



Page 2: INTRODUCTION

Page 3: WHAT TO LOOK OUT FOR

Page 5: SPECIAL BOGART MOMENTS

Page 8: PRONUNCIATION OF LIEUTENANT AND OF WAGNER

Page 9: PRELUDE TO A FIGHT AT THE OPERA HOUSE

Page 10 and following: A FIGHT AT THE OPERA HOUSE

---

© June 2013 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

THIS DOCUMENT IS SOLELY OWNED BY QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE and is intended solely for use as an entertainment. QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE retains exclusive and inalienable rights to this document, which may not be reproduced in any way without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. Any disclosure, reproduction, copying, distribution, or other dissemination or use of this document or of the intellectual property contained in this document is strictly prohibited without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. ([www.qld-tm.net.au](http://www.qld-tm.net.au))

**INTRODUCTION:**

San Francisco May 1932.

Zeke Cornel (police detective) is a doppelgänger for the great film noir actor Humphrey Bogart.

Zeke travels to Sydney, Australia with his side-kick in pursuit of criminal Dink Pinkus.

Things change for Zeke once he investigates the prop (of a sailing ship) used in the 1930's at His Majesty's Theatre (Sydney). This "Der fliegende Holländer" prop mystically transports Zeke and his pal to current day Sydney.

Now this all comes about because the Federation Of Australian Rugby is celebrating its bicentennial by staging a tribute to the operas of Richard Wagner. This extravaganza takes place mainly at the Tennis Centre and at the Sydney Opera House.

Without giving too much away, our hero Zeke winds up on the Opera House stage.



The Wagner operafest is challenged on two fronts.

First, the men who are staging this show do not have a clue about opera. Their consuming passion is motor cars: driving, racing, and manoeuvring them on a special track which will weave in and out of the Sydney Opera House. They truly believe that their production is top-notch. They cast an American professional wrestler as one of Wagner's villains. Another villain (a dwarf) will be played by a very tall OzFooty player.

Second, Wagner's heroes will be played by stars of F.O.A.R. – none of whom rate higher than bathroom baritones.

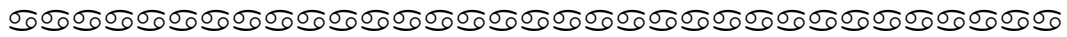
**WHAT TO LOOK OUT FOR**

My absolute favourite scene is the funeral of Siegfried.

Look out for this scene at page 153:

**ACT V, Scene xi:** Saturday Night, A Fight At The Opera House, Part II

If you can't be bothered with all the other derring-do, at least cop an optic at this one.



I also love the big argument which surrounds Brad, Mark and Terry trying to load Tristan, IsYoung and Brangane onto the mock Ormolu Ferry in an effort to stage the "Liebestod".

This classic scene is located at page 114:

**ACT IV, Scene vi:** Mark & Brad Sort Out The Vexed Problem Of Tristan And IsYoung

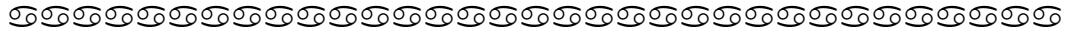
Best if read aloud (and overact as much as possible!)



And the fight? Brad slugs Mark (knocking him out cold) – with appalling results.

**ACT V, Scene x:** Saturday Night, A Fight At The Opera House, Part I

Page 147.



Most people seem to have forgotten (or would rather not remember!) that the opening of the Sydney Harbour Bridge was marred by controversy.

Here's what WIKI says:

The bridge was formally opened on Saturday, 19 March 1932. Among those who attended and gave speeches were the Governor of New South Wales, Sir Philip Game, and the Minister for Public Works, Lawrence Ennis. The Premier of New South Wales, Jack Lang, was to open the bridge by cutting a ribbon at its southern end.

However, just as Lang was about to cut the ribbon, a man in military uniform rode up on a horse, slashing the ribbon with his sword and opening the Sydney Harbour Bridge in the name of the people of New South Wales before the official ceremony began. He was promptly arrested. The ribbon was hurriedly retied, and Lang performed the official opening ceremony and Game thereafter inaugurated the name of the bridge as Sydney Harbour Bridge and the associated roadway as the Bradfield Highway. After they did so, there was a 21-gun salute and a Royal Australian Air Force flypast. The intruder was identified as Francis de Groot. He was convicted of offensive behaviour and fined £5 after a psychiatric test proved he was sane, but this verdict was reversed on appeal. De Groot then successfully sued the Commissioner of Police for wrongful arrest and was awarded an undisclosed out of court settlement. De Groot was a member of a right-wing paramilitary group called the New Guard, opposed to Lang's leftist policies and resentful of the fact that a member of the British royal family had not been asked to open the bridge. De Groot was not a member of the regular army, but his uniform allowed him to blend in with the real cavalry. This incident was one of several involving Lang and the New Guard during that year.

We've gone one better. As well as De Groot, Mick (the horse) with its owner Margo and the re-enactment of the furore, Zeke will assist De Groot in his masterstroke.

**ACT IV, Scene viii:** The Rocks Just Prior To The Big Ceremony

Page 122.

*I had to move the Bridge Opening from March to May to fit the F.O.A.R. diary. Sorry to the purists.*

## **SPECIAL BOGART MOMENTS**

### **ACT II, Scene i:** Night Time, A Dark Street In San Francisco

NOD TO "THE MALTESE FALCON" [SAM SPADE].

The time is May 1932. Zeke Cornel is very reminiscent of Dashiell Hammett's "Sam Spade". He is sardonic, hard-boiled, and lacks sympathy for those around him. There is a self-deprecating humour about Zeke.

### **ACT II, Scene ii:** An Office In A Police Station In San Francisco

Remaining in May 1932, Detective Inspector Zeke Cornel is sent to Sydney along with his side-kick Detective Sergeant Roy Putney. Their police captain (O'Hearn) is straight out of any gumshoe movie from the '30's. He is an irascible curmudgeon.

### **ACT III, Scene i:** Night Time In The Driving Rain, Manderlay Malaya

NOD TO "THE AFRICAN QUEEN".

We relive that marvellous John Huston direction which featured the Rose Sayer character ordering the Charlie Allnut character out of her shelter under the canvas awning on the African Queen. Dripping wet, Bogart closes right in on the camera: a wonderful scene! He repeats that action here (only this time it is the maid Rose who gives him permission to enter).

**ACT II, Scene iv:** The First Fleet Hotel, The Rocks, Sydney

NOD TO "CASABLANCA".

"Of all the gin joints in all the towns ..."

Zeke and Roy are staying (without a single vestige of comfort) in The Rocks, Sydney.

**ACT VI, Scene i:** On The Opera House Stage, Zeke Delivers His Soliloquy

**NOD TO "THE PETRIFIED FOREST"**

**DUKE MANTEE WITH HIS GANG**

I worship the interaction between Duke Mantee and his gang (Jackie, Ruby and Slim) in the final scenes of "The Petrified Forest". It is theatrical: stunning, confronting, and dramatic.

Each man appears to left or right of Bogey, offering warnings and advice. I've dragged out the concept of this scene one more time.

"We could hide out in the mountains, Duke: discuss the exposition and coda of Wagner's second fugue in the *Meistersingers*. We could debate the great man's recapitulation on the tonic key in the counterpoint."

"Shut up! Shut up! Give me time to think, can't ya?"

**NOD TO "CASABLANCA"****&****"THE AFRICAN QUEEN"**

The finale is ... well, I'd like to say it is stupendous but the right word might be ... er ... "frightening".

Anyhoot, Zeke gives us some Casablanca moments in the same breath as he becomes Charlie Allnutt once again. All this with 20 toucans soaring overhead!

If you are still with the plot (Plot? There's a plot????) then take a gander at page 166.

### PRONUNCIATION OF LIEUTENANT AND OF WAGNER

I know, I know, I know ... "Loo-tenant" makes more sense given that the word originated in France. But I must *insist* that the English pronunciation ("Leff-tenant") holds sway if an Australian or English character speaks that word.



To add to the humour, only the cultured people can pronounce "Wagner" correctly. To this end, I shall spell out the pronunciation (but only during the speeches).

The dumb-arse peeps will say "Wagner" (as it is spelled).

And those who know better will say "Vargner".

Even our truck driver gets it right!



I've provided an explanation of what might seem to be a homophobic slur (but isn't) on page 46.

Okay. Enough explanation. It's time to plough ahead ...



## A Fight At The Opera House

Oh! And I almost forgot! Check out pages 52 and 59 for the haka. Yes! There's a haka ...

And better let you know that the rugby players originally coming from Pacific islands tend to add an extra "eh" at the end of any/all sentences or phrases. Australians may substitute this superfluous sound with "but". And the plural for "you" may be "youse" or "yuz".

There are two major football codes played in Australia: rugby and Aussie rules.

**F.O.A.R.** stands for the Federation Of Australian Rugby, and is pronounced as "for".

In this script **OzFooty** is the name of the body in charge of the Aussie rules code.

Three times during the season, the cream of the F.O.A.R. lads have the honour of representing one or other championship team (as in "All Stars") in FOARPLAY (Red or Blue team).

***Now ... on with the opera ...***



## A FIGHT AT THE OPERA HOUSE

*Apart from Richard Wagner, Captain de Groot and Margo, and Humphrey Bogart, the names, characters and football clubs are imaginary, fictitious and made-up by the author. The Queensland Truckie's Mate does not refer to any people (alive or dead) with deliberate intent, so if anyone is offended by their name accidentally appearing here, all apologies.*

### **PRELUDE:** Wagner Unleashed – The Clash Of Two Codes

In the F.O.A.R. boardroom, the big plasma screen plays a promotional clip from the OzFooty people. It advertises the up-coming Footy Festival which is dedicated to the OzFooty code. We hear Mahler (triumphant end of "The Titan") which provides the musical background to some spectacular high marks filmed in magnificent colour and in slow-motion. The whole effect is one of electrifying excitement and enjoyment.

*The boardroom is filled with rugby players, all large and all wearing suit and tie. On one side of the impressive table sit men with blue ties, red on the other. The CEO, Leo Tottenham switches off the OzFooty advertisement, but continues to point at the screen.*

Leo *harsh*

There are two major football codes in this great country of Australia. And our code celebrates 200 years this year.

What do we have? Our rival forges ahead and puts on a blockbuster festival. And what are we doing? Sweet Fanny Adams, that's what!

---

© June 2013 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

THIS DOCUMENT IS SOLELY OWNED BY QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE and is intended solely for use as an entertainment. QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE retains exclusive and inalienable rights to this document, which may not be reproduced in any way without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. Any disclosure, reproduction, copying, distribution, or other dissemination or use of this document or of the intellectual property contained in this document is strictly prohibited without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. (www.qld-tm.net.au)

*Leo stalks about as the rugby boys squirm and look uncomfortable.*

Leo *nasty* See this whiteboard? I thought that there'd be at least 15 great ideas here by now.

Nothing. Look at it boys – nothing!

I've had all the officials in here ... clubmen, the scribes, the refs ... everyone has sat at this table and come up with not one really solid idea. Not a single sausage!

*Camera closes in on Leo's face as he appears to be looking from one man to the next.*

Leo Gentlemen! You boys actually play the game, you are the current heart-and-soul of the F.O.A.R. You are the stars of FOARPLAY football. Blues versus Reds: the nation's finest.

*Camera backs away. There is a long pause.*

Leo *pleading* Gentlemen, give me your ideas.

*One-by-one, the faces look empty, no ideas.*

*The camera pans until it reaches Mui Tippitata (wearing a red tie).*

Mui What do they call it when a dog gets off its lead?

Player next to Mui They call it: "The dog has slipped its lead", eh. Is that what you mean?

Mui *struggling* Un ... Un ... Unl ...

Another voice Unleaded?

Mui *still struggling* No ... Unl ... Un ...

Another voice Unleashed?

Mui *pleased* Yeah! "Wagner Unleashed: The Clash of Two Codes". Sydney Opera House, big ladies, huge sets, helmets with horns on 'em, and spears ... Eddie K can sing, eh ... I heard him once in the shower ... The

ladies wear armour over their big tits ... massive!

Another voice

Opera?

Mui *certain*

Yeah.

Another voice

Grand Opera?

Mui

Yeah. Makes us look cool and de-bond-air, eh.

Another player

And the villain could be played by some loser from OzFooty.

Another player

Hey! The crowd could hoot him when he comes on the stage. I love that idea.

Leo

To celebrate 200 glorious years of F.O.A.R.?

Mui

Yeah. Culcha.

*[Motions to the plasma screen]*

They've got a tarty festival with all the hoop-la, but we'll have culcha. I like it.

Leo *confused*

Who could possibly --

Another player

My brother-in-law is Terry Cognos. He manages a company (Blaze-On-Stage) that puts on shows like that, eh. He'd do the whole thing and you wouldn't have to worry about it.

Another player

I know a bloke who works for Terry Cognos. He's me wife's cousin, eh. He'll do it ... do a good job of it, too.

*Leo looks around the room. He shrugs.*

Leo *with acceptance*

Okay, let's give him a ring.

END OF PRELUDE

## TITLE ROLL-THROUGH

*Music is something like the “Prelude to the Meistersingers” with some great clips of exciting F.O.A.R. action.*

END OF TITLES



## ACT I

### **BLAZE-ON-STAGE PREPPING – GENERAL NOTES – MEETING ROOM**

The **Blaze-On-Stage** team is comprised of: Terry Cognos (manager), Brad Gellibrand and Mark “Mercedes” Benz. *More information on these characters is provided in the Cast and Synopsis document.*

The three members of the team labour in a modern office (a meeting room) with a great view of a local park.

There is a huge plasma screen on one wall along with a grand board table. This table is loaded with all manner of junk, laptops, gaming computers and electronic equipment.

---

© June 2013 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

THIS DOCUMENT IS SOLELY OWNED BY QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE and is intended solely for use as an entertainment. QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE retains exclusive and inalienable rights to this document, which may not be reproduced in any way without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. Any disclosure, reproduction, copying, distribution, or other dissemination or use of this document or of the intellectual property contained in this document is strictly prohibited without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. ([www.qld-tm.net.au](http://www.qld-tm.net.au))



*Mark fossicks about in all the debris until he locates a phone. He dials a number.*

Mark                                Yeah, Brad, they've arrived. Straight to the media room, mate.

*Mark hangs up the phone, picks up the Wagner DVDs (except for "The Flying Dutchman" and he tears off.*

END OF SCENE

## **ACT I, Scene ii: The Offices Of Blaze-On-Stage, The Media Room**

### **BLAZE-ON-STAGE PREPPING – THE MEDIA ROOM**

#### **BONING-UP ON WAGNER**

The tiny media room is in a much worse mess than the meeting room. This room is a tech boffin's paradise. It is overwhelming: complex and over-wired with steel shelves. A couple of stands with sheets of butcher's paper hover about. Manilla files and out-dated computer magazines fight for space. This room has one saving grace: another huge plasma screen (similar to that in the meeting room). This screen is positioned on a wall. This is where the "school-for-Wagner" will take place using the DVDs which Mark received in the post.

Let's be honest. Mark and Brad are interested in only two things: motor cars and electronics. To them the F.O.A.R. gig is merely an opportunity to stage a magnificent car chase complete with programmed incidents (for excitement).

The Wagner material is (to them) a complete waste of space.

However, at least the boys are making a valiant effort to understand the majestic works of Richard Wagner. This “valiant effort” lasts all of two minutes. Mark and Brad realize that they are not (and never could be!) aficionados of Wagner’s operas.

Thus, they fast-forward the DVDs in order to extract something (anything!) that they can use.

They begin with “Lohengrin”. Both men wince and squirm as if they are in pain.

Mark                                      Aw, this is shit! You don’t wanna hear this shit, do ya?

Brad *looking disgusted*    No bloody way! Turn the sound down.

*Using the remote control, Mark turns the sound down to mute setting.*

Mark *sigh of relief*                Ah, that’s better. How do people stand this stuff?

Brad *sighs*                             They pay big dollars to get all dressed up and go to the Opera House and they sit for literally **hours** listening to this crappola ... Can’t understand it, can ya?

*We see the faces of the two men as they stare blankly at the screen.*

Brad *decisive*                        Can ya speed it up?

*We see the faces of the two men relax, then grin as they watch the screen.*

Mark *satisfied*                        That’s more like it! Now we’re getting somewhere ...



*Music: something very fast and furious, based on one of the recognisable Wagner themes. With the large plasma screen in the media room showing the Wagner operas in extreme fast forward, the two men indulge in a rocket-powered think tank.*



ramp.

Brad                   Once they get speed up, they'll shoot around this loop-de-loop real easy and then out here.

Mark                   We'll bring them on about four times. Last lap, they go down here on only two wheels. Awesome!

Terry                   That's good! That's got the petrol-heads covered.

Next.

Mark                   Okay, now we liked this one. "Tristan and IsYoung". We had to change the name a bit 'cause they made a blue ... She's a babe. She's stacked.

So IsYoung and her boyfriend Tristan are on a boat ... it could be a ferry ... and they are supposed to drink poison like Romeo and Juliet.

But we can't go with a suicide pact, because you know ... not a good thing to talk about.

Anyway, they get mixed up. And they take a love potion instead, so we liked the idea of them getting it off on the ferry.

Terry *nods enthusiastically*                   Yeah. So romance for the ladies and sex for the blokes. What else?

Mark                   Well, the funeral bizzo of Siegfried, sailing off down the Rhine River was good. Now, I know that they did something like this in "Lord of the Rings" -- but Wagner got in first before Tolkien (I looked it up on the Web), so we can just run with it and say that our boy thought of it first.

That's a good one because he dies, gets to have a sing, and it'll really look good when we stage it.

Terry *confused* Does Seeg-whatever sing **after** he's dead?

Brad Yeah ...

Terry *puzzled* Howz he do that?

Brad Well, it's like ... opera, isn't it? So he just does it.

Terry *accepting* Right! