with his ridiculous moustache was Chinese water torture. I hope you don't imagine that I was enjoying all that juicy smooching I had to perform as Miss Sweet.

Cragness *worried* But you didn't get the boot on that score, surely?

Tamara Oh no ...

[Shrugs]

I reiterated the points you raised -- about the Captain supposedly being a very pukka British military officer. Heaven only knows why they cast an obvious Hispanic. And yes the Captain might have had whiskers but not in that fashion. I mentioned all those points which scored me the boot. Just like that.

Cragness *still surprised* Good God!

Tamara *nods* They replaced me with a silicone-lipped chick whose tits are way bigger than mine.

Cragness realizes that he has to be utterly careful how he responds to that statement.

Cragness *gently* It behoves me to say something supportive here but I dare not mention that your -- um -- your "charms" are in perfect proportion (I should say, without offending). I wanted to point-out (at the time) that Miss Sweet would hardly have

possessed an uplift bra in 1908. Another anachronism, I guess ... But I was embarrassed to say anything ... At the time ...

Tamara *insouciant* It was a very pretty bra, if that's any help ...

Cragness smiles, chuckling a little.



Our digression is over. We return to Grantley and Dominic (who is concerned that Cragness seems moody).

Dominic What's up with your mate?

Grantley He hated being chucked off the film.

Anyway, they've decamped to Mongolia. If my opinion is worth a bob or two, he's much better off in Philly ...

Pages 96 - 97

FILMING "CAGELESS" IN MONGOLIA

Using our imaginations

Music: The African drums again (as in the beginning of "King Solomon's Mines" [1950]).

Scene: Exterior.

Extemporizing.

Pepe and a swag of native bearers creep warily across the Mongolian landscape. They are on the lookout for dangerous African beasts. The new actress playing Gloria Sweet collapses to the ground in a faint. Pepe goes to her, fanning her face with his pith helmet.

One of the "native bearers" has a hissy fit.

Native bearer actor Man, this is crazy!

You expect me to convey to my public viewers that I'm snaking about in a jungle teeming with ferocious carnivores?

Jock *dismissive*

If I put you in real jungle my insurance would skyrocket. We'll use AI to give it veritas. Don't worry ...

Just think "jungle".

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[Frowning as he asks a general question of everyone.]

Where's Elizabeth? Still grappling with her raging migraine, is she?

Random voice-off No, boss. She's organizing to fly out to Australia.

Jock *frustrated* Not this bloody treasure hunt again, is it?

Random voice-off Yo!

Pages 97 - 105

CONTINUATION OF
THE WASH-UP FROM THE PHILATEVIA FIGHT
LAURIE TALKS THE TALK
Involves Dominic, Cragness, Grantley & Laurie

Music: the music of Latin American dance wafts into the room from some other part of the hotel.

This is a very long scene but it is crucial. So lots of different camera angles will be required.

There is an interruption. Laurie bursts into the room. His face is wreathed in smiles. However, he is very much out of breath and sweating.

Laurie *breathless*

Shit! I'm stuffed!

They have this thing downstairs: "The Ranga-Tango". Only redheads are allowed to dance. The tango! Bloody exhausting!

Yeah, I know ... I'm not technically a ranga. But my partner was a real redhead: just like on the box of matches. She did a runner (but) with a well-dressed stockbroker as soon as the music stopped. I should have grabbed onto her tighter, eh?



Full of bonhomie, Laurie shakes hands with the other men as Dominic makes the introductions (if required).

Then there is the business of scoring a drink (beer). Very merry, Laurie gives "cheers" to the other men.

Dominic *smiling broadly*

You have heard me praise Laurie when I talked of the immense debt I owe to him.

Mr Lowry is still short of 20 and yet he holds the world in

the palm of his hand.

Laurie gives a loud crack of laughter as he gulps down his beer -- both noisily and messily. Grantley and Cragness look a question.

Dominic Young Laurie has reached the heights of cine-faking: he uses AI with extreme skill to enthrall an all-too-gullible world into believing anything he presents.

 However, in the manner of "set a thief to catch a thief", he is now hired-out for astronomic, exorbitant fees in the field of "spotting-the-fake".

Laurie I'll be a millionaire before I'm 20. Which is just stupid because I'll only spend the money on beer and piss it all out on a wall ...

Grantley How do you do it?

[Laughs reluctantly]

 No, of course I know how to piss on a wall!

 I mean ... How do you know if a piece of film is kosher or not?

Laurie What? Spot a fake? Well, you look for light and shade. Shadows. Incorrect perspective. Lack of conformity ... Pixel gaps that don't make sense ... Stuff like that. And not just a trained eye ... I have adapted some dark web programs to help in my work. Sharp, mate -- sharp!

Cragness *grins* Yes, I recently saw some very realistic film showing several

world leaders taking a bath together. Unbelievable!

Laurie

The one I'm pulling apart right at this moment is the Central Australia thing.

Cragness and Grantley are instantly reminded of their beef against Dominic in that regard.

Grantley *to Dominic*

I've just remembered that Crag and I were all set to be interviewed about that very subject (at the Philatavia studios) when ***you*** charged in like a wounded rhino and clocked Eric Conway.

Dominic *at sea*

What's this?

Cragness

That's right! Whilst Eric Conway was flapping his gums on the air (running you down in no uncertain fashion), desperadoes were phoning us trying to gag our spiel on the hidden underground city. The heavies in Canberra are worried about out-of-control crowds, earth-moving equipment and et cetera, et cetera.

Dominic *even more confused*

What?

Cragness

Some dude has discovered a huge lost ancient city buried under the ground right in the middle of Australia. And he has a movie to prove it.

Laurie

No. The bloke with the film only has the film.
He never discovered nothin'.

See, he doesn't know where the underground thingo is because his mate who handed the film over to him is now deadie-bones.

And just maybe old deadie-bones (that is, the mate) is the only sod who actually knew its location.

They all try to take this in.

Dominic *bemused by it all* Wow! There's the basic spanner in the works for you ...

And ...

So does this lost city film look genuine to you?

Laurie *nods* Yep. The movie is real.

Dominic *surprised* It's the real deal?

Laurie *nods* Yep.

Dominic, Grantley and Cragness look at each other, thoughtfully.

Laurie *big-noting himself* It's kosher. Hunky-dory. Fair dinkum. Ridgy-didge. Thank you linesmen; thank you ball boys.

The men stir. Laurie finishes his drink.

Laurie That is to say: the underground city movie was not AI.

Now, before we take any more steps I want you to know this. When a steno takes down dictation, she performs her Pitman scrawl based solely on what she hears. Yeah? If you asked her what everyone said -- she has no idea because she wasn't listening to what they **said** but the sounds she **heard**.

Dominic But she can read it back to them, surely?

Laurie Totally correct. Having written down the sounds, she can later make sense of them.

Grantley *all at sea* So why are we --

Laurie Because there are 2 phases in this dime-a-dozen lecture. I looked at the film in order to verify that (as a film) it had not been doctored. And it hadn't. That's phase number one. But along the way phase number two dawned on me: the actual subject matter of the film was crap.

Cragness Uh?

Laurie Some peep with a camera actually went into a cavern and actually photographed in stunning technicolour an underground city.

Film: A-okay.

Underground city: made out of plywood and tack.

Really, really, really, really bad.

Dominic *confused* Why would anyone --

Laurie *to Dominic* Your nemesis (Conway) tried to foist an AI-adulterated "proof" movie onto your peers, Dom. Object: to discredit

your academic standing and to build up on his own case.

But there was no hidden agenda associated with the movie of the underground city bizzo. Its purpose was to fool people. There really is a big hole underground -- but its city is made-up like a film set.

There is now a sense of restlessness. Grantley buys more drinks. He hands these about.

Grantley There you go!

And we've established that the intrepid movie-maker (who is now dead) gave away his film to another bloke.

Laurie Yep. Correct.

Grantley *frowns* I'm interested to know ... Now how did the mate die? (The bloke who gave the film to the other bloke.) Was his death suspicious?

Laurie *blase* Nuh. Croc got 'im. Pulled him off his boat while he was fishin' from a tinny in the Territory. About a week ago. Body never found. That's what I heard.

Dominic *appalled* Ugh ...

As expected, Laurie's stark comment puts a damper on the convivial drinking session. Grantley shakes his head.

Grantley *sighs* Fuck of a way to die that ...

Laurie *becoming intense* Only, I don't believe the croc yarn for one second. You know -- "croc attack" -- "his body not found" -- "case closed" ...

That's fairytale with a capital "F".

In fact, I'll go so far as to say this: "Yes, Your Honour -- the death was definitely suspicious. It was a crime-dude hit."

Dominic Why do you -- ? I mean why don't you believe it?

Laurie I'll tell ya. There was a famous murder in Melbourne just before I flew out. A topline sports player was slugged by a drive-by marksman. And turned out it was a mistaken identity case. The bloke that *should* have been smacked was one Vic Clancy of Drummond. Commit that name to memory. Vic Clancy.

(Vic got his right whack in the end soon enough, but. More of that later.)

Dominic *very confused* So ... What? What are you on about?

Grantley *very confused* I can't recall when I last had this plot straight in my head. Who is this Clancy guy?

Laurie The cops reckoned that the croc victim (who actually saw the famed underground bizzo) was named Vic Clancy. The bloke who was the intended in the drive-by shooting incident (that took out the top sportsman) was named Vic Clancy.

Co-in-cid-ent-ally ...

Both of these dudes came from Drummond which is a one-

horse hick town and there couldn't possibly be more than one bloke with that some name that lived in Drummond.

Thus, I reckon it's a stitch-up of monumental (not to say biblical) proportions.

QED.

Dominic *frowns*

What's it mean?

Laurie *shrugs*

You tell me.

Funny, isn't it?

Pages 106 - 107

TWO INTERESTING FLASHBACKS

Music: the RMCSWY theme.



Male news presenter
very serious

Kai Williams who played centre for AFL team Hawthorn has been murdered just minutes ago in front of his Mitcham home in what police believe was a drive-by shooting.



Cragness

Some dude has discovered a huge lost ancient city buried under the ground right in the middle of Australia. And he

has a movie to prove it.



Pages 93- 99

FILMING "CAGELESS" IN CENTRAL AUSTRALIA
and
PLUTO CITY, NORTHERN TERRITORY

Music: The African drums again (as in the beginning of "King Solomon's Mines" [1950].)



Wallace Rockhole is a Western Arrarnta Aboriginal community located 120 km west-southwest of Alice Springs, just a 70-minute drive along Larapinta Drive. The award-winning, Indigenous-owned community offers campsites, self-contained cabins, and immersive cultural experiences including guided rock art tours, dot painting workshops, and a stoneware pottery studio.  Tripadvisor +2

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"Cageless" third iteration.

Scene: Exterior.

Derby Rockhole (as we have renamed Wallace Rockhole).

A story is circulating that there is an ancient city (along with a vast treasure) buried deep in Central Australia (which partially explains why the film set shifts from Mongolia to Wallace Rockhole, Northern Territory.)

Milo and Sherryn will explain.

During the following voice-overs (Milo and Sherryn) our camera shows just exactly the scene that Milo and Sherryn describe.

Milo <i>voice-over</i>	In the world-famous Australian tradition of digging-up anything that is not nailed down, 9422 diggers have arrived at Derby Rockhole in the Northern Territory.
Sherryn <i>voice-over</i>	And not just diggers of the human variety: a regular flotilla of motorized excavation equipment worth hundreds of thousands of dollars has been shipped in to facilitate the process.
Milo <i>voice-over</i>	This really delightful spot of scenic beauty (that is Derby Rockhole) has been turned into a hive of industry.
Sherryn <i>voice-over</i>	Even the entire cast and crew of the seminal classic "Cageless" have upped-stumps from Mongolia to Derby Rockhole. Jock has deserted his post (as the film's director) such that he and Elizabeth can join the fevered search for what has now been dubbed "Pluto City" (in honour of the

Roman god of the underworld).

Milo *voice-over*

Federal Government and Territory law enforcers have leapt into action – attempting to keep some kind of order at the diggings.

Scene: Exterior.

Our brave hunters (no longer himbos) sit about in wicker chairs at their base camp in what is supposed to be Africa, 1909. They smoke pipes or cigars as they discuss the merits of the rhino shoot.

Sherryn *voice-over*

Without the former gung-ho director Jock Flanders, "Cageless" is now being driven by a mild-mannered English gent from Reckondotstate P/L: Will Eggerton.

Hunter #1 *thoughtful*

Do you know ... Been contemplating and what-not ... I feel that we may have misjudged Captain Eansley.

Hunter #2 *thoughtful*

You're right. He probably wasn't such a bad stick. Stood up for the rights of the animals. God's creatures and so on ...

Hunter #3 *thoughtful*

He was sound. A good egg! He was being paid to assist chaps like us as we slaughtered the wildlife; but in truth, that slaughter got up his nostrils.

Hunter #1 *nods*

A good bloke all round. Damned good!

Hunter #2 *nods*

Intrepid. Yet salt of the earth.

Hunter #3 *nods*

We can all learn a lesson from Eansley ...

Chaos: The search for Pluto City (the 9422 diggers and their heavy equipment)

is being disrupted on a major scale by the law enforcement people.



Our original video of a rhino charging (Africa, 1997) appears again here.

Only this time the rhino runs amok amongst the chaos just described. People scream as they try to flee the charging rhino.



Our hunters are as we left them mulling over Captain Eansley. They ruminate and nod and smoke (pipe/cigar). And then they too are charged by the rhino.

As Milo and Sherryn discuss in voice-over, our camera focuses on the hapless hunters (and their wicker chairs) lying about in a heap.

Sherryn *voice-over* We need to say "adieu" to this sad chapter in our movie.

Milo *voice-over* We bid a reluctant farewell to "Cageless". A movie that sucked ...

Okay! What about this?

[Imitates James A. Fitzpatrick.]

"As the sun pulls away from the shore and our boat sinks slowly in the West ..."

Sherryn *voice-over* For Christ sake, Milo! That is so hackneyed that it is beyond what is beyond what is beyond!

Milo *voice-over* Rightio. Let's take this moment to catch up with everyone else ...

Scene: Interior.

The Philadelphia Museum of Natural History; Avian Section.

Dominic is in violent disagreement with an elderly gentleman. Dominic's cricket bat is wielded. The elderly gentleman is protected from Dominic by startled onlookers as security guards rush in.

Milo *voice-over*

The Right Honourable Dominic Lynier has re-opened discussions regarding the evolution of feathers in relation to the origin of flight.

Scene: Interior.

An adults-only cabaret in Melbourne.

Laurie has joined a wild conga line as it snakes its way between tables. Drunken patrons applaud. Many of the female dancers are not wearing much in the way of clothing. Coloured feathers abound, however.

Sherryn *voice-over*

Famed film editor Mr Laurie Lowry takes a welcome, restful break from his filmic duties.

Scene: Interior.

An untidy bedroom in an inner Melbourne suburb.

Cragness is wearing only underpants. Seen side-on, it is evident that he is sexually aroused. (Okay! He has a large stiffy!)

Cragness is on his mobile phone (in a state of pleasure).

Milo *voice-over* Mr Donald Cragness catches up with Ms Tamara Winks via mobile phone.

Sherryn *voice-over* You arse! You can't show him like ***that!***

Scene: Interior.

An untidy bedroom in an inner Melbourne suburb.

Cragness is wearing a thick woollen dressing gown.

Cragness is on his mobile phone (smiling).

Milo *voice-over* That better?

Sherryn *voice-over* Marginally ...

Milo *voice-over* And on a more sombre note ...

Scene: Interior.

Televised media conference.

A senior officer of the Victorian Police (in uniform) is delivering a statement. Other officers stand about behind him. He has a phalanx of microphones before him.

Senior officer *very serious* The recent shooting death of Mr Kai Williams outside his Mitcham home has been fully investigated. The person or persons responsible for Mr Williams's killing being still

unknown and still at large, the Victorian Police urge anyone with information regarding this crime to contact Crimestoppers on ...

Those attending the interview disperse.

Milo *voice-over*

Aw! Come on!

They have to know at least ***something!***

Sherryn *voice-over*

They can't work it out – is that what they're saying?

Milo *voice-over*

I guess ... What happens now?

Pages 92 -96

NUTTING IT OUT Part III

Involving Degas, Barizhnakov

And an unknown Macca's customer.

Scene: Interior.

The McDonald's store near Shinty.

Armed with a trayful of food and drink, Degas sits in his local McDonald's with a laptop in front of him. He has provided himself with several scraps of paper and a couple of old biros. Degas will eat, drink and write during the entirety of this following interchange. At times, he will hardly be able to speak due to the wads of food in his mouth.

This is a zoom session with Barizhnakov. A 2-way split screen is used.

Barizhnakov	Are you in a Maccas? Should you be doing this in public?
Degas <i>looks about</i>	It's okay. They're all aliens. They don't-a speak-a de lingo.
Barizhnakov	Fine then.
	Are you writing this down?
Degas <i>pen in hand</i>	Yep. Speak to me.
Barizhnakov	Okay. The great news is that Matt's on board.

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Degas *frowns* Is that helpful? Your bro is a tool, mate.

Barizhnakov Yeah - nuh ... He's okay.

We thrashed it out. And what we came up with is **soooooo** good!

I asked him: from 7:30 to 11:00 that night -- what cars were stolen within that timespan. We have 30 cars stolen per day in Melbourne. But we expanded that to the way outer suburbs. We trudge through that list and get 5 that might work.

5 cars only. And 2 of those cars absolutely fit our timespan.

Degas I'm writing this down. Sounds good.

Barizhnakov This is how Matt and I see it.

Car A was stolen from somewhere close to Spotswood around the time Kai Williams was gunned down and was found dumped in the miniscule carpark at Loddon Falls. Okay so the cops just write that down as "joyride". Kids on a spree.

Degas Right.

Barizhnakov No possible link.

Degas Right.

Barizhnakov However, **another** car (car B) was filched from Kyneton. Fits the time. And discovered (wait for it) in Spotswood parked neatly at the railway station. Again, the cops write that theft down to kids having fun.

Degas Spotswood again.

Barizhnakov

Matt and I joined the dots. Here's how it played out.

