



Gibbo was shafted from the Aussie soap opera
because the male/female imbalance was causing angst.

But anyhow he wants to write the best ever murder drama
to be filmed by a top-weight Hollywood director.

So, he lets the discriminatory sacking slide (for now) ...

The murder occurs in Carlton however everyone decamps to Sydney.
A misdirected tip-off results in the brutal raid on the Dapto RSL. Harsh but fair ...

Anthrax closes production, the dinosaur is too big to take the lift,
the can of Golden Syrup goes missing and Mocket proves to be a cad.

Thus, the question remains:

Can **ANYTHING** at all be salvaged from Gibbo's award-winning script?



SLASH AND BURN IN ONE ACT

I, Scene i: Bon Mots from Tyrone Bosson, Film Critic

Introduction with film critic Tyrone Bosson. He is spieling to camera.

Tyrone

Respected Hollywood director Fleming Hardcastle has raised the bar. His latest offering is a paeon to what one might term the "New Mood".

Entitlement, empowerment, realisation.

The music is evocative, the photography breath-taking, the acting

monumental.

Cooper *voice over*

That! That ... That! I want my dinosaur film to get ***that*** review.
That! What that bloke is saying. "New Mood" ... yeah, that!

END OF SCENE

I, Scene ii: Crappo Comments from Everyone At Tarandrelong (Soap Opera).

Our focus is on a wall-mounted TV screen in a boardroom of a Sydney TV channel. This is a continuation of the opening scene.

Maureen will be portrayed by actress Shailah Coniglio.

Tyrone

Empowerment, realisation.

The music is evocative, the photography breath-taking, the acting monumental.

Gone are the stark confrontations with reality which we often associate with Hardcastle. Gone are the camels shitting in the desert of Saudi. Gone are the --

Someone switches the channel.

We now view a long, beautiful, sweeping scene of the Australia bush in the very late afternoon or evening, not long before the sun begins to set.

Noises are heard as of a door opening and closing, and footsteps.

Lewey *voice-over*

Ah! Sorry I'm late. Just flew in from WA and they told me to flex up here.

Marie is heard to shoosh Lewey. He whispers "Sorry".

Forbes *in voice-over* Sit here.

Lewey *in voice-over* Ta!

whispering [After a slight pause]

What are we looking at?

Gibbo *voice-over* We **were** breathlessly soaking in the wise words of --

Sirius *in voice-over* The "Tarandrelong" show. The Aussie sheep station called --
What's the name of the station, again?

Bonnie *in voice-over* Witalloo Station. But we are stretching wider than the Witalloo
property to encompass the entire township.

So, we're calling it "Tarandrelong". It sounds good: rolls off the
tongue.

After a few murmurs of agreement, there is silence, broken only by the sounds of magpies carolling.

Sirius *in voice-over* I'm impressed so far. Course youse all know that this show is
make-or-break for the company. I want it to work. Badly want it to
work.

Gibbo *in voice-over* You'll love it once we make some major and minor changes.

Sirius *in voice-over* Mmmm?

Now we are focused on the Australian sheep station (Witalloo) and its surrounding bushland.

*Magpies are foraging. The youngster plays cutely. Maureen (actress Shailah Coniglio) is watching
them frolic.*

Sirius *in voice-over* What's this? An homage to Attenborough?

*Young actor (Tony Nedson) drives a tractor near the shed as he looks towards Maureen somewhat
longingly. The sun is beginning to set behind the gum trees. Tony applies the tractor brakes and
pauses in his seat.*

Forbes *in voice-over* I like the setting sun. That's a good touch.

Sirius *in voice-over* We need some silky music in there.

Gibbo *in voice-over* Why bother? Wait until you see what follows ...

Sirius *in voice-over* Mmmm?

Tony Nedson Is Australia's Worst Actor.

Tony Nedson rubs his hands down his jeans then strolls nonchalantly over to Maureen. As he does so, the magpies squawk as they fly off. He leans against the railings then speaks. But the delivery is vile and the smile is wooden and clown-like.

Tony Nedson *clumsy* Um Maureen ... the B & S ball is comin' up ... D'ya wanna go? ...
With me?

Everyone in background groans.

Our camera rolls back to encompass the entire boardroom whilst the Oz drama on the screen freezes. Now we are actually able to see these TV people who have been discussing the production in background.

Lewey Is that his best work? My God!

 What's his name again? That isn't Buff Nedson, is it?

Sirius That actor has got to go!

Bonnie No. Buff's son, in fact. Tony Nedson.

Sirius Write him out!

Forbes His father was a legend in Rugby League.

Bonnie *to Sirius* Is that your well-researched opinion? When we're flooded with
"Don't Kill Off Nedson!" correspondence, I vote that you score the
job of answering all the hate mail. Should be barrow-loads of it.

Marie Look! This is a run-of-the-mill, stock-standard Ozzie TV drama-romance with loads of lovable characters. All our favourites! Now this role of Larry Pye --

Sirius *interrupts* That Tony Nedson is trying his hardest to crucify!

Marie *progressing her theme* ... is a simple one: a good-looking, affable young hetero bloke who knocks around on a farm and rides a raunchy stallion. A good-time jackaroo. Lots of girls to pash-on with behind wool bales. Drama near the sheep dip. The odd punch-up in the pub ... He's everybody's darling. You know how it goes: the men want to be him and the women want to screw him. How hard can this role be for even the greenest of greenhorn actors?

Gibbo *squirming* Nedson is difficult ... He can't relate to his character ... A square peg in a round --

Marie His popularity has skyrocketed since that Bachelor reality thingo last year.

Bonnie That's right on the money. So, when we give him the flick from "Tarandrelong", he'll stir up a ridiculous amount of fierce activity from "fans" trying to restore his character to the series.

Gibbo And there we'll be (that is, us writers) having to come up with one ludicrous suggestion after another in order to "bring him back" from the dead.

Forbes Couldn't he just be sent on a fact-finding mission to Chicago?

Gibbo *snarling* Yeah ... How to rope steers in Illinois. For God's sake get a grip!

Now follows a cacophony of voices, all arguing about whether or not to retain Tony Nedson's services in the Tarandrelong series. Gibbo must make himself heard.

Gibbo *loudly* Listen, guys! I don't want to mess around anymore with this moron. May I please deliver this Parthian shot?

Back to the TV screen with the action proceeding: close-up of Tony Nedson (in his character of Larry Pye). He is snarling and his fist is raised in front of a yobbo's face. Tony's teeth are clenched.

Tony Nedson *extreme over-acting* If you touch me sister again, I'll knock yer block off!

Everybody in the boardroom groans and looks tortured. Someone pauses the TV action. Tony's face is frozen in time (with a wonky attitude).

Lewey Dead! Dead! Dead! We can quickly replace him with – I dunno ... some horny cousin can come down from Quambatook to attend his funeral and promptly take over his part. Whatd'ya say?

Gibbo Who?

Lewey *expansive shrug* Anyone! The AFL might have some bloke that can act ... Since the rugbyists have failed so dismally ...

Sirius Hands up all those who vote to squish the Larry Pye horror-story immediately and absolutely?

Gibbo Right! Motion carried.

Lewey I reckon it's time that Pye meets a combine harvester head-on. Put us out of our misery. We could easily write that in. Film it tomorrow.

Gibbo Righto. Laconic: makes a statement.

Sirius Breaks his neck.

Gibbo Righto.

Bonnie Gives the viewing audience a bit of a shock (which they'll speedily get over) and gets rid of one of the worst actors in Australian television history. All at the same time.

Sirius One fell swoop.

Lewey And no Lazarus stuff: no rising from the dead. He's out!

Gibbo Righto. Fair enough ...

Sirius And saying that ("one of the worst Oz actors ever") is saying something. There's been a herd of 'em over the years.

Gibbo Yeah. Righto.

Sirius He's either over-acting or wooden. Take yer pick.

Gibbo Righto.

Sirius You'll get that done, will you?

Gibbo Yeah. Blood oath. No worries. I'm onto it as we speak.

Forbes Good.

Jonquil He's the producer's nephew. Is that going to cause a stink upstairs?

Sirius Yeah ... Maybe ... Well, do what yer can.

Gibbo Righto.

END OF SCENE

I, Scene iii: The Females Dismantle The "Boys Club"

Jonquil, Marie and Bonnie stand about in the Ladies Room, applying make-up.

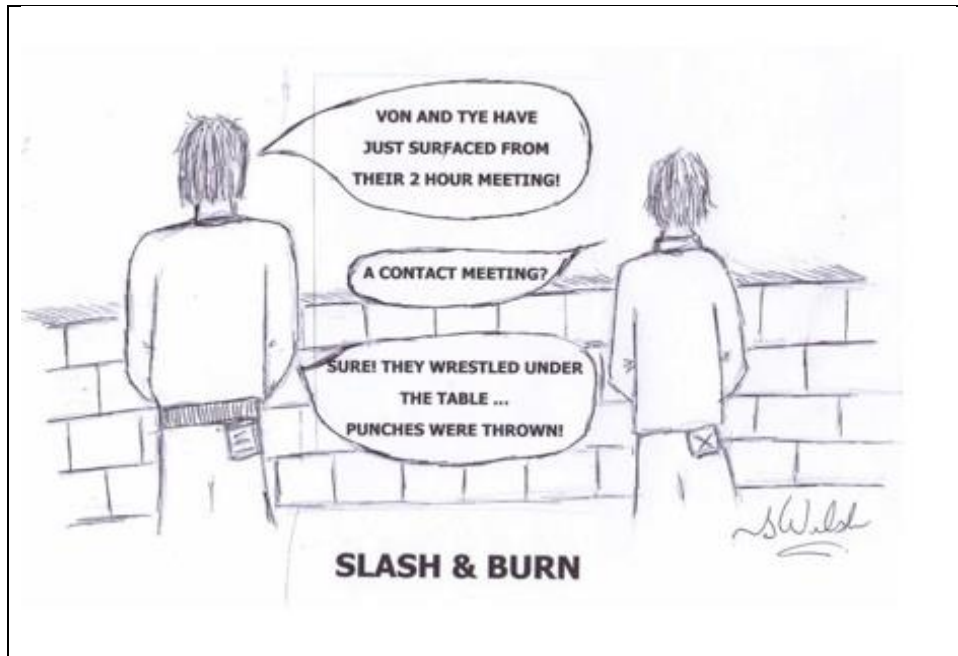
Jonquil This is such a men's club.

Bonnie I'm trying to think of ... You know that ... oh! It's an English

cartoon -- always features men (as seen from the back) standing at a urinal. A chronically awful UK cartoon ... It appeared in the Daily Spot or ... What-the-hell-is-its-name ...

Jonquil

"Slash and Burn".



Bonnie

You're right. "Slash and Burn". Whenever I'm confronted with Aussie male "shoot-first-ask-questions-later" behaviour ... well, it reminds me of "Slash and Burn".

Marie

I don't agree that it was awful. It was sort of amusing. You're never told that they're in the Gents ... you simply guess owing to their attitudes, as seen from behind. And the word "slash" ...

Bonnie

They pull the world apart – politics ... international situations. They rip their work colleagues into shreds.

Jonquil

Every so often some guy stalks through holding a newspaper or a puzzle book.

Marie and Jonquil gush to hug and kiss Bonnie who is radiant.

Bonnie My first action will be very straightforward. I'll retrench boy-club strongman Josh Gibson. He's the archenemy who persists in perpetrating these sickening "Men Rule" screenplays. Out, out damn Josh!

The three ladies laugh triumphantly.

Marie Josh Gibson is the most obnoxious, Chauvinistic --

Bonnie And his bestie Donald Airlie is pulling out all stops to bring to the silver screen a depth of depravity which exceeds even your worst imaginings.

Jonquil I can imagine some pretty raw stuff, Bonne.

Bonnie Yeah, well Donny plummets lower than a snake's. Trust me!

END OF SCENE

I, Scene iv: Donny And The Golden Syrup Dreamboat

Cooper, Gibbo and Donny share a flat. Donny is found on his hands and knees rooting about in the kitchen cupboards. He is making a huge mess as he pulls out item after item. He swears and yells at himself during this fruitless search.

Suddenly, Donny stops, whipping his head around. Gibbo (dressed only in a bath towel around his hips) is glaring down at Donny.

Red-faced with effort and embarrassment, Donny struggles to his feet. Gibbo nods towards the provender lying about on the floor.

Gibbo You gonna put all that back?

Donny *urgent* Where's the golden syrup?

Gibbo *uninterested* How would I know?

Gibbo's mobile rings. He retrieves the phone and answers it. As he does so, Donny (looking deflated) begins to replace the goods scattered over the floor. He chucks them randomly into the cupboards.

Gibbo *snarls into his mobile* It's always scratch my back with you, isn't it? You're always crawling around after favours.

There is a small pause.

Gibbo You might want to get yourself sorted out, Sonya. If I'm hearing rumours about you, then everyone else in Sydney knows about it as well.

Yeah, see ya.

With a look of rage, Gibbo ends the call.

Gibbo The ex-Mrs Gibson hasn't propositioned you yet, has she?

Donny I thought she only just got remarried.

Gibbo Correct. Correct. However, if the current lover doesn't measure up, then she'll boot him out. Sonya must **have** a male in her life, but unless he performs up to her Olympic standards, then it's outsky.

Donny *shocked* Cripes!

Gibbo Did ya find yer golden syrup?

Donny Nuh. I'll keep looking. Maybe Coops knows where it it ...

Gibbo There might be treacle ... Golden syrup and treacle are more or less ... You know, same bloke, different haircut.

Donny But it has to be golden syrup.

I've thought up this fantastic, brilliant idea for a film script. Or ... I might have dreamed it.

Gibbo *doubtful* An idea for a movie that features golden syrup?

Donny *getting excited* Sure! The sexpot girl rocks in with golden syrup over her face.
See? And the bloke thinks it's a new shimmering kind of make-up.
And she tells him to lick it off her face so that she can be his
sweetest girl.

Gibbo *disgusted* Shit, Donny!

Donny *urgent* No! No! It's not sexploitation or nothin' ...

Listen! So anyway – he starts licking her face. She quickly slaps
some golden syrup onto **his** chest such that she can --

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### DONNY'S VISUALIZATION OF THE GOLDEN SYRUP SCENE

*Wayne Elwin will become a mainstay of this "Slash and Burn" movie. So also will Shailah Coniglio.*

*Wayne will be stripped to the waist, wearing only footy shorts.*

*Shailah will wear a very glamorous Dorothy Lamour sarong.*

*Shailah's face is smeared with golden syrup.*

*From there, follow Donny's instructions. (What a mess!)*

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Like a snapped thread, we return to the flat that they share.

Gibbo Is this bloke's chest hairy or smooth?

Donny *caught on the* Er ... Dunno ... Does it matter?

hop

Gibbo Yeah mate -- it matters. If he's a hairy ape, you've instantly grossed-out all the moviegoers.

Donny Okay. I hear you. But the **big crescendo** is the arrival of the transformers.

Gibbo gives a disgusted snort as he leaves the room. Then Gibbo stops: arrested.

Gibbo I've just had a meltdown. There was a bloke acting in that soapie TV show I'm working on ... Wayne Elwin his name was. I was sorry to see him go. I'm pretty sure he didn't grow his own tobacco.

Anyhow, your golden syrup ballet made me think of him ...

Guess what he did to get himself dropped from the show?

Go on – guess!

Donny shrugs.

Gibbo *laughing* He and that Tony Nedson waste-of-space were stripped to the waist in a dam slugging it out. Wayne come out of the water (see?) and then the make-up girl (a really voluptuous maiden) comes up to him and he gets the **biggest** hard-on in the history of the World.

Donny *surprised* He got dropped for that?

Gibbo Yup. She's the director's daughter. QED.

Gibbo (still laughing) wanders off.

Gibbo *from a distance* Hey! Look at the time! Isn't the cricket on?

Donny completely forgets all about the golden syrup/transformer thriller. He puts aside the visualization of Wayne Elwin being aroused by the make-up girl.

Donny Cripes! The cricket!

Donny dives into the couch to find the TV remote control. The TV in the flat is a very large plasma screen which takes up all of one wall.

END SCENE

I, Scene v: Saturday Breakfast And Cricket Part I

COOPER'S CORONER'S COURT AND THE DINOSAUR DUST UP

It is late breakfast on Saturday morning in the kitchen of the flat. The TV is focused on the cricket. We hear the broadcast in the background. It is now Gibbo who is rooting around in the kitchen cupboards. At least now he is dressed.

The guys indulge in a long dialog. It is important that we (the audience) don't get bored. So the cricket will always be seen in the background. Often during cricket broadcasts we see some byplay: sections of the crowd will be dressed up as Richie Benaud, or Starwars characters and so on. This kind of thing will be great for our background.

Donny So, the big Aussie drama? Rolls out Monday night to a tumultuous reception, I gather. Tarandrelong triumph!

Gibbo Yeah, but we had to kill-off the leading actor right in the first episode.

Donny That's a bit unsubtle. They usually kick-on until episode 13.

Gibbo But this bloke is a prick. We voted to veto. Anyhow, forget about that. My film script is much more important at this juncture in

time. At this momento.

Donny Well, you didn't go for my golden syrup burnt offering ... Okay ...
Give me the low-down on ***your*** proposed low-life movie.

Gibbo It's not low-life ... It's a murder mystery. Cerebral. Not all violence
and swearing.

Donny *doubtful* I'm not 100% sure that that will be popular.

Cooper swans in: bouncy and full of life.

Cooper *excited and energetic* I've got a great one. A great idea, I mean.

What we are doing here is to imagine a follow-up to a Cretaceous or Jurassic World situation. After the dust settles, all the victims of the rogue dinosaurs are suing the theme park for unspecified billions. We have to pretend that this all happened in Australia – in the outback. The park could be called "Outback Dino Planetarium". Somethin' like that ...

This all starts in the Coroner's Court in Sydney. In the Bowery Building. It's a very heated argument over the releasing of some of the most dangerous dinosaurs, which have killed dozens of park visitors and employees. Neat, huh?

Gibbo stands. He is holding several different sauce bottles. He stares unbelieving at Cooper.

THE CORONER'S COURT AND THE STOUSH

This scene takes place in a small Sydney courtroom. A large screen in the courtroom is showing the dinosaurs rampaging about. It is all terror and screaming.

The coroner is trying to make himself heard as some people are shouting at each other in his court. They are mostly US and Australian scientists: they are almost coming to blows. The exhausted coroner summons policemen and policewomen to break up the scuffle. The following speeches tend

to overlap: the general feeling is one of angry accusation and confrontation. The voices are loud, shouting. Fingers point and the hostility is blatant.

Henry The controls which were stipulated by Naturnation Australia were **not** put in place. Or else they were put in place but were **not** sufficiently enforced nor policed.

The Greco I'm going to hold you to that, Henry.

Jouse ... -- that these controls were fundamentally ineffective in the first place.

Henry My point is that it has become evident that a small group of staff at the park were being **paid** to sabotage the compound.

Jouse Who would do that?

The Greco Who are they? Give me some names.

Burnsy We've been consulted on to deal with a "glitch" (your word, Henry) and instead we find a real-world catastrophe. It's mayhem out there!

Jouse Clearly the chemical "leashes" that you talk about ... Containing these animals ... Well, they had unknown side-effects ...

Burnsy You must be aware that this tragedy only goes to prove, to highlight the inadequacies in your – Listen! Will you just listen a moment, please! – The public had not been adequately prepared and there was no contingency plan in place to protect them from these raging beasts.

Jouse This supposed Marxist Australian government was blind-sided by the old "this-will-create-jobs" mantra.

The Greco Such a park should never ever have been even considered for the Australian environment. Never!

Henry Clear evidence exists – no hear me out! – Clear evidence exists of unique herbivores trekking from Antarctica to Australia along the

East coast.

The Greco

But there was a gigantic lapse in reality. Don't you see, Henry?
Most of the creatures that you put in your crappy park were
foreign. There is simply not one shred of evidence that Australia
ever had any carnivorous dinosaurs! Not during the Jurassic nor
the Cretaceous --

Jouse

Jobs creation is the mantra. We idolize jobs. That is the key.

The Greco

Failing Jurassic ... or no ... Cretaceous due diligence here ...

The exhausted coroner summons policemen and policewomen to break up the scuffle.

END OF COURTROOM SCENE (for the moment)

Cooper *voice-over,*
very excited

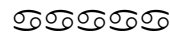
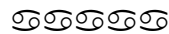
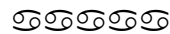
So, it's all blame, blame, blame. The coroner has to regain order
and our hero will -- Oh! Listen to this! This next bit has got balls.

RETURN TO COOPER'S CORONER'S COURT AND THE DINOSAUR

Just now a huge carnivorous dinosaur (Tyrannosaurus Rex) bursts into the courtroom. The dinosaur throws herself (remember that from "Jurassic Park" all the beasts were female) at the doorway, smashing down the wall in the process.

Everyone freezes, except one of the scientists who sneezes. The dinosaur sniffs the air, looking around and from this crowd it finds its quarry. One of the scientists is gobbled alive as everyone else escapes the courtroom, screaming. Then the T-Rex lets out the usual horror roar.

END COURTROOM SCENE



Just as suddenly as we left the kitchen in the shared flat, we are back in it. Cooper is flushed with pleasure. He rubs his hands together in huge thrill.

The other two men look on in thunderstruck awe. Gibbo deliberately places the two sauce bottles on the bench.

Cooper *buoyant*

Sensational, eh?

And so the film would be all about catching the dinosaurs. People get eaten ... buildings get smashed ... Brutal!

Gibbo holds up his hands, demanding silence. He paces about for a few seconds. We still see and hear the cricket game in the background.

Then Gibbo stops and points at Cooper.

Gibbo

There exist those professional information boards outside the lift doors on every floor of the Bowery Building in downtown Sydney. Yeah? As in "Dame Edith Glumfart" is on Level 11. Like that.

Let's get our heads around what you are proposing here, Coops ...

Let's storyboard this (in our imaginations) ...

Our T-Rex saunters into the foyer of the Bowery Building.

Wanders over to the lift doors. Uses her teensy-weensy hands to find out which floor her hearing is on (as per the aforementioned information board).

"Ah! Here it is!" quoth she. "Coroner Sir Malcolm Sterling is presiding in courtroom 15. That'll be on the 6th floor. Oh, goody goody gumdrops."

Then our wised-up T-Rex tries to enter the lift. No go. She's too big.

A Chinese bloke scratches his head. "You'd better take the stairs, darl." The dinosaur looks around her, perplexed. The Asian bloke points to the doors marked "Stairway". Our trusty dino gives the thumbs-up signal with her titsy-bitsy thumbs and then up the stairs she goes. Bit of a squeeze, but she manages (panting and puffing) to scale the steps up to the 6th floor.

From there she seeks out courtroom 15. She tries the door. No go. She's too big. Has to crash it down. Then she can bung on her sensational floorshow which consists of mindless slaughter, catastrophe ...

[Withering look of total disbelief]

Is that how it's gunna be done, Coops, old buddy?

Jesus Christ!

Get – a – fucking – grip, - mate!

By now Donny is rolling about laughing. Donny makes several attempts to speak but it is difficult to do so. Cooper looks crestfallen.

Gibbo plonks himself down on a chair.

Donny *eyes streaming* What a riot!

No ... we can't afford transformers or dinosaurs or truckloads of CGI or any of that shit. Gibbo reckons that he has a great stonking idea. It's cheap and easy and a money-spinner.

Donny wanders off leaving Cooper looking dreamily at the crappy view from the window.

Cooper *brightens* Ya know what we should do? A bio tribute to the very first days of the Rolling Stones. When Keith and Mick went to meet –

Donny No. I hate biopics. You either stick to the absolute truth and the movie ends up as boring as shit and you get sued anyway; or you

beef it up and everyone gets pissed off because you screwed around with the truth. Either way, it's poison, man.

Cooper Well I just thought ...

Gibbo *with absolute finality* This is a money-making exercise, not an homage.

Cooper Uh? A what?

Donny *to Cooper* Listen to the man.

Cooper gives Donny the finger. Then Donny notices luggage sitting about.

Donny Why are you packed, anyway? What's up with the suitcase -- and all the bags ... What are they for? Are you going on holiday or something?

Cooper *very proudly* EDREC.

Before Donny can ask, Gibbo chimes in.

Gibbo Of course. Your gratuitous prize for being a complete brown-tongue and arse-licker at your place of work.

[To Donny]

Education slash Recreation". EDREC. Most gigantic multinational companies (such as Cooper's outfit) give away these treats to their deserving employees. Or at least in Cooper's case those who **appear** to be deserving.

Cooper *fired-up* I got this fair and square!

Gibbo Where are you flying off to again? Fiji?

Cooper mollified New Caledonia.

Donny How long?

Cooper Four days. Four glorious days in the tropical sun. With all the food
I can eat ... All the alcohol I can skull down ... All the gorgeous
chicks that --

COOPER ON HIS NEW CALEDONIAN EDREC FANTASY

*Cooper (in shorts and tropical shirt) is on the stage inside a tropical holiday resort on New Caledonia.
Wayne and Shailah are the glamorous presenters. They have leis around their necks and carry
microphones.*

*It is apparent that Cooper has been summoned up onto the stage to dance in time to an upbeat
Rolling Stones number.*

There is widespread applause. Cooper throws himself into the dance.

Shailah *excited* Go, man, go! What a champion! Ladies and Gentlemen: let's hear
it for Max!

Wayne Wow! What a trooper! Ladies, gentlemen ... I give you Max
Cooper – our newest Aussie sensation!

END OF COOPER'S EDREC FANTASY

Gibbo *disgusted* I'm watching the cricket.

Cooper I'm having a shower and a shave and a shimmer.

Donny Don't forget to use the spray can if you stink us out. It's not just a
dunny decoration, ya know.

Finger gesture from Cooper as he stalks off. Donny becomes engrossed in the cricket on the TV.

Donny Is this bloke playing for a draw? Why doesn't he have a go?

Gibbo wanders off and then soon returns.

Donny *to Gibbo* Haven't you got your kids today? Isn't it today that you --

Gibbo Nah. It's all off. That was the gist of Sonya's phone call. Some grandparent thing ... Anyway, no distraction. That's why we can get some actual work done.

Donny *thickly* Great. I really yearn to work on the weekend.

Gibbo But Donny old cock-sparrer: this work will make us shitloads of moolah. Money for jam, mate.

Donny *sighs* Okay. Spin it out.

Gibbo Rightio. I'll sand-pit it for ya. And I want your input. "The thoughts of the clear-headed are what is wanted here."

Donny Flattery works. Come on then ...

END SCENE

I, Scene vi: Saturday Breakfast And Cricket Part II

The announcers on the TV yell out. Gibbo and Donny rush over to the TV set from their kitchen. They stand about watching several replays of a cricketer going out stumped.

Gibbo See all those peeps in the crowd? They all have hats on. This is the "New Mood". Wearing hats because we can't risk getting skin cancer.

Donny *shrugs* Well spotted.

Gibbo Didn't your Dad ... No! Didn't your Grandfather get a man's hanky and tie knots in the 4 corners and then plop that on his head (instead of a hat)?

Donny stares at the cricket on the TV and then sparks up.

Donny *elated* Yeah! He did!

 What made ya think of that?

Gibbo Dunno.

 They were as useless as an ashtray on a Kawasaki for sun protection. But if a bloke was going bald, that was the answer.

Donny And as sweat collectors ...

Gibbo We can call the magnum opus "Making A Hat From A Knotted Hanky".

Donny Ah ... That's a crappo title, Gibs.

Gibbo We'll think of something later ...

 Okay. Here are some themes to work with. "Disconnected" and "Rebuffed". Those words! That's the mood I want. I want it to be artistic.

Donny Okay ...But I thought we were making money?

Gibbo "Dysfunctional" is yesterday. It's overworked and banal. I want this baby to resonate.

Donny Okay ... So long as it puts bums on seats. You *did* say that that's what you're after ...

Gibbo Okay. Let's start with the murder and work backwards.

Donny Right!

Gibbo So this guy's body is discovered in a filthy street --

Donny Laneway.

Gibbo Right! Laneway at night.

Donny Filthy, squalid, rank ...

Break here for a hearty reaction to something that the boys catch on the cricket: a stumping, a run-out or catch or so on. They high 5. They can hear Cooper singing in the shower.

Gibbo Right! Face-down amongst the foul rubbish of the city. Face to the side among the foetid detritus. He has been bumped-off for his money. The wad of money in his wallet.

GIBBO'S CARLTON MURDER MYSTERY

And from this point on until otherwise advised we see the action acted out. Close-ups and long-shots and all kinds of camera angles. The flipping of the wallet will be direct into the camera lens.

Donny *voice-over* Good! We can see his face (sort-of) from the side.

Gibbo *voice-over* A wallet bulging with \$100 bills.

Donny *voice-over* And his state-of-the-art phone. His cell phone. Don't forget that!

Gibbo *voice-over* Robbery with violence.

Donny *voice-over* Coshed and knifed.

Gibbo *voice-over* Coshed and knifed. For the contents of his wallet.

Donny *voice-over* And his phone.

Gibbo *voice-over* Yep ... right ... Wearing gloves, the killer rifles through his wallet, abstracting both notes and plastic cards. The wallet he chucks away with a flipping movement. That could be towards the camera. Great visual effect, that!

Donny *voice-over* Right!

END OF MURDER MYSTERY SCENE (for now)

Return to the loungeroom. Gibbo and Donny stop as some more excitement bubbles up in the cricket match broadcast on the TV.

They totter about eating toast and drinking Milo. And they calm down.

Donny Where were we?

Hang on! If we see the gloved bandit, then we've ruined the suspense.

Gibbo No! We only vaguely see him. His trousered legs. And when he flips the wallet, we don't actually see his face.

Donny That adds to the suspense; great!

Gibbo And then the cops arrive and start to investigate: who is he, what happened, and who did this to him.

They totter about eating toast and bowls of cereal and continue to drink Milo.

Donny You said that we'd start with the murder and go backwards.

Gibbo Right!

Donny So here's the best idea yet. We place him in this noisome locale due to his receiving a call from a girl. A beautiful girl lured him to this spot.

Gibbo He thought he was on a promise ... Yes, that works!

There is a long pause. Peanut butter and Milo on toast. Cooper appears (whistling happily). In the background we hear him phone for a taxi to the airport.

Gibbo But my original scenario was based on a fortuitous crime of violence. Opportunistic. You know: "Here's a dude with loads of mullah. Let's bump him off!" But now you've switched it to a planned attack. And you've brought in a woman.

Donny Whom the police can ferret-out. Trace her phone calls. It still works. It still makes a great murder mystery.

Gibbo And the murder is witnessed by a tiny child who --

Donny *firmly* Witnessed by an old woman who has trouble conveying the scene in detail to the cops.

Never children! Uh-nuh ... Nuh, nuh, nuh!

Gibbo The cops who investigate have private issues that bubble to the surface. Some dark secrets from their past.

Donny And I will have a cameo role in this flick whereby I work with the girl and have tender feelings for her, but I overhear the phone call.

Gibbo You can't be in the movie, Donny.

Cooper I'm off! See you guys. I'll send you a dirty postcard.

Donny *to Cooper* Which will arrive after you come back. Hey! Do you wanna be in the murder film? Like – I mean – **act** in it?

Cooper Yeah. I'll be a moody rock singer with a bad attitude. I drive my Merc into the palatial swimming pool in a drunken frenzy. Immediate rock legend. Fans trembling with tears gather at my gate (crushed with despair). God! I love that!

Yeah – write me in.

Gibbo You can't be in the film. Neither of you are in the film.

Donny I'm in the film. Get over it.

I have a poignant scene where I explain to the cops (when they finally interview me) that I wanted to protect the beautiful girl and that that's why I never came forward before.

Cooper And me?

Donny Yeah. Coops can be the media hound who effectively tries to stuff up the investigation.

Cooper *pleased* Brutal! I gotta go: that'll be my taxi.

The other two wave vaguely in Cooper's direction as he slams out the door.

Gibbo What about yours truly? Do I get a guernsey?

Donny Yeah. You're the forensic dude who does the post-mortem on the unknown corpse. You have to tell us some interesting goss about the dead stiff. Like: he'd had sex only half-an-hour before death and --

Gibbo 30 minutes.

Donny Yeah? So?

Gibbo Well, my character was trained in L. A. or Boston or somewhere, wasn't he? So I'd say "30 minutes" not "half-an-hour". Americans don't talk like that.

Donny Whatever ... Suit yourself ...

Gibbo This is gonna be great! I mean, there's so many crappo action movies now that just rely on CGI and transformers and that click-click fighting stuff. We won't have any of that. Just honest, old-fashioned entertainment. Well-written and well-acted and full of drama and real mano-a-mano action.

Donny *surprised* What are ya talking about?

Gibbo An honest movie with real –

Donny ***Of course*** we'll have fantastic CGI and shape-changers and –

Gibbo That's just "Cooper-speak".

Donny Whatever we can afford, we'll have. Might mean flexing off cap-in-hand to beg, borrow or steal ...

THE DEMISE OF TONY NEDSON

In a huge wheat field, Tony Nedson stands. He is scared. He turns about 360 degrees. His face displays his terror.

Focus on a tractor which approaches. A policewoman drives the tractor. A policeman (using a megaphone) clings to the side of the tractor.

Policeman *megaphone* Drop to your knees, Nedson! Do not attempt to escape. We have you covered.

A high, long camera shot shows that a variety of heavy farm machinery is converging on the spot where Tony Nedson lies on his stomach in the wheat.

Tony Nedson *screams* What have I done? What have I done?

Policeman *megaphone* Crimes against Thespians. You are charged with making Victor Mature look like a fine actor. Your days as a TV heart-throb are through, Nedson.

The farm machinery crushes Tony Nedson. I know it's been done plenty of times before, but let's have the old standard of a haybale with a boot sticking out of it as the net result of the assault.

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Donny *voice over*        That's exactly the point, mate! Our Cooper represents the Everyman ... The vox populi ... The guy on the street ...

You can't have a movie (any movie) without all that shit. Not these days. Not now. It just won't sell, Gib. Bums on seats, mate.

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The TV is now showing the boxing.

Gibbo What happened to the cricket?

Donny They've gone to lunch.

DONNY PUMPS FOR CLICK-CLICK FIGHTING AND TRANSFORMERS

The pair of boxers punching on in the ring (along with the obligatory referee) increase to four. The referee transmogrifies into an Egyptian pharaoh (still with bow tie).

Now the fighters (gloveless) indulge in very modern athletic fighting. The sound effects are to the fore and the pharaoh/referee leaps about almost balletically.

The bell sounds to end the round as everyone clears the ring. Donny and Gibbo (with strong American accents) give a ringside commentary.

Donny Josh! We've really pulled out all stops here to make this movie into an all-time classic.

Gibbo Yup! You said it, Don. These fighters here might very well qualify for the next moon shot. They could certainly scale Mt Everest.

Donny Hey! And judging by the expression on Tissoo's face, we could very well be looking forward to some awesome Transforsome.

Gibbo That's right Don. Our ref King Tut seems to be signalling to the huge crowd here at Madison Square Gardens that our action will **really** be beefing up now!

Donny That's fine by me, Josh.

Well, this is Don Airlie --

Gibbo And Josh Gibson --

Donny Signing off from "Sports Rorts"! See you next week!

The four fighters and King Tut transmogrify into transformers. The ex-referee transformer will retain the bow tie.

There is some electrifying action (complete with sparks, fireworks and explosions) as they entertain the crowd for a little longer.

END OF DONNY'S IMAGINERY SCENE

END OF SCENE

I, Scene vii: Thursday Heralds Cooper's Return from EDREC

Donny sits on the toilet. He pulls off dozens of sheets of toilet paper which he folds and folds and folds.

Donny *talking to* We have to get an agent. Theatrical agent.

himself

[Pause]

What about Gus Fuller? Doesn't one of his cousins mess around with actors and actresses? He'd be what you call an agent, wouldn't he?

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*Cooper left for his EDREC on Saturday. Five days later makes this Thursday.*

*Cooper invades Gibbo's bedroom on this Thursday morning, busily trying to wake Gibbo up. Donny stalks in.*

Cooper *rousingly* Come on old buddy, old pal. Wakey wakey. Rise and shine!

*Gibbo refuses to budge. He is tightly cocooned in his bedclothes. Donny strolls over to the window as Cooper continues to try to wake up Gibbo with prods and slaps. Donny whistles absently through his teeth.*

Cooper Up! Up! Come on, man!

Donny I've come to the momentous decision that we can't take another step without having a proper theatrical agent.

*Cooper shrugs and turns to Donny.*

Cooper It's Thursday, isn't it? I'm not missing on a public holiday or nothing am I? Calendar challenged?

Donny No. It's Thursday. Maybe he's sick.

Cooper Ya come back home after half a week in tropical paradise and ya think ya might have slipped out of gear.

Donny Yeah. I get it. But it's okay: you're not troppo yet.

*Cooper responds to this thought by trying even harder to drag Gibbo from his bed. Cooper turns once again to Donny.*

Cooper At any rate, my new brainwave is to do one of those property shows on the teve. My sister loves those things. They rate really well. You know -- but I was thinking of doing a refurb on Captain Cook's cottage. Bring it up to date. Not the real one -- that's one of those national treasure thingos. But a copy of it and then refurb it. What d'ya reckon?

Donny *unenthused* Sounds like a plan.

*(To Gibbo)*

Come on mate. You gotta go to work.

Cooper *worried* He's not crook, is he?

Donny Dunno ...

## COOPER'S REFURB OF CAPTAIN COOK'S COTTAGE

*Cooper can be seen with images of the stages in the Captain Cook's Cottage make-over rattling around him.*

*Wayne will be costumed and made up to represent Captain James Cook. He is wandering about, inspecting the current day refurbishing team as they work on his cottage.*

END OF COOPER'S CAPTAIN COOK SCENE

*We return to the flat. Gibbo is still cocooned in bed. Cooper and Donny stand about in the doorway.*

Donny                      Get 'im a cuppa coffee, will ya?

Cooper                     Sure! Sure!

*Cooper drifts off. As he does so, Gibbo peers out from his bedclothes.*

Gibbo                      Has that halfwit gone?

Donny                      Apparently.

*Gibbo throws back the bedclothes and slings his legs over the side of the bed.*

Gibbo *almost laughing*    Fucking moron! "Captain Cook's Cottage"! What a prick!

*Donny chuckles.*

Gibbo                      So ... Donny, my main man ... What are you doing at home on a working day?

Donny                      I was going to ask you the same quezzie.

I've got an RDO (matter of fact). What about you?

Gibbo *appalled*              On a Thursday?

Donny                                Yeah mate.

Gibbo                                And not on a Friday?

Donny                                No mate. It's almost criminal. You can't go fishing or that on a Thursday. And you can't drag it through to the weekend. It's a bummer.

Gibbo                                And Coops? Why is he home today?

Donny                                Aw ... He brown-tongued his boss and he's allowed to work from home for the next few days.

Gibbo                                I'll say this for that mob of clowns he works for: they are more than willing to bend over backwards to accommodate him. It must be as glaringly obvious as a baboon's bum that he'll put in a minimum 2 hours of useless paper shuffling then head straight for the TAB or the Sportsmen's Bar or something ...

Donny                                Come on! What about you? What's your excuse?

*Telling pause.*

Gibbo *big breath*                I've been sacked.

*Donny cannot credit what Gibbo has just said. He is stunned.*

Donny                                Come again.

*Gibbo slaps his hands onto his thighs and stands up.*

Gibbo                                I've been sacked. Released. Banished. Retrenched. Made redundant. Flicked. Scrap-heaped. Moved on. Dropped. Given me papers. Kyboshed.

*Donny cannot take this in. He makes all kinds of noises in his throat as he watches Gibbo slowly nod.*

*Donny tries to get a grip.*

Donny *calls out to*                How's that coffee coming, Coops?

*Cooper*

Cooper *voice off*                Won't be long ...

Donny *disbelieving* But why? Why would they do that? I thought they loved ya.

Gibbo They did. But I've got naughty-boy bits

*[Points downwards]*

and so I've been shafted.

Donny *outraged* What?! Are you telling me that because that's a bloke's tackle bulge in your Reg Grundies (and not a pair of socks) they knifed you?

Gibbo That's right.

Donny *appalled* Because you're a man? They white-anted you because you're male?

Gibbo Yup.

Donny *appalled* 'Kin' 'ell! Can they do that?

*Cooper strolls in with the much-needed cup of coffee. Gibbo takes it from him with a brief "Ta" and sips the beverage. Donny moves about in a state of shocked outrage. Cooper picks up the vibes, looking from one friend to the other.*

Cooper *suspicious* What's goin' on?

Donny *laconic* Our mate here's been given the heave from 'is job because he was born with a dick and two agates (and not a slit).

Cooper *shocked* What? Has Gibbo been sacked because he doesn't sing soprano? But that's ... That goes against the Bible and that! **Crap!**

Donny *points at Gibbo* I'll bet this is all the work of some slut female. Probably a dyke.

Gibbo And you'd be right. My new boss is female. Dunno if she's lezzie or not ...

Anyway, she sees it as her mission to clear out the dead wood. First thing to go -- the chaps. I'm not the only "he" to get the shove, but.

BFTO (that's "Before-Female-Took-Over" in timescale terms) our

male-to-female ratio was something like 85-to-15.

And now AFTO --

Cooper                    That's "After-Female-Took-Over".

Gibbo                    Right! AFTO we are now running at 10-to-90. I say "we" but of course that's poetic licence there.

By the way, the guys that are left on the job are all douchebags.

Donny *frowns*            But that's illegal. It's discrimination. You can sue their asses off.

Gibbo                    Yeah, but I've been given a humungous severance. That gives me the means to dive into my movie script.

Work now, sue later.

Cooper                    Brutal!

Gibbo *warningly*        But that's between us three. Mustn't let the little ex-wifie know anything about the dosh.

*Gibbo watches as the other two men agree with him. Then he nods.*

Gibbo                    Okay then ... This is what we've got so far.

END OF SCENE

## **I, Scene viii:** The Best Movie Project (Female Slant)

*Marie, Jonquil and Bonnie lounge about in the boardroom where they are the only occupants. As previously, they toy with a variety of objets d'art which litter the table.*

Bonnie                    Okay then ... This is what we've got so far.

The girl is a beautiful and bubbly teenager (19) trained in estate

stewardship.

The man is 26 and working for her father.

He picks her up in the Roller (she is dressed in mucky farm clothes) to drive her to her parents' flat.

He waits while she showers and changes. Then he has to help her with her hair – he fails miserably. Then he kisses her.

Marie *frowns*

She should get her mother to do her hair.

Jonquil

Up to this point I love it. First, he is a grown man but she is a naïve girl: young, sweet, vulnerable ... While she is showering, he is touching all the objects in the room. (And imagining her naked under the warm water).

Marie

Do they end up getting married?

Bonnie

Yes. Of course. They have three children. Two girls and a boy.

Jonquil

I used to love marriage in films and TV shows but it's all about divorce now. Maybe they could live together instead of marriage ...

Bonnie and Marie  
*together*

Oh no!

Bonnie

She has to be a bride. And we have to see the wedding dress.

Marie

And the proposal. I always cry when the man proposes.

Bonnie *crying*

And when she breaks the news to him that she's preggers for the first time ...

END OF SCENE

**I, Scene ix:** Police Interview Witness In Carlton**GIBBO'S CARLTON MURDER MYSTERY continued**

*Back at the crime scene (in long shot), Wayne has wandered over to one of a row of terrace houses (typical of Carlton) and knocks on the door. It is opened by a middle-aged woman. Some murmuring occurs and then our camera zooms in.*

Diane                      It was a ute ... A Holden ute ... They're like bums: everyone has got 'em.

Wayne                     A Rodeo?

Diane                      I suppose so ... You see them everywhere ... all the tradies go for them. White with black trim and a steel tray.

Wayne *nods*                Okay. What else did you observe?

Diane                      The driver was wearing dark clothes and a ski mask – No! What is it? Suburb near St Kilda. Something to do with war ... Knitted thing with just the eyes, mouth and nose hitting the air.

Wayne *frowns*             Balaclava?

Diane                      Yes! That's it! Balaclava! Great!

Anyway, he dragged the body out of the tray – the tray of the ute – and stabbed it. I almost fainted.

Wayne                     How many stabs? Show me!

*After some hesitation Diane demonstrates stabbing as if with a knife. 3 or 4 times.*

Diane                      Like that. It was unbelievable. But the body didn't move or jerk around which you would think it would. After being stabbed like that. So ...

Wayne                      So?

Diane                      So, he might already have been dead or just about dead. Oh! And then the driver went through the pockets of this dead bloke. I couldn't move. See, I wanted to ring you blokes and report the incident but – Quick as a flash he had the wallet out and went through it, reefing out cards and money and so on ... Then he just flicked it away. The wallet. Then back in the car and off like a shot. I was just absolutely and totally paralysed.

Wayne                      So, your next move was to – what? Check that that guy was alive or ring for an ambulance?

Diane                      Oh God no! I tell you I was in total shock, like I said. No idea if there might be somebody else lurking about.

I just rang 000 and then blurted out to the voice on the line what I'd seen. Dunno if anything I said made any sense.

Wayne                      The call you made was at 11.19 pm. So you probably saw the incident sometime between 11.10 and 11.18. Does that sound right?

*Diane now begins to quake and sob and cannot answer.*

Wayne                      That's alright. I don't blame you for not wanting to leave the safety of your house. Just a tick.

*Wayne signals quickly to Constable Monroe who trots over to lend support to Diane.*

*Constable Monroe will be portrayed by actress Shailah Coniglio.*

Wayne                      Anyway, thanks. Constable Monroe will stay with you until you get over the shock. I'll get this typed up and you can pop down to the cop shop tomorrow and sign it off.

*Wayne nods to Diane and appears to be leaving. He gets to the door. Diane remembers something. Constable Monroe has her arm around Diane's shoulders.*

Diane *pulling it together* I tell you what, though ... The Connells in that house over there were burgled about 5 or 6 months ago. So they put in CCTV. My bet is that they might have filmed that murder tonight.

~~~~~

Wayne is still at the crime scene in Carlton. It is very dark (except for the streetlights and the many emergency lights on the police cars and ambulance). Police sergeant Ian Westmore (in uniform) joins Wayne.

Wayne Ian! Was that CCTV footage any good?

Ian Yeah. It's very clear. Not what the killer looked like, of course. He's totally disguised from head to foot. Definitely a male. But his car's rego. We got that. Just looking it up as we speak ...

Wayne nods. Wayne speaks on his mobile phone.

Male #1 *voice off* Wayne! We gotta middle-aged female stepping off a tram in St Kilda Road.

Wayne Yeah?

Male #1 *voice off* Knifed. Around 19:30 – thereabouts.

Wayne Do we have someone at the scene?

Male #1 *voice off* Yeah. The guys from St Kilda have gone over there. No witnesses as yet ...

Wayne Hang on a bit! Before you hang up ... Was this at a tram stop the female was attacked? Because if so, they have security TV coverage. Should be helpful so check it out will you? With the tram people ...

~~~~~

Wayne *thinking aloud* A male knifed three times in Carlton caught on CCTV and

(hopefully) the female knifed in St Kilda (stepping off a tram) also captured as it happened.

Good ... Good ...

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The police are just packing up to leave the Carlton street where the body was found. Again, Wayne is on his mobile phone.

Male #2 *voice off* Frank Sennett. Ever heard of him?

Wayne *frowns* Something to do with mining? Um ... gets his nob into the Fin Rev every second blue moon. That him?

Male #2 *voice off* Yep. Owns and runs Westy Wright. Big time stuff: over 80 people work there.

Wayne Right! What about him?

Male #2 His daughter (who was visiting – doesn't live with him in his mansion at Strathern) found him dead. The paramedics believe that he was smothered with his pillow. That's what it looks like.

END OF SCENE

I, Scene x: The Police Turn Their Attention To Strathern

Wayne *to Ian* Before we hit this suffocation incident, what have we got on the other two?

Ian The Carlton knifing victim is Bruce Carlingford (aged 45) of Carlton. Divorced, two kids.

He was coshed on the head (pretty savage) before being knifed

three times after being tipped out of the tray of a ute. We've got hard evidence on the CCTV.

Ute owned by a guy called ... wait a minute ... Luke McEnnery.

The height and build (as far as we can see) is the same for the St Kilda Road tram knifing and the Carlton one. (At least so Marilyn says). We're chasing up this McEnnery guy now.

Wayne *snorts*

Yeah, well Marilyn would be an expert on "build", wouldn't she?

Ian *grins*

"Height" she is a bit challenged and "build" she is over-endowed. And if I may make a casual observation "Sir", it looks like she has the hots for you.

Wayne

I wish.

Ian

Thus therefore and thereto – first port of call will be this McEnnery bloke (when we find him).

Wayne *nods*.

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## GIBBO'S STRATHERN MURDER MYSTERY

Gibbo *voiceover*

Now it's my turn. Can I nail this character, do ya reckon?

One sedate and serious pathologist coming up. Doctor Grant

Whiteley: ***go you good thing!***

*Gibbo as the pathologist Grant Whiteley is encased in chemical coveralls so his voice will be "helicopter voice".*

*Wayne is also fully protected and speaks in "helicopter voice". They are wandering around outside the Sennett mansion at Strathern.*

Wayne *helicopter voice*

What have we got here, Doc? I'm a bit worried with you making me drag on this fancy dress.

Grant/Gibbo *helicopter voice*

The situation is grave enough to warrant every possible measure. This is going to be bigger than Ben Hur.

Wayne *helicopter voice*

Hang on! The daughter found his body. Smothered with his pillow. It was crystal clear.

Grant/Gibbo *helicopter voice*

Crystal clear, was it? I only wish that were true.

The unconsciousness would explain the absence of reactive motion on the part of the victim: didn't put up a struggle.

However, the worst unfolds as we proceed.

Now, it was acute meningitis that caused the brain fade. This in turn was the result of breathing in the spores of anthrax.

### ***Anthrax.***

The victim was thus killed in 3 stages: his lungs were exposed to airborne anthrax spores, this in turn caused the victim to succumb to haemorrhagic meningitis and that then enabled the killer (all unopposed as he was) to wield the pillow. Now, whether or not the anthrax was purposefully administered remains to be --

Wayne *helicopter voice* Anthrax?

*Both men (who have walked well away from the house) rip off their face masks such that they can speak clearly. They both appeared to be relieved to do so.*

Grant/Gibbo Bacillus Anthracis. That's right. We are in a crisis situation if you want the truth. I need to immediately notify the Federal Government: the Health Department will investigate further. Never mind the suffocation: this emergency related to the anthrax episode will be nationwide, all-hands-on-deck. Total lockdown until the root cause of the infection is established beyond doubt.

*[Very grim]*

We could be looking at a pandemic.

Wayne slowly I see ...

*Just then, Donny and Cooper march in (without any protection) holding copies of the script and looking gobsmacked. Gibbo and Wayne immediately try to shepherd them from the garden. The following speeches tend to overlay each other due to the excitement of the confrontation.*

Grant/Gibbo No! No! Gentlemen you cannot come into this restricted area without donning the proper protective clothing.

Donny What's this "anthrax" shit? You never wrote that in the script.

Cooper You nuttered it out with Donny. "Smothered with his pillow". I must have read that a dozen times. There was never any mention anywhere of meningitis or anthrax.

Wayne Come on boys! Get out of here now or I'll have to strong-arm youse.

Grant/Gibbo I can't argue with the post-mortem results. It was anthrax breathed into the body which is fatal in 99% of cases from the ancillary development of meningeal --

Donny No! You can't dick with our script like that, Gibbo. ***Our*** script, mate. You and me both!

Grant/Gibbo *severe* I'm telling you that that's what I found. I can't shove anthrax under the carpet, mate. Now excuse me while I ring Canberra to set World War III in motion.

Cooper Come on and play fair. You're going way out on a limb --

Wayne I told youse to move and I meant it!

*Wayne forces Cooper out of the garden while Gibbo does the same with Donny. Donny and Cooper struggle. There is a good deal of byplay here.*

Grant/Gibbo *shouts* You must be as thick as three short planks. Don't you remember how everyone went ballistic a few years back because some enemy of the state was planning to release airborne particles containing anthrax spores over the USA?

This is major, major, major so get out of my way. I have to make a vital phone call. Vital!

END OF STRATHERN SCENE



*Back at the flat, Cooper Donny and Gibbo sit around a crappy table on crappier chairs. They are on a pocket-sized balcony looking out over the Sydney suburbs. They argue about the anthrax and about the safety of Frank's daughter.*

Gibbo I still maintain that I acted correctly.

Cooper No. You "acted" outside of the script, pal. I realize that actors sometimes ad lib, but adding a fierce, bacterial disease to the mix is crazy. Everyone's lines further down the chain have to be reviewed. This was a major change. The mining magnate was smothered with a pillow. That was enough.

You goofed, Gibbs.

Donny

Look! If you're so set on being scientific and big-noting yourself, then why not try this? There's this new thing called "genetic genealogy". I was just reading about it today. You use it for cold cases. It's genius!

So what happens is that the cops have all this DNA collected from a murder site so many years ago and it's just sitting there. Okay, then they try to match it up with one of these web sites that helps you with your family tree.

Like – this is how it works. Easy peasy. Along comes young Mollie who wants to research the family. She sends in her DNA sample and waits to see who matches up. Anyway, the cops get a ping when they match Mollie's DNA sample with the left-over cold case DNA stuff. But of course Mollie didn't do it but now the cops can identify the **family**. Right? So they get hold of Mollie's family tree (all the grannies and aunts and uncles and like that) and they go through them. Sift through them. Knock out all the impossibles and circle all the possibles. And then it turns out that Uncle Clem is unmasked as the killer from all those years ago. Neat, huh?

Why not try that?

END OF SCENE

**I, Scene xi:** Chico Rolls At The Cop Shop**GIBBO'S CARLTON MURDER MYSTERY continued**

*Wayne and Ian are gorging themselves on hot Chiko rolls in an interview room. The recording mechanism is whirring along.*

Wayne *thickly*                      Did you switch this sucker on?

*Wayne points vaguely towards the recording mechanism.*

*Ian nods. Then Wayne nods.*

Wayne                              Bruce Carlingford. The first murder. "Coshed and stabbed". Let's spin it out (even if it as clear as crystal).

Ian                                  Crystal clear, was it? I only wish it were. The bloke was already dead when --

Wayne                              No! That tosser of a pathologist tried to fob us off with that. No! Carlingford was comatose but not dead. And then stabbed three times with a large knife. Ergo, I conclude that the cause of death was multiple stabbing.

*The officers grunt and make indecipherable noises as they chow down on their Chiko rolls.*

Wayne                              This is what we know for sure.  
  
Our witness was spot-on as it happens. The Connells did have a full CCTV coverage of the murder. It all played-out just as Ms McIntosh described. And we were able to get a rego number for the ute from the screen, and the ute turns out to belong to a guy named Luke McEnnery. He's been picked-up and taken to the watch house where we will go and interview him. Soon as our

lunch goes down ...

He either did it himself, or he'll know who borrowed his ute.  
Whatever.

Ian                    There was no identification on the body. We found the wallet but that was empty. No phone: nothing. However, in the murdered gent's ticket pocket there was a small slip of paper that came out of an ATM. Constable Big-Personality Monroe followed that paper trail and the transaction (a withdrawal for \$500) was matched to a Commonwealth Bank account in the name of a gentleman named Bruce Carlingford.

Wayne                Right. The bank provided his address and contact details. Mr Carlingford's body was identified by his sister at the morgue. We didn't have the mobile phone (obviously) but Telstra helped us out with a list of his last 20 calls, incoming and outgoing. Constable Monroe worked on that.

Ian                    Last thing he did was to receive calls from a pay-as-you-go. Unidentified caller. It's possible that the caller lured Carlingford to Carlton. My gut is telling me that this unknown caller is Luke McEnnery.

When he called this Carlingford dude and asked him to meet him, he did (willingly) and then McEnnery calmly worked him over. Open and shut.

Wayne *nods*                And the violence of the repeated stabbing even though he was already dead (or near enough). None of that makes any sense.

Okay. We have to question this McEnnery dude. We need to lean on him. Do we still have any knuckle-dusters in the drawer?



*At the watchhouse, Donny (in his character of Mark Guthrie) sits at a large table opposite Ian and Wayne. He smokes. There is a large ashtray on the table.*

Ian                                   Are you his mouthpiece? His solicitor?

Mark/Donny                       No. I'm a close friend. An advisor if you like. Mark Guthrie.

When can I see her?

Ian *surprised*                   ***Her?***

Mark/Donny                       She's a beautiful girl, officer. I love and worship her with all my heart. It's not possible to float above the ground like this unless you love to the World's end ...

Men (vile, wicked men with lead in their chests, not hearts) have tried to take advantage of her. How could any red-blooded man not look into those blue pools of mystery and not fall to the ground in adoration? I (for one) genuflect in acute reverence.

Wayne *confused*               Are you the lawyer for Luke McEnnery or not? We're just about to wheel him in for questioning.

Mark/Donny                       I have no idea of whom you speak ...

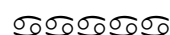
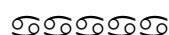
A ghastly coward has imposed upon my angel and she (in her turn) has imposed upon --

Ian *angry*                       If you're not a legal eagle advising Luke McEnnery then you can piss off. Right now.

*Ian stands, goes to the door and swings it open. Then he gestures for Mark/Donny to leave.*

*Mark/Donny stands. In a world of sadness he dawdles out.*

Mark/Donny *teary, as*       Be kind to her, won't you? Promise that you will be gentle ... Fill  
*he leaves*                       your souls with compassion ...



Gibbo *voiceover* Nice one Don! That's excellent.

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Then Ralph Bing (seedy journalist) bursts in. Ralph is played by Cooper. He starts talking immediately and is hard to shut up. For a while, everyone seems to talk at once.

Ralph/Cooper The anthrax scare -- how will Victoria's hospitals cope?

 The press has dubbed your killer as the "Tram Stabber". How safe is it to travel by tram? Should we boycott them? And is St Kilda now a hot spot?

 The victim is reported to be a himbo. Did he have sex a mere half-an-hour before he died?

 How many dinosaurs have escaped from the Outback Dino Planetarium? Why have they headed for Sydney? How do you intend to stop them?

 Have you reported the problem with out-of-date golden syrup to the health department? Can treacle be used as a substitute? Is the public safe?

 Can the transformers be stopped? Is this a real world major electronic control breakdown?

 Will you be mounting a raid on the Dapto RSL bowls club? Word on the street speaks of dodgy goings-on in that direction.

 Are the rumours true? Was Josh Gibson sacked because he is too loaded with testosterone? What will happen to the TV show now that much-loved Tony Nedson has been spifflicated by a sheep dredger?

~ At the same time as Ralph/Cooper delivers his rapid-fire questions, Ian and Wayne shout out answers and/or try to keep the lid on Ralph/Cooper's suggestions. ~

Wayne and Ian That's ludicrous! Your sources are incorrect there. Who said that?
There is clearly no danger – no danger whatsoever. This is a
media beat-up! That is baseless innuendo and libellous slander!

END OF GIBBO'S CARLTON SCENE

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*The three friends have decamped to the local pub. They stand around in a school, lazily watching everyone else.*

Gibbo                                  You're saying that we need to bring **that** into the story?

Cooper                                No. You'd probably have to write a whole new story.

Gibbo                                Ditch this one?

Donny                                Well, it's getting too complex now, isn't it? We had a straight-  
forward murder and now you've dragged in the Feds and the DoH  
and Detective Wayne is getting a hard-on ...

Cooper                                What about my idea for the Stones? The early years ...

## COOPER AND THE EARLY YEARS OF THE ROLLING STONES

*The screen fades to black. The guitar riff from Mona (1964) by The Rolling Stones washes over the darkness as this black-and-white scene evolves.*

*We see a very young Brian Jones speaking excitedly to a very young Mick Jagger (not seen) and Keith Richards (also not seen).*

Brian                                No look -- look, Mick. If you need to do something with your  
hands, try thumping these around. You know -- in time to the

music. Magic!

*Brian sings Mona (in sync with our overlying music) and moves with the maracas. Then he hands them over to Mick.*

Brian                      Now try that. Watch how you go, man.

*We don't see Mick, except for flashes of the maracas whizzing in front of the camera. Mona rings out. And Brian looks pleased with the result, nodding in time to the music.*

Brian                      What do you think, there, Keith? Is this a winner or what?

Keith *voice off*              It's cool, man. It's cool. You're a wizard!

END OF ROLLING STONES SCENE

*Like a snapped thread, the Rolling Stones memoir is gone. We return from black-and-white to colour. The scene has returned to the local pub.*

*Suddenly, Gibbo becomes alert. We see him reach into an old, battered bag from which he retrieves a pistol. As he rushes back into the outdoors, we see Gibbo checking that the pistol is in order. A huge T-rex is roaring, and about to attack the pub. Gibbo fires several shots at it. The dinosaur deflates in the manner of a balloon. Gibbo is sucking in big breaths. Cooper and Donny look at Gibbo (from their positions in the pub) as if nothing has happened.*

Gibbo                      No. I said no biopics. Ya get what I mean? The young Stones (from the 1960's no less) would have spoken in some groovy lingo that's vanished now. They would have mumbled and grunted.

"You're a wizard!" No way!

And no animals or children or long-extinct beings. You must have heard the old adage ...

*[Takes big breath]*

Right! We'll just take what we have and get a straight-shooter to mould it into a film. A movie. A cinematographic triumph. Donny,

who was it that you --

Donny                      Gus Fuller.

*Gibbo nods. He mouths "Gus Fuller". Some paramedics rush towards the pub. Through the window, Donny indicates the body of the T-rex to these people and then Cooper, Donny and Gibbo leave the pub to walk off.*

Cooper                      That'll make us a lot of moolah? Will it?

Gibbo                      Yeah ... Enough to buy four houses and a hotel in Toorak on the Monopoly board.

Donny                      Bewdy.

Gibbo                      What was it that clown said about Dapto?

END OF SCENE

## **I, Scene xii:** The Raid On The Dapto RSL Bowls Club

### GIBBO'S OBLIGATORY CAR CHASE THROUGH SYDNEY

*Two elderly gentlemen and three elderly ladies are dressed in the uniform of the Dapto RSL Bowls team. The "Dapto Dominators" uniform is in the form of colourful shirts and trousers, with matching hat. One of the ladies carries a plate of pikelets (covered in Gladwrap).*

*They stand outside the Dapto Railway station.*

Lady *bright*                      Oh! Here he comes!

*A minibus pulls up. On its side is clearly emblazoned the words: "Dapto RSL Courtesy Bus".*

*As the five passengers board the minibus, they greet the driver (Reg). The minibus doors close and the minibus takes off.*

Gentleman *voice off*      Who are we playing again?

Lady *voice off*      The Farmborough Phantoms.

Background: The minibus will complete its journey. The five passengers will alight, then make their way inside the RSL building. We shall see people playing bowls on the green. They will appear happy throughout. They will all completely ignore the police presence – oblivious to the intrusion. Meanwhile ...

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This scene features a car chase through the streets of Sydney even though the crime happened in Melbourne (this will be pointed out later by Donny).

Police sergeant Ian Westmore (in uniform) drives at high speed with blue light whirring. Every so often he sounds the siren. In the front passenger seat sits grim-faced Homicide Detective Wayne Elwin. The three friends (Cooper, Gibbo and Donny) sit in the back.

During this thrilling car chase with all sorts of near-misses, flips, airborne episodes and testosterone-charged derring-do, none of the passengers is the least bit scared. In fact, they all look almost bored.

Then the dialogue takes place towards the end of the chase. The three men will have to shout to be heard about the roaring motor and other sundry street noises.

Donny Run that by me again, Coop.

Cooper As far as I can see, Gus Fuller loves the script. Gibbo put it to him (to Gus) that the roadblock is about the motive and method. But Gus can't get that: we have the deets on the murderer (he reckons) – so what else is there to say? That's what he felt. Anyways, that's my understanding of Gus's understanding ... If you follow my drift ...

Gibbo *unimpressed* As far as I could make out, old Gus was pissed out of his loincloth.

Cooper *chuckles* Yeah ... well ... "Hello?" ... Any day of the week for old Gus ...

So then I offered him the dinosaurs and transformers and he didn't go for them. Which I don't get ...

No wait on! I think I remember him saying "over-used".

Gibbo Well, he has half a brain anyway. Even if he is as rat-arsed as a newt.

Cooper Wayne (our front seat passenger here – the detective) suggested this car chase. Old Gussy loves it. So here we are.

Donny Did anyone else spot the goof? The murder was in Carlton (an inner suburb of Melbourne) but we are currently hurtling around the streets of Sydney which is some 880 kilometres away.

Cooper *airily* That might be okay ... People from Sydney fly down to Melbourne to murder people. And vice versa. Crims and that ... It might work ...

The police car (with sirens blaring) screeches to a stop in the carpark of the Dapto RSL Club. Ian and Wayne leap out of the car, leaving the doors open and brandishing pistols. Wayne turns to the three occupants.

Wayne *dramatic* Youse stay in the car! We have the situation completely in hand and everything is under total control. Stay put in the vehicle, please.

The arrival of Ian, Wayne and the boys coincides with Reg's RSL minibus arriving. As stated, the police commands will be ignored.

Wayne reaches into the police car for a megaphone.

Wayne *commanding* This is a police operation.

Do not move any closer to the clubhouse! You are to stand against the wall in order for us to check your credentials.

Wayne continues to be ignored by the bowls club members. Both Ian and Wayne are in combative stance.

Wayne *imperative* Stand against the wall with your hands above your heads or I shall open fire! This is your second warning.

Madam, please place that plate of pikelets on the wooden bench to your left and raise your arms high.

There is a slight pause. The bowls games continue unabated.

Wayne *imperative* This is your third and final warning! Stand with your hands above your heads or I shall open fire! Please be aware that tear gas will be thrown if you fail to obey this police directive!

There is still no response from the bowlers. More police cars rock up, sirens wailing. Inside the police car where the three friends calmly watch proceedings. There is a noticeable tranquillity. We see riot police in flak jackets running past the car windows. The boys look about them, trying to figure out what is going on.

Gibbo *frowning* Um ... Seriously lost the plot here ... What are we doing?

Cooper *squinting* We are about to make a dramatic arrest. I think ...

Donny Who are we arresting?

Cooper Dunno. Someone over 60 I reckon.

Gibbo *tart* And our murderer is a lusty young man in his 30s, as I recall. And he's Victorian (not a New South Welshman).

Donny What d'ya wanna do?

Gibbo Coop, you can phone Fuller and tell him that his services are no longer required. You and Donny and me will fly over to London. We're going to call on the expertise of a gay blade. A **very** gay blade.

Donny *chuckles* Leon Freland? Yeah? Rightio.

Cooper The car chase was good, but. Got us some Brownie points ...

Gibbo *waspish* Yeah ... But like all filmic car chases it served no actual purpose and went the long way round instead of taking short cuts. And

there was no need to stop along the way to shoot the tyres of that Hummer.

Come on: this is just bullshit. Bloody typical.

Cooper picks up another megaphone from the front seat. He yells into it.

Cooper *megaphone* Fellas! Youse can go back to the cop shop. The brains trust is off to London. Thanks anyway. See yuz.

Deflated and piqued, the various policemen and policewomen trudge back to their cars. They leave the Dapto RSL car park.

Cooper *voice off* Oh ... By the way ... It was me that chucked out the old can of golden syrup. I mean – it had expired in 1994 and the lid was completely rusted and that ...

[Hopeful]

There might be some molasses (if that's any good)?

END OF SCENE

I, Scene xiii: London And The Meeting With Leon Freland

The drawing room is tastefully decorated in an old-world style. Cooper, Donny and Gibbo are dressed in suits. They are cleaned-up: shaved and with nice haircuts. Leon is flamboyant and a perfect host. Just as we enter the scene, he is pouring tea. So this review of the “script-so-far” is in the nature of a tea party.

Leon Gentlemen! This is a fine piece of work. But way too short. We'll need to flesh it out a bit more ... Let's see ... Scale! We need

scale!

Gibbo We're dead-set on the characters. They need to be believable, interesting and --

Leon Oh yes! Totally understood.

Oh, boys! This is wonderful. So crisp and on-the-nub. I wish that all writers took such care. The audience needs to be glued to the story: unable to move out of their chairs. Wide-eyed and dying to find out how the thing evolves. Marvellous! Marvellous!

Gibbo The scientific stuff (the anthrax and that forensic stuff) we got off the web. We googled it. 'Cause it has to be straight-up, ya know. The punters immediately get onto IMDB goofs if there's even the tiniest mistake.

Leon Yes, yes ... Of course.

I'm really very excited. And you say that you've given yourselves cameo roles? That's simply splendid I must say!

Donny I have a dramatic scene where I am interviewed by the police about my relationship with the girl (the one who lured Bruce Thingo to his death). Gibbo plays the genius pathologist. And our other bloke is Max Cooper who plays the irritating reporter who is annoying and hampering Detective Wayne Elwin.

Leon Oh yes! I've quite fallen in love with Detective Wayne. He's a dish of apple pie with lashings of cream on top. We'll cast Shailah Conniglio as the love interest.

Very well then: here's what we'll do ...

THE BRITISH CONTINGENT PART I

The relationship between Lindel Huckerby and Detective Wayne Elwin will become clearer later in the script. For now, he knows her as his niece, and she knows him as her uncle. It is clear beyond doubt that Wayne is more than fond of Lindel. Both Wayne and Lindel speak with very posh English accents.

Lindel will be portrayed by actress Shailah Coniglio.

This scene takes place in a London flat around the 1952 vintage. Yes! A nod to Miss Marple.

Wayne I thought you might like to come with me on an outing. It should be a burn in the motor, but I've opted for the railways. I've some business up North which --

Lindel Can't! Sorry Uncle, but my new hobby takes up all of my time.

Wayne Hobby? I hope it's fulfilling.

Lindel No. Not one bit. It's all rather fey, really. He's that glorified thing known as a fly half.

Wayne is clearly disappointed at this news.

Wayne *deflated* Oh ... I see ... A man ...

Lindel He's pretty hopeless. I have to do everything for him, of course. Do you know -- I think that his mother was jolly glad to be able to offload him onto me.

Wayne That sounds grim. But ... But I thought that those chaps were very clued-up? Fly halves, I mean.

Lindel Not at all. I mean to say that on the pitch he's a genius: veritable Rhodes Scholar. But real life defeats him utterly. Can't even catch a train without guidance.

Wayne That's a pity.

Lindel He's frightfully good looking. And strong enough to pick me up with only one hand. Naturally, one has to adore him.

Wayne Naturally. Oh well ... it would have been nice to have had your company on the journey. Poor choice of words, I'm afraid ... Sorry ... Let's say that it would have been *interesting* to --

Lindel Where are you going?

Wayne Wexford. As I said, I'll catch the train. There's a damn decent service to --

Lindel Why?

Wayne Why Wexford? Or why the train? If the first, then work. I must interview some people in relation to --

Lindel Oh yes! That ghastly murder.

Wayne *wry smile* You see how it is. I don't even have to finish sentences while you're around.

Lindel You're never taking that grizzled old Colonel Aston with you, are you?

Wayne Correct. Hence the train (in answer to your other question). Something to do with him getting car-sick ...

Lindel Oh well that's different. I can't possibly allow you to suffer that indignity alone. Ghastly old martinet! Just give me a minute to change and we'll be off.

Wayne *delighted* You're coming with me then?

Lindel Of course. In your best interests I'll guide the Colonel's conversation down correct paths. Just a tick.

Wayne Will the helpless fly half manage without you?

Lindel Not a chance. I'll palm him off onto my very best friend Sally. She's been panting with rage and jealousy for weeks, anyway. Let me just put through a telephone call to dearest Sal and the thing is done.

Wayne looks absurdly pleased at this turn of events. He looks away as Lindel charges off, and his smile is almost radiant.

The film then "cooks" and there is a "pffft!" sound along with the disintegration of the celluloid.

Gibbo *voice-over* This is total slime.

Donny *voice-over* Yeah. Reckon.

Cooper *voice-over* Chuck-chunder time. Do you provide sickbags, Leon?

Leon *voice-over* Oh, come, come! Give it a chance, chaps. Do!

THE BRITISH CONTINGENT PART II

We see Lindel and Wayne seated in an old British steam train with their backs to the direction in which the train is travelling. Opposite them (smoking a pipe) is doughty Colonel Aston.

Then a long shot of the train passing over a bridge. As it crosses, the bridge changes fluidly into a beefy transformer and 2 carnivorous dinosaurs. After a few parries and thrusts, the transformer and dinosaurs follow the train.

Our focus returns to the three passengers who remain oblivious to the dinosaurs and transformers..

Colonel And I'll tell you about another interesting case.

Lindel stifles a yawn.

Lindel Oh, do Colonel! We're so totally thrilled.

Colonel *settles back* He's one of these twitcher chaps, d'ye see? A twitcher. Nothing

known about him other than his devotion to our feathered friends. Police baffled when it all comes out. Murders a highly-placed individual as retribution for the demise of the birds. The victim had wantonly ruined the habitat, or some such thing ... Most extraordinary!

Lindel *doubtful* That sounds like a kind of madness, Colonel Aston.

Colonel Aston nods as he puffs on his pipe in a meditative way.

Colonel You'd say so. You'd think that he might be as mad as the proverbial Mad Hatter. And yet he was cool-headed. A planner. A cool-headed planner.

Planned everything to the nth degree, he did. Even murdered decoys to put the police off the scent. Brainy, courageous, cold-blooded. He was a police detective's nightmare.

Wayne *wry smile* And yet he was discovered.

Colonel *nods* That's correct.

Colonel Aston leans forward towards the others in a dramatic way.

Colonel He made a tiny mistake which brought about his undoing.

There is an air of tension and expectation.

Lindel What was it, Colonel?

Colonel Aston is (if nothing else) a showman. He has the rapt attention of his audience and so he begins to peer into his pipe and search about for something in his pocket. The train has pulled into a railway station, and we can see other railway cars in the background (through the train windows) on sidings.

Colonel Let me explain ...

Two huge dinosaurs (T-Rex) are seen devouring cattle which are squeezed into the railway cars. People can be heard to scream and rush about.

Our three train passengers are oblivious to this terrifying distraction.

The scene freezes as we observe the transformer moving menacingly towards the train itself.

Gibbo *voice-over,*
angry Cooper! I warned you about the fucking dinosaurs! They're not in this!

Cooper *voice-over* No mate! Not my fault!

Gibbo *voice-over* What about you? Are you responsible?

Leon *voice-over* Goodness me – no! I certainly wouldn't dream of polluting this fine and rather theatrical presentation with anything as ludicrous as --

Cooper *voice-over* Can we just hear what the old fart says? The Colonel ...
I want to know about the little slip that the murderer makes.

Donny *voice-over* Yeah ... If that bloke was so clever, where did he go wrong?

Gibbo *voice-over,*
angry No! Forget about him. He's as boring as cold porridge. And so is this crap.

Sounds of bluster can be heard from Leon.

Gibbo *voice-over* Let's just do what I suggested in the first place. We pack our kit and head for the States where it's all happening.

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*Change of scene: Wayne and Lindel are enjoying a delicious afternoon tea in a tea shop in Wexford.*

Lindel Mmmm! This is delicious! How wizard of you to send the Colonel off to find Sergeant Westmore.

Wayne Yes. I had to think of something to get him out of the way. But he'll be back. And there's a very important matter that I wish to discuss with you before he barges back into our lives.

Lindel About the murder?

Wayne No!

*Impulsively Wayne takes Lindel's hand.*

Lindel *affronted*                      Uncle Wayne!

Wayne                                  Technically I'm not your uncle, Lindel. I'm just a connection of your family.

Lindel                                  Yes, you are! Your sister married --

Wayne                                  I know! I know! But we're not related by blood. That's the main thing: the moot point.

*Wayne swiftly moves his chair around the small circular table such that he is now very close to Lindel (who seems dumbfounded). There is a loud scroop which causes the other diners in the crowded tea shop to look about.*

Wayne                                  Darling precious girl! Is ... Is it alright if I kiss you? The doughty Colonel will all too soon return.

Lindel *airily*                              I suppose a sweet little avuncular peck on the cheek might be in order.

*Wayne gathers her hand in both of his and drinks in the beauty of her face. He kisses Lindel full on the lips. It is a long kiss: ardent and sincere. There follows a gasp of disapproval from the other diners. Lindel appears to be very taken aback by the kiss. Wayne sheepishly and noisily moves his chair back to its former position opposite her chair. The other diners whisper and glance furtively at the lovers. Wayne leans forward and speaks in a low voice.*

Wayne                                  What do they say? "It's best that you know how I feel about you."

Lindel                                  That sounds like it. And the stock reply from the frightened young lady is: "That kiss was a pretty fair indication."

Wayne *blurting out his feelings*                      I know that you're currently smitten with the fly-half and that I would need **both** hands to carry you about in my arms, but I love you more than he ever could. And I want you to marry me.

*There is a long pause as Lindel tries to calm herself. Wayne fiddles with his teaspoon.*

Wayne *very low*                      Say "yes". Please!

*Suddenly there is a hue and cry outside the tea shop. The door of the tea shop swings open as Colonel Aston bursts in. He is vastly upset but intends to take command of the situation.*

Colonel *imperative*            Quickly! All of you! Dive under the tables and stay there until the coast is clear.

*Pandemonium breaks out in the tea shop as everyone panics in their attempts to follow the Colonel's commands. Outside the two dinosaurs and the transformers can be seen terrorizing the villagers. The Colonel continues to bark orders at the diners.*

Colonel *imperative*            Never mind your handbag, madam. Protect yourself at all costs.  
You gentlemen must assist the ladies. Speed is of the essence!

*As the transformer zaps the tea shop, the screen freezes. A black marking pen is seen to descend on the film and obliterate it. At the same time (with every stroke) we hear Gibbo angrily denounce this iteration of the movie.*

Gibbo *angry voice-over*    No! No! No! No! No! No! No! No!

END OF SCENE

## **I, Scene xiv:** Detective Wayne and Sergeant Ian Nail It

*Wayne and Ian slouch around in the police station.*

Wayne                            His ute was identified by Diane McIntosh.

Ian                                Correct.

Wayne                            He knew all three of the murder victims. They were all in a Tattsлото syndicate together. The Thursday night jackpot was set at \$80 million.

He'd had words with Bruce Carlingford. He had direct access to the source of the anthrax. He could easily have been the man in

the hoodie that is the only possible in the Leah Shield knifing. He could easily have broken into Frank's mansion and smothered Frank in his sleep.

Ian Right.

Wayne Okay. That's enough for me. Luke Manfred McEnnery is the guilty party.

Charge him with three counts of homicide. Read him his rights. Make sure that he gets hold of a mouthpiece. I don't want anything on our side to snafu.

*That settles that. Wayne and Ian gather up the paperwork. Wayne looks directly at Constable Monroe.*

Wayne What's got up your nose?

Constable Monroe I think you've got it wrong.

Ian *scathing* Aw, what would a titchy thing like you know?

*Ian makes as if to leave the office to follow Wayne's instructions.*

Wayne No, wait on ... Give Marilyn time to say her say.

*Ian holds up.*

Constable Monroe Wayne, please don't call me "Marilyn". My name is --

Wayne Yeah, I know. "Giselle". But you've got to realize that any woman stacked like you and with the surname of "Monroe" will get called "Marilyn". Goes without saying.

Constable Monroe Wayne, please don't refer to the size of my breasts. (a) I can't help how big they are and (b) it is inappropriate to discuss my physical attributes or defects in the workplace. I could report you.

Ian But you won't report him because it's only a joke.

Constable Monroe No. It's not a joke. I think --

Wayne *over it* Yeah, well it is. Move on. Give me at least three reasons why

McEnnery isn't our killer.

Constable Monroe      One: his fingerprints cannot be found anywhere on the Carlingford corpse nor on the pillow used to smother Sennett. Plus, there is no gunshot residue on any of his clothes.

Two: there was a competition on the TV at the time he said he was at home and his phone calls testify that he entered the competition at the appropriate time.

Three: the \$80 million jackpot had not been played ***until after*** all three murders.

*Wayne responds without blinking.*

Wayne      One: he wore gloves. Two: he knew what to send on his mobile phone to the TV competition and did so from outside his house. Three: who cares?

Constable Monroe      A Tattslotto syndicate keeps rocking along until it wins the big bikkies. Everyone will agree with that. That particular syndicate had not had a win for a long time. Your idea that one member killed the other three under those circumstances is ... Well, it's far-fetched.

*Wayne shifts about as Constable Monroe reefs out her notebook. She now reads from it.*

Constable Monroe      Luke, Leah, Frank and Bruce were all members of the same Tattslotto syndicate. That's the common thread. If you want to murder Frank Sennett (say) then you murder three members of the syndicate, leaving one member (Luke) alive and suspicious. It's too easy. You've presented the police with a clear patsy along with muddying the waters at the same time.

*Wayne and Ian stare at each other.*

Constable Monroe      I've established that their Tattslotto ticket was regularly purchased at the little newsagency in the Westfield shopping centre. Steve &

Glenda Huntingdale run the agency. They confirmed that it was Leah who always bought the ticket. She was friendly and even gossipy. At the time of her murder, Leah was in a tizz because she needed to purchase monogrammed pyjamas for her boss (Frank). She was his secretary.

From her frequent revelations, both Steve and Glenda (especially Glenda) knew the identities of all four people in the syndicate.

END OF SCENE (to be continued)

### **I, Scene xv: Bon Mots from Bonnie**

*Donny and Gibbo stroll along Pitt Street in Sydney.*

Donny	My mum was at your wedding, right?
Gibbo	Yeah.
Donny	So I never told you this but my mum overheard Sonya tell one of her bridesmaids that she was only investing 10 years into your marriage. Yours and hers marriage, I mean.
Gibbo	That sounds about right.
Donny	Did you get the 10 years?
Gibbo	Yeah. And a bit.
Donny	And so I was thinking that you could get custody of your kids on that basis.
Gibbo	But she remarried. A rich prick with a couple of half-decent cars in his stable.

Donny Well ... What's that got to do with --

Gibbo *reasonable* The legal eagles aren't going to come down on my side, mate.

Donny But she --

Gibbo *forceful* The government and its lackies are not interested in anything except what they deem to be the best for the kids. To them I'm a workaholic non-existent father. Poor track record. They ask little Jess what she thinks of her dad and she replies: "Well, he's never around". So, I tried working from home but the billy lids distracted me so much that I had to shut the door. So, they ask little Markie what he thinks of his dad and he blurts out that whenever dad is around, he shuts himself in his study and won't come out. Great parenting!

Donny *righteous* You were working to put food on the table and put clothes on their back and toys in the playroom. Sonya never went without, that's for sure.

Gibbo *shrugs* The new stepfather takes the kids on holidays and they go fishing and he turns up to watch Markie play footy on a Sunday. I'm always stretched out on Sunday getting pissed and trying to write my screenplay. Whichever way you look at it, I'm not fatherhood material and there it stands.

Donny That doesn't make Sonya a good mother, but.

Gibbo Whadda you mean?

Donny You remember that bloke you sacked from the TV show? From that sheep station shit thing?

Gibbo Yeah. Tarandrelong.

Donny Word on the street is that your ex is having a very torrid affair with him as we speak. Hubby number 2 is talking divorce.

*Gibbo stops walking to stare at Donny in bewilderment. Donny thus also stops.*

Gibbo *shocked and surprised*

Sonya is rooting Tony Nedson? I didn't know that! But it sounds like the sort of crappo activity that she'd indulge in. While we were married her flirting was public knowledge. But I was always sure that if often went **further** than just flirting.

Donny

So that's what I mean, mate. You should never have lost your kids that way. Not even visitation rights on days when Granny and Grandpa stick their beaks in. It makes me fucking sick.

She and her new husband (soon to be her ex new husband) hired a very slick lawyer and out-smarted you. But now you can get back at her. Now you're in the money you can get a good mouthpiece and get them back. Because she's now proving that she's an unfit mother.

Gibbo

Well ... I suppose so ... Nice of you to care and that.

Donny *shrugs*

What are mates for, eh?

*They continue walking.*

Gibbo

Where are we going?

Donny

To visit someone you know. This chick is gunna put us in touch with the best US director: Fleming Hardcastle.

Gibbo *impressed*

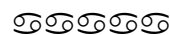
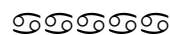
Wow!

Donny

Coops is meeting us there.

Gibbo

Bewdy!



*In a very swanky Sydney office (Bayes, Tarquin and Luddale) with Harbour views Bonnie, Donny, Gibbo and Cooper sit around a table drinking coffee. To the side there is a tray piled with food on a side table.*

*Bonnie is laughing at something that Cooper has said.*

Bonnie Oh look! They've brought food in for you Coops and you're ignoring it.

*Cooper looks about, spies the table, stands and then tucks in.*

*Cooper speaks to no-one in particular.*

Cooper What was that Pommie girl's hobby? The fly-half.

Well, my hobby is food. Viands, vitals, provisions, sustenance, tuck, morsels, provender, supplies, spread, nosh ... Can't think of anythink else.

Donny *amused* What about "the table groaned".

Cooper *thickly* Yeah, that works.

Gibbo He's single-handedly bringing a whole new meaning to "sound bite and grab".

Bonnie You ought to gobble down a Thesaurus while you're at it.

Gibbo I never travel without one. Good old Roget, eh?

*Cooper resumes his seat. The other two men sneak food from Cooper's several plates.*

Bonnie Okay. Well, you probably know that I've been dismissed from my head honcho position on the Tarandrelong trainwreck fiasco (which is now more of a Chinese water torture than a TV show).

*[Turns to Gibbo]*

I suppose that's poetic justice for you, Gib.

Gibbo *sugary* Not at all, Bonnie dear. I just hope that your terminal payout was as impressive as mine.

Cooper I'm not surprised that you got the flick, Bonnie girl. You turned Gib's show into a bowl of lukewarm water. Everybody switched off including yours truly.

Bonnie And why was that, Cooper?

Cooper Do you really wanna know? Okay then.

First, you emasculated all the blokes. No more in-your-face confrontation, no more punch-ups and no more marital concerns of the concerning type.

Second: you brought back that dipstick Tony Nedson (stripped to the waist and lightly oiled). He'd already been obliterated under a grain harvester. You found his long-lost twin (Harry Pye) and thus he's been safely resurrected.

And third, you empowered the women to the point where nothin' got done around the farms. No washing, no cooking --

Bonnie Nobody in a fit would want women to have demeaning work nor to be mistreated by men. And neither to watch men mistreat each other. And women belong on a pedestal (figuratively speaking).

Gibbo You're making the classic mistake of confusing real-life with the life that people want to see on the box.

Bonnie People want to see life in the raw. Men waking up with whiskers on their faces and women waking up without make up and with lousy hair. And girls who work on farms having dodgy fingernails.

Cooper But the "real-life" has to be entertaining.

Of course we all know that it's wrong to belt up a woman but sometimes (nay "often") in a TV show you have to have that stuff.

Gibbo The "Harry Potter" franchise is one of the most popular series of movies ever; but not one cinemagoer expects to come up against wand-bearing wizards on leaving the picture house.

Cooper Your ratings plummeted because you took the entertainment out of the show. And also because Nedson simply cannot act. Couldn't act his way out of a wet paper bag.

*[long sigh]*

So, who replaced ya?

Bonnie Back to square one. Sirius Wantage is doing the direction himself. Again. With Nedson dying horribly in a mega industrial exhaust fan malfunction. His body will be shredded in that mother.

Gibbo *laughs without humour* Ah! That'll dish us up a nice plate of scrambled eggs.

Bonnie *frustrated* I didn't call you in here for this. I have a letter of introduction for you to meet with Fleming Hardcastle in L.A.

*[Reefs a large envelope from her bag]*

Here.

*Bonnie pushes an A4 envelope across the table. Gibbo takes it up.*

Gibbo Ta.

Bonnie *fake smile* My pleasure.

*Nothing happens.*

Bonnie *crisp* Well, you can go then. Coops seems to have cleaned out the larder. You can (as the saying goes) "sling your hooks".

*The three men stand.*

Cooper Yeah. Thanks for the food. And although I feel sorry for you losing your job and all, I can understand how it happened.

Bonnie Well said Cooper. However (like your friend Josh Gibson) I made a barrowload of money from the ordeal.

Gibbo, you'll probably receive a sweeping apology from said Mr Wantage. And a contrite offer of a return to your former position, I expect.

Gibbo He can stick both the apology and the job up his arse. I'm off to the US of A to get a movie organized.

*Bonnie looks down at some paperwork. She is finished with them.*

Bonnie                                      Ciao, then.

Oh, by the way, the actor that you've chosen to play your Wayne Elwin chap rang me yesterday, complaining about everything.

He feels that the weight of the movie's success lies all on his broad, capable shoulders.

Gibbo *surprised*                        Why? What'd he say?

Bonnie *amused*                         He said (and I quote [sort of]) "Youse are all grabbing at any idea that flits into your heads. I'm the araldite holding this shipwreck together and afloat". Unquote [sort of].

Just thought you'd like to know.

Gibbo *snarling*                         What a prick! That's good coming from him after that waste-of-time car chase of his.

*Gibbo and Cooper leave the room. Donny is staring at Bonnie. She looks up and stares right back at him, with a quirk of her eyebrows.*

Donny                                      Is it okay if I kiss ya?

Bonnie                                      No.

Donny                                      Righto.

Can I just put my hands on your tits? Only for a second ...

Bonnie                                      No Donny: not in office hours ... maybe later ...

Donny *grins*                                Alright.

Bonnie *encouraging*                    Look! Go over to the States and knock em dead!

Donny                                      Righto ... just a quick kiss goodbye then.

Bonnie *amused*                         Get out of here!

*Donny manages to execute a really meaningful kiss. In doing so, he not only pulls Bonnie to her feet but also manages to cover one of her breasts with a spare hand. Laughing, Bonnie pushes him away, her face covered in blushes.*

*Donny smiles at her then slowly leaves the room. On the other side of the closed door stand Cooper and Gibbo. Donny looks at his friends, then nods his head back.*

Donny                                She's a bit of alright.

Gibbo *caustic*                    Yeah. And I once thought Sonya was a bit of alright.

Donny *frowns*                    She's not like your Sonya.

Gibbo                                Mate - they're **all** like Sonya.

END OF SCENE

## **I, Scene xvi:** A New Light On The Horizon – Jasprit Namipors

*The guys are leaving Los Angeles airport.*

*They are in a stretch limo. In the back seat, Donny sits next to Gibbo. Facing Donny and Gibbo (and therefore with backs to the chauffeur) sit Jeparit (facing Gibbo) next to Cooper.*

Gibbo                                Who's the curry-muncher?

Cooper *smiling*                    This bloke? He's my lawyer. He's called something unpronounceable, but I call him Jeparit Name-your-poison.  
  
He's from a firm of legal eagles called "Pains Tea towel and Luggage". Somethin' like that, anyway.

Gibbo                                A lawyer? Whadda ya want a lawyer for?

Cooper                                To make sure those Hollywood bastards don't rip us off, mate.  
Obviously!

Gibbo                                Will I be able to understand him?

Jeparit *crisp*                    More to the point – will I be able to understand **you**?

My name is Jasprit Namipors. And just for the record (not that it's any of your business) but I was born in Australia (in Sydney) and attended King's College before graduating from the University of Sydney (with Honours).

*Gibbo is completely unimpressed.*

Gibbo                      Uh ... Then, what are ya --

Jeparit                     I just don't like being called a "curry-muncher". I don't call you "Skippy".

Gibbo *nasty*                You don't call me anything yet. You don't even know who I am. I've just fuckin' met you! Dickhead ...

*There follows a sullen silence broken by Cooper.*

Cooper *bright*                Any rate, I've dragged Jeparit along so that we'll get a fair go from those arseholes who want to eat us for brunch.

Gibbo *smartarse*            Yeah? Well, I like to know who/what/where and why.  
  
Jeparit! (Not that it's any of our business, of course) but give us the lowdown on yourself. Your curriculum vitae.  
  
Impress me.

*Jeparit looks from man to man as he inhales in a very important way.*

Jeparit                      Okay. Be prepared to be impressed, mate.  
  
I'm an off-spin bowler and can also wield the willow if required. Naturally I come in at about 8th in the batting order so most of the time I don't ever get a chance to strut my stuff. I played with the University Eleven during my time up at Uni and was considered a more than adequate bowler. From recollection, my best score was 3 for 19 in my final year. And now I'm playing for Whittaker in the district cricket. But our season ended about a month ago which left me free to travel with Cooper here.

*There follows a withering silence. Jeparit (reserved, haughty and self-centred) gazes out of the window.*

Donny *to Cooper* Did you know that? About him being a cricket tragic?

Cooper *shrugs* Nuh ... No idea ...

Jeparit I'd be very stoked if we could get some cricket practice in during our sojourn to Hollywood. If that can be arranged.

Cooper *confident* Yeah ... Why not? All we need is a bit of flat grass ... A set of stumps ... Bats ...

*Gibbo and Donny are now impressed. They high-five. Gibbo reaches across to shake Jeparit's hand. Donny shakes his hand likewise.*

Gibbo *friendly* Welcome to the team, Jeparit, my main man!

*Cooper is delighted. He grins as he nods his head. Gibbo rubs his hands, very pleased.*

Donny *excited* And a bit of kick-to-kick ... Footy ...

Jeparit Yeah, righto.

And my firm is called "Bayes, Tarquin and Luddale". Not what Cooper said. Loser ...

END OF SCENE

## **I, Scene xvii:** Jeparit Has His Own Take On The Movie

*Although the four men are situated in a Los Angeles hotel, the action (as in Jeparit's movie) will take place in a fine English manor. In this scene, we will discover what a fine actor Jeparit proves to be.*

*Jeparit (in different costumes, facial hair, voice and so on) will take on all the parts.*

*He begins and ends as himself (explaining the plot to the others).*

*Start with a huge room in the Los Angeles hotel.*

Jeparit                      This idea of mine is much better than anything you guys have come up with. It's a nod back to the days when men were men in movies. Franchot Tone ... C Aubrey Smith.

Donny                      As in "chaps being chaps with chaps"?

Jeparit *nods*                True British spirit and stiff upper lip. Right.

### MOCKET IS A CAD (JEPARIT'S CONTRIBUTION)

*The scene changes abruptly to a robust Victorian salon (richly furnished). The Balcombe character is a very rigid Army captain. Mocket is a bit of a tearaway.*

Jeparit/Balcombe            There can be no recourse of any kind. I'm afraid that it's all over for you, Mocket. Your peers will demand an act of contrition in its fullest form.

Jeparit/Mocket              You mean that I didn't cover my tracks well enough to --

Jeparit/Balcombe            Let's leave the failed cover-up to one side for a moment, shall we?

Your ill-judged and wanton activities have brought the House of Mocket into a shameful pass. 'Twould appear that nothing can be done by yourself or by anyone else for that matter to patch-up this regrettable state of affairs.

As I said: you must provide the most sincere of sincere apologies.

Jeparit/Mocket              Alright then! I shall address the House of Commons. No! Both Houses. A joint sitting let's say. And I'll throw myself upon their mercy.

Jeparit/Balcombe            That's not what I had in mind.

Jeparit/Mocket              What then, sir?

Jeparit/Balcombe For an English gentleman who finds himself in such a parlous situation as *you* do there is only one possible outcome.

Jeparit/Mocket *unsure* I don't ...

Jeparit/Balcombe You must be honourable to the last.

Jeparit/Mocket Do you mean that you'll provide me with a decanter of Father's best French brandy alongside a loaded pistol and then leave me alone in a private room to commit felo de se?

Jeparit/Balcombe In my opinion that would be preferable to the firing squad, yes!

Jeparit/Mocket Fine! Let's do the deed in my study, shall we? With aplomb.

Before I perform the noble act, I'll rush about to get my things in order. Give me ... Give me say half-an-hour.

Jeparit/Balcombe You only require 30 minutes to prepare your affairs?  
*surprised*

Jeparit/Mocket Rather! That's quite enough time. Then you can pop upstairs to check that it's all been done right and tight.

Our dear old butler Hogeey will be inconsolable, but that's unavoidable. He'll accompany you to my "salon of despatch". Then you may dispose of my corpse in any manner that you see fit.

I trust that you'll let it be known amongst my peers that I've faced the music without a backward glance. Will you grant me that as a last request?

Jeparit/Balcombe Certainly. Of course.

I must say that you're taking this with admirable stoicism, Mocket. Most men would blub.

Jeparit/Mocket Ah! But then I blame *you* for that, Sir.



Jeparit/Hogey                      Oh Sir! Sir! He is gone! Gone to the four winds ...

*When the study is inspected, the brandy glass is empty, and the pistol is gone. Of Mocket there is no sign.*

~~~~~ **Break** ~~~~~

We have returned to the Los Angeles Hotel where Cooper and Donny applaud enthusiastically.

Jeparit *pleased* Good, isn't it? The anti-hero (Mocket) slips away to Venice where he --

Gibbo *angry* You're a fucking ratbag! You know that?

Jeparit *shocked* What?

Cooper and Donny try to defend Jeparit, but Gibbo is really worked up.

Gibbo It's crap! Where's the murder in Carlton? Where's the empty wallet being flipped into the camera?

Cooper You're missing the point. Jeparit is a phenomenal actor. Genius! We should find a good part for him and bung him in.

Gibbo *explosive* Youse bastards are mucking it up! That's what you're doing! Mucking it up with your dinosaurs trudging up the stairs because they can't fit in the lift. And the hot girl licking golden syrup off the bloke's chest. And the feisty sleuth rabbiting on in the train and your --

Jeparit *very interested* Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Licking golden syrup? What's that all about? I mean ... I'm sure that I can work that into my ...

That's right up Mocket's alley! Straight up!

END OF SCENE

I, Scene xviii: Meeting Fleming Hardcastle In Hollywood

The four men are slouching around a magnificent table in a superb, stylish board room. In Hollywood. They have been provided with all manner of drinks and finger food. On the wall there is a huge flat screen with gorgeous scenes from nature flipping through.

Jeparit I could've got Mocket to whack some dude in Carlton. He could easily have disguised himself as a tram conductor and knifed that talkative bitch. And the anthrax attack followed by the pillow suffocation would have been totally in Mocket's canon.

Donny Well, it can't be done old cock. Can't be done.

Jeparit Why? Just say why it can't be done? Mocket lives for that kind of mischief and mayhem.

Donny Mocket the Rocket can't be a tram conductor in a fit because they are extinct. Been replaced by swipe cards and annoying beeps. C'mon!

Jeparit looks about, browned-off. Donny sighs loudly through his lips.

The door swings open and a trim, taut and terrific gentleman in his 50's strides in. He is beaming.

This fifth man is the famous Fleming Hardcastle (a Texan). He shakes hands with the four friends, as everyone introduces themselves.

Fleming And do you gentlemen understand me? My Texan accent I mean.

Gibbo Sure. Clear as a bell, mate.

Fleming Ho-ho! "Mate"! Can you speak to me like an Australian? I love to hear that accent.

Donny We call it "Strine". What'dya wanna hear us say?

Fleming Ahhhhhh ... Say to me: "What are we going to do on Saturday afternoon?"

Jeparit What's on for Sat'dy arvo?

Fleming *excited* That's tremendous! I love that. I'm going to have to learn that

lingo.

And so what *is* on for Saturday afternoon?

Donny

The cricket's on the giggle-box ("Aussie Aussie Aussie, oi oi oi") so we'll be barracking for the Aussies, eh.

And we'll wear our bathers or togs or budgie smugglers and thongs while we hoon in the ute over to the barbie at Knacker's place because he has got a pool. So, we'll watch the cricket there.

Gibbo

They'll give us pardy pies & Chicken Chow Mein to eat with icy poles for sweets and everyone will drink beer (stubbies or cans). Any bloke drinking chateau cardboard or cab sav or sherry is a cow's hoof. That stuff's just for the women.

Cooper

But the bottle shop's just up the road, anyway. So, if we run short, we'll send the billy lids along to buy a top-up with a note to say it's alright and they can have some extra spon to buy lollies on the way home.

The bogans and bludgers can please themselves, but.

Jeparit

We'll know we're at the right spot because Knackers has an FJ up on blocks in the front yard (which hasn't seen a Victa for yonks) and their Hills hoist has a mean-looking Staffy on a chain tied to it.

Fleming *super
impressed*

Whoa! I love that! You just gotta teach me.

Gibbo

Technically, the "eh" (which is used to finish a sentence) comes from New Zealand. We'd be more likely to end a sentence with "but".

Fleming *frowns*

Sorry ... I'm not with you ...

Jeparit

Think of it as a full stop. Or you'd call it a "period". Okay? So, when you say something, the last word would be "but".

Cooper

As in: "We ate fish and chips for lunch, but".

Gibbo Whereas the New Zealander's version of that would be:

[imitates the NZ accent with the flat "i"]

 "We ate fesh and cheps for lunch, eh".

Jeparit And the correct English for the second person singular and plural is "you". Well in New South Wales and Victoria, it's very common for the plural to have an "s" added. As in: "I saw yuz comin' out of the pub". Or else: "I asked youse for a bit of shoosh" and "Youse all know what youse are here for."

Fleming Is there a hard and fast rule for that?

Donny Nuh. It's whatever feels comfortable.

Fleming Okay, mates.

[Gestures to the huge screen]

 Here is your movie. Hope you like it.

Cooper It's finished?

Fleming Nah ... Not yet. Rushes.

 Youse can watch it with me. We'll gather our thoughts at the end.

Gibbo Bewdy.

Cooper Brutal.

Donny Righto.

Jeparit Blood oath.

END OF SCENE

I, Scene xix: Competent And Talented, The Texan Wins In The End

Of course, the five men will watch the movie (in its uncompleted form) through from beginning to end.

*Here we pick up from the end of **I, Scene xviii**. However, Fleming has made some tizzy changes. Later Gibbo will fire-up about these changes.*

GIBBO'S CONTRIBUTION LEAVES US IN NO DOUBT

Wayne and Ian stare at each other. Then they stare at Constable Monroe who is now a complete sexpot with buttons undone. She perches on Wayne's desk in a very sexy way.

Constable Monroe It was a rort: they were betting on dodgy sports and rigged cricket games. And they joined together in their suspect Tattsлото syndicate.

They confirmed that it was Leah who always bought the ticket. She was friendly and even gossipy. At the time of her murder, Leah was in a tizz because she needed to purchase monogrammed pyjamas for her boss (Frank). She was his secretary.

Monogrammed pyjamas with "XXX" embroidered on the pocket. Do you get it?

Constable Monroe (now a hot babe) goes through the motions of lighting a cigarette. She smokes with a lazy, wanton grace. The men are in awe as they watch her.

Constable Monroe Let's go out on a limb, boys ... Make some assumptions here ...

There is no reason to murder Leah Shield.

Bruce Carlingford might have been obnoxious but there was no reason to knock him off.

Frank Sennett is the most likely candidate for becoming a murder

victim. In fact, death threats had already been made.

Westy Wright (Frank's company) had tabled concrete plans to begin mining an area in the Strathern Basin. Protest groups stormed into the area. The usual Greenies bobbed up. Especially aggressive was a small party from the well-known Naturnation Australia. They were passionately concerned about an endangered species which might be obliterated if mining went ahead. Ridley's Rainbow Parrot.

Wayne nods. He reaches for his phone.

Wayne Okay. Good work. We'd better give Naturnation a buzz. Does anyone have their number?

Before Wayne makes the call, Constable Monroe forestalls him.

Constable Monroe Already buzzed, Wayne.

Louise Bendix at Naturnation Australia confirmed that her organization had mounted level A protests in Strathern Basin. Seven people (five males, two females) confronted police in the Basin (on behalf of Naturnation) but no-one was arrested. Ms Bendix gave me the names of the seven protesters. Only one of them (a male named Jeremy Archard) was of any interest to us. He worked at the Huntingdale's newsagency at Westfield shopping centre. He thus had first-hand knowledge of the Tattsлото syndicate – of its members. Their names ...

Wayne *astounded* Who is this bloke?

Constable Monroe Glenda Huntingdale provided further information on second-round questioning.



The small newsagency in the Westfield Shopping Centre which is owned and run by Steve and Glenda Huntingdale is overrun with lunchtime customers. We see a huge flashing sign on the wall announcing that tonight's jackpot is \$80 million (for the Thursday night Tattsлото draw). We will take a 360 degree shot, to indicate that there are loads more customers than usual. Steve, Glenda and Jeremy are flat-out selling the tickets (using an electronic machine.) More people flood in. The scene inside the newsagency is quite chaotic.

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*Some time later, the trio get a short break. Steve has disappeared. Glenda takes recourse in a cup of tea.*

Glenda                                      Sorry that you missed your lunch.

Jeremy *pleasant*                      That's fine. I'll grab it now.

*Jeremy dashes off. Glenda searches for something under the counter. She accidentally knocks a well-read book (that had been stowed under the counter) onto the floor. As the book falls, the bookmark floats gracefully to the floor. It is a large wing feather from Ridley's Rainbow Parrot. Glenda retrieves both the book ("The Art Of War") and the feather. She holds the feather in such a way that its superb lustre is picked up under the fluorescent lights of the newsagency.*

*Jeremy returns.*

Glenda *apologetic*                      Oh, Jeremy! I'm so sorry.

I ... I must have been clumsy. And now I've lost your place.

*Jeremy takes this in his stride. He is completely at ease with Glenda's clumsiness.*

Jeremy                                      Don't really need a bookmark. Remember that I'm up to page 70.

*Jeremy gives a chuckle, then pushes the feather back into the book. He shoves the book back into its hidey-hole under the counter.*

Glenda                                      That's the most unbelievable feather I've ever seen!

Jeremy                                      Yes! Found it while wandering around –

Hello! Charge of the Light Brigade resumes.

*More customers stroll into the newsagency. Glenda sells tickets while Jeremy slips out to eat his lunch.*

~~~~~

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Now Glenda is being re-interviewed by Constable Monroe.

Glenda Oh Constable! It was just the most beautiful feather. He was using it as a bookmark ...

Constable Monroe How long had Mr Archard worked for you?

Glenda Oh years ... Maybe four years ... Possibly more ...

Constable Monroe What did you know about him?

Glenda I knew for a fact that he was a wildlife warrior. Very active with a group with a catchy name. Er ... Naturnation – that was it!

Constable Monroe Mmmm ... Yes ... Catchy.
raised eyebrows

~~~~~

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Constable Monroe        A feather which Jeremy Archard treasured. As rare as hen's teeth (one would imagine) ...

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~~~~~

~~~~~

Gibbo (as Dr Grant Whiteley), Constable Monroe and Detective Wayne Elwin are standing about. They are conferring.

Grant/Gibbo I found small particles of animal integument on or about the

victim's face. Transferred from the pillow to the face as he was being smothered. I have identified the specimen as filaments from a feather. To wit: filaments from the feather of Ridley's Rainbow Parrot.

Wayne Our key suspect used a feather as a bookmark. If I can bring it to you?

Constable Monroe I've bagged that feather, Wayne. Here it is.

Grant/Gibbo takes the feather to a high-detail microscope. He fidgets around. Wayne rocks on the balls of his feet. He glances at Constable Monroe, smiling a little shyly.

Grant/Gibbo Yes! If the person you believe to have perpetrated the murder used this feather as a bookmark, then it is highly probable that when they came to murder my corps (er ... Stenning it is) they transferred some miniscule fibres (even if they wore gloves).

Wayne That's proof positive, I'd say.

Constable Monroe Right now Jeremy Archard is at work in the newsagency, blissfully unaware that we have nailed him for the three murders. He had means, motive and opportunity for the Frank Sennett murder. The right gender, the right build ... The other two were sacrifices – to put us off the scent.

Wayne *excited* And case closed! That's amazing, Marilyn – I mean Giselle!

Constable Monroe My pleasure, Wayne.

END OF SCENE

I, Scene xx: Bon Mots from Tyrone Bosson, Film Critic

Introduction with film critic Tyrone Bosson. He is speaking to camera.

Tyrone Gone are the stark confrontations with reality which we often associated with Hardcastle. Gone are the camels shitting in the desert of Saudi. Gone are the spectres which flickered lamely before our hungry eyes. Ten minutes loitering in the deep with a metaphoric green octopus. We have put that behind us.

Fleming Hardcastle has looked out across the horizon to absorb from the mist-laden atmosphere a New Mood of hope, charity and love. Yes love!

Tyrone moves slightly to speak to another camera. Suddenly, screams are heard. The sounds of heavy equipment being knocked over is heard. Tyrone flips his head around just in time to see a T-Rex dinosaur bearing down on him.

There is a tremendous dinosaur roar bellowing around Tyrone. While Tyrone screams (arms over his face) he is swallowed whole by the dinosaur.

~~~~~                      ~~~~~                      ~~~~~

*Donny, Jeparit, Gibbo and Cooper are now found in a change room. Cricket gear is strewn about. Apparently Donny and Jeparit are the opening batsmen. They are kitted-out and ready: they do some long stretches, bats in hand. The two men march out of the change room (with the expected "Good luck" messages from those around them). Gibbo and Cooper take longer to get ready to bat (being further down the batting order).*

*We hear the applause of the crowd – meaning that Donny and Jeparit are now striding out to the pitch in front of the enthusiastic crowd.*

Cooper                      I'm confused.

Gibbo                        What for?

Cooper                      That stuff about "XXX".

In our film.

I don't get it ...

Gibbo

Well, it is either a rort: betting on dodgy sports and rigged cricket games. Or it's just a Tattsлото syndicate.

And before you start flapping your gums – No I didn't write that bit. The Yank chucked it in of his own accord.

*[Really worked up now]*

That's why we had Jeparit, mate. That mouthpiece was supposed to keep everything legal and above board. Instead of which he tried to suck his way up the Yank's arse. Fucking turd!

I bet it's **him** agreed to the script changes behind my back.

Cooper *uncertain*

Does that mean that the film is no good ...? Or ... ?

*Gibbo is immediately calmed.*

Gibbo

No. The movie is a real winner. Bit of tidy up and we'll all be squillionaires. The alterations were good. Really good.

What I'm jacked-off about is that they were done without my express approval.

I bet no-one fucked with Shakespeare's work. Fucking clowns!

END OF SCENE

## **I, Scene xxi:** Los Angeles, Cricket and Dalek Umpires

*Jeparit and Donny can be seen in the Los Angeles cricket ground. Over the next few seconds, they appear to become more and more like bots: very masculine but still identifiable as Jeparit and Donny.*

*A cricket pitch suddenly appears in this park with a Dr Who dalek as the single umpire. Jeparit-bot and Donny-bot are in position as the two batsmen. The bowler and the other 12 fielders are well-defined black transformers. The bowler has an enormous run-up, then bowls. The ball is struck by Jeparit-bot for an impressive 6. The ball then bursts into a magnificent pyrotechnic display. The dalek umpire holds up his single "arm".*

Dalek "robot-speak"      That is a 6. That is a 6. That is a 6.

*Jeparit-bot and Donny-bot meet in the middle of the pitch to man-hug and knock fists. There is wide-spread applause from the people lazing about in the crowd.*

*A pair of British broadcasters cover this impromptu match.*

Pom #1 voice over      Another 6 from Jasprit Namipors. The people of Los Angeles will not have seen this level of excellence before.

END OF SCENE

## **I, Scene xxii:** Leon Freland Sets Us On The Right Path

*Leon Freland is found in the Members pavilion at Lords, watching a Test match. He has been provided with a small plate of sandwich points along with a flute of champagne.*

*He chuckles at someone else's anecdote. When he speaks, it is to some nebulous fellow cricket-lover.*

Leon                      I love the Australian chaps. They have a freshness ... an honesty that leaps out of the dark and grey which surrounds us. There are no hidden corners, no secrets.

*The ladies and gentlemen in the Members pavilion applaud some event which has occurred on the cricket pitch.*

Leon                      Having said that, they really need a firm guiding hand. They dumped my expertise, you know. True! Gone to some Yankie chap

who'll skin them alive (all things considered).

*Leon munches a sandwich. More applause. Leon sips his champagne.*

Leon                      I knew that (from the very start) I knew that they were struggling with the ending.

### LEON: LINDEL AND THE COLONEL FEED DUCKS

*The scene is a picture postcard perfect English park, complete with a lake. Lindel (dressed in the kind of outfit worn for a trip to the City) stands at the side of the lake. She is watched by Colonel Aston (seated on a nearby park bench). Lindel lazily feeds the ducks.*

Colonel                  Has Mr Elwin proposed to you?

Lindel                    Yes, Colonel Aston. We are to be married. Clever of you to spot that.

Colonel                  He's a very, very lucky man. You'll make an excellent wife for a police investigator.

Lindel                    Thank you, Colonel. Of course, I'll devote myself to Wayne ... and to the children ...

Colonel                  Trust that you two will be as happy as Lady Aston and myself. Been hitched for nigh-on 60 years y'know.

Lindel                    You'll receive a letter from the King. Sixty years. Quite an achievement.

Colonel                  Yes ... quite ...

Anyway, I want to assist those unfortunate young men from the other side of the world.

Lindel                    Oh?

Colonel                  You've met them. Four active young fellers bent on solving a difficult case.

Lindel                               The one you've already solved yourself. Clever Colonel! What will happen to them?

Colonel *sighs*                   One of these young men introduced biological hazards (bio-weapons if you will have it) into the mix. Very unwise ... Very unwise ...

## TARANDRELONG CRISIS: ANTHRAX SCARE

*Maureen looks lost. She stands about near a sheep shed with her usual contingent of magpies. Larry Pye (played by Tony Nedson) strides up to Maureen, very businesslike. As usual, Tony's acting is appalling and cringe-worthy.*

Maureen                       I'm really scared, Larry. The affected sheep are --

*Larry grabs Maureen's shoulders in a pathetic attempt to comfort her.*

Larry                           My first priority is to protect the men, women and children of this beautiful valley of Tarandrelong. If I can save the sheep, that will be an ancillary consideration.

Know that I love you, Maureen. And if I go under, do the big dirt dive, croak, choke, snuff it, breathe no more --

Maureen *sobs*               Yeah, I get it. You'll get a lovely funeral, Larry. Whatever happens.

*Larry drags Maureen into his arms to kiss her passionately.*

Larry *proudly*               You may not know this but I'm a fully qualified vet.

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Larry is fully kitted out in chemical coveralls. Looking like a spaceman, Larry stomps his way into a shed where a dead sheep awaits him on a rough, wooden table.

Larry is breathing very heavily.

Larry Christ! I sound like Darth Vader. Or my Auntie Irene who smoked two packets of Craven A from the age of 11 until she died at 81 not long ago.

She didn't die of smoking but: got hit by a Glenroy tram if you want the truth. Lighting up at the time, so I suppose you **could** say that **technically** she died of smoking ...

Hey! Stay under control, Larry old mate. Cool in a crisis ...

Larry picks up a very large, pointed knife, stabs the sheep carcass then starts fiddling around inside the carcass. All the time the "Darth Vader" breathing continues. Then, Larry gasps for breath. He shrieks in terror.

Larry *scared, shouting* Bloody hell! Anthrax! It's Anthrax! Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

Larry runs out of the shed, shrieking.

END OF LARRY PYE TARANDRELONG SCENE

We return to the English lake. Lindel is appalled.

Lindel Colonel? What on earth was that?

Colonel Sorry, my dear. I should have shown you this one instead ...

JEREMY ARCHARD: ANTHRAX SCARE

Jeremy Archard strides into a sheep shed in a very determined fashion.

Jeremy *thinking* Just keep going JA. Just keep going ...

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*Jeremy is fully kitted out in chemical coveralls. Looking like a spaceman, stands in the shed where a dead sheep awaits him on a rough, wooden table.*

*Jeremy is breathing very heavily. Jeremy picks up a very large, pointed knife, stabs the sheep carcass then starts fiddling around inside the carcass. All the time the "Darth Vader" breathing continues. As he works, he confides in himself.*

Jeremy *thinking*

I'm going to have to come up with a new word (to describe me at this moment). Bio-terrorist just doesn't click, does it? Not really ...

A "birder" is simply a birdwatcher: passive, casual. It is a lovely but insignificant hobby. Now "twitcher" is a birder with a definite edge. Wants **the** bird ... wants it before anyone else spots it ... will indulge in a punch-up if that's what is required.

But I need to give myself a proper handle. Inspiring ... macho ... A guy who is willing to create planetary chaos in order to protect one single species of bird ...

*Jeremy has completed his work. He has collected some matter in a vial. With a satisfied "Ah!" Jeremy takes the vial over to what appears to be a laboratory apparatus.*

END OF JEREMY ARCHARD ANTHRAX SCENE



*Back to the London park. Lindel has now taken a position beside Colonel Aston on the park bench.*

Lindel                      He's the coot who left the vital clue for the police to find, isn't he?

Colonel *nods*                The twitcher.

Correct, my dear. Yes, it was a feather. Damn fine specimen, mind you. Rare parrot.

Lindel And so now my dear Wayne may sign-off this case and --

Colonel Not quite ... We need to help these poor Colonials in their quest. I'm afraid it might be a bit teary, my dear.

Lindel Go ahead, Sir! My dear mother insists that I carry a hanky at all times. So fire away!

Colonel You see, they went above and beyond in their quest for cinematographic excellence. Dragged in some pesky dinosaurs which have given us no end of trouble ...

## THE DINOSAUR FIASCO OPENS A CAN OF WORMS

*Rip the dinosaur staggers up the many flights of stairs leading to the 6<sup>th</sup> level of the Bowery Building in Sydney. She collapses in a heap, sitting on the nearest step with sweat pouring from her and gasping for breath.*

*Rip to herself* Well, as you can see, Evolution has left me with this ginormous head on a hefty body (despite my low carb diet). And these arms! They are so bloody short!

Let me introduce you to my biggest fan ...

*Rip whips out a Japanese fan from somewhere on her person. She tries to fan herself, as the drops of sweat plop down.*

*Rip to herself* Again, short arms are totally useless. Evolution has goofed in that department.



*Now the action returns to the Coroner's court on Level 6, Bowery Building. Rip the dinosaur checks out whether or not she will fit into the doors of the courtroom. She will not. With a heavy sigh and a whimper (along with a sad look on her face) Rip rushes backwards, then plunges with all her might into the courtroom, smashing the doorway as she goes.*

*Rip shakes herself. Now she has a dizzy fit. Wobbling about in a drunken state, Rip plonks herself down right in front of the bemused Coroner.*

Sir Malcolm Sterling      Bailiff! Remove this extinct reptile from the court, if you will?  
*stern*      Now, may we please have order restored?

Rip *to herself*      "An extinct reptile"? Oh, that's the unkindest cut of all. This male human is completely lacking in compassion.

Could we please swap for a female? Isn't Dame Edith Glumfart available to take over this trainwreck? Can she come down from Level 11 and take over my case? I'm positive that she'll understand ...

*Now Rip is weeping. Being called an "extinct reptile" has upset her. Still slumped against the bench (while Sir Malcolm Sterling is busy with paperwork) Rip is questioned by two policemen. They write into notebooks, serious and solemn.*

*A glob of stuff drips out of Rip's nostrils. Sir Malcolm Sterling (very annoyed) passes a box of tissues to one of the policemen. He pulls out a handful of tissues, which he places in Rip's hands. Her arms being so short, Rip can only wave the tissues about ineffectually.*

Rip *to herself, weeping*      Don't push me! I'm only a 2-year-old toddler after all.

C'mon! I need Dame Edith **now** ... To help me blow my nose ...



*We return to the London lake.*

Lyndel *voice-over, sad* Alas! That poor dear dinosaur. Dragged into a world that she neither knows nor understands ...

Colonel *voice-over* My dear Miss Huckerby! All is well. She faces her future with stoicism, with equanimity ...

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Our focus is still on the Coroner's court. During the following speech, the police attempt to handcuff Rip. Which is difficult due to her short arms. We go into close-up of Rip.



Rip speaks in an electronically disguised voice. Her face becomes pixilated or otherwise disguised.

Rip Apparently I'm female. But that is not apparent. I only know that because one of the sludge-bucket scientists (who was present at mouldy old Sir Malcolm Sterling's coronial hearing) told me so. (Before he passed out from fright that is.)

But about my sexual orientation: I don't need to justify myself to anyone. I've aligned myself to the LGBTIQ. End of subject.

Yes, I have to take ownership of my actions (intending to eat the peeps). The numb-nut who spieled on the teve about the triumph of that American director ... I should be getting a medal for that one! Yet, I'm sorry about the white-coat ... Should have been more careful ...

Yes, I have to atone for my crimes. Yes, I will serve time in one of HM's prisons. But owing to my age (I'm only 2 years old, of course) the seriousness of my punishment might be mitigated ...

END OF THIS CONFESSION

Colonel *voice-over*

Further my dear Lindel, the boys from Down Under created some intricate Heath Robinson contraptions. Quite stunning, when all is said and done. But their downfall (more's the pity).

GIBBO, DONNY AND COOPER – EARTH CHAOS

Gibbo, Donny, Jeparit and Cooper wander about in a dark, bleak, vicious Palaeolithic landscape where there abound volcanoes, earthquakes, lightning bolts, earth slides and dramatic boiling seas. The four men do not appear to realize in what horrible danger they stand.

Donny *proudly*

CGI – go you good thing!

Without all these stupendous effects, your film would suck, Gibbo.

Gibbo

No – actually the film worked. I mean I got edgy with the Yank and that, but he dragged the story together nicely. In the end. Which this is ... We're gonna make a mozza out of this movie,

Donny old cock.

Jeparit *expansive* Hey! This is where it all started.

Cooper What?

Jeparit Life! Primeval single-celled life.

Cooper *completely
unimpressed* Brutal!

In the background, many transformers wage war. Their weapons are futuristic high-energy laser sabres. They fight each other as well as the elements. Stray shafts of sabre energy drift closer and closer to our four young men. On top of this, many of the transformers are knocked out.

Cooper *rubs hands* Well, I'd better get back to the love-nest and pack.

Donny Again?

Cooper Yeah.

Donny *with some
tartness* A well-deserved junket to Auckland or Port Moresby, perhaps?

Cooper shrugs awkwardly.

Cooper No such luck. But you're sort of close.

A stray laser beam strafes the ground nearby, missing Jeparit. Then a lightning bolt knocks him to the ground. Another laser beam disintegrates his body.

Donny That's ... um ... That's unfortunate. Vale Jeparit. Man among men.

Cooper Yeah ... Poor bastard.

No. I'm hanging out with the West Coast Eagles in Perth. Some strategy work. Tactics. They want my input. You know ...

Cooper is zapped and his body splinters. There are shards of green light which dissolve.

Donny *shocked* Cooper! God! I ... I never got to shake his hand. You know ... as a last farewell.

Gibbo *ironic twist* Well, his demise is a virtual win for the West Coast Eagles,

anyhow.

Donny

Reckon ... Not a very nice thing to say, but.

Look! We'd better shake hands, mate ... Just in case ...

This is awkward. They hesitate and then shake hands. Manly handshake. Then the shoulder pat.

Finally, the man hug and back pat. They break apart – very quickly.

Gibbo

You know what? Before I get obliterated I gotta say this: that old colonel dude in the train in Leon's English iteration of the story: he told it all how it was. The murder: he knew all the deets.

Donny

Did he? Can't remember ...

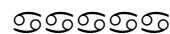
Gibbo

Well anyway, the movie turned out alright and will make us enough to buy four houses and a hotel in Toorak on the Monopoly board. Just like I promised.

Donny *doubtful*

Is there any point?

The transformers are now very close. The two men laconically pat each other's shoulder and then wander off. Immediately they are obliterated by stray bolts from the transformers.



The transformers stop. They slowly mutate into dinosaurs, reptiles, amphibians, tetrapods, fish and then into sea creatures and protozoans. We are now focused on a primal scene of climate chaos.

There is a snap. The screen is black. THE END appears.

END OF SCENE

END OF MOVIE

END CREDITS

The END credits reveal Cooper taking a flight to Perth.

Jeparit sets up his own legal firm in Sydney – office has spectacular Harbour views. Then we see him at Lords in the most inner of inner sanctums, arguing with a dignified Pom about the Aussie bowling.

Donny and Bonnie are enjoying a bush walk. We hear Bonnie say that they are studying Evolution.

Wayne Elwin is promoted and receives an award for valour. His proud wife is Constable Monroe.

Gibbo reunites with his kids. They are mucking around in a park.

In this park is a quiet area where a family of magpies interact. The youngster is playing with a stick.

As of July 2022, "Slash and Burn" has a sequel!

Gibbo made a motzer out of this movie.

They all did: Gibbo, Donny, Cooper, Jeparit, Wayne and Shailah.

Anyhow, one sunny afternoon in Noosa Heads Gibbo was listening to "Pirates" by Emerson Lake and Palmer. And his children were drawing Viking art posters.

After a few thousand keystrokes, Gibbo had written his new masterpiece
"Picaroons".

Fleming Hardcastle and Naomi Lin rip into Gibbo's offering (savaging it to within an inch of its life) and come up with "The Horizon Has Eyes".

~ ~ ~

"Picaroons" is a loud, sensational tribute to both Vikings and pirates.

Available for free download NOW!