

EFFIGY IN C SHARP MAJOR

Brief Synopsis:

A film about famed actress Merlyn Trichide (entitled "Effigy") is in the early stages of production. The various actors and others meet in the boardroom of the Majesty Hotel in London under the chairmanship of the director. The object here is to mingle and to walk through the script.

"Effigy in C Sharp Major" explores the various tensions inherent in gathering this group of thespians together, and at the same time delves into Trichide's fascinating life.

At first, Trichide's sensuality and rapacity for life is contrasted with the recurring Black Death motif. But as the movie progresses, these two films will become spiritually interlinked.



ACT I

Movie In Post-Production: "Black Death"

I, Scene i: Movie in Post Production: "Black Death".

Amid the horror and despair and squalor of the Black Death in the English countryside during the Middle Ages, a young physician of good birth (Doctor Herman) is desperately trying to give succour to the dying. The sufferers nearby moan and reach out for him. This is an utterly pitiable and loathsome scene.

The actor who plays Jacques also plays Doctor Herman.

Doctor Herman is accompanied by an Old Man. They are both worn out with worry and despair. Both men carry large bunches of field flowers. Doctor Herman listens in rapt attention to the Old Man as the latter drops to his knees in desperate prayer.

Old Man I can only wail to that God who gave me life: Have mercy upon us! We are wicked persons and life is so very short. Why put you me on the cold soil to grapple with these miseries? Oh Lord! They do make war upon me: these fleas, scab-mites and vermin. Pustules and –

Doctor Herman I have a very effective unguent for the scabs, Old Man. Come! Rise from the damp ground that can give you no benefit.

Old Man ... and lambs born with 2 heads ... and then that fearsome celestial body travelling through the night sky. All the misery which could possibly attend us miserable sinners is played-out here. God punishes the --

END OF SCENE *This is a dramatic, startling break as if cut with a knife.*

The Script Walk-Through For The Movie “Effigy”

I, Scene ii: The Foyer and Boardroom, Majesty Hotel.

Suddenly, our scene is the foyer adjacent to the large, sumptuous boardroom in the Majesty Hotel. Just outside the doorway, Lucy stands by a table on which rest her clipboard and hand-outs. This table also serves as a station for tea and coffee. At this time, Jacques is dressed in modern-day dress. He is face-to-face with Cheri (the latter being in shock: appalled).

Note that Lope, Mike and JanBennie have not yet arrived in the hotel and so do not appear in the following scenes until advised.

Cheri The Black Death?

Jacques Yes! It was --

Cheri *mortified* You are totally joking, aren't you?

Jacques *offended* No! Why should I be?

Cheri Because I cannot think of a more repellent motif for a film, Jacques. "Black Death". Unbelievable!

Cheri stalks off towards Lucy and Lucy's table, leaving Jacques mouthing words that he is unable to utter. Cheri approaches Lucy and is bright and vivacious. Jacques watches her, still trying to come up with a suitable response.

Cheri Any nametags, pet?

Lucy You don't need a nametag, Miss Oldfarm.

Cheri Cheri, Cheri, Cheri ... "Miss Oldfarm" makes me sound like an antique. And you are Monica?

Lucy Lucy.

Cheri *conscience-stricken* Oh dear ... Sorry, Lucy ...

Cheri quickly picks up one of the handouts to give herself something to do. She mutters to herself as her gaze sweeps over the list of attendees.

Cheri *mutters to herself* Lope Cummings is winging his way from Sydney. HmMMM ... Steve Stephanotis ... Now is he the guy who's trying to act in every single Shakespeare play?

Ann and Manni approach Cheri from the side and overhear her words. Jacques hovers behind them.

Ann I believe so.

Cheri greets Ann and Manni as old and valued friends. They "air-kiss" as they dish out gracious compliments to each other.

Manni I loved your Egyptian saga, Cheri. You were de-vroom. Was it hot under that heavy wig?

Cheri No more than usual. It was --

Heinrich now moves in, calling Cheri "Darling!". More "air-kisses".

Cheri Air kisses ... When will we go back to a right royal slap on the lips?

Ann I've played your mother often enough to warrant a lip-smacker, I guess.

Ann obliges, kissing Cheri full on the mouth. Neither woman exhibits any embarrassment.

Cheri Ah ... That's more the thing.

Heinrich How long have you been likened to the young Merlyn Trichide?

Cheri For absolutely ever.

Jacques moves in towards Cheri as Ann, Manni and Heinrich waft off.

Jacques *brittle* Listen to me, will you! You are of course aware of the allegory inherent in Miller's "The Crucible": that it is a literary metaphor standing for the McCarthyist communist witch hunts of the 1950's and that --

Cheri I've played Goody Proctor in The West End, you know. To rave reviews.

Jacques Hoorah and Hip-hip. Right then, you'll follow what I'm on about. I'm trying to explain to you Cheri what is so bloody marvellous about "Black Death". It's like "The Crucible", except that it's an allegory for modern-day political corruption. Rats biting the innocent ... spreading their dreaded pestilence --

Cheri will pronounce "Albert Camus" as would a Frenchwoman.

Cheri The theme has already been used by Albert Camus to stunning effect. Why double-dip?

Jacques *lost* Who?

Cheri And you need to get your facts straight, Duckie. (Though nobody else does so why should you?) The bacterium which caused the plague (Yertil yertil horribilis or something or other) affected **fleas**. These fleas became bloated with blood but still thought that they were starving. Their throats felt blocked. And so they snorted out the "yertil yertil" into the host immediately they attached. That means that the nanosecond some poor benighted soul was bitten, it was already all too late. And you earnestly believe that this ghastly pestilence movie will thrill the modern audience? Amazing!

The others have wandered in the boardroom. Cheri stalks off into the boardroom, too. Jacques calls after her.

Jacques *lost* But I'm sure that there were rats in it somewhere.

Cheri stops rather suddenly and then turns. Jacques has quickly followed Cheri into the boardroom.

Cheri There **were** rats. **Millions** of 'em. But they weren't the buggies doing the biting. The rats were the means of transport for the **fleas**. They boarded ships en masse to gorge on the stores (grain and so on). The yertil-bearing fleas were hitching a ride on the backs of the rats. God is cunning, what?

Both Jacques and Cheri continue to face each other in the boardroom. In the background, the other actors laugh and talk.

Jacques How the hell do you know all this?

Cheri *airy* It was tucked-away in a medical magazine which I stumbled

across in my doctor's waiting room.

Jacques Well ... swanky doctor.

Cheri closes in on Jacques, speaking to him in a low whisper through gritted teeth.

Cheri You can't honestly expect the cash-carrying moviegoers of the United Kingdom and her minions to fork out their hard-earned in order to watch a movie (however piquant the music and however well-photographed it might be) which deals with the Black Death. They'd rather be fed to the lions, Jacques.

Ann *bright* The Black Death? There were entire villages completely wiped-out during the Middle Ages. Fact!

Heinrich Rotten boroughs. Can see the imprints of what had once been burgeoning communities from surveillance photos. Fascinating stuff.

Ann Didn't they blame Halley's Comet for the –

Steve chants part of a ditty as he Googles with his mobile phone.

Steve Big bugs have littler bugs upon their backs to bite 'em.

The name of the beastie was *Yersinia pestis*. Nice!

Charlie claps his hands to gain everyone's attention.

Charlie Right! Attention everyone. For those whom I have not met on some nebulous and previous occasion, I am one C. V. Lantis ("call me Charlie"). I'm directing this cinematographic triumph.

"Effigy" was scripted by Mike Morton in his usual fluid style. It is a thing of immense depth and contains much satisfying biographical matter. There's nothing cringe-worthy here! So I'm very excited at the prospect of directing "Effigy". Mike will join us at any moment.

I've done a good many films in my time and this seems to be the

best way to kick-start the process. A kind of walk-through. For those of you who've worked with me before, welcome back! To the newbies, I'm sure that you'll enjoy yourselves working with me and with my crew. The accent is on presenting a great film *and* on giving each and every actor his or her chance to shine.

We'll meet each other as we walk through the script. "Effigy" will be our shining tribute to a star of unparalleled brilliance.

One of the most charismatic actresses of the 1920's through to the '50's in both Berlin and Hollywood was undoubtedly Merlyn Trichide. Rather than waffle on for hours and hours about her assets and accomplishments, I've given you all a printed sheet. Hope you've had a chance to glance over it. Steve, could you please read aloud the highlighted words on your sheet?

Steve reading

Her cool yet smouldering face would not ask for anything. Any fantasy seemed plausible. It simply existed: waiting, androgynous. That angular face awaited expression: what dream would it become? A palace? A knocking-shop? The kasbah? As if a sumptuous empty house might be furnished and fitted-out: there were so many possibilities in that empty face.

Steve finishes with a telling lift of the eyebrows and a long breath. All eyes are on Cheri (who dotes on the attention).

Cheri Gosh! Something to strive for ...

Charlie Yes. Thank you, Steve. The role of the heroine will be divided into two parts: the younger Merlyn will be portrayed by Cheri Oldfarm. And the more mature Merlyn by Ann Roberts-Lyell.

There follows a polite round of applause: gentle smiles on all faces.

Charlie Heinrich Fels. I'm positive that you all know (and hopefully love)

Heinrich Fels.

Polite clapping.

Charlie Heinrich's fans are legion following a string of very successful cameo roles in highly marketable vehicles.

Heinrich Not as the leading man, of course, but loads of fun. And I don't starve (as you can see). But by the way, C. V. -- Whiskey? Does our budget stretch to a hard drink, at all?

Charlie Isn't it a bit early yet (sun-over-the-yardarm-wise) for sloshing the hard stuff?

Heinrich No I meant later on in the day.

Charlie Yes, I suppose we could prise open the secret cabinet and sample the wares. Later this afternoon, perhaps.

Heinrich Good show!

Charlie Heinrich will be our necessary Svengali: one Idrich von Tannenberger. This is the man who invented Trichide. Their record of number of films made by actor and director has not yet been broken or equalled nor is likely to be.

Heinrich 'Triffic.

(To Cheri)

Lots and lots of hot love scenes, will there be? That's risky: I'm sure that we played father and daughter in an episode of "Murder At Mayfair", didn't we?

Jacques Ooooh, tsk tsk tsk!

Polite laughter and applause. Cheri takes the ribald jest in good part.

Charlie The role of husband Ridolphus Meyer in "Effigy" has been marked

down to one Jacques Morgane. Jacques (well-known to you all, no doubt) will broach both old and young Ridolphus. Your latest offering is in post-production: "Black Death". Word on the street is that you've rung some bells in high places with that one, Jacques.

Jacques *huffy*

Well, I'm not sure that I wish to discuss my most recent filmic venture. Some people here are put off by the subject matter ...

Cheri *waspish*

Oh go on; we could all do with a hearty chuckle.

Charlie

Your role is that of a young doctor keen to --

Cheri cultivates a sugar sweetness.

Cheri

A doctor of physic, well-grounded in all the established modes of treating the bubonic plague, especially that time-honoured favourite: holding a pretty bunch of flowers to the nostrils.

Ann

Cheri, let him have his turn.

Cheri *angry*

Oh, come on! This is preposterous. We're supposed to be reading through this script, aren't we? Can we not socialize at morning tea time, for God's sake?

There is a stultifying silence, filled with embarrassment. All eyes are on Cheri as she noisily flips over page after page of the script. She wears a mulish look on her face.

END OF SCENE

Trichide Movie From Several Years Previously
“The Windmill Tavern” Cabaret PART I

I, Scene iii: From The Trichide Film “Nostra” of 1928.

The scene is set in a moody Parisian bar in 1928. This is “The Windmill Tavern”. Trichide is dressed in a superb, close-fitting tuxedo and wears a top hat. She idly saunters through the crowd of drinkers, nodding to this one and sharing a laughing pleasantry with that one. She smokes ostentatiously. Then, as she approaches the camera, a sluttish-looking young woman turns towards her, hands on hips. Trichide smiles wickedly, draws on the cigarette and then kisses the woman on the lips. Trichide winks at the surprised woman as she strolls away out of camera shot. The male patrons return to their drinking. A strange affect achieved by the lighting experts washes over the scene.

Jacques *voice off* Just set me straight here, will you? This isn’t going to be one of those ghastly whizz-bang computerized efforts, is it?

END OF SCENE *sudden and crisp*

The Script Walk-Through For The Movie “Effigy”

I, Scene iv: The Boardroom, Majesty Hotel.

With a crisp snap, the scene returns to the boardroom. It is obvious (scripts held in hands) that we have interrupted a script walk-through.

Charlie Hell, I hope not.

Cheri No, no! That’s not the issue. It isn’t the **fact** of the CGI – it’s the **breadth** of it. Our adrenalin glands can only take so much attack

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and then they can't cope any longer. If only they'd learn how to pare that stuff down ...

Heinrich I always think of Mahler's music. It works. It works because Mahler knew exactly how much light and shade was required. There's a tremendous crash and blast of infernal "noise" followed immediately by sweet, delicate lyricism.

Jacques Exactly! These computer twats are devotees of Hard Metal rather than of the master Mahler. Don't know when to pull the plug. With the result that CGI has become the very demon of our art instead of its saviour.

Ann Amen to that.

Steve Now that's enough running down CGI. Without it, I'd have been ruddy uncomfortable playing Peter Stuyvesant in that "hist-rom" thing I did last year. You all know what agony it is to have to tie back one's leg when one is performing with a peg-leg. Well, yeah maybe you don't but that photoshopping thing that they do made my job simplicity plus! The computer boys slapped-in the peg-leg during post-prod whilst I lumbered about with nothing other than a pretend limp.

Charlie *begrudging* Yes, there's that about it I suppose.

Ann presses her lips tightly together as a sign of her impatience and waves her hand to gain Charlie's attention.

Charlie Ann?

Ann Can we please move on? All this chatter is not advancing our read-through. Being the "old girl" as I am probably means that I come on way towards the end of the film. Let's hope I don't fade away before we get there.

Charlie *reassuring* Ann, your character is interspersed with the earlier stuff right from the get-go.

Manni gasps loudly. This lightning-fast interruption causes concerned heads to swing around in Manni's direction.

Manni *affronted, upset* "Get-go"? Are you going to sink to using Americanisms, Charlie? Or should that be "Chuck"?

Charlie *shocked* Now steady on!

Close to tears, Manni stands, scraping back the chair as she does so.

Manni I'm sorry but you'll have to stop.

Charlie Why, Babe?

Manni *now crying* Because Flynn spoke in that razzle-dazzle way and every time someone speaks like a Yank my insides get ripped out.

Manni sobs, escaping from the boardroom. The others appear lost. Lucy stands, concerned, watching Manni's hurried departure. Lucy gestures fatalistically.

Lucy She's broken up with Flynn Maddison. The glossy mags had a field day, unfortunately.

Steve Oh ... Right ...

Cheri Can we get on, please?

Lucy I'll take her to the bathroom.

Lucy rushes off.

Charlie Big breath everyone. Take two. Ann, your character is interspersed with the earlier stuff right from the beginning.

Ann smiles with polite humour.

Ann Thank you, Charlie.

Charlie We'll flip back and forward between earlier and later. Can I say "flip"?

Steve *dismissive* Go ahead! She's in the bathroom anyway.

Ann Having her brow bathed in lavender water, one supposes.

Heinrich Do girls still do that?

Cheri *through gritted teeth* Can we ***please*** keep this train-wreck moving along, do you think?

END OF SCENE

Trichide Movie From Several Years Previously
"The Windmill Tavern" Cabaret
Juxtaposed With The Church PART II

I, Scene v: Trichide Plays Kitty-Cat, Berlin 1928.

Early 1970's. Trichide's Salon.

Ann plays the older Trichide.

The camera finds itself in a nondescript lounge room in which Ann (playing the older Trichide) sits in a comfortable chair surrounded by potted plants. The old girl is deep in thought, thinking back to the old Berlin days in the 1920's. Before WWII and before the Depression.

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Ann *voice-off* She's drinking.

Charlie *voice-off* Correct.

Trichide (played by Ann) fiddles with an expensive crystal tumbler that contains a clear liquid.

Ann *voice-off* Gin?

Charlie *voice-off* Brandy.

The crystal tumbler transmogrifies. A brandy balloon containing liquid gold appears in Trichide's hand.

Ann *voice-off* Brandy!

The Cabaret in 1928.

Now the scene becomes the older Trichide's memory. The decadence and shabby-warmth of the cabaret are pictured just as described by Charlie's voice-over. Note that during the cabaret performance, there will be a quick crossover to the church, especially the choir.

Charlie *voice-off* The Kirche – it is night – the heavenly choir and the large congregation. Meanwhile --

Heinrich/Steve/Ann
voices-off Meanwhile back at the ranch!

Charlie *voice-off* Meanwhile over the other side of this busy street stands the cabaret called Die Windmühle.

Heinrich *voice-off* The Windmill?

Cheri *voice-off* Isn't this getting a bit too close to "Moulin Rouge" for comfort?

Charlie *voice-off* We juxtapose the holiness and devoutness of the church and its congregation with the sliminess of the cabaret audience. A frilly

duet is naughty and rude with a brace of stout, tipsy businessmen. The roving spotlight finds them. Then it transfers its light to a slender, pale girl clutching a brandy balloon as if that's all that life has left. Yes, that sharp, stark light transfers to Kitty-Cat in her scanty costume and top hat. She is flirting outrageously with a stern man (this is Max) who doesn't like this flirtation. At least, not at first ...

Max sits at a small table along with another man (Albrecht). They are both obviously well set up burgers. Although Max in many ways disapproves of the exhibition, Albrecht takes it in his stride. It seems likely that Max is only here as Albrecht's guest. Albrecht refills Max's glass with liqueur.

Albrecht *joyful* Here! Maxim (old friend) ... Some gentlemen visit the Windmill to gain much-needed peace from the hurly-burly of the wicked world.

Max is tight-lipped.

Max *stern* "Peaceful" it certainly is not, my friend! I wish to God that we had not --

Albrecht Wait! We can't go until you have seen her.

Max Her?

Albrecht *grinning* Ah! She comes now. Tell me that you are not enthralled, dear Max.

Young Trichide plays Kitty-Cat in a sexy vampy style. Sometimes she sings the words, and sometimes she merely says them. On the second occasion that she mentions the moon, she will shake her finger as if admonishing the moon.

Cheri plays Trichide, who in turn is playing Kitty-Cat.

Kitty-Cat In my brandy balloon I will swallow the moon.

Don't you get it? I see the reflection of the moon in my drink but when I try to swallow it down, that old white moon is still there in

the sky. Crazy!

Kitty-Cat slogs the drink, banging the glass down on the table. She takes Max's hand and pats it.

Kitty-Cat Waiter! Another brandy for this pretty lady here who serenades this judge.

Max *coldly* I'm not a judge.

Kitty-Cat *shrugs* Physician then.

Max Closer.

Kitty-Cat laughs a little and then she tosses her head back and shrieks with laughter.

Early 1970's. Trichide's Salon.

Trichide (played by Ann) reprises this laugh (head back) in her salon.

The Cabaret in 1928.

Then we switch straight back to the cabaret as we left it.

Kitty-Cat struts about in the sole spotlight, hands on hips. She is measuring up her quarry.

Occasionally, she readjusts the top-hat. When Kitty-Cat starts singing her famous song "Free As The Tide", the orchestra is seen to join her.

Kitty-Cat *sings* Heartless fellows like you

Meet wanton fellows like me.

And when the moon is perched up high

We make our revelry.

Folks would call it a sin

(Fingers touching my skin);

Let this fellow come in!

Kitty-Cat breaks off her song to join the audience in their laughter at her lewdness and ribaldry. Max is evidently uncomfortable. Kitty-Cat pushes herself forward (way too close) to give Max a naughty look. Then she clarifies the meaning of her last line.

Kitty-Cat sings

To my heart – Ahhhhhhhhhhh!

I'm just a rover: free as the tide ...

Kitty-Cat has lost interest in Max and in her song. She vamps off towards another party, with the spotlight following her. She makes a joke of another man's handkerchief, which he uses to mop his brow. She is pert, playful and desirable. Max however can still be seen in the edge of the spotlight. His eyes follow Kitty-Cat hungrily. Suddenly, he grabs his glass of liquor and skulls it down quickly.

The thumping sound of the orchestra dominates as Kitty-Cat struts between the tables of the cabaret with her ever-present spotlight.

The Ethereal Church.

The scene inside the church across the road is now in focus. We see the mouths of the choir and the parishioners mouthing a hymn; however, it is the cabaret orchestra that we hear. And then back to Ann in her armchair (with brandy balloon) humming along to the tune.

END OF SCENE

The Script Walk-Through For The Movie "Effigy"

I, Scene vi: The Gents Lounge, Majesty Hotel.

The Gents at the Majesty Hotel. Jacques and Charlie are pissing at the same time. They speak as they urinate and continue to speak as they wash their hands and dry them. This entire conversation takes place in the Gents.

Jacques I hate her being right. She takes such a savage delight in it. You should see her at a pub quiz night. Almost murders anyone who gives her the strike-out.

Charlie Do you know: I can't at all imagine her at a common pub.

Jacques *bitter* She's right, she's right, she's right ... I must have been loopy to think that –

Charlie I don't think she's right at all, you know. She is more than likely wrong.

Jacques looks a question.

Charlie When and if she derides you again, you could always swipe back at her with a list of "weird" subject matter, all of which formed the basis for Oscar-winning films.

Jacques appears to be very interested.

Charlie Get yourself into Google one day and work through each year's winner: many of them certainly rival the Black Death for strangeness ... I ask you! A story about a lovely girl being trained to become a prostitute by her great-aunt! Is that enough? You've got your films about a priest under the pump, waterside workers, young London beggars singing for their supper, American slaves and other slaves who rowed in galleys (with leprosy thrown in for

good measure) ... um ... problems for Porto Ricans in New York, a bunch of nutters in an asylum, Jews escaping Nazi Germany, a gent who goes on a four-day bender, coal miners in Wales, a World War One soldier and of course a novitiate being put in charge of 7 unruly children whose father is a control freak. All great films -- each and every one.

Jacques appears suitably impressed. He becomes conscious of piped music overhead.

Jacques What's that music? Can you hear it?

Charlie Yes it's ... It's Glen Campbell. It's Galveston. Galveston. His famous anti-war ballad.

END OF SCENE

The Script Walk-Through For The Movie "Effigy"

I, Scene vii: The Ladies Lounge, Majesty Hotel.

The Ladies in the Majesty Hotel. Lucy, Ann and Cheri are fixing their hair and makeup in front of a large mirror. They too can hear the piped music.

Ann I love this song. Such a sad, sad message.

Lucy What message?

Ann He's a soldier in Vietnam thinking of his girl and of his hometown Galveston. I often wondered if he made it.

Cheri If "no" then the girl (who is now pushing 70 years of age or more, by the way) has already been married four times, has a severe

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obesity problem and wants to blame everyone else for her crap lot in life.

Ann Goodness me!

Cheri But if "yes", ditto.

Ann Thus speaks GenX ... So the willowy girl with the dark eyes who gazed longingly out to sea at Galveston –

Cheri Deteriorated just like all the others. Those guys who came back from 'Nam were all screwed-up and drugged-up. That would have been a miserable marriage. I hope that instead she married the banker's son and lived in peaceful opulence for the rest of her days.

Ann I still like it. It's evocative and ...

Cheri My Aussie step-uncle was one of those boys. One of those brave boys who marched proudly off to "do his tour of duty". Went back to civvie-street and became little better than a hobo after having God knows how many unsuitable women getting their claws into him. And year upon year of drugs and booze. Total loser.

Cheri snaps her handbag shut and stalks angrily out of the Ladies. Ann and Lucy look at each other's reflection in the mirror and share a knowing smile at Cheri's expense.

Ann *much softer* I still like it.

Lucy You like what?

Ann That song. It's very pretty.

Lucy Oh ... Yes ...

END OF SCENE

her tea.

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

*The argument rages on, except that Jacques and Steve have moved away from the table and stare out of the window over glorious London. As these two men speak, we can vaguely hear the raised voices in the background: skat words only.*

Steve                      The Bard lost his only son to the plague.

Jacques                    The Bard?

Steve                      William Shakespeare. Surely you've heard him described as "The Bard of Avon"?

*Jacques stumbles over his words, having trouble delivering a meaning to his speech.*

Jacques                    Um ... yeah but – It was all over by the time he dropped into the scene, wasn't it? Shakespeare, I mean. The plague, I'm talking about.

*Jacques looks lost.*

Jacques                    What I mean: He wasn't a medieval dude according to my grasp of the subject matter.

Steve                      The plague lingered and lingered for centuries. It swept over the populace in waves, right up until the time of King Charles II.

Jacques *nods*              Ah! The king whose head was removed. I know about him.

Steve                      Um ... No, you don't. Father (Charles I) got his dome cut off. Son (Charles II) was the Great Fire of London. 1666 (I think). Sometime around then. Yes, the great fire purged the old town of the plague. So – that's a **long** time after the Middle Ages.

Jacques                    That's very interesting.

Steve                      Yes, but there's a point to my persiflage. I was stressing that Old Shake was personally affected by the Black Death. His child, his son. And not only that, but a great many of his Globe actors and friends he met on the stage: all dropped dead just like that. And a few references to it are sprinkled about in his plays. **And** some of his work was based on The Decameron. That's the Italian collection of stories told by a weary group of people who take shelter from the plague in the hills outside Florence.

Jacques                    God! You really know your stuff.

Steve *emphatic*            Don't let your guard down, now! Okay so maybe only ghouls and weirdos will want to rush to see your film. If your publicity people can market it sensitively, you may attract the arty types as well ... Luke Partigan is a respected cinematographer. He would never attach himself to a lost cause: he has very powerful antennae, does Luke. And you're the star! Top billing!

Jacques *embarrassed*    Not really ... More the "rank-and-file".

Steve                      I bet you that when the ads come on the telly, your face and body will feature. The fillies might even put your Herman character up on a pedestal the way that they did with Mr Darcy some many years ago.

*This point of view had not so far occurred to Jacques.*

Jacques                    Oh ...

Steve *persuasive*            Could happen ...

*As the men resume their seats, we drift seamlessly into another "Black Death" scene.*

END OF SCENE

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## Movie In Postproduction: "Black Death"

### **I, Scene ix:** Movie in Postproduction: "Black Death".

*The setting is a snug, dark room in a medieval hall. We hear delightful dance music (suitable to the era) coming from a large adjoining room. And through the doorway we catch glimpses of the rosy-faced couples as they formally sashay about. Satyr (who is Sir Ainquith Satyr) lounges drunkenly in a big wooden chair before a roaring fire.*

*Doctor Herman peers into the darkness of the room, spying-out Satyr's whereabouts. On seeing Satyr, Doctor Herman races up to him, shaking him into alertness.*

Doctor Herman                      Sir Ainquith! Come on there! Rally, rally!

Satyr *stirring*                      What? Ho?

Doctor Herman *urgent*        Lend me your mask, old boy, won't you! I beg of you. I mean to cut-in on a rather scrofulous rogue and thereby steal away his fairy-like partner. But as Doctor Herman I don't stand a ghost of a chance. I'm in desperate need of your mask (since you're not using it).

*Satyr gropes about beside his chair, groaning.*

Satyr                                  It's here somewhere ... Ah!

*Satyr gustily hands a black mask to Doctor Herman.*

Satyr                                  There you are. And so tell me why you are not out there in the slums quacking at your unholy trade.

Doctor Herman                      More "holy" than not ... And anyway, the foul contagion has abated for now.

Satyr                                    There! A testament to your patience, energy and skill.

Doctor Herman                    Or rather that is the nature of the pestilence. It ebbs and flows at its own pace. And I prayed a great deal. Always on my knees.

                                         May I also trouble you for a slug of your mellow muscat wine?  
Dutch courage is what's required.

*Satyr gestures very lazily towards a small side table. Doctor Herman scoots over to it and pours himself a large measure of wine into a goblet. This he swigs down effortlessly, then smacks his lips.*

Doctor Herman                    Perfect! If the dark rogue that I mean to ouster gives me any bother (if he should challenge me) then I'll know how to give him one to go on with. Ha-ha!

*Satyr animates. He signals to Doctor Herman that he would also like a drink of the wine. Using the same goblet, Doctor Herman pours a good measure, then gives same to Satyr.*

Satyr                                    Yes! That is the way. I too need Dutch courage you know (though Heaven alone knows why).

                                         Put on the mask! Put on the mask!

*To the accompaniment of Satyr's laughter, Doctor Herman pulls on the mask.*

Doctor Herman                    To speak true, I've worked in the manner of a Trojan in fighting the contagion. But now I'm giving myself a well-deserved holiday. Wish me luck!

*Doctor Herman dashes off. Satyr chuckles as he waves Doctor Herman off.*

*With the lilting music dominant, our camera follows Doctor Herman as he slips between the dancers until he reaches the side of Adelheid. He deftly oils his way between Adelheid and her affronted partner, chatting smoothly in such a way that the maiden is obviously pleased with the partner-swap.*

*The pair dance together as the camera moves back.*

*A gong sounds and the revellers are informed by a stiff-backed servant that refreshments and beverages are being laid-out on the sideboard.*

END OF SCENE

END OF ACT I

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## ACT II

### The Script Walk-Through For The Movie "Effigy"

**II, Scene i:** Morning Tea (Where Things Go "Wonky"), Majesty Hotel.

*The scene is a foyer outside the boardroom of the Majesty Hotel. Staff are setting out a glorious spread (morning tea) on tables. This is the high life. Steve (speaking into his mobile phone) has left the boardroom and now stands in the foyer. He can see into the boardroom. In the background there is a huge argument taking place in the boardroom. It seems to centre on Jacques and Cheri. So heated does this argument become that Cheri actually lashes out physically at Jacques. The hotel staff are at the same time agog, appalled, amused and embarrassed by these shenanigans.*

Steve *speaking into* I can hardly hear you. They are at each others' throats. It's better

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*phone, eager* than MEW by far!

Oops! Somebody has called somebody a “bitch”.

Oh, he plays the husband and he’s threatened to make the love scene unforgettable. She’s arched her back like an angry cat, daring him to touch her. My God, if they can keep up this chemistry ...

Ah! She’s lashed out at her leading man. Is one allowed to do that?

Oooh! Charlie has thrown himself between them. Good man! Looks like we’re breaking for morning tea. Give the combatants a chance to cool off. Right, so I’ll scoff a couple of Chelsea buns and then – yes! See you then!

*Steve ends his call and pockets his phone. The camera takes a wide shot of the actors filing out of the boardroom and partaking of the glorious spread.*

*JanBennie and Mike arrive just as Cheri and Heinrich have moved towards the end of the foyer where the stairs are situated. They croon together a near-to-end verse from “Where Have All The Flowers Gone?”. Their voices sound good together, with Cheri attempting a mellow contralto and Heinrich singing baritone. Mike climbs the stairs in JanBennie’s wake, looking confused and lost. On the other hand, JanBennie is affronted and angry as she approaches Cheri and Heinrich.*

JanBennie That song is not in the script! That’s not scripted! Mr Morton did **not** put that song into his screenplay! You just take it right out!

*Heinrich stops singing immediately. Cheri does not. This has the effect of raising JanBennie’s anger level.*

JanBennie *furious* I said leave it out, Miss Oldfarm. Leave it out! This is no longer helpful nor is it amusing.

*Cheri finishes the last line of the song and then turns with deliberate deliberation towards Heinrich.*

Cheri *speaking to Heinrich* Now **that** is the anti-war song to beat them all. Never mind "Galveston" ...

JanBennie *really furious* Did you hear me?

*Cheri turns very slowly towards JanBennie, looking her up and down in an insulting way.*

Cheri I've seen loads of photos of you when you were young: when you were a cute-as-a-button little catwalk princess, all primed and preened and curled and beautified. Such a cupie doll! Now, whatever happened to you? It must be so galling and disappointing now to find yourself looking like a worn-out shaggy Persian rug for all the peeps to walk on.

*JanBennie is now spitting with uncontrolled rage.*

JanBennie And you've always been (even as a baby, one imagines) one of the most obnoxious, opinionated prats that ever dared to step in front of a motion picture camera.

*Cheri rudely brushes past JanBennie and embraces Mike, giving the surprised and tongue-tied man air-kisses on both cheeks.*

Cheri Dearest Michael! Come and let me feed you on cakes that drip with molasses or do I mean honey? And you can tell me all about your next magnum opus in which I will star. And promise me that the subject-matter will be genuinely uplifting.

Mike Why ... You don't find this one "uplifting"? About Merlyn Trichide, I mean?

*JanBennie calls out.*

JanBennie Mr Morton will not be writing anything more for **you**, Oldfarm, because you are box office ***cyanide!***

*As Cheri moves away arm-in-arm with Mike, Heinrich can be seen to stall JanBennie, who looks angrily after her boss and her arch-enemy.*

*Cheri confidential,  
inveigling*

Of course, Sweetie, but I don't want to have to continually justify myself. Take for instance my radiant co-star Jacques Whateverhislastnameis who is riven by – well, call it "guilt" if you like. He's made a complete loser of himself by appearing in a most unattractive and inappropriate film. Oh, no! Not porn, Sweetie. Although there are naked and writhing bods everywhere. God! It's so ghastly that I don't even want to talk about it. Can we please change the subject? How have you been? Do try this cake! You'll need a spoon and fork. It's a bit sticky.

*Mike is completely and utterly lost. He eats the cake which has been thrust under his chin as if he is an automaton. He tries to speak: "I ... I ... I ..." but all he can do is spit crumbs.*

END OF SCENE

## The Script Walk-Through For The Movie "Effigy"

### **II, Scene ii:** Returning From Morning Tea, Majesty Hotel.

*Cheri and Heinrich snaffle two seats together and whisper to each other suggestively as the others drift into the boardroom.*

Steve

Meanwhile, back at the ranch/drawing board/hooscow ...

Manni

Oooh! Whisper, whisper. Secrets that will embarrass everyone in the room. I think not! Steve, why don't you Google "People that no-one cares to act with".

*Heinrich and Cheri ignore these comments completely.*

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*Cheri speaks privately to Heinrich who leans in appreciatively.*

Cheri *waspish* Why can't Mike see what a positive slag his JanBennie is? Can you imagine what she must have been like as a beauty-queen child? She reinvents the term "brat-faced". I suppose there were any number of murder plots against her. I know I'd have wanted to strangle the girl. I'd have taken to her with a hammer, I believe.

Heinrich My private confession is that I was by-passed by the "Me Generation". In my youth, murder was not allowed. Pity, but there it is.

*Jacques takes up Manni's theme.*

Jacques *righteous* There's one person I'll not want to work with ... On this or on any other film.

*Charlie points in a meaningful way towards Jacques.*

Charlie *crisp* Jacques, you play the husband of Trichide-slash-Cheri (loveliest of lovelies). Now, if you're turning squeamish at the prospect of having marital sex on screen with T-slash-C, then I can wrangle you a body-double. Is that what you want? A body double?

*Jacques is horrified. The others titter.*

Jacques *appalled* No way, man! I always stunt my own stunts and pork with my own –

*Ann can hardly stop laughing. However, she makes out that she is shocked.*

Ann Oh, please! Keep it decent!

*Charlie turns immediately towards Cheri and points towards her.*

Charlie Cheri (my beauty of the Universe) Jacques plays your husband. You kiss him. You have sex with him. Are you up for it? Or use a

body double?

Cherie *resolute* You bet I'm up for it. With bells on! Send your body double back to the slums!

Charlie Fine! Otherwise

*[Pointing to Jacques]*

I'll send **you** back to the fast-food counter and

*[Pointing to Cheri]*

**you'll** once again be milking cows in Devon.

*The assembled actors try to suppress their humour. Cherie and Jacques look daggers at each other but fake beautiful smiles.*

Charlie Okay. Now Mike has written us an awe-inspiring love scene. Let's talk it through.

END OF SCENE

## Insights Into Trichide's Private Life

**II, Scene iii:** Trichide and Meyer Make Love (With Commentary Provided).

*Be aware that this scene has never happened. It has never ever been filmed. It is simply a means to an end.*

In this scene, Cheri plays Trichide and Jacques plays Meyer.

*The action is as described in the following commentary. Trichide vamps seductively in order to arouse her husband Meyer. He responds by stripping off to his underpants before launching onto his wife as*

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*she lays back on the bed. And then they make love. Throughout this action, we shall hear the voice-over commentary.*

Jacques *voice over* I thought that there'd be awkwardness.

Cheri *voice over* There wasn't.

Jacques *voice over* But I was sure that there would be.

Cheri *voice over* There wasn't. There was not one gram of awkwardness. Somehow it worked.

Jacques *voice over* But we hated each other and then all of a sudden, we were pretending to make love.

Cheri *voice over* I wasn't pretending. Were you pretending?

Jacques *voice over* Yeah ... I started out pretending ... Yeah ... But then I guess "no"  
...

Cheri *voice over* This is exactly what happened when they were filming "Cleopatra" in the '60's. Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton (he played Mark Antony, of course) were both married to other people, and they were both consummate actors. However, when they had to do the love scene they couldn't stop. They weren't pretending. They cleared the set.

Jacques *voice over* They cleared the set? No way!

Cheri *voice over* Yes, so that they could really make love. Oh! Here I go with the vacuum-cleaner kiss.

Jacques *voice over* My fingers got caught in your hair.

Cheri *voice over* I know. You almost pulled great clumps of my hair out. You brute!

Jacques *voice over* Someone told me (don't know if it's true) but the reason that women like to be on their back is because when they're on top,

their eyes look baggy and old. Is that true?

Cheri *voice over* And men don't look old and tired when they're on top?

Jacques *voice over* No. Men always look good. Men never lose their looks. They get better. They improve with age.

Cheri *voice over* You really want me to slap you, don't you?

Jacques *voice over* Okay. Sorry. So ... this Rudolph Meyer guy that I'm playing: doesn't he mind that his wife is screwing a host of other guys? Actors and such like?

Cheri *voice over* I suppose he does ... If he knows. That's all revealed further on in the script, I believe.

Jacques *voice over* And we have a daughter.

Cheri *voice over* Yes. Mary.

Jacques *voice over* Just one child. Only one.

Cheri *voice over* Trichide has been busy starring in hit movies. Oooh, look! We're getting right into it here. Our chemistry is working. We officially have "heat".

Jacques *voice over* I didn't ever get to even kiss my beloved Adelheid. She died of the plague before we could be married.

Cheri *voice over* Are you talking about that "Black Death" nonsense again? I don't want to hear about it.

Jacques *voice over* Can I say this then? You looked hot. You turned me on big time.

Cheri *voice over* Thank you.

Jacques *voice over* Even though you're way older than me, you switched on my switches.

Cheri *voice over* Clicked your buttons. (I'm ignoring the age jibe).

Jacques *voice over* Lit my lights and ticked my boxes.

Cheri *voice over* Unzipped my zipper.

Jacques *voice over* I'm gonna respect you from now on.

Cheri *voice over* Thank you.

Jacques *voice over* So ... The lip-smacking is over.

Cheri *voice over* For now.

Jacques *voice over* We should have called for a closed set.

Cheri *voice over* Maybe next time ...

Jacques *voice over* And Manni Littlemore plays our daughter Mary?

Cheri *voice over* Yes. If she can stop crying for long enough to shoot a scene or two ...

Jacques *voice over* It might help for her to be teary. That might help her to get a grip on her character anyhow ...

Cheri *voice over* Well, if I were Trichide's daughter, then crying would be part of the uniform.

END OF SCENE

## Movie In Post-Production: "Black Death"

### **II, Scene iv:** Medley of Scenes Depicting Society Answering The Black Death.

*Doctor Herman (gripping a large bunch of field flowers) wanders about in a medieval village (or its environs). Our camera captures his facial expressions. This ghastly disease is squashing him.*

- Bodies wrapped in dirty sheets are tossed without ceremony into a pit. The men working on this activity have covered their faces in thick woollen scarves. Smoke billows from the pit. Occasionally flames can be seen. Scraggy horses draw up hauling drays on which are heaped the filthy wrapped bodies.
- Church bells ring out. Every infirmary (belonging to a religious house) has a small collection of desperate people milling about seeking entry. Monks try to control the crowd, giving comfort wherever possible.
- Women and children wail in the streets. Kindly people (wearing thick scarves over their faces and carrying bunches of flowers) offer some frugal sustenance to these desperate folk. [See below ¥¥¥]
- Some important looking men ring handbells. In their wakes ride horsemen. They ride past folk on their knees, praying. [See below ¥¥¥]
- A long shot indicates that more pits have been dug throughout the countryside. They belch out smoke.

¥¥¥

As referenced above:

Note that the kindly men and women of this scene will be mirrored in Part V of the "Nostra" replays.

*Again, we focus on the face of Doctor Herman. His lips tremble and tears sting the corners of his eyes.*

Male *voice off*

Here! Doctor! Glad to catch you. You'll never guess! This ruddy pestilence has turned out to be a blessing. So it has!

*Doctor Herman turns, in a great deal of surprise. He does not speak but looks a question.*

Male *voice off*            You dunno how many months I been trying to buy them acres in the dene below Wilson's patch. That poor bastard has lost his son and his good lady wife and that girl of his is on her last gasp ... Seems that he'll give the land to me for a peppercorn. Just like that!

Sadly, Doctor Herman nods. He mouths the word lucky. The unseen male laughs roughly.

Male *voice off*            Now all I gotta do is to keep myself alive ... Stay the course, Doctor, and I'll make good ...

*Doctor Herman frowns. He still is unable to take in the horror that surrounds him.*

END OF SCENE

## The Script Walk-Through For The Movie "Effigy"

### **II, Scene v:** Tannenberger and His Chiaroscuro Technique, Majesty Hotel.

To recap, these people are sitting around the huge table in the boardroom of the Majesty Hotel: Ann, Charlie, Cheri, Heinrich, Jacques, JanBennie, Lucy, Manni, Mike and Steve. Mike has JanBennie on one side of him and Jacques on the other.

They all have scripts in front of them, open at a certain page, and they are all intensely moved by the read-through of the love scene between Trichide and her husband (to which we alluded just before this point). There is a definite atmosphere. For several seconds no-one speaks. But all the eyes move from one person to another, as if questioning some nebulous thing.

*Jacques feels obliged to break this uncomfortable silence.*

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Jacques                    So! Who needs a body double?

Steve                      If you and Cherry act it out just like that ... Well! We might just have the hottest movie love scene in town.

JanBennie                Mr Morton is a genius. I want all you thespians to acknowledge that.

Ann                        When you two read that through, I felt sparks flying.

Heinrich                 That was amazing. For two people who can't stand each other ...

Cherie *reasonable*      We are actors. We are both married to other people and we are both consummate actors. We were acting: pretending.

Jacques                 Pretending. As I said: who needs a body double?

JanBennie                If not for Mike's superlative writing –

Charlie                    Okay. Let's press on.

Manni *undervoice*      Can you describe coitus between a man and his wife as "hot"?

Ann *undervoice*        That's a whole other subject ...

*Charlie passes around three glossy photographs of Vermeer's "Girl With A Pearl Earring". He nods to indicate that these photographs should be passed around.*

Charlie                    Chiaroscuro. Light and dark. White and black. Yin and Yan.

                                  Idrich von Tannenberger zeroed in on the face of his subject (Trichide) by using lighting to optimum effect. He was a genius in that way. A veil or net would be used – the light was passed through it. That was one of his favourite tricks. We shall watch the following. This is classic Tannenberger/Trichide.

                                  And we are left with the burning question: was it Trichide's acting? Or was it Sternberg's extraordinary technical skill?

Heinrich                 Definitely Tannenberger.

*Tannenberger and His Chiaroscuro Technique*

Cheri                                      Quiet you!

END OF SCENE

## Trichide Movie From Several Years Previously

**II, Scene vi:** Trichide Plays Shanghai Mae, "Pearl of the Orient" 1932.

Cheri plays Trichide who in turn plays Shanghai Mae.

*In this scene, Trichide plays Shanghai Mae in the 1932 film "Pearl of the Orient". She is one of the frightened passengers on a train to Shanghai which has been boarded by Chinese soldiers. Alone in her cramped compartment on the train, she awaits the inevitable: Chinese soldiers will invade her apartment and she will be taken into custody (probably to be assaulted). Here she listens to the male voices outside her compartment (which is darkened). Now and then, exterior light will burst onto the ceiling, showing Trichide's perfect features.*

*The men speak in a mixture of Chinese and English, but we can only make out various English words.*

Various male voices              Never heard of her!

Who?

Don't know that one.

If you've lost the tart, then you can surely find her again, can't

you?

*We hear the sounds of men being forcibly struck. We hear male moans and groans.*

~~~~~                      ~~~~~                      ~~~~~

This is a scene for the kind of acting prevalent in the Silent movies. Remember that this is 1932 and so the Silent days were not so far removed.

All kinds of emotions will flicker across Trichide's face as she listens. She smokes. The smoke wafts about elusively. Her head is tipped back, giving the intermittent ceiling light a chance to pick out her beauty. Her lips quiver. Her free hand touches her face, her hair. The camera worships Trichide.

When the door bursts open and oriental men enter (ferociously) Trichide jumps to her feet, emitting a little scream. She backs away, holding out a hand to fend off the men. She speaks wildly.

Trichide I don't know anything! I don't know anyone else on this train! I am alone, I tell you! Oh, can't you see that I'm alone: a frightened woman alone on a train ...

Our camera closes in on Trichide's face. She is at once beautiful, lost, scared, and desperate.

We hear Mike whisper to Heinrich.

Mike *voice-off* The lighting ... he used filters and smoke and shadows ... Perfection! ... Trichide oozed sex appeal because he made it happen. He was the magician who waved the wand. Your character: Idrich von Tannenberger.

END OF SCENE: GREY OUT SLOWLY AS WE EVOLVE INTO THE NEXT SCENE

Trichide Movie From Several Years Previously
“The Windmill Tavern” Cabaret PART III

II, Scene vii: From The Trichide Film “Nostra” of 1928.

The role of Kitty-Cat is played by Trichide (portrayed by Cheri).

The Cabaret in 1928.

This scene is vibrant, exciting, brash and overpowering. There is scant dialog: it is all marvellous music, shouting, applause and flirty giggling.

The band (which is really a small orchestra) thunders forth. Jazz!

In a blaze of spotlight (and to the huge applause of the appreciative Nostra crowd) Kitty-Cat sashays and prances forward in order to deliver her signature song.

However, due to her constant interaction with her adoring audience (most of whom are male) Kitty-Cat misses her cue.

We cross to the band leader. He shrugs humorously and then strikes up the orchestra (to play Kitty-Cat’s introduction again).

Kitty-Cat shimmies and postures. She laughs. Glasses of drink are handed to her even though she is on-stage. Kitty-Cat slugs down the refreshment (only to receive even more applause). Again, Kitty-Cat misses her cue.

Back to the band-leader. He pretends to be put out, with hands on hips. He wags an admonitory finger at the starlet. Then the band strikes up again, with even more gusto. Kitty-Cat whoops with real laughter.

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Insights Into Trichide's Private Life

II, Scene viii: Trichide Speaks Privately, Havana 1968.

Ann plays the older Trichide.

Here, the actress playing Ann plays the older Trichide (who is being privately interviewed in a bar in Havana in the late 60's.) We do not see her interviewer (Duncan Trubshaw who is an older man). The two people have alcoholic drinks before them (on the bar). They sip lazily, almost carelessly.

Duncan Don't leave me hanging.

I'm not recording you, Miss Trichide. You can frisk me for hidden tape recorders if you like. In fact, I'd rather like you to do that.

Trichide stares at Duncan in a cold, hard manner. Then she smirks and laughs loudly.

Trichide All off the record?

Duncan Sure! Off the record.

Trichide Guaranteed?

Duncan Hand on heart. Swear on the grave of my dead grannie.

Trichide *mocking* Oh, ho, ho ... Your dear old dead grandmother no less?

The Story Which Trichide Tells Is Enacted With Voice-Over

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A Sumptuous Hollywood Party, 1927.

The story which Trichide tells in 1968 occurred in Hollywood, 1927.