The head dude screams out: "Fuck! I've sent our shooter (A) and his driver (B) to the wrong place".

Then he sends bloke C and bloke D off to Drummond *immediately*.

With no time to spare, C & D grab any vehicle they can find. They drive to Drummond and knock off Vic Clancy. Then they have no choice but to "hide" the stolen car.

They split up in Kyneton. One drives while the other one steals a second car. Then they drive (separately but together) from Kyneton to Loddon Falls. They dump the first car and then both climb into the Kyneton car.

Degas

Which they can safely dump in Spotswood. Brilliant!

Barizhnakov

And no discernible link.

So: our epicentre is Spotswood. Great!

Now we can turn to the list of 28 marksmen that you snaffled off the cop-chick.

Degas

I been thinking about that.

You are a marksman with a successful hit behind you. You take your new bankroll and shoot through.

That's the normal run of things.

But there's 2 things that Ozzies won't buy: the death of a famous racehorse and the demise of a favourite sports star.

Barizhnakov

Snap!

The marksman with a successful hit (that being a

celebrated footy icon) and a new bankroll can't just hide. He has to get out of the country. Without even pausing for breath.

Degas

So ... (drum roll) ... the list of 28 marksmen can easily be cut down. Those in jail – no good. Those still in Australia – no good.

We'll be looking for some dude who isn't here ... left suddenly ... left without a trace ... no forwarding address ...

Barizhnakov

And if we can connect them to Spotswood ...

A male voice speaks to Degas. The man is not seen. However, we watch Degas turn his head in order to listen to the man. Degas has his mouth open in stunned shock.

Degas *to the Macca's customer* Your brother?

Barizhnakov *concerned* What's goin' on?

Degas *to Barizhnakov* Williamstown! Williamstown is just down the road from Spotswood. About 5 minutes' drive. This bloke's brother hired out his ocean-going yacht to a couple of blokes for ready cash 2 nights ago. From Williamstown!

His brother couldn't believe how much they were willing to pay.

Can you get onto Matt? And I'll get the deets on this bloke's

brother over to you by text.

If the yacht-hirers are on the list of 28 marksmen ...

The laptop screen goes black.

Pages 96 - 104

MILO JUMPS THE GUN
AS SHERRYN CALLS THE ROLL.

Scene: Exterior.

Derby Rockhole, Northern Territory.

There is a fever of activity at Derby Rockhole.

There are diggers. Whole families band together to operate massive excavation equipment.

There are uniformed law enforcement people. Every police officer with a pulse has been dragged into service. Rubber bullets are fired, loud hailers are utilized: this is a virtual war between diggers and police.

Milo and Sherryn will voice-over as we watch the plumes of dust surrounding this mayhem.

Milo *voice-over*

Thanks, viewers for sticking with us for the duration of this movie. You'll be able to sort it out for yourselves from now

on. Sherryn and I would just like to say --

Sherryn *voice-over* Whoa, Big Boy! Excuse me! We're not even close to finished yet.

Milo *voice-over* What? What is left?

Sherryn *voice-over* Pluto City, for one thing.

All the kerfuffle overhead at ground level caused a huge fissure to appear in the ceiling of the cavern (wherever that is).

Scene: Exterior.

Derby Rockhole, Northern Territory.

Derby Rockhole rocks and groans.

People scramble for safety. If at all possible, the massive excavation equipment is driven off to safer ground.

Police marshal all stragglers out of the area which appears to be collapsing.

Sherryn *voice-over* There were plenty of rumblings to warn the diggers to stand clear. Then "KERPOW!" That's all she wrote.

Scene: Exterior.

Derby Rockhole, Northern Territory.

A huge crater appears as the roof of the Pluto City cavern collapses. Thick clouds of dust spiral into the air.

Milo *voice-over* Brutal! No-one hurt?

Sherryn *voice-over* Not a sausage. Except for their pride.

Milo *voice-over* What else?

Scene: Exterior.

Derby Rockhole, Northern Territory.

The dust starts to settle in the huge crater which appears after the roof of the Pluto City cavern collapsed. Intrepid diggers make their way down to see if anything can be salvaged. We listen to the usual narration of Milo and Sherryn. We shall also hear skat comments from those adventurous souls who still want to check out the possibility of treasure in what was left of Pluto City.

Sherryn *voice-over* Well ... The movie that we despised ("Cageless") can now be renamed "Caveless".

[Giggles helplessly.]

I think that's hysterical.

Digger #1 Hey! It's tiny! Look at the broken bits of mirror. They used mirrors to make it look bigger.

Digger #2 I can't see any "city" here. This is just a rock hole filled with junk.

Milo *voice-over* No, it's not hysterical. It's just sick.

What else?

Digger #3 *in tears* I've mortgaged my house for this ... What a rip-off!

Digger #4 *angry* Whoever it was that thought up this con ought to be strung up.

Sherryn *voice-over* I don't understand why no-one thought to drag in Uncle Dapto. We need him now more than ever.

Milo *voice-over* Then ring him and tell him to get his sad arse over here to Derby Rockhole.

Sherryn *voice-over* Oh, it can't be me ... But I'm pretty sure that Dominic Lynier is an acquaintance. They were introduced (I think) ... Something to do with Antarctica ...

Milo *voice-over* Isn't Dominic still in the USA? (I can't keep track of everyone in this blistering saga).

Sherryn *voice-over* We can hook up. But we really should be checking out Degas and Barry.

Scene: Interior.

The Police Watchhouse, Melbourne.

Police show photos of likely criminals to the owner of the "Bethania". We see him nod and point. The photos of Carey and then Mulligan appear.

Sherryn narrates as the action is seen.

Sherryn *voice-over* Initially, Barizhnakov was concerned that Degas was holding his Zoom session in the McDonald's café in Shinty.

 However, that talkfest had the best possible outcome: police made a major breakthrough because a Macca's patron couldn't help but overhear that conversation. It

turned out that this man's brother was involved.

The owner of the "Bethania" was shown police photographs of 28 known assassins usually resident in Victoria. Casey was immediately identified as being one of the men who hired the yacht. Further police work unearthed 15 photographs of known associates of Casey. That led to Mulligan being identified as the second man.

Scene: Exterior.

Island-hopping in the "Bethania".

The two men involved in the Kai Williams killing (Mulligan and Casey) are believed to be aboard an ocean-going yacht (the "Bethania") which sailed out of Williamstown (Victoria) late at night, 2 days previous. It appears that their intention was to island-hop out of harm's way.

Our camera shows the "Bethania" sailing through rolling waves. The crew (Mulligan and Casey) make the best of it. Above the "Bethania" we see a police helicopter. And coming alongside the "Bethania" we see 2 police launches (both heavily armed). Sherryn and Milo narrate as the action is seen.

Milo *voice-over*

Did you know that Barry pulled Degas up about broadcasting the bizz in a Macca's? Worried that some jerk would eavesdrop.

Fact!

I just been having a chin-wag with –

Sherryn *voice-over*,

Can we try to stick with the narration, please?

almost a whisper

Milo *voice-over*

No way! The punters will want to hear this.

So anyhow young Bazza says to me: "Just think – if my mate Degas hadn't talked to me in a Macca's that bloke would never have overheard what we said."

Sherryn *voice-over*,
barely audible

Follow the script, Milo.

Milo *voice-over*

The bloke who overheard them ... Well, his brother ...

Sherryn *voice-over*,
with withering
contempt

You're drunk!

Milo *voice-over*

I'm not drunk. No way! I'm just pleasantly pleasant ...

Hang on. You do the spiel.

I gotta have a slash.

Sherryn *voice-over*

A what?

Milo *voice-over*

You know. See a man about a dog ...

We hear the scroop of a chair, followed by a door opening and closing.

There is a perceptible silence.

Sherryn *voice-over*

Australia Police used a helicopter and 2 police launches to pursue the wanted men. Evidently, they were island-hopping across the Pacific Ocean in a bid for freedom.

The "Bethania" was put under surveillance (helicopter) as

the 2 launches came alongside. After some toing and froing, the 2 hitmen were brought into custody. They were extradited to Victoria. Under rigorous questioning, the men revealed the name of their boss: he is Warren (nicknamed "Wozza") Grahame operating out of Spotswood.

Scene: Exterior.

Western Australian police swoop on a small terrace house in the Perth inner suburbs. We see several large policemen dragging Wozza Grahame out of the house and into the street. Before a startled crowd of onlookers, Grahame has his face slammed onto the bonnet of a police car where he is roughly handled as he is handcuffed. Sherryn is our narrator whilst this progresses.

Sherryn *voice-over*

Wozza Grahame (in possession of a plane ticket bound for the USA) was run to earth as far away as Western Australia. The police were unable to extract any details from Wozza Grahame except that he was paid a phenomenal sum of money to terminate Vic Clancy of Drummond.

Grahame (as with his employees) was brought back to Victoria.

Unfortunately, the ancient code of "Honour among thieves" was applied: Wozza would never reveal the name of the man who hired him.

Scene: Exterior.

The heart of Melbourne is blocked by street protests.

Placards read "Bring back the Death Sentence" and "Justice for Kai" et cetera.

A couple of paddy wagons try to move along – they are met by the violent, angry mob. Sherryn narrates as we watch this scene.

Sherryn *voice-over*

Nothing could save Mulligan, Carey and Grahame from public disgrace.

No matter what they claimed, the Victorian public blamed them all outright for the senseless murder of beloved footy star Kai Williams. Thousands of people thronged the streets during several protests. The call was to bring back the death penalty. Some even wanted these scoundrels to be thrown to the sharks.

Or even to saltwater crocodiles.

Off-stage, Sherryn's mobile phone rings. She is appalled and apologetic. But seeing that the caller is Milo, she reluctantly answers.

Sherryn *voice-over*

What do you want, Milo?

Milo *voice-over, mobile phone*

Hey, listen, Babe. We're not doin' the Brownlow medal count, are we? Some planker in here reckons that you and me are the star turns at the Crown Palladium on Brownlow

night.

Sherryn *voice-over* Yes we are. But it's not for a few weeks yet – enough time for you to sober-up I should think.

Off-stage, we hear Milo laugh and cough via his mobile phone. We also hear the sound of a hand dryer being run (through Milo's phone).

Milo *voice-over, mobile phone* Yeah – Goodoh because --

Sherryn *voice-over, gritted teeth* You're not calling me from the Gents toilet, are you?

Milo *voice-over, mobile phone* Blood oath. I've washed me hands. Quite unnecessary of course. Mum taught me not to piss on me hands ... But ... you know ... politically correct and that ...

Sherryn *voice-over, appalled* So sorry about that.

Pages 105 - 106

**UNCLE DAPTO DELIVERS "WELCOME TO COUNTRY"
AND THEN TIES UP THE LOOSE ENDS
(Almost ...)**



The "Welcome to Country" ritual

PLOT PROGRESSION:

We have to tie up all the loose ends.

We now know who but we need to know why.

Uncle Dapto will point Degas on his way to unveiling the background story.

Scene: Exterior.

At The Gabba in Brisbane, the postponed AFL match between Brisbane and

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Hawthorn now goes ahead as a special Wednesday night game. It is Uncle Dapto who is asked to lead the "Welcome to Country" celebration prior to that game. All players and umpires wear black armbands. There will be a minute's silence before play to honour Kai Williams. However, we only see a snippet of that.

Scene: Interior.

Zoom hook-up. The following characters are part of the 7-way talkfest: Dominic (major screen) and Uncle Dapto (major screen) with Degas, Barizhnakov, Laurie, Cragness and Grantley.

Dominic I'm not sure if you all know Uncle Dapto. He is a much-revered tribal elder who has taught me more about avian communication than I could possibly imagine.

 Gentlemen: Uncle Dapto, speaking to us from Brisbane.

Uncle Dapto Hello, hello.

Dominic We have Degas from Shinty and Barry (Barizhnakov) from Ivanhoe. We have Don Cragness and Grantley Frawley in the USA. I'm in the USA (still) waiting for my case to be heard. And Laurie: where are you, mate?

Laurie I'm in London, Dom. My current job is to assist Dr Anne Glenn with some possible Tudor fraud. Dr Glenn has recently become engaged to Adrian Lannsing of Sydney.

Dominic So we'll start by veering right off subject and find out a bit about a bloke called Artie Rice Cougan. You have the floor, Uncle Dapto.

Uncle Dapto Bit of back-story (as they call it now).

 I'm a tribal elder.

 Started off in the bush as a jackaroo and then graduated to being a clerk of the course within my local NSW racing circuit. Still turn up at the races whenever there's a meeting and whenever they need me, eh.

 I bump into lots of folks that way. Coat-pullers and hangers-on ... Can't help attracting people like that. Must have that sort of face.

Uncle Dapto Couldn't think of the name for Artie – what he did ...He was a helper at the rodeo. Not a clown ... Then I remembered: a "wrangler". That's what Artie done. He's not a blackfella like me.

 And I first met Artie at the races about the time that that pommie jock Lester Piggott was sent to the clink for tax evasion. Long time ago ...

Uncle Dapto This is the key point in my yarn.

 Artie Rice Cougan had a phenomenal rapport with animals, specifically horses. He wandered about in the mounting yard at (say) Flemington and had every horse's measure; like a horse-whisperer, he was. Plonked his money and landed many, many tremendous wins at odds. People got jealous. People like Vic Clancy got jealous.

Uncle Dapto He could do that anywhere, Artie could: big smoke or in the bush. Any one of the six states or even in the Territory. He was a wizard.

Uncle Dapto So ... Laurie?

Laurie Yeah, mate?

Uncle Dapto You heard that Vic Clancy was taken by a croc in the NT while he was fishing.

Laurie That's what the cops told me, yeah.

Uncle Dapto They were spinning you a yarn, eh.

 Rockinghorse poop. It was Artie that was taken.

 Artie loved fishing. He never spent money on anything but fishing, eh.

 And Vic Clancy (who desperately wanted to cash-in on Artie's wealth) hated fishing with a passion.

Degas It was Artie C-G who was killed by the croc, then. And Vic Clancy lived on?

Grantley And when Craggs said: "Some dude has discovered a huge lost ancient city buried under the ground right in the middle of Australia." – that was this Artie.

Laurie Who gave the proof video over to Vic Clancy. Jeez! What a mess!

Uncle Dapto Artie Rice Cougan might have been a crummy rodeo wrangler but he amassed a huge fortune from betting on racehorses. He had plans for using that money wisely: to knock off the one man that he hated more than any other - - Vic Clancy.

Laurie But I thought they were mates?

Uncle Dapto

I'm not to know if this is right or not ...

This is what I reckon.

Vic was going to use the Derby Rockhole Pluto City movie to lure in the punters. And it worked! He enticed thousands of eager beavers to Central Australia to find the hidden riches. And he made plenty of moollah along the way.

Uncle Dapto

I cannot work out why anyone would hire a hitman to finish off Vic Clancy. He was not that rich. He was a minor conman. There was positively nothing to gain by executing him. It's got me tricked.

Milo *voice-over*

Let's all be clear about this. A rodeo wrangler (Artie Rice Cougan) is claiming the existence of a mythical underground city in Central Australia. He makes this claim based on a movie he received from the now deceased (however the fuck he died) Vic Clancy. The myth goes back to 1987 which is nominated by Uncle Dapto as the first he heard of it (matching the incarceration of a leading UK jockey for tax fraud). According to Laurie the movie is much more modern than 1987. I'm thinking that it went like this: saw the underground bizzo in 1987 and told people about it, not believed and so went back again to film it. Then now -- this year! -- Laurie is called in to verify that movie. He does so. It's definitely good. A couple of weeks ago Vin Clancy is knocked off (as in "executed by crims") and we can only guess at why.

Sherryn *voice-over* We could be watching black swans dabbling about on a lake in W.A. if only we could ...

Milo *voice-over* Are you saying that I'm boring?

Sherryn *voice-over* Yep.

Milo (still in voice-over) makes a "Hmph!" noise. Then he continues as if uninterrupted.

Milo *voice-over* And we currently have 9,422 eager beavers slogging their guts out as they dig up Central Australia in the hope of finding the city **because** it's probably filled with treasure.

And where is the movie? It's safely tucked away in a bank vault in Townsville.

Townsville ... Let me guess! It's in Townsville because that's where a major rodeo is held each year and Artie would have been wrangling there.

Sherryn *voice-over* I'm reading ahead. Everything is revealed in the next few pages. Let's crack on!

Pages 133 - 119

DEGAS SCORES SOME WORK

Using a chainsaw ...

Scene: Exterior.

Our scene is in the open air, near a large farm shed. Large thick logs of wood lie on the grass ready for sawing.

Degas has been offered work at a property not far from Shinty.

Pete has a heavy chainsaw in his hands. The boss (Pete) measures Degas with his eyes.

Pete The agency usually sends me a snotty little shrimp -- but you're quite tall.

Degas 193 centimetres. Six foot 4 in the old.

Pete *nods* Do you know how much you weigh?

Degas *shakes head* Nuh. Too much, I guess.

Pete *nods* And ya look like ya might have some power there. Show us yer biceps.

Without any embarrassment, Degas executes a strong man pose. Pete is somewhat impressed.

Pete Alright.

[Indicates that he is speaking about the chainsaw.]

This is a petrol job. Not top of the range or that ...

Do you know how to use a chainsaw?

Degas Yes. My maternal grandfather taught me.

Pete Did he let you use it?

Degas Yes he did. Several times.

Pete On logs and stuff?

Degas Yeah.

Pete Okay. And he drummed into you the safety concerns?

Degas No. He ran his chainsaw without goggles, without gloves and always had a half-smoked ciggie hanging out of his mouth. Basically my Grandpa was an accident waiting to happen. But it never did.

Pete What? Was he a farm-hand or something?

Degas Nope. Grandpa was a long-distance truckie. Usually interstate.

He was a legend: they called him "The Queensland Truckie".

Pete *tosses his head* Oh well that explains it. They're as mad as cut snakes. No offence.

Degas No offence taken. He was a hard man and he worked hard and he was also a very hard grandfather.

Pete *nods*

Know the type ...

Still ... Must fray yer fuckin' nerves having to park up in some Loserville on the other side of Woop Woop in the dark and then have to sleep in yer truck. No wonder they go troppo.

Without comment Pete hands to Degas a thick pair of gloves and some eye protection. Degas pulls on the goggles, then pulls on the gloves.

Pete

Okay. Well there you go.

[Points to a couple of pre-cut samples].

We want them **that** size. And you take as long as you take. You're being paid for the job not for the hours. Go to it!

Pete plonks the chainsaw on the grass, then walks off.

Degas picks up the chainsaw, yanks the pull cord (which starts the motor effortlessly) and begins cutting the timber as specified by Pete.



Degas has finished the required work. He removes the goggles and gloves. As Pete walks up, Degas stares at the wood.

Pete *pleased* Woo hoo! Good on ya! I'll get you to come and give us a hand every time. I'll ring up the agency and demand that they send me "Dago" by request.

Degas "Degas". French impressionist artist.

Pete *shrugs* Yeah - nah. What you said ...
Here's yer money. I only work in cash.

Pete hands over an envelope with the wages inside it. Degas pockets the envelope without checking the contents. Pete and Degas shake hands.

Pete All the best, mate. See ya next time.

Degas continues to look closely at the wood. He even extends his hand and strokes it gently.

Pete *calls out* Anythink wrong, mate?

Degas *calls out* No, mate. I just got a bit ... You know ... Thinking about Grandpa. I've told you what a cunt he could be ... But in his will he left me a whole lot of stuff. Stuff that meant something ...
I shouldn't have paid out on him like I did ...

Degas stares at the logs in a depressed fashion. Pete wanders up and lays his

hand gently on Degas's shoulder.

Pete It's hard to talk about people when they're dead ...

Degas suddenly becomes alert.

He looks at Pete full in the eye.

Degas *whispers* Everything's okay-doke.
I figured out why Vic Clancy got smacked.

Pages 138 - 139

DEGAS SOLVES IT

Scene: Exterior.

Return to the Drongdrong Picnic races (as viewed when the film started.) The mounting yard -- filled with the runners for the upcoming race being led about by strappers as the jockeys mount-up.

It is just as we saw it previously, with Uncle Dapto (in his clerk of the course kit) mounted on his pony. Racegoers and especially children approach Uncle Dapto to stroke the pony, and to chat with the wise man.

Degas is there as well. He pats the pony, and speaks directly to camera (except as advised).

Degas

Artie Rice Cougan might have seemed to be a crummy rodeo wrangler but he amassed a huge fortune from betting on racehorses and on the dogs. He had plans for using that money wisely: to buy a hitman.

Why? To knock off the one man that he hated more than any other -- Vic Clancy.

A thought occurs to Uncle Dapto.

Uncle Dapto *to Degas* How come you've flexed up here, at Drongdrong? I didn't think you had a driver's licence.

Degas I'm getting one. Barry is too. His brother Matt (you know the copper?) -- well, he's giving us lessons. I drove up here and Barry'll drive back. On "L" plates.

Uncle Dapto *shrugs, nods* Fair enough.

Degas *to camera* Artie left explicit instructions with Wozza Graham (as well as a sizeable wodge of \$100 bills) that if he (Artie) died then Wozza was to hit Vic.

And that's just what happened. Artie was the man who died in the Northern Territory in the tinny. It was Artie who was taken by the croc. Artie's body was never found.

Wozza organized that the police thought the croc victim was Vic. Easy enough to do. The cops weren't to know that Vic hated fishing, were they?

Then Wozza set about to honour Artie's instructions. He told his best driver and his best marksman to go to **this** address and knock off the bloke there. Only we now realize that Wozza got everything arse-about and that the wrong man got shot.

Uncle Dapto brushes away a fly. He sets his mount forward; the starters are now entering the course and Uncle Dapto must go with them. He calls back to Degas.

Uncle Dapto I'm guessin' that the police swooped on Wozza Graham and his gang, eh.

Degas *shrugs, to* They were rooted (pardon my French). The moment word
Uncle Dapto got out that the mistaken victim was a national hero, they
all tried to scarper.

But the boys in blue got 'em -- with our help.

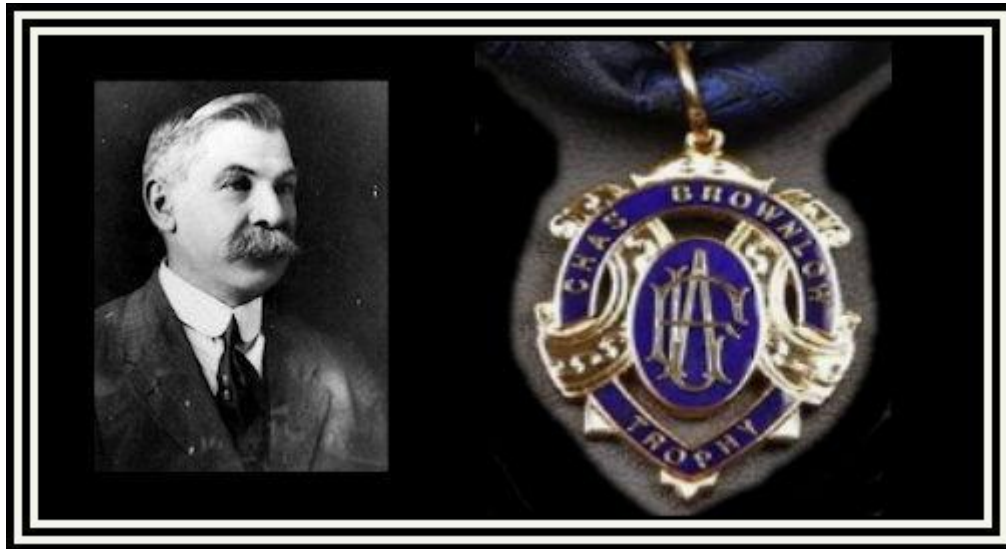
Uncle Dapto nods to Degas then trots off with the runners.

Degas *to camera* Yeah it's good to close this off.

Thanks to Barry and Matt we were able to pinpoint the HQ at Spotswood. That gave up Wozza Graham as the ringleader of the hit squad.

Thanks to Uncle Dapto we came to understand who this Artie guy was -- what we were dealing with in him.

And thanks to my Grandpa (The Queensland Truckie) the deets became clear to me.



Pages 141 - 146

THE CRIME THAT STOPS THE CITY OF MELBOURNE

POSTHUMOUS AWARD

THE BROWNLOW COUNT

Crown Palladium, Melbourne

Signifies end of movie

Scene: Interior.

The Crown Palladium.

Usually the glittering ceremony wherein the AFL counts the umpires' votes for Fairest and Best on ground for each home-and-away match is a vibrant, jolly affair.

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This year, the atmosphere is muted -- almost sombre.

Armed guards escort a large locked box into the tally room. This box is placed on the main table. Our camera shows the box being unlocked by an AFL official.

The WAGS (wives and girlfriends) of the players would normally dress to impress. This year, the overlying mood leans towards dark colours, quiet designs.

We shall see excerpts from the count.

Each weekend provides highlights from the AFL games.

It is more than obvious that snatches of play featuring the late Kai Williams cause maximum distress.

Our camera will switch over to the tables dedicated to the Hawthorn players and wags. Pattie Williams is not present. However her brother Jack (a long-time friend of Kai) takes her place in representing the family. All the people at the Hawthorn tables are grieving: they openly weep -- both males and females.

And then of course there is the leaderboard.

It is very disturbing for everyone that a man who was brutally murdered is the clear leader in the count.

Finally, the medal is presented on a dark blue velvet cushion to Jack Conroy, who is (as expected) tearful and unable to complete the posthumous acceptance speech.

We shall rely on the voice-overs of Milo and Sherryn to facilitate the progress of the count as we see it. Their words will match the visuals (as closely as possible).

Sherryn *voice-over*

Milo will explain how this works. Over to you, Milo.

Milo *voice-over*

Thanks Sherryn.

The umpires officiating at each AFL game during the normal season award votes for which players they think

were the fairest and best on the ground. Can be for either side: winner or loser. The votes are 1, 2 and 3 with 3 being adjudged the fairest/best player afield.

Sherryn *voice-over*

These votes are locked away. At the start of the Brownlow count, armed guards escort the box containing all the votes such that the duly designated AFL officials can count them, round by round. The TV station provides the accompanying best plays of the round and the leaderboard is kept up to date -- for each team and for the overall score.

Milo *voice-over*

So we slog through that until we get to the end of August where the Lions versus Hawks game that should have been at the Gabba was postponed to a later date.

Sherryn *voice-over*

From that point onwards, Kai Williams does not score any more umpire votes.

However, he is so far clear that the scribes are whipping out their calculators --

Milo *voice-over*

On their phones.

Sherryn *voice-over*

Yes. Whipping out their calculators on their phones to see if there's any possible way that a smokey (a dark horse) could nick in and win the chocolates.

Milo -- is this possible?

Milo *voice-over*

No, Sherryn. There aren't enough games. Kai scored 3 votes nearly every time he played. No-one else got close.

Sherryn *voice-over*

Time for the tissues. We only have a few more games to go. Everyone at the Hawks' table is gutted, Milo. Gutted!

Milo *voice-over*

So there are only about half-a-dozen votes to count. But it's

all smoke-and-mirrors because the late Kai Williams will be awarded the gong. His long-time friend Jack Conroy is also his brother-in-law -- he will be accepting on Kai's behalf.

Sherryn *voice-over* Stand by.

Very strong male voice And I declare the winner of this year's Charles Brownlow
voice-over medal to be Kai Williams, Hawthorn.

The award is to be accepted by Kai's brother-in-law and lifelong friend -- Jack Conroy.

We can see the attendees applauding. Again, weeping is the order of the day.

Everyone stands. The presenters on stage await Jack Conroy who makes his way to the stage. The support that Jack receives on his journey to the stage is stunning: everyone is kind and understanding, patting his shoulder or back.

Jack is awash with tears. He tries to hold it together. Once on the stage he shakes hands with all the presenters and receives man-hugs.

He delivers his pre-written speech whilst reading (not once looking up). His hands shake. Basically he is a train-wreck.

Jack Conroy *grief-stricken, shaken voice* My friend and brother-in-law Kai Williams was a champion centreman

[Pause to try and control wobbly voice]

even before he first

[Pause to try and control wobbly voice]

first pulled-on the brown-and-gold guernsey for Hawthorn.

I am proud but humble to accept this year's Charles Brownlow Medal on his behalf.

[Pause to try and control wobbly voice]

Thank you to everyone associated with the AFL for --

[Pause to try and control wobbly voice]

Sorry ... I can't --

Two older retired Hawthorn players quickly go up onto the stage to assist Jack Conroy. They support his departure from the stage, and help him carry the blue cushion that bears Kai's medal. Jack Conroy is now way past anything.

We can see the emotion pour out as Jack is applauded on his way back to his seat.

Milo *voice-over* That must stand as the hardest job for a bloke to do: accept a posthumous award like that.

Sherryn *voice-over* And Jack's sister (Pattie Williams widow of Kai) did not attend the Brownlow count on doctor's advice. In fact, she was not even going to watch this broadcast (until a much later date) in view of her pregnancy and the upset she's already gone through.

Milo *voice-over* Where's the tissues?

Sherryn *voice-over* Here they are. Oh ... There's not many left ...

END OF MOVIE

POSTSCRIPT

Photo of Pattie Williams (smiling) and newborn son, Degas Barry Kai Williams.

Both mother and baby are doing well.

**While the CREDITS run through
we see black swans dabbling in a lake in Western Australia.**

Laurie *voice-over*

Let's get this straight ... I was hired-on to check the veracity of the film itself. Was AI involved in the production of same?

The subject matter was not in my territory.

Dominic *voice-over*

I like the idea of a small, light, long-legged reptile (dinosaur or not) that has a covering of early feathers like down. Running from a predator. The animal that can run fastest and/or runs and flaps having moments of above-ground movement can escape the predator. That's the key! Being alive and able to mate is better than being predator food. Those animals that are left have a higher incidence of moving in this way and they pass that propensity on to future generations. Then (in a twinkling) ALL the animals in

this group are capable of running/flight. And this is on-bred.

Laurie *voice-over*

So I wasn't checking to see if the underground city had been knocked up with 4-be-2 ... I was only studying the video itself. But as an aside I noticed that the city looked very tacky.