~~~~~                      ~~~~~                      ~~~~~

**Who Is Who:**

*Trichide is now played on the screen by Cheri*

*However, the voice-over is performed by Ann.*

~~~~~                      ~~~~~                      ~~~~~

At a lavish party well-dressed, interesting people waft about. They are laughing, drinking and behaving outrageously. One particular gentleman evidently has tickets on himself. This is Bentham Lylle. Our camera follows him out onto a balcony where Trichide stands looking out at the night view.

Trichide voice-over There was a show-pony in Hollywood who tried to make out like a racing thoroughbred. I don't even remember his name ...

This is very elegant. Bentham approaches Trichide. He stands (leaning one hand on the balustrade) such that he is both beside and behind her. She listens as he speaks into her ear.

Trichide voice-over He oiled over to me when I was only an unknown wannabe. He propositioned me. Said he had some solid gold dirt attached to my name and that he would keep shtum if I "obliged" him.

Trichide looks down at the drink in her hand. Then she skulls it. Meanwhile Bentham appears amused, self-satisfied and smug.

Trichide voice-over My first impulse was to throw my drink in his greasy face. Instead, I listened.

Basically, the plan was for me to give him an alibi. He was married to a tight-arse heiress whom he wished to ditch. Permanently.

Using a tourniquet or ligature ... whatever the hell he would use.

Bentham strokes Trichide as he speaks. He is ever the super-cool, super-sexy Hollywood gentleman.

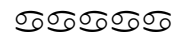
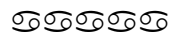
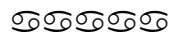
Trichide *voice-over* That pimp ended up dead. Not his innocent faithful wife who had loved him, but he himself. Nice. Poetic justice.

Duncan *voice-over* How? You outsmarted that coyote didn't you?

Trichide *voice-over* I could go down for what I did, but maybe you won't tell.

Duncan *voice-over* I swear it. Just tell me!

Amy and Trichide sit in a delightful floral bower. They are having a full-blooded English tea. Amy weeps, dabbing at her eyes with a lacy handkerchief.



Now Trichide is seen speaking to a small crowd of eager listeners in a small theatrette of a Town Hall. Our camera focuses on "Amy". "Amy" follows Trichide from the theatrette only to buttonhole her in a crowded corridor. It is evident that "Amy" is angry with Trichide (who tries to verbally defend herself).

Trichide *voice-over* I went to the wife (her name was Amy) and sat with her. In her elegant garden. I told her that her old man was a cheater and a would-be murderer. After a waterfall of womanly tears, she agreed that her only hope was to go along with my plan.

An actress pal of mine disguised herself as this Amy and came along to a speech that I was giving to a civic group. Afterwards (and in the easy sight and hearing of a crowd) she bawled me out.

A kindly older gentleman gives instructions to his chauffeur. "Amy" is treated with gentleness as she is put into the car, driven home and then escorted by the chauffeur right to the door and then inside. "Amy" is seen to scream and cower as she finds Bentham's body lying dead on the floor with a tourniquet wrapped tightly around his neck.

Trichide *voice-over* I got one of the civic boobies to escort her home. I stipulated that

he had to deliver her to her door and take her inside.

That's where the pony's body was discovered: on the cold tiled floor. He had been strangled with a ligature.

Now we see "Amy" change places with the real Amy. A quick hug and then the police arrive. They are shown about the house by Amy. A policeman is seen to scratch his head, confused.

Trichide *voice-over* I'll say this for Amy: she kept her nerve. My actress friend got rid of the civic pigeon, Amy called the police and swapped out with my friend.

When she killed her old man, Amy fitted-up the house to look like it had been broken into. So now the police were baffled: all they could come up with was that the pony had made enemies. One of them had obviously exacted revenge.

C'est ça.

Trichide and Duncan Are Now Back In The Havana Bar In 1968.

Trichide is again played by Ann.

Duncan What happened to Amy?

Trichide *shrugs* She remarried. To a nice man who wanted to look after her and her fortune – not to run off with the loot.

Duncan You were an accessory to murder, Miss Trichide. However, you put it ...

Trichide That's all the story. I could have hidden Amy away. She could

have divorced that swine she was married to ...

[Frowns]

He said that he had something on me ...

Poetic justice ...

Duncan Did you ever find out what that thing was?

Trichide *sad* No ...

No, I never did!

Footnote: this is a deliberate lie. We find out the truth later.

END OF SCENE

END OF ACT II

Which picture? ***This*** one? Or ***that*** one ... ?

Jacques I've become the nominated star of "Black Plague". First billing. If it takes off, then ...

Mike *encouraging* You have a hit on your hands with the plague thingy.

I'm saying that with full confidence. Look! I've been utterly wrong before but not that much.

And then this thingy of mine –

[Warming to his theme]

No! You know what you must do? Push yourself out there. Get into one of those franchise things ... Be part of a team with some other bright boys.

Oh, you know what I mean, Jack! A himbo group of lads on a buck's night. Tits 'n' bums. Or a bank heist shoot-em-up smoke bomb thing ... Thrills and spills sort of show.

Or better still, the action hero genre. Loads of stunning computer-generated whizz-bang.

[Sighs]

Yes, I can anticipate your concern. They are hard work (really!) and not a shred of reasonable dialog. But (and here's the thing, *mon cher Jacques*) all the while people who matter are dropping your name into their conversations to ***your*** great benefit (career-wise).

Jacques looks about, as if none of these ideas had ever occurred to him.

Jacques *bewildered* Strike while the iron is hot, do you mean?

Mike *thrilled* Exactly!

You are (and will be) numero uno flavour of the month. Those love scenes with Trichide ... Everyone will be queueing for a Jacques Morgane match-up.

So! Feet on the ground and keep that masculine chin up.

[Whispers]

The world is at your feet.

Mike smiles encouragingly then turns to walk away. Jacques reaches out to stop him. Jacques needs to hear more: he thrives on self-doubt followed by being bolstered up.

Jacques I hear what you say ...

No, all things considered. I have a confession. I'm a bit nervous. This august company in which I find myself. Much rather hide behind the scenery than storm and strut in front of the audience.

Mike I'm reluctant to agree with you, but you might be onto something. It's too early (of course) to speak of "triumph". There'll be comparisons with Camus, of course. That's inevitable.

Jacques *frowns* Who **is** he, this Camus?

Mike Albert Camus. "The Plague". Marvellous. You should have put yourself forward for **that** movie. The conflicted doctor, now ... "The Plague".

He wrote something for Trichide. She was wild for it. But the almighty Idrich von Tannenberger knocked it aside. You see, he knew what worked for Trichide and what would **not** work.

Tannenberger and Duncan Sit In A Dark Room, Havana 1968.

Interview with Tannenberger (played by Heinrich) quizzed by Duncan Trubshaw. Tannenberger smokes.

Tannenberger

The great Albert Camus lost himself in a quaint little Parisian movie joint.

I can't recall off the top of my head what the flick was. Our moral lesson which centred on the Devil, was it?

[Shrugs]

Whatever it was ... But he fell head over heels in love with my angel.

Dashed off a stunning piece related to a woman (alone) standing about in a desert awaiting her knight to rescue her. This time, the woman was "good" instead of "evil".

The harsh sun, the restless sand-bearing wind and the ochre colours. That's what he envisaged, this genius, this Camus.

But not for Trichide, I said.

Adamant. I was adamant.

No, no and no!

No, not for Trichide.

Duncan

Why not?

Tannenberger shrugs as he sucks on his cigarette. Then he grinds the butt strongly into the ashtray.

Tannenberger

I lived and breathed Trichide. The camera must devour her.

Not the desert. No.

End Of Distraction.

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Mike You simply **must** desist from taking your cue from Madame Cheri Oldfarm.

Of course she's wrong! Her "take" on a film's worth (its merit) relates only to bums on seats. But here is the catch. I care not if only 1 or 2 people see my movie: if it wins an Oscar or a BAAFTA, what care I? That's what I mean. Artistic merit over monetary gain every time.

Jacques Did you know that Charlie is able to spin-off the meat and potatoes of every Oscar-winning film since year dot? Charlie Vantis, I mean.

Mike That's why I'm jumping over hurdles to work with the man. A national treasure. God's gift to filmdom. But choosing the theme is where the parade begins. I was drawn to Trichide just as Abel Fierd was drawn to your topic: the Black Death. He (and I'm speaking of Fierd here) glimpsed a Peter Breugel painting in a Dutch art museum and became hooked. Like me salivating over Merlyn Trichide. I **had** to write it! Who directed your bloodbath, again? Oh yes Luke Partigan. Wonderful! Spot on. The music: superb. And **you** are the star! (Well, Allan J. Moire might protest at you getting star billing but let that pass).

This film in which we are **now** involved (my baby) hits both sides of the equation simultaneously. It's a knockout subject that the punters will flock to. Furthermore, C. V. Vantis (our Charlie-boy) will bring home the artistic bacon (if I may be permitted to encapsulate my thoughts in terms of smallgoods). But your interpretation of Doctor Herman might pull it off. Who's to know?

END OF SCENE

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Trichide Movie From Several Years Previously

III, Scene ii: Still Photographs With Voice-Over From 1935.

This movie is entitled "Morocque".

Trichide (as Magdeleyne Croft) appears in glorious still photographs, one after the other. They are mostly professional portraits. These photographs would have graced the advertising boards both outside and inside the Cabaret. As the voice-overs continue, the photographs will come into focus (near and far) with Trichide's hypnotic singing voice as background.

Her costumes are superb: elegant and exaggerated. The inspiration is always Spanish, with a touch of French couture thrown in.

Lieutenant Clarke is played by Hollywood actor Ian Sturt who in turn is played by Steve.

Magdeleyne Croft is played by Trichide who in turn is played by Cheri.

Colonel *voice-over*

Don't stand there, Lieutenant Clarke and jabber about "self-control".

I want the truth – not interested in suggestions or tittle-tattle.

Did you or did you not visit the Cabaret last evening?

Lieutenant Clarke
voice-over

Yes, Colonel. I did, sir.

Colonel *voice-over*

Then you'd better make yourself aware that the vixen who sings there is a straight-out menace. A threat to susceptible men! Her eyes are said to be knives – they rip into a man's soul. And her voice has been described as molten honey.

If she's taken an interest in you, then keep your distance.

I mean it!

Lieutenant Clarke Sir, it has never --
voice-over

Colonel *voice-over* You see my white hair and my grey whiskers, and you imagine
that I've not been there. Standing in your shoes. Vigorous, brave
...

But I have! I've looked with worship into the face of a femme
fatale just as this one is. My heart has leapt at the "come-on" look
... So very alluring ...

No don't interrupt! You are young, confident, and strong. When
you enter a room men look at you with admiration, and women
with adoration. Yes, I was your age once (for all it seems like eons
ago to you).

This beautiful temptress has wealthy protectors buzzing about.
That makes her at once dangerous and desired. Ignore the risk at
your peril Lieutenant. Once you fall into the pit you may not ever
emerge from it.

Some would have it that Beelzebub is no male at all, but rather a
woman. If so, then this She-devil resides in the form of
Magdeleyne Croft and none other!

Be warned! Tread with the utmost care.

Do you understand?

Lieutenant Clarke Thank you, sir, for your kind counsel. I shall certainly profit by it.

Colonel *unconvinced* Hmph! Well, you may go.

Later in our script we shall return to revisit this treacherous love affair between the brash Lieutenant Clarke and the scarlet woman.

END OF SCENE

The Script Walk-Through For The Movie “Effigy”

LUNCHEON

III, Scene iii: Luncheon (Where Things Go “Wonky”), Majesty Hotel.

The party adjourn to a beautiful garden room which appears to be “outside” and very up-market, as if located in California rather than London. They sit at three tables (seating for 4 people). The table configuration is detailed as follows:

| Table (a) | | Discussion: Manni’s broken romance with Flynn Maddison dominates the chat at this table. Jacques and Ann comfort Manni as she approaches tears. |
|-------------------------------|--------------|--|
| Jacques | Manni | |
| [Lope when he arrives] | Ann | |

| Table (b) | | Discussion: The conversation at this table is stunningly good. The three males cover a vast range of subjects (all interesting and relevant) whilst Lucy appreciates the tenor of the discussion. |
|-----------------|--------------|--|
| Heinrich | Steve | |
| Charlie | Lucy | |

| Table (c) | | Discussion: At table (c) there is no discussion. The two females eat in frozen silence, neither |
|-----------|------------------|--|
| | JanBennie | |

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| | | |
|--------------|-------------|---|
| Cheri | Mike | looking at each other nor admitting of each other's existence. Mike quakes in dread, starting at every sound. |
|--------------|-------------|---|

Our camera will flick from one table to the next, presenting an interesting mix of conversations (or in the case of table (c) deafening silence) prior to Lope's arrival (which happens during the dessert course).

🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵 **Break** 🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵🎵

Dessert is served.

This part of the scene opens with a burst of dramatic music: let's have Night On A Bare Mountain. We can see Manni ranting: very over-the-top. She is clearly an emotional wreck. Everyone in the room is frozen, watching Manni's dummy-spit with surprised and stunned awe.

This goes on for a little while, ending with the music ceasing dramatically at which time Manni has covered her face with her hands, as she sobs wretchedly. Ann gushes forward in an effort to comfort Manni. Ann is violently rebuffed.

Manni *vicious* Don't **dare** throw your spurious sympathy at me, Roberts-Lylle!
You suck!

Ann *astounded* What?

Manni *scathing* After those underhand activities of yours with the museum ... My
mother suffered horribly at your hands. Her marvellous career:
shattered.

Ann *lost* Museum? Your mother? What in Heaven's name are you talking
about?

When Lope arrives he obviously expects everyone to merrily call out in welcome. This fails to happen (to Lope's extreme surprise.)

Lope *joyous* Hello everyone!

Manni *screaming at Ann* My mother had the most amazing singing voice. That would be her one chance to shine. And (in front of all and sundry) you launched into her. Toxic, venomous whore!

Ann *to Manni* That was artistic differences. No more. No less.

Manni *sobbing* It would have been **everything** for her. And you wantonly ruined it out of spite and jealousy.

Ann realizes that she is on the back foot. Glancing at the assembled company she presses her lips hard together. Lope takes advantage of the lacuna.

Lope *joyous* Hello **everyone!**

Ann *to Manni* Very well! Here's the thing: what would a glitz-covered cretin know about art?

It was patently clear that your mother was a casting-couch cutie. And there it ends.

There is a total stop to everything, as if the air has been cut with a huge shiny knife. Manni is frozen in total disbelief. Lope can think of nothing better to do than cause a distraction. Lope coughs.

Lope Perhaps I'll double-back and make my entrance anew. I've obviously failed to make much of an impression ... or to illicit even a shred of recognition.

Lope glances quickly about him. He is the only attendee who is giving even a close approximation of "life". Everyone else is utterly still, transfixed.

Lope *joyial* I'll just re-enter the room ... Receive my due welcome ...
Reverence and –

With that, Lope ostentatiously stomps out through the doorway, only to spin around and re-enter the room, beaming.

Lope *overjoyed* Hello **everyone!** Lope is here (at last).

Manni *vicious to Ann* I hate your damn guts, you slut!

Manni dashes from the room, in tears. Lope holds his pose as the others snap back to normal. Meanwhile Lucy dashes off to grab some food for Lope.

General voices *bright* Ah! Lope is here! Hoorah! Welcome, welcome, welcome.

Come in! We've been holding our breath for your arrival.

Here follows hand-shaking and air kisses directed at Lope, who adores the attention. Lope takes his seat at table (a). Lucy quickly returns with plates of food. Lope is utterly pleased and impressed.

END OF SCENE: MOVE SLOWLY, SLOWLY, SLOWLY INTO THE NEXT SCENE

Trichide Movie From Several Years Previously "The Windmill Tavern" Cabaret PART IV

III, Scene iv: From The Trichide Film "Nostra" of 1928.

Cheri plays Trichide who in turn plays Kitty-Cat.

The Cabaret in 1928: Kitty-Cat's Dressing Room.

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Kitty-Cat sits at her "space" in the dressing room. It is the usual thing: a large mirror is decorated with well-thumbed photographs and mistreated business cards. Various items of female costume have been slung over the mirror or hang about randomly. Huge, expensive baskets of exotic flowers fill the spaces.

Kitty-Cat applies copious amounts of cosmetics while watched by a doting Max.

Kitty-Cat eyes Max in her mirror. She is not especially pleased that he is in attendance.

Kitty-Cat Well?

Max I am not come, empty-handed. A divine goddess (as you are, my dear) must flaunt herself as befits a deity.

Kitty-Cat is hard-put to understand Max's cryptic words. However, he reaches back to a place hidden from Kitty-Cat's view. Max hands to Kitty-Cat a large, well-presented parcel.

Kitty-Cat You already swamped me with these floral tributes, Herr Max.

And ... Ha! Those cartloads of sparklers were contributed by your good self. No?

You must be very rich, no doubt. Every damned jewel known to man ... Woman! Or you **were** rich before setting eyes upon me. Let's say that!

Max Open it! I believe that you will swoon with delight, my angel.

Kitty-Cat dabs scent onto her neck, then grabs the parcel. She unwraps the parcel. Pinching the card between finger and thumb, Kitty-Cat extracts a sumptuous fur stole from the wrapping. She reads the card.

Kitty-Cat *reads* "My love and adoration for you knows no bounds, *cherie*. Wear this luscious cape to keep out the chills of the World. And remember me always." Max.

Kitty-Cat glances at Max. She mouths "Thank you". Then she pulls the stole over her shoulders. Her fingers bury themselves in the lushness of the pelt. Max stands behind her, lasciviously rubbing her

upper arms. Then he allows himself to slip one of his hands down inside her brief top. Kitty-Cat watches Max (expressionless) as he excites himself. He bends down to cover Kitty-Cat's neck in kisses.

Kitty-Cat You'd better go before you wish to bed me.

Max *amused* Oh, we are well past that point, dear lady. My next gift will be a heady diamond ring to glorify your finger.

Kitty-Cat *coldly* Go over there and compose yourself. And then make your way out to the floor. Herr Albrecht will be wondering what has become of you.

Max Albrecht? He can go to Hell in a wheelbarrow!

Kitty-Cat I'll catch up with you after the show, my friend. Go now!

Max *getting angry* You'll give up the show! I can support you in a very affluent style. You'll become my wife. What nods and smiles will then be yours!

With a sigh of impatience, Kitty-Cat picks up a tiny silver bell which tinkles merrily.

Max *imploring* My love! You will never receive from any man an offer so sincere, so overpowering that --

A large, rough-looking man enters this area. He looks at Kitty-Cat in the mirror. He raises his brows in question. Kitty-Cat uses her head to indicate Max.

Kitty-Cat My most loyal devotee requires a suitable escort back to his table. Would you be so kind?

Max puts up a token resistance as he is bodily escorted away. Kitty-Cat (peevish) shakes her head in frustration. She chucks the fur stole away as she completes her make-up.

END OF SCENE

**The Script Walk-Through For The Movie “Effigy”
Revelations: Trichide Was Not What She Seemed**

III, Scene v: The Boardroom, Majesty Hotel.

With their backs to the window, in a group together: Lope, Ann & Heinrich. Ann only joins this group as she mentions the Discovery channel.

Standing to the side of the table, in a small knot: Manni, Lucy, Cheri, Mike & JanBennie.

In the doorway of the boardroom, facing into the room: Charlie, Jacques & Steve.

The camera does a 360 degree turn, taking in the lost looks on all of the faces.

| | |
|---------------------------|---|
| Charlie | What’s this? |
| Lucy | Lope believes that Merlyn Trichide was a German collaborator. I mean with the Nazis. A Nazi collaborator. Involved in counter-espionage. |
| Cheri | Impossible! |
| Jacques | I thought she was on our side. That’s what everyone says. She was awarded medals by ... |
| Cheri | By the Allies. Correct. And worked tirelessly for the US and English troops. |
| Lope | But nevertheless ... |
| Cheri <i>really angry</i> | It’s twaddle – dishwater – rotten scum! |
| Heinrich | I’m awfully afraid that Lope is right. Not long after her death, her biographer wondered what happened to her German family during the War. Think about it. If she’d defected to the USA, then some kind of payback would have been expected. Not to her but to – |

- Cheri Where is this coming from? Are you trying to sabotage this picture before it even gets started?
- Lope *somewhat superior* It's coming from the research which I perform (meticulous research, let me add) which I always undertake when I'm preparing for an upcoming movie role.
- Lucy But you were in Australia.
- Lope And being in Australia, I was not cut-off from internet resources. Be that as it may, my character in "Effigy" is that of a US Army major. Major Wynyard Coodey. He kept a journal, a copy of which I happened to have with me during my long recent stay in Sydney. I nestled down on a sunlounge overlooking the beautiful harbour and raked-over the major's many tantalizing memoirs.
- Weather was superb, Hunter Valley wine even more superb ...
- The major thought it strange that the Nazis were being kind to the Trichides (not that that was their name) rather than the opposite. It aroused his suspicions at once.
- Cheri So if her name wasn't their name, then how would the Nazis make the connection?
- Heinrich Oh they knew. Of course they knew! Photographs, people who worked with family members in their small village outside Hamburg ... You have absolutely no conception of the network of spies and taletellers who were systematically roped-in to assist the Fuhrer's boys. Nobody, but nobody was safe.
- Lope That was the Nazi modus operandum. Put fear into the populace. Their mental process went like this: if they exit our beloved Germany to renounce their homeland, fine! Then we'll murder their loved ones who remain. **And** let them know that we've done

so.

Cheri That's so much crap! They murdered people willy-nilly without even bothering to have an excuse.

Heinrich Unfortunately, it *is* true. To stop recalcitrants from fleeing the Third Reich, Hitler's henchmen ensured complete subordination. "Run to New York, Dieter, and guess what we'll do to your mother!" There had to be a compliant workforce of *some* kind in Germany: they couldn't allow everyone to exeunt overseas. For the purposes of pro-Nazi propaganda, it was essential that eminent Germans were not mouthing-off at the regime from the safety of foreign parts.

Cheri That ... That's just an urban myth!

Lope Tell that to Joe Schlesinger, the Canadian media person. There was someone else very famous –

Heinrich Oh, there's an army of them. Jerry Springer. Billy Wilder who directed "The Seven Year Itch" ...

Cheri So – But wait! They lived on after the War, didn't they?

Heinrich *making his point* Their loved ones *didn't* though. The Nazis bumped them off: summarily.

Lope That's the very point I'm trying to make, Cheri. Trichide's family members stayed in their stately mansion with their servants and plenty of food and superb silverware and a lovely garden. Not one of them was hauled before the Gestapo or detained in any way. Not only did they continue unmolested in their various professions, but they even (in some cases) prospered at the hands of the Nazis. It seemed that none of them had anything to fear. That doesn't sit right with me. It begins to feel like the family was being

rewarded for her good work, rather than the reverse.

Ann *alert* That's right! You've rung a bell with me! There was a documentary on the Discevery channel which –

Cheri *disgusted* Oh, you don't give any credit to that bilge, do you? The "Discevery" channel!

Ann Yes, I do. In this case it was an exploration of what that biographer you mentioned had unearthed. He couldn't make any sense of all the threads he'd unravelled. It fairly glared out at him that her life wasn't filled with glorious patriotism as we'd imagined. Mike, you used that biography for your research, didn't you?

Cheri turns angrily towards Mike, who looks about in flustered fright. JanBennie immediately seeks to protect Mike.

JanBennie Mike used many, many sources. His research was unparalleled in its thoroughness.

Cheri *ignoring* Did you know this?

JanBennie

Mike *nervous* Yes ... Yes ...

Charlie Then why isn't it in your film script?

Mike *flustered* It wasn't considered –

JanBennie takes up the cudgels in defence of Mike.

JanBennie It was not considered as acceptable. The current belief that Trichide was loyal to the Allies holds sway. End of story.

Charlie But apparently it's a lie!

JanBennie *very firmly* End of story!

Lope No! It has to be in the script. Otherwise my role is meaningless.

Ann Otherwise this whole endeavour is meaningless.

JanBennie How so?

Lope The official blurb (weak though it might be) is that Trichide exchanged sexual favours with Major Coodey in return for his not betraying her real name to the power-base in Berlin. According to this **official** version, she was scared shitless that if the truth of her identity came out, her folks back home would be shipped down the river. Well now – that’s starting to look like just so much bulldust.

Charlie And in reality?

Lope In reality Major Coodey had discovered her duplicity and kept quiet about it as long as she gave herself up to his lust. It was a tremendous fillip for this Army chieftain to have scored with such a notable Hollywood star. His journal is quite clear about that! But her family never really stood in any danger (as I’ve said): that was just a lame excuse.

Cherie Is there any man that she **didn’t** have sex with?

Charlie Not many. You (Miss Oldfarm) will have many sex scenes in this picture with Heinrich, Jacques, Lope and Steve. There are some minor parts (bell-boys and cabin stewards) who also get in on the action. Of course, some of the rolling around in the hay will require Miss Roberts-Lyell’s input, also.

Ann And I thought that only blondes had more fun ...

Cheri *waspish* What about the pastor at the Kirche across the street from that Windmill cabaret? Did Miss Trichide get her paws on him, too?

Charlie Yes, as it happens. As I specified, not many able-bodied men were spared her desire. Perhaps even many of the officers of the Third Reich. Or so Lope gives us to understand.

Ann Good grief! What a gold-plated slut!

Charlie And we shall most certainly include that treachery in this movie, Mike. Amidst all the glamour and beauty and fornication, we have the chance to bring in some **very** meaty drama.

Mike *stammering* But ... But it's all wrapped up ...

JanBennie This screenplay which Mike has laboured over is finished. Finito!

Charlie No, it's not. That's why you're here, Mike: for any last-minute repairs.

JanBennie *outraged* Mr Morton's presence in this room right now centres on one (and only one!) thing: that he is present to tweak a little here or there. Not a full-blown re-write! No sir!

Charlie turns quickly towards JanBennie before she can speak further.

Charlie *firm* I'm fully aware Ms Ramsgate that your comprehension quotient is limited. Be that ever so evident, your hearing seems nothing amiss. Thereto and theretofore, hear this: Mike Morton is present at my script run-through to lick the said screenplay into shape however that outcome is achieved and by whatever means must suffice.

Heinrich *laughing* Stick that in your pipe and smoke it, old girl!

Charlie *to JanBennie* Go and make yourself useful. Get Mike a strong coffee. He has a deal of writing to do.

END OF SCENE

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The Script Walk-Through For The Movie "Effigy"

III, Scene vi: The Ladies Lounge, Majesty Hotel.

Ann stands about looking anxious whilst Cheri tries to fix up her face with cold water.

Cheri I can't honestly believe that you knew about this horror story and yet still came on board.

Ann I'm an actress. I'm cast in a role, and I play it.

Cheri Even if you despise the real-life character you're portraying?

Ann Of course! Otherwise, there'd be no movies or documentaries made about the Emperor Nero or Attila the Hun or Adolf Hitler, now would there? We're actors, darling. This now becomes a very comprehensive role for you in that you play a deceiver as well as playing a heroine.

Long breath.

Cheri You're right ... I can turn this around once I get my head straight. You know what: I was so proud and really raised up in spirit to be playing Trichide: the great and glamorous Trichide.

Ann Perhaps this shocking revelation will help you to understand Jacques and his plague-ridden doctor.

Lucy bursts in.

Lucy Come on, girls. Are you finished? You've been ages.

Cheri I needed to compose myself.

Ann Have we missed anything?

Lucy More love scenes.

Ann For Trichide?

Lucy Yuh.

Ann Which one? Old or young?

Lucy Both.

Cheri Who with this time?

Lucy No-one trusted the German ex-pats during World War II, especially the highly-placed ones. And so the CIA (or whatever they called themselves at the time) set spies to watch over them. When the spy-of-the-moment found out Merlyn Trichide's guilty secret, she slept with him to shut him up. So then he'd have to be replaced and so it went on.

Cheri Oh my God!

Ann God in Heaven!

Lucy Mike's writing extra scenes now.

Ann throws up her hands.

Ann Well, I'll simply rationalize that this is keeping me employed. Our lovely star with the morals of a rabbit adored men and adored sex. Amen!

Lucy *agog* But there were women too. Some of the spy-watchers were women. The CIA thought it might stop the sexual favours thing.

Cheri And?

Lucy It didn't. Trichide slept with anyone. She was quite a scrubber, all

told.

END OF SCENE

The Script Walk-Through For The Movie “Effigy”

Cheri Exits The Movie (Part I)

III, Scene vii: The Boardroom, Majesty Hotel.

Manni is in tears. In an undervoice (and with one arm around her shoulders) Charlie is encouraging Manni to continue with the read-through.

Cheri, Ann and Lucy re-enter the boardroom, merely glancing at the Charlie/Manni situation. Cheri sits heavily and with a loud sigh.

Cheri I’m 7/8th of an inch away from quitting this shipwreck.

JanBennie No guts! No glory!

Heinrich Oh, pipe-down, you gutter-crawler.

Cheri Can this picture be saved?

Everyone (other than Charlie and Manni) begins to speak at once, bawling at each other over several grievances.

However, Manni has further issues with her ex-boyfriend Flynn Maddison. She begins to pour these out to Charlie.

Manni *fraught* Flynn blamed me whenever anything went awry in his life. I’m not a mind-reader, Charlie! But he believed that I was.

He'd say "nightclub". So I'd frock-up for "nightclub". And then just as we swanned out the door on our way to "nightclub", he'd receive a call from some pathetic buddy who talked him around to "sailing club". There I am on the deck of an up-market yacht, dressed from head-to-foot in silk and bling. Some drunk stumbles, ejecting me from yacht into water. Flynn (sick with laughter) hurls a lifebuoy vaguely in my direction.

That's one of my memories from my relationship with one of the worst --

Charlie *caring*

You deserve so much more, *cara bella*.

Manni *despairing*

And having been dumped by Flynn, I'll find comfort in the arms of another himbo who will invite me to "nightclub" ... Sorry! That should read "football game".

Charlie envelops Manni in his arms and tries to soothe her sobs.

END OF SCENE

Trichide Movie From Several Years Previously

III, Scene viii: Continuation Of Trichide Movie From 1935.

"Morocque". This scene follows on from earlier (from III, scene ii).

Lieutenant Clarke is played by Hollywood actor Ian Sturt who in turn is played by Steve.

Magdeleyne Croft is played by Trichide who in turn is played by Cheri.

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This is the dressing room of Magdeleyne Croft in 1935.

Magdeleyne is in a provocative mood: a coquette.

She plays with a fan, highlighting her eyes. And she swans about in a seductive way, moving ever closer to the man.

Lieutenant Clarke is a proud soldier and officer.

Magdeleyne Did you sleep well last night, *mon cher*?

Lieutenant Clarke Not really.

Magdeleyne Ah, good, good.

And were you able to face a hearty man-sized breakfast this morning?

Lieutenant Clarke *grins* No. I could only nibble at a crust from one piece of toast. That comprises about one twentieth my usual starter for the day.

Magdeleyne Only a nibble of toast, Lieutenant Clarke? Tsk, tsk. You surely will waste away.

Lieutenant Clarke And why should such a lovely, sultry lady as yourself interest herself in my sleeping and eating habits?

Magdeleyne
provocative No, no! You tell me why you did not sleep and did not eat. Could it be that you are in love? Mmmm?

Lieutenant Clarke Aye! That'll be it. You must be psychic.

Magdeleyne *purrs* By that you mean to say that I am a witch, spinning my man about on his axis so that he is no longer in charge of his senses.

Does that sum it up?

Lieutenant Clarke takes Magdeleyne in his arms. She relaxes, allowing her head to flop backwards such that she can look up into Lieutenant Clarke's face.

Lieutenant Clarke I am under the most strenuous orders from my commanding
deeply officer that I am to treat you as touchpaper, dear lady.

Magdeleyne *surprised* Touchpaper?

[Archly]

Has this martinet who controls your life been one of my past conquests, do you think?

Lieutenant Clarke Undoubtedly. Else, he would not have been able to describe so
throbbing lucidly what I feel with you in my arms.

Before the kiss, they hold their pose. Their eyes are locked. Then they go into a wonderful clinch.

END OF SCENE

The Script Walk-Through For The Movie "Effigy" Cheri Exits The Movie (Part II)

III, Scene ix: The Boardroom, Majesty Hotel.

Everybody is as we left them in Act III, Scene vi.

To clarify: Steve plays Ian Sturt (Hollywood actor) in "Effigy". It is Sturt who is under discussion here.

JanBennie is rousing on Steve.

JanBennie *scornful* And what would you know?

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Steve As a perfectionist I've delved into the man's life: private and professional. Yes, he had some steamy affairs with his co-stars, but that was before he married quite late in life. He was a red-blooded, all-American, heterosexual, corn-fed boy, as it happens. At heart, every man in the US of A wanted to be just like him: a tall, strong man who took pride in (and worked in) his garden, a man who built model airplanes and ships, a caring philanthropist who could just as easily turn his hand to knocking-out a verse or two. A regular Joe: a homespun guy with an attractive Texan drawl. You'd have to be proud to know him.

Manni I'm going to be sick. Ian Sturt sounds zero. Model ships?

This latest revelation upsets Cherie. She stands abruptly, pushing her chair back angrily. Red-faced and apparently furious, she snatches her handbag and storms towards the door. With excellent dramatic posturing, Cherie turns at the door, speaking to the room at large.

Cheri I'm out! I'm no longer in! I'm out!

Tossing her head defiantly, Cheri storms off.

The others in the boardroom appear stunned, except for Mike who continues to scribble notes and tap on the keyboard of his ultra-thin portable computer. It is evident that Mike has gained in confidence now that JanBennie has wandered off somewhere.

Lope calmly strolls to the door and snibs it. Amongst the others (apart from Mike) there are sighs, bum-shifts and wary glances from side-to-side.

Talking absently to himself or to anyone happening to listen to him.

Mike We'll insert some smooth music at this strategic point and have Trichide prowling amongst the troops. She'll reprise her "Free As The Tide" motif: however she is slurring and rolling and patently three sheets to the wind. In fact, we'll have a couple of the boys reach out to steady her. She flirts with them with her eyes.

Seduces them with a sway of her elfin shoulders ... Wonderful!

Mike types and scribbles with more enthusiasm.

Steve You **do** realize that all this is now supremely obsolete?

Mike *distracted* Mmmm?

Lope We are *sans Cheri, cherée*.

Ann Our bird has flown.

[Turns towards Charlie]

What does the maestro suggest we do?

Charlie shrugs fatalistically. He has no idea what to do. Events have conspired against him.

Heinrich stands.

Heinrich My gut reaction is to exeunt immediately to the main bar of this excellent hostelry and sample their various restorative liquors. Does anyone else care to join me?

Manni Yes, I'm up for a cocktail or five.

Lope I could polish off another plate of that delicious ragout of beef. Have they left anything in the bain-maries out there?

Lucy peers through the frosted glass.

Lucy *uncertainly* It looks like it.

Lope makes a "delicious" sound as he picks up his used plate. He stares at it. Lope's eyes are fascinating.

Lope *pleased* I've just had a flash of inspiration. What a hoot! Not only **eat** the ragout but also ... Artistic merit?

END OF SCENE

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The Script Walk-Through For The Movie "Effigy"

Mike Ejects JanBennie

III, Scene x: The Boardroom (Where "Wonky" Is King), Majesty Hotel.

Inside the locked boardroom Jacques, Lope and Heinrich have devoured more serves of beef ragout. They have in fact snaffled many more entrée-sized plates covered in the sloppy ragout. Now (with their fingers) they draw in what they have left on each plate. They seem very proud of their work. Steve will join them later.

Meanwhile, Mr Gardener (the manager of the hotel) stands by in the outer room, apparently concerned at the turn of events. JanBennie angrily bangs the side of her fist on the door to the boardroom. She shouts at the top of her voice.

JanBennie *vicious* Open this door, you desiccated hack!

Mr Gardener Madame, there is no advantage to be gained by -- I must ask you to come away from the boardroom door and permit me to discuss this matter with the cast members in a more professional and serene manner.

JanBennie This is completely outrageous! My employer is incarcerated in your sewer of a boardroom: entrapped therein by a coven of witches. I am not only duty-bound to rescue and release my employer, but –

Mr Gardener *patient* Yes, madame. I am entirely on top of the situation. Please stand aside and permit me to address the occupants of the boardroom in my official capacity.

JanBennie *frustrated
and angry* Just get on with it!

Mr Gardener steps up to the boardroom door as JanBennie stands back, frustrated and irate. Mr Gardener taps politely at the door.

Mr Gardener *ultra-polite* Mr Vantis? Mr Vantis, may I share a short word with you, if I may?

The camera moves into the boardroom.

Ann *calling out* Don't let that witch return to our ken. To be brutally frank, I've rarely seen such a transformation (except on the silver screen): our revered wordsmith has blossomed under our very noses since the Ramsgate bitch has exited the scene.

Lope *nods* Yes, well done Mike!

Mike *with deliberation* Mr Garden, please --

Mr Gardener *voice-off* It's Gardener, sir. Do forgive me for interrupting you, sir.

Mike *firmly, loudly* Mr Gardener, please commission the local constabulary to remove my one-time employee from this building and ensure that she ceases and desists all future efforts to enter same. I warn you without prejudice that there are no lengths to which this repellent female will not stretch in order to effect an entree herein. My earnest advice is that you use whatever force is deemed appropriate with special reference to her acumen at inveigling and persuasion.

This woman has flagrantly defied one's normal standards of decency and fair play. She has taken large financial bribes in my presence from some of London's more revered legal and publishing firms as well as accepting handsome packages that included weekend pampering stays at prestigious retreats and golf courses in Wales and Cornwall, a lucrative modelling contract (lingerie and feminine apparel) for her younger sister Chanterelle, exclusive use of high-end limousines (driven about by liveried chauffeurs -- naturally) and the usual double-zero wining-dining gravy train excursions to Paris. The woman is a crook. End of

story. Please deal with her such that I may proceed with my creative work here. Thank you, Mr Garden. I'm sorry ... I mean "Gardener".

Cheri applauds. The others are astounded that the usually tongue-tied Mike can manage to deliver such a speech with hardly a falter. Mannie turns her attention to the beef ragout artists.

Mannie *amused* Do you know that if you were to crank this up, it might be a very worthwhile side-line?

Ann It's whiffy. Stale gravy is whiffy. And liable to degradation from bacteria etc etc.

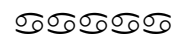
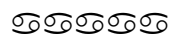
Heinrich Lacquer them. Or do I mean fire them in a pottery oven?

Manni That's the idea! And not just plates ... A whole range of bespoke crockery. Are these all beef stew jobs?

Lope *feigning outrage* "Beef stew"? Are you mad, woman? There you see before your appreciative gaze the bare remains of a master chef's craft: his stock in trade (or am I making a crappy pun, here?) "Beef stew"!

Manni *excited* When you market the crockery, you'll fit-up some really glossy, sophisticated pickies of your good selves consuming the main course prior to the artistic creation.

Lucy I'm envisaging you gents in formal wear: silver-service with a wine waiter standing by ready to pour a very potable Chablis.



Jacques is being interviewed about "Black Death". We get to see this interview as it is replayed on Steve's mobile phone (magnified up to full screen).

Interviewer You said something earlier that really clicked. What was that again?

Jacques "In the midst of life, we are in death".

Interviewer "In the midst of life, we are in death". And that sums up your latest cinema offering, doesn't it?

Jacques Yep, I think so.

Interviewer Sums it up to a tee. I mean: nobody in their farthest imaginings would have dreamed that a movie set in the time of the Black Death would have created such a wide interest. Yet it's almost become a pop film. Just incredible!

Jacques It's exceeded everyone's belief. Our expectations were ... Were that it would be a solid, robust tale about a doctor in the Middle Ages who –

Interviewer And you play the doctor?

Jacques Yes. He's called "Herman".

Interviewer A doctor who spits on his rusty instruments as a means of cleaning them?

Jacques Yes. Oh, yes! There are loads of scenes like that which make you puke. I mean because that's all they had. That's all the knowledge they had ... All the technology they had ... It's a wonder that anyone survived the Plague at all.

Interviewer But it's a macabre subject from Medieval times with a current-day message, isn't it?

Jacques That's right. Our metaphor was the speedy degradation of today's political arena under some unexpected and unwelcome pressure. External pressure. I was shown a map of the Northern

Hemisphere. It showed dark lines depicting the travels of the black rat from China. And wherever the rat landed, the Plague soon swept through the towns and villages.

Interviewer If a pandemic hit us now, we would have strategies in place to deal with affected patients and to prevent the spread of the disease. Back then, they didn't have a clue, did they?

Jacques My character (Doctor Herman) covered his mouth with a filthy cloth and then proceeded to lance boils, collecting the suppurating matter for burning. Then he would constantly pray. The depth and breadth of the pandemic utterly overpowered him. He had to watch his beloved fiancée die. Her beauty was eaten away and her rotten body was unceremoniously dumped in a mass grave. There was no time for anything else. He was crushed by woe and by the absolute futility of it all.

Interviewer And the political overtones?

Jacques There's a rich guy who tries everything to ward off the pestilence. He tells my character all about his whacky ideas. Then he packs a servant (along with his "friends") and some expensive possessions and high-tails it for the hills. In the metaphor this guy stands for the rank capitalist's knee-jerk reaction to his shares steadily dwindling in value. That's very simplistic, of course ... But that's kind of where that idea goes.

~~~~~

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*Outside the Majesty Hotel JanBennie is being interviewed. Several microphones are before her. She shouts out her grievances.*

JanBennie One of the most influential screenplay writers in Britain has been abducted by force by an exotic sect. Held against his will, Mr Michael Morton is even now trapped on the lower floor of this hotel ... This is the Majesty Hotel, London. Trapped and violated by --

Interviewer Ms Ramsgate – are you in fear for Mike Morton’s life? Is there a chance that -- ?

JanBennie Yes! The police have been summoned in a desperate effort to free Mr Morton. He has been pressured into speaking out against myself. My lawyers are preparing a case against those words that Mr Morton has uttered. However, I believe that he has made those comments under physical and emotional ... They are blackmailing him to say unkind and untrue things about me and I won’t tolerate this slander and libel any longer.

*There is a hubbub of media attention. Only random words can be made out.*

JanBennie *completely beyond control* I want Mike Morton to be freed from his Babylonian captivity and I want those fucking bastards that are holding him hostage to be shot on sight by the cops and I demand justice and retribution for this malicious outrage against me.

*[Afterthought]*

And Mr Morton, of course.

*There is a hubbub of media attention. Only random words can be made out.*

JanBennie They are plotting to spread false accusations against (not only myself) but the long-dead Merlyn Trichide and they will brand her as a sex-starved lesbian who was a Nazi traitor during World War I and World War II and Korea and Vietnam and Desert Storm. Every war going ... All that and more! They are offering up everyone who counts as a ceremonial sacrifice. The ultimate oblation to be

consumed in their vile writhing flames. They are unstoppable. The cops have to bomb this building if nothing else will serve.

END OF SCENE

## Movie In Postproduction: "Black Death" The Death Of Adelheid

### **III, Scene xi:** Movie in Postproduction: "Black Death".

*The music is stunning beautiful. It includes a choir singing soaring notes. The scene is aesthetic: a to-die-for woodland.*

*Doctor Herman's fiancée Adelheid is dead. She is dressed as a virgin or bride in pure white. Her face is covered with a white veil. She lies on a plinth with arms crossed.*

*Doctor Herman (desperately trying to control his emotions) slowly approaches. He is tentative. After a couple of seconds of delay he reaches out to pull back the veil (which hides Adelheid's face). Doctor Herman gives a loud gasp of shock. He quickly replaces the veil.*

Doctor Herman *bereft* Lord Redeemer (shepherd of your flock) take unto your exalted bosom the wretched body of your once beloved Adelheid. Raise her into the ranks of your Holy Martyrs. Let her earthly body become as a vapour that will transform itself into the shape of an angel. And ask the angel Adelheid to watch over me. For I shall try to carry on with my healing while ...

*Doctor Herman breaks down in sobs. Our camera moves back from the scene.*

END OF SCENE

## The Script Walk-Through For The Movie "Effigy"

### III, Scene xii: Continuation Of Trichide Movie From 1935.

*"Morocque". This scene follows on from earlier (from III, scene ii and then from III, scene vii).*

Lieutenant Clarke is played by Hollywood actor Ian Sturt who in turn is played by Steve.

Magdeleyne Croft is played by Trichide who in turn is played by Cheri.

*This is a Spanish-inspired poolside patio (starlit night) in 1935. There is a balmy breeze. Magdeleyne dances sensuously and slowly with an unidentified gentleman. They are very close. Magdeleyne wears a slinky, filmy gown. Somewhere in the distance romantic dance music is played by a band.*

*Magdeleyne hums along with the music. Every so often the gentleman kisses her.*

*With a shock of surprise, our camera encounters the unsteady figure of Lieutenant Clarke. He is drunk, dishevelled and carries a mean-looking handgun. The elegant couple stop dancing to gaze at Lieutenant Clarke.*

Gentleman *mocking*      Hey! We got ourselves a side-show. Is this Annie Oakley's brother, now? Or is this dude one of your former love interests?

Magdeleyne                Not sure that I recognize him ... Maybe if he took a wash and a shave ...

Lieutenant Clarke *wild*      My life lies in ruins at your feet. I can't ... I can't ...  
*with despair*

You **swore** to me that I was your sun, moon and stars. That's

what you said. You **swore** it.

That there would never be another.

You swore it, you swore it!

I gave up **everything** for you!

*Lieutenant Clarke sways about, trying to aim the gun at someone/anyone. Lieutenant Clarke grits his teeth. The gentleman pulls Magdeleyne to one side, reassuring her smoothly in a pleasant drawl.*

Gentleman *smirking* Oh, now don't you worry, dear lady.

My henchman Snookie Pine is lurking about. Hiding in the monstera, shouldn't wonder.

And he never misses. "One-shot-Pine" is his call sign, there.

*Lieutenant Clarke gets off a shot. It is wide of the mark, burying the bullet in a nearby palm tree.*

Gentleman *smirking* This mellow fellow at the State Fair won't win the cute, cuddly panda bear toy with a misfire like that one, though. More practice required do you reckon?

Lieutenant Clarke I'll kill you! I'm damn well gonna kill you both!  
*beyond help*

*Lieutenant Clarke raises his gun. His face is a study of wild anger. Pine suddenly appears and fires a single shot into Lieutenant Clarke's back. Lieutenant Clarke drops to the cold stones decorating the patio, dead.*

*The gentleman, Magdeleyne and Pine move slowly forward to stand over the body of what was once Lieutenant Clarke. There is not a shred of emotion evident. They are coldly indifferent.*

Pine You all witnessed that. He was gonna shoot Miss Croft if I hadn't got in first. And maybe even you too, sir.

*Magdeleyne and the Gentleman nod without much enthusiasm.*

Gentleman *suave* Maybe he just wanted to break up our little party, Snookie.

Pine *points to the body* Isn't this your Army boy, Miss Croft?

Magdeleyne Well, he certainly never was *mine*, Mr Pine.

I believe that he *was* in the Army, though: a Lieutenant. But they kicked him out. He went crazy, you know. Didn't get enough sleep (so I'm told).

END OF SCENE

## The Script Walk-Through For The Movie "Effigy"

### III, Scene xiv: Cheri Has A Minor Meltdown, Majesty Hotel.

*Everybody is as we left them in Act III, Scene vi.*

Cheri *sobbing* I hate her! I hate her! She had not one shred of remorse for what she did to her poor devotee. A callous she-wolf, that's what she was.

Charlie But what an actress! That was Trichide: raw, mysterious, beautiful. That's what you'll bring to our film, Cheri. You'll capture that.

Cheri *sniffs* Charlie, I'm sorry that I stormed off like I did. So unprofessional.

Thanks for being utterly understanding and wonderful.

*Charlie envelops Cheri in his arms and tries to soothe her sobs (just as he did for Manni).*

END OF SCENE

**Movie In Post-Production: "Black Death"**  
**Satyr Must Choose His Epitaph**

**III, Scene xv:** Movie in Post Production: "Black Death".

*This scene focuses on the choice of epitaph/sarcophagus at the manor of Lord Ainquith Satyr.*

*Satyr relaxes back in a commodious chair as he sips from a goblet of wine. Doctor Herman closely studies Satyr's palm as he consults star charts.*

Satyr *with humour*            Do you find that Venus aligns with Jupiter, my friend?

Doctor Herman *dry*            I care not for your sensual appetites, My Lord. It is your corporeal substance that concerns my art.

*Housekeeper Beatrice enters, gesturing the entrance of Waning esq. The latter (holding several rolled parchments) bows low to Satyr.*

Beatrice                        Lordship, your man of the graves is come to consult with you.  
                                           Waning Esquire, Sir.

*Beatrice turns to leave but is stopped by Satyr's next words. Waning esq continues to bow obsequiously.*

Satyr *commanding*            Beatrice! You stay! I do not trust my own instincts here, and so you shall help me to judge.

*Doctor Herman looks surprised and stands. It is evident that he finds the interview with Waning esq distasteful.*

Doctor Herman                You would take heed of the musings of your housewoman, Sir

Ainquith?

Satyr                                    Come forward, Waning. Present your sketchings for my approval. And "yes" ... I'll certainly hear with open ears what Beatrice might ponder. She is ever astute (even for a skivvy).

*Waning esq presents the first parchment with great dignity and theatricality. It is a standard effigy of a caparisoned knight lying on his back, with hands in prayer mode.*

Waning esq                            Here is our very popular "Knight Couchant". Recumbent. *Gisant*.

*Satyr gives the drawing close attention before waving it towards Beatrice. She steps forward lightly to retrieve the drawing and give it close attention.*

Doctor Herman                        This is all very grim ... Surely while life courses in your veins 'tis not the proper time to –

Satyr                                    But Herman: one's afraid to hit the bed each night. What if that's it, Doctor? What if one does not awaken from the slumber of the just? And then to find that hard-faced strangers are wrapping one's corpus tight in linen shrouds ready for even more grim-faced strangers (bearing picks and shovels) to toss one into the pit?

Beatrice *reasonable*                This one's like everyone else's. You'd want yours to be different.

*Beatrice hands the parchment back to Waning esq.*

Satyr *alert*                            Aye, Beatrice. You are in the right of it. There's no motif in the "Knight Couchant" model. No worms, no ashes and dust, no depiction of decomposition. No decay of what once stood for Beauty.

Doctor Herman                        Good God!  
*appalled*

Satyr                                    I shall not drift out of the world nestled in the warm bosom of loved ones but be chucked unceremoniously into the hard,

receiving earth immediately upon breathing my last breath.

How transitory and perishable is life! And all that makes up the objects in our lives. Except for water and silver and gold, everything else melts and rots away.

Next!

*Bowing again, Waning esq hands over another piece of parchment to Satyr.*

Waning esq                    Here Your Lordship would be reclining, but reaching up towards Our Lord Jesus Christ ... or the Lady Virgin Mary ... or a saint of your choosing ...

Satyr                            That's more the thing. That's more the style of thing! But no ghastly horror.

Waning esq                    I could so easily represent Your Lordship as a skeleton, complete with worms, if that is your desire.

*Waning esq passes over another parchment depicting a transi tomb.*

*Doctor Herman turns away, horrified as Beatrice retrieves the latest offerings and nods wisely as she studies them.*

Waning esq                    We call this one "The Rotted Man" effigy. It is not quite as popular as –

Doctor Herman                On the continent, such a ghastly sarcophagus is termed "a transi tomb".

*Waning esq bows in acknowledgement.*

*Satyr's face is wreathed in smiles.*

Doctor Herman                Sir! This morbid focus on death cannot possibly further your present state of health!

*Satyr is spoiling for an argument.*

Satyr                   The Dance of Death: we are dragged kicking and screaming into this Danse Macabre and cannot say nay (for all your insistence that we should, Doctor).

Beatrice               Black are the rose petals. Withered: yet their scent remains.

Satyr                   Aye! Aye!

Gentlemen! (And madam) I give to you the Triumph of Decay. Let not my tomb suggest to future generations (let there be no doubt!) that I died at God's will as a worthless sinner (consorting with filthy harlots in a stew or drunkenly falling from a boat into the Thames River). No! No! My effigy will speak of the Grim Reaper gathering my putrid remains and handing them on to Eternity ***with Divine indifference*** when I was a good man on this Earth and always bound for Heaven (not Hell).

*Here Doctor Herman grunts in disgust. Satyr points at Doctor Herman.*

Satyr                   I know what is wrong with you, my dear chap! You still smart from the loss of your beloved Adelheid. What can you tell us of that?

Doctor Herman *crisp*   Grief overcame me, but still I forced myself to approach her foetid remains (her Earthly guise) for one last kiss. Lifting her veil, I saw what could not otherwise be described as nauseating. Thus (to the surprise of no-one) there was no last kiss. *Dolor vicit me.*

Satyr                   Make the most of your youth, young Doctor Herman. The arch-fiend Death comes to anyone at any time, be they ever so high or low.

Look you! I am even now making a list here on this parchment: all those of fame and great importance whom God has plucked from our ken during this pestilence. Sundry pilgrims troop to my portals and inform my servants of these obits: for the cost of a thick crust of bread and a bowl of hot soup. They come in droves, validating

previous reports more times than not. My housewoman here will vouch for the truth of this.

And such deaths! The peripatetics speak of twisted torsos: groaning, writhing, shouting out for God's mercy.

If not for our overwhelming fear of God's wrath, we should spend every waking moment copulating with the many beautiful wenches that abound ... Before their beauty withers. We should do it ...

*Beatrice runs out of the room in shock.*

*A silence falls on the male trio. The Doctor spies a posy of bright flowers and hands it to Satyr.*

Doctor Herman            Always have your nosegay with you, to ward-off foul, tainted air.

*Satyr absently stares at the flowers as he sips his wine, singing "Ring-a-ring a rosie A pocket full of posy ..."*

*Satyr sighs long and hard.*

Satyr                        Let me have another look at the transi tomb ... That might be the boy for me ...

*The camera closes-in on the charcoal sketch of the transi tomb.*

*Waning esq nods hopefully.*

*Satyr snaps his fingers. He has made a momentous decision.*

Satyr                        That's what I'll do! My party of friends shall join me: we'll make a bolt for the hills. Where there is no corruption.

Waning esq *gentle*        You'll order the -- ?  
*enquiry*

Satyr *impatient*            Yes! Yes! The transi tomb. Write me up for it.

*[Patronising]*

There's a nice little man!

Now go out of this room and find my woman Beatrice. She must assist me to prepare for my travels and travails.

END OF SCENE

END OF ACT III

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## ACT IV

**Trichide Movie From Several Years Previously  
"The Windmill Tavern" Cabaret PART V**

**IV, Scene i:** From The Trichide Film "Nostra" of 1928.

Again, it is Cheri who plays Trichide (portraying Kitty-Cat).

The Ethereal Church.

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*Max is now a derelict – a hopeless alcoholic and beggar. Sepia tones will dominate as we see the pathetic man (once a leading light in society) shuffling in his rags towards the Cabaret. He is roughly refused admittance by uniformed ushers at the front doors.*

*Max (in total despair) flummoxes about in the laneway outside the stage door. The stage door is guarded by a thickset thug who yells abuse at Max in German. Max stumbles, falling heavily on his back. Max grunts and groans as he hauls himself up. He lets out a wailing cry for help.*

Max *grumbles to himself, weeping*                      Just let me see her ...  
I want to see my love ...  
My Kitty-Cat ...  
I just want to see her ...

*With great effort, Max extracts a small bottle of vodka from his pocket and swigs down a large mouthful. He slakes the back of his hand over his face.*

*The camera backs away. We can now see the members of the congregation leaving the church. They shake hands with Pastor Ben (who is robed) as they depart. One of the male congregants stops short, frowning across the road at Max. He speaks in a pompous way to his wife and teenage sons.*

Male #1                                      There! Do you see that, my dear?  
  
Mark well the wages of sin, boys. Have you any idea who that man is? Or was?  
  
*[Wags an admonitory finger]*  
  
My dearest family: we are gazing at the wreck of one of our community's most respected and vibrant assets (once-that-was). He has brought himself to this pass by means of hard liquor and wanton women. Tsk!

*Several other parishioners along with Pastor Ben have gathered around this family.*

Pastor Ben                                      Long hours have I prayed for God to guide this poor sinner down the right path.

Female #1                    Amen to that, Pastor Ben. Amen to that. Let him be saved through Our Lord's grace and tender ministrations.

Female #2                    Dear Pastor: may we not rescue this man? Let us take him in hand with true Christian charity.

Male #1                      I see no need for such an effort. Clearly, the Devil has taken this person under his wing and means to enlist him in his troop of --

Female #1                    Oh no! We must help. Let us go even now to provide comfort. Come!

*Several parishioners charge across the road. We see them escort Max (with kindness and encouragement) towards the church. Pastor Ben welcomes Max (and his entourage) with a smile and arms spread wide.*

*Meanwhile, Male #1 and his family march off (noses in the air). However, one of the teenage sons looks back (eyes wide open).*

### The Cabaret in 1928.

*Just as Max is assisted into the church, a babble of excited laughter is heard at the front doors of the Cabaret. Kitty-Cat is surrounded by a host of merry-makers (all male). Kitty-Cat adores being the centre of attention. Wearing the fur stole which Max gave her, and dripping in diamonds, Kitty-Cat touches the cheeks of her adoring fans (with her fingertips). Then she is whisked away in a swell limousine. As many of her acolytes as can possibly fit squeeze themselves into the limo.*

*We hear much male mirth, along with the high-pitched squeals (delighted) of Kitty-Cat.*

END OF SCENE

## Insights Into Trichide's Private Life

### **IV, Scene ii:** Major Wynyard Coodey Flies A Patriotic Flag, 1934.

Major Wynyard Coodey is played by Lope Cummings.

*Richmond Virginia 1934.*

*Major Coodey is the sole occupant of a very robust office in a US Army building. He works in a dedicated fashion on many folders crammed with papers. He wears reading glasses to do so.*

*There is a knock at the door. Major Coodey does not look up.*

Major Coodey                      Come!

*The door swings open. The orderly salutes.*

Orderly *announcement*    Mr Eduard Gerron and Mr Jean Albers, sir.

*Major Coodey stands.*

Major Coodey                      Okay. We're not to be disturbed for any reason (even if war is declared).

*The orderly nods. He admits the two men into the office, then he shuts the door securely as he leaves. Gerron and Albers both shake hands with Major Coodey.*

*Major Coodey indicates chairs for the two visitors. He walks swiftly to the drinks tray on a sideboard.*

Major Coodey                      Do you gentlemen care for refreshment? I could of course have tea or coffee brought to a handy spot outside the door ...

Albers                                Scotch will be just fine. Splash of soda water. Thanks.

*Gerron nods.*

Gerron                                Same.

Now we can be assured of complete secrecy here? I trust that there are no listening devices?

Major Coodey I've instructed my orderly to disconnect all radio and sound equipment. Be assured, gentlemen that what is said within these walls shall remain bound by the honour of this discussion.

Albers Well, we have inbuilt deniability ... So if you slip-up Major Coodey, then Albers and Gerron cease to exist. Poof! Gone in a puff of smoke like the crowning trick of some charlatan. Leaving you with the proverbial egg on your face.

*Major Coodey has handed out the drinks and sits. He makes himself comfortable.*

Major Coodey Well?

*The two men glance at each other. Gerron nods slightly. Albers takes a breath and then launches into speech.*

Albers Right! I'll be brutal from right off the bat. It saves time. Officially a lovely and popular movie starlet is servicing your sexual requirements. She does this in order to encourage you to keep secret her true identity. The Nazis in Berlin would make a meal of her family were they to know what she is up to.

Major Coodey *smirks* Yes. That little farrago has kept me in stitches for some time. A Hollywood beauty entangled with me! Ha!

*Albers goes into meltdown. He bangs down his drink on the nearest level area.*

Albers *angry* It's not funny! There's no humour in this!

Gerron Quite right! We absolutely require you to take this matter seriously, Major Coodey.

*Gerron stands, in a savage temper.*

Gerron The importance of this moment (when we two men offer you a

world-shattering proposition) cannot be overstated.

Take it or leave it, Major!

Major Coodey *shrugs* Do you really believe that I would risk my honour and reputation in such a crass, careless way? A woman?

*Gerron resumes his seat. He leans forward.*

Gerron Major! This female individual (known to many as Miss Trichide) is playing a hoodwink. We know that she gives (freely and without shame) her womanly favours to many men of many political colourations. And we all know how perilous pillow talk can be ...

*Major Coodey leans forward.*

Major Coodey Yes, our ideas coincide. I agree one hundred percent.

We can use such a female. Think of it! By promising to protect her family back in the Rhineland, this woman's wiles and sexual appetite can be channelled to our advantage. The suggested "pillow talk" might open up new, strategic channels of information.

Albers A modern-day Mata Hari, you would say?

*Major Coodey nods, then relaxes back into his chair. He finishes his drink. With a meaningful gesture, Major Coodey offers the visitors more refreshment. Both men swill down their drinks. Major Coodey stands in order to pour more drinks.*

Major Coodey Same again?

Albers Please.

*There is a break in the discussion. With new drinks in hand, the three men relax. Gerron even swings his leg.*

Gerron A talented actress. And marvellous at changing her looks with cosmetics, wigs, different voices ... We might school her in such a



## The Script Walk-Through For The Movie “Effigy”

### **IV, Scene iii:** Our Special Low Point, Majesty Hotel.

*This is the long-awaited low-point of this movie.*

*Apart from Mike and Charlie, the males will work at finger-painting on plates. Their medium will be portions of stew and Vietnamese noodles. Each man will reproduce (quite by accident) the effigy which Satyr chose (the transi tomb).*

Heinrich *to Charlie*            Vanitas. This shall be my tour de force. My life on Earth will cease with my demise, but the photographs of me will kick on. So shall these tributes to the food that I ate. We'll place these artistically alongside a clock, an hourglass, a burned-out candle, my skull (that all the crows have picked over). And a snap of myself playing Vindice. Suitably framed in gold, I opine. Bunch of grapes ... Some hard cheese ...

*Mike looks on, delighted. He mutters “Memento Mori” as he views the gravy/sauce artwork.*

Steve                                We plan to buy these plates from the Establishment, take them away, glaze them and then fire them in a pottery kiln. Such that the Art de Sauce will be commemorated forever.

Ann *appalled*                    You are joking, aren't you?

Lucy *pulling a face*            That's totally disgusting.

Manni *pulling a face*            Gross! Gross out!

*Lope rushes up, holding very, very ultra-thin cellophane noodles in his hands. Sauce from the noodles drips onto the carpet.*

Lope                                Hey guys! I winkled these guts out of the Vietnamese salad. They'll give a verisimilitude (is that a real word? Or one of T. S. Eliot's?) – a sense of realism to the rotting carcasses. What do ya



Need to be more grounded.

Heinrich *worried* With costumes and coiffes?

Charlie *shrugs* I thought it might help.

Cheri Nothing will help! Trichide now can't be saved; not now that we know what we know.

Charlie And what exactly do we now know?

*Interruption just as Lope is about to speak.*

Steve I just recalled the most –

When we performed "Blades and Cables" and the backs of the gowns weren't fastened properly and Mab's hair extensions fell out everywhere and we could hear the rustle of foil sweetie wrappers and the titter of pimply schoolgirls.

Ann And! What about that infamous "bread-and-butter pudding" scene! We all rolled about, laughing our heads off. Don't you remember? By the end of the night, the b-and-b had developed an orange ooze.

Steve And Steg had to gobble it down without being sick.

Ann Every performance.

Cheri Did they really make a real bread-and-butter –

Ann Custard it was! Yes! Charlie! Your missus baked one every day and 2 on Saturday for the matinee as well.

Charlie *dreamy* Mmmmmm ... I do recall something culinary along those lines.

Steve And one time, she ran out of sultanas, so she substituted choc chips instead. After that, Steg suggested – nay, demanded! – choc

chips from then on.

Charlie Do you think that we could possibly drift back to the walk-through?

Ann *delighted* Oh! Isn't it wonderful that we stayed friends for so many years? And able to still giggle about our past theatrical "triumphs"?

Sorry, Charlie ...

Steve *chuckles* I understand from well-connected sources that Steg simply can't face custard puddings since then.

Yes, sorry, Charlie ...

END OF SCENE

## Movie In Post-Production: "Black Death"

**IV, Scene iv:** Our Special High Point in "Black Death".

*Beatrice has been busy. Using clothing and masks, she has roughly stitched together some "friends" (that she has stuffed with straw).*

*Two sad horses have been harnessed to a pompous medieval carriage. Casks, cases and chests have been loaded on board and are corded into place. How Satyr and Beatrice achieved this is not discussed.*

*The stuffed "friends" are loaded into the carriage by Beatrice who simply plonks them into place. She then climbs up into the passenger seat.*

*Satyr pokes and prods the stuffed "friends". He rearranges them on the seats of the carriage.*

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Satyr                                    You see? These are the best friends that a man might have. They argue with me not. Nor do they take a Christian stance (thin-lipped, even sharp-eyed) when I transgress.

Effigies of my friends. The best kind!

*Satyr (puffing from all this activity) clambers up into the driver's seat. His posey of flowers is gripped between his teeth.*

Beatrice                                Do we not await Doctor Herman's attendance?

*Satyr shouts "Walk on!" to the horses. Things go along. The horses are incredibly slow.*

Satyr                                    He would not attend. He is in one of his holier-than-thou moods and should not budge.

Beatrice                                I warn you, Sir, that I too am most unwilling to go with you. No undue advantage is to be taken of me, save that I am your ever-reliant servant.

*Satyr laughs*                            And none will be. Assure yourself of that. I may be forced to put my noble self into the character of driver. But there the resemblance will end.



Satyr                                    What a world of wonder will lay before us as we hasten away to dwell free of contagion in the hills, Mistress Beatrice.

Shepherds will tend their flocks. Milkmaids will dawdle by carrying heavy buckets of creamy milk. Hog reeves will rootle and tootle about in the great strands of oak hereabout (that the pigs might gorge on lush acorns).

Which reminds me: are you able to tootle on the flute, then, Madame?

Beatrice *sniffs* I was never accorded that learning, Sire.

Satyr *put out* Hmph! Not the answer I wanted. I need a flautist to lull my driving.

Beatrice Then be reasonable, Sir Ainquith. Give me the reins that you might sleep or read or flute.

Satyr *appalled* A woman? A woman to tool the renowned Sir Ainquith Satyr about the countryside in a valiant effort to outrun the scourge? Are you utterly mad?

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

Beatrice drives and sings. Beside her is Satyr in a very happy mood. He also sings. Beside Satyr is Taffy who plays delightful ditties on a wooden recorder. Taffy is a chance-met fellow traveller.

Satyr Well done, young Taffy! Well done!

Beatrice Very nice. I know that one. It was "The Lazy Footman".

Satyr Yes indeed, my dear. A nice ditty played in C sharp.

Thank God for the major key. I tell you in all sincerity that the dolour of a minor key would destroy me.

[Sad sigh]

These so-called "friends" of mine who will accompany me to the safety of the wild woods are nothing but mummies. Because (Taffy) the real friends who might have caroused and sung alongside me were snatched from me by the Devil. I curse him

and all his sides. Let him cook in his own vapours, the
contumacious rogue ...

Taffy is uncertain what to say. Beatrice drives on in silence. Satyr is overcome by sadness. He weeps quietly.

Beatrice *rousing* Come, Sire! Shall we have Taffy delight us with another turn?

Satyr *sadly* Oh how I wish that Doctor Herman might have been persuaded ...

Taffy *encouraging* Don't ask me about major or minor. All I know is how to play for
my company. A bright jig to dance to. A sweet air for the man of
romance who wills to sway a stubborn filly. A solemn march to the
beat of drums. The pain of death rendered wood-wise.

Satyr Then won't you play a jolly jig. Play it and mayhap my effigies will
come to life.

Taffy I'll play in the requisite key (if your Lordship pleases). Whiles I
tootle, you may sing. And if them rag dolls should up and join us,
then we can rake a gold coin or two for the favour.

Taffy and Satyr laugh delightedly. Then Taffy begins with his recorder playing.

END OF SCENE

Trichide Movie From Several Years Previously
Desert scene from “Blight” (A Proposed Movie)

IV, Scene v: An Older Trichide In The Australian Desert, 1960s.

Here Ann plays Trichide.

The parched desert of Australia. On a hot day, Trichide stands alone in the wilderness of the outback. Kangaroos hop about lazily in the background. There is a vaguely-defined track. Trichide stands beside this track with a large weather-beaten bag or holdall beside her.

Our camera will drink-in the stark, raw beauty of the Outback as it does a 360 degree focus on Trichide.

Steve *voice-over* Her cool yet smouldering face would not ask for anything. Any fantasy seemed plausible. It simply existed: waiting, androgynous. That angular face awaited expression: what dream would it become? As if a desert might be populated: there were so many possibilities in that empty face.

Heinrich *voice-over* It was poignant ... even piquant ...

Ann *voice-over* Oh Lord! You’ve swallowed a Thesaurus again, haven’t you?

Lope *voice-over* Didn’t the nubile (not to mention “nude”) Trichide flit between sylvan ponds in one of her earliest celluloid offerings?

Manni *voice-over* No, dearest. You’re mistaken. That was Hedy. Hedy Lamarr.

Jacques *voice-over* Now **there** was beauty!

Cheri *voice-over* What’s this magazine article you’re diving into? “Famous Hollywood Suicides?” Trichide didn’t kill herself.

Ann *voice-over* Of course not! No, I just want to get myself emotionally into the frame.

Jacques *voice-over* She might have contemplated suicide ... Lesbianism ... Nazism ... Double-cross and double-jeopardy ...

Charlie *voice-over* She didn't. That's why our picture will be a robust vehicle.

Steve *voice-over* Ah yes! "Robust" and "Evocative". Just like "Black Death".

Big bugs have little bugs upon their backs to bite 'em.

The little bugs have littler bugs and so *ad infinitum*.

The grand music now kicks in. A full symphony orchestra plays a beefed-up version of "Where Have All The Flowers Gone?"

Our camera backs away from Trichide. We can see the plume of dust following a Landrover which approaches Trichide. It stops where she stands. She chucks into the vehicle her capacious bag, then jumps in beside the driver. The car takes off.

Lucy *voice-over* Wasn't there a film that she made Down Under about a couple of gold thieves? Set in the Outback?

Heinrich *voice-over* Rubbish! Not her style at all. That's too far of a remove.

Charlie *voice-over* I agree. I've never heard of such a film.

Mike *voice-over* No ... Can't place it ...

FADE OUT TO END THIS SCENE

The Script Walk-Through For The Movie "Effigy"

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IV, Scene vi: Reaching A Common Ground, Majesty Hotel.

Back in the boardroom, Heinrich is waxing lyrical.

Heinrich *sighs* Whatever you say, she **deserved** such a film.

Lope Just wouldn't have happened, mate.

Heinrich It's a quintessential, seminal --

Cheri Cut to the chase, Old Toot.

Steve *to Heinrich* Do you really lull yourself to sleep at night with a good Thesaurus?
I know I do! God bless Roget!

Jacques I want to say something.

But Jacques does not speak.

Charlie *prompts* Go on then. We're listening.

Jacques I waxed lyrical about my other film (you know, the plague thingy)
being a nod to the corruption of political figures and their ilk.

But I'm now working around to ... To the concept of the
inevitability of fame causing downfall (both moral and physical).

Charlie Nuh! Don't buy it. Yes, some goonies definitely fall off the shelf
once fame pushes them upwards. They don't handle the adulation
and so fall apart. Drinking, drugs, irresponsible spending ...

However, you cannot liken the acquisition of "celebrity" with a
disease that sweeps the nations, destroying most of everybody
that it touches. That does not equate with the thousands of celebs
who are doing alright, thank you very much.

Mike *nods* Nicely put.

Jacques subsides.

Manni turns to Ann.

Manni *softly* We have a scene coming up where I play her daughter Mary. You (Trichide as mother) cradle me in your arms (even though I'm over 21). Let's try it!

Ann is surprised. She thought that Manni hated her guts and might not be able to act with her.

Ann *nods* I'd love to. I'd love to.

END OF SCENE

The Script Walk-Through For The Movie "Effigy"

IV, Scene vii: The Boardroom, Majesty Hotel.

Charlie's read-through is continuing. However (as usual) it suffers a series of interruptions.

Ann Do you want me to tear-up? I mean during the laying back on the cushions scene?

Charlie Yes. Nice touch.

All the people wriggle about and stretch. Jacques yawns, then excuses himself.

Charlie *to all* Well?

Lope It's genius. Well done, Mike. You've nailed it, man.

Mike grins in a self-conscious way.

Steve Love it. Love it.

Cheri I just wish that she'd been a nicer person.

Lucy What's left, then? I mean my understanding is that we go into proper production tomorrow?

Charlie Yes. Everyone on stand-by until you get my call. We'll be centred in Surrey (Shepperton). Your contact there is Corey Lum. I have all the deets: will distribute that later.

[Long look and long sigh]

Well done everyone! Especially to you Mike. A huge thank you, mate. Wonderful work!

There is a rousing round of applause. Mike blushes furiously.

Charlie Anything else before we go?

Cheri Yeah. One from me.

What did Bentham Lylle have on Trichide? He intimated that he could blackmail her if need be.

Charlie Mike? Any goss on that?

Mike begins to speak when he is interrupted by Lope.

Lope *disgusted* Oh! That was a flagrant furphy that Trish was spreading VD. Transmissible disease. A grand and marvellous crock to discredit someone you didn't like. Toss it out!

Mike nods. Then his phone rings. He answers it.

The assembled colleagues look about. Charlie seems to have lost the plot. Jacques inadvertently brings him back to earth.

Jacques *mocking* Charlie. You seem to be very supportive. Those broad shoulders – when I become so fall-down drunk that you have to scrape me off the footpath with an advertising hoarding – may I not weep upon

you? With my arms draped about your neck? May I not sob out my unmanly distress on your person?

Charlie *grins* Go and do the other thing – and do it hard and fast!

Ann and Cheri stand, as if about to leave. Mike waves his mobile phone.

Mike Word from my solicitor. Ms Ramsgate is suing me for unfair dismissal. Shall that mean court, do you imagine?

Jacques *laughs* Bound to!

Lope We'll all give you a solid (and quite believable) character reference. Won't we?

Now there is a general shuffling, standing, stretching, leaving.

Jacques is pleased beyond measure. He speaks on a mobile phone.

Jacques Bit hard to hear ...

Did you say that we have a release date in ... ?

Super! Great news! Charlie Vantis is pressing ahead with this one so I'll be in the thick of my Rudolph Meyer role just as my Doctor Herman hits the silver screen. Some of the guys here are more than impressed. Given me such a shot of confidence and --

Amazing! Yeah, I'm stoked, man!

Jacques (absurdly happy) hangs up.

Charlie Gentlemen! (And ladies if we have any left ...)

We shall adjourn to the bar. Drinkies are on the house (as it were).

Mike, Steve, Lope, Heinrich and Jacques seem pleased with this development and haul themselves off. However, Heinrich pauses to address Charlie.

Heinrich This has all come together rather well. Do you agree?

Charlie Absolutely! Yes! The casting has been superb. Trichide will live and breathe again. Along with her Idrich von Tannenberger.

Heinrich *very definite* He made her. That sounds simplistic and banal, but it's a statement of fact, nevertheless.

He made her.

Heinrich and Charlie follow the others.

The boardroom is silent. Scattered about on the table are stills of Trichide as a young woman. Our camera drinks in her loveliness.

END OF SCENE

Movie In Post-Production: "Black Death"

IV, Scene viii: Movie in Post Production: "Black Death".

Doctor Herman half-lies on the ground, supported only by the gravestone of his beloved. I realize that we claimed that Adelheid was bundled into an unmarked grave. However, a tombstone was placed in a useful spot.

Beatrice (who has drifted back from her sojourn with Satyr) is accompanied by the Old Man. They are both worn out with worry and despair. Both people carry large bunches of field flowers.

Old Man *worried* Horrible portents light the dark, smoky sky. Look you!

Master Herman! Doctor! Young girlies are come to pick the flowers
... Life drifts on, think you.

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Beatrice *sadly* That there gentleman is past caring. He has thrown himself in the river (as it were).

Doctor Herman
whispers God take me ... Leave me to my misery no longer ... Take me up that I may join the army of angels ...

Old Man *to Beatrice* See?

That ruined man slumped over there? He that be our doctor?

He has seen the earth split open ... He has seen dead bodies rise from their final resting places as ashen skeletons take once more to the air.

A blast of foul wind has knocked him down, poor wretch.

Mistress Beatrice! Where can we look now for comfort if the man of Physic drops into ruination and misery? What hope now for us?

Beatrice sadly shakes her head. The Old Man and Beatrice watch as Doctor Herman's shoulders shake with his sobs. Then the Old Man and Beatrice set to work collecting hedgerow flowers.

END OF SCENE

IV, Scene ix: Empty Boardroom, Majesty Hotel.

Our camera is in the boardroom, concentrating on the large TV screen. We can just make out the backs of the people who have vacated the room. Allow us to realize that the room is empty.

The TV screen displays "noise". Then another program appears. This program proceeds from a couple of minutes in.

Ann plays the part of Trichide in voice-over.

Trichide smokes and drinks. She is thoughtful. She looks away from the camera to some distant point.

Trichide Regrets? Yes ...

My most pressing regret must be that I did not pen a large exposé of my life. A bio ... So many rumours ...

One day some poor sod will drag my sad story out of mothballs to produce that compulsory bio. About me. And they'll get it all wrong since I never revealed my true self to anyone. Not to my husband, nor my daughter, nor to Idrich ... He came close, of course ...

If I had been able to get off even half the deeds I'm supposed to have ... God! I'd have been some sort of vixen, huh?

Trichide is very thoughtful as she slowly draws on her cigarette. A man's voice is heard to murmur. His words cause Trichide to smile, with a wistful lift of her eyebrows.

Trichide My family? Aw, they fled Germany even before I did. Yes, some idiot blabbed about a glorious manor house belonging to my folks. Hah! Some hope of that! But I played along with that mendacity. It served my purposes.

There is more male murmuring. Trichide (sad and tired) shrugs.

Trichide Oh, I was apparently sleeping with this one and that one. Busy passing on the pox without fear or favour.

[Burst of ironic laughter]

You know, if you really don't care for the good opinion of others then you don't care. Let them say what they like! Under the shadow of the gallows, we all say what people want to hear.

Trichide stares at the wall and then takes a swig of her drink.

Trichide My conscience is clear.

Look! If you must pen something about my regrets, then pen this: I loved to see the faces of the fans when I visited them in their hospitals or hospices ... I regret that I did not get to see everyone of them! I tried ... Believe me ... I tried ...

Write that, will you?

END OF SCENE

END OF ACT IV

END OF MOVIE

End titles roll through over the scattered photos of Trichide in her heyday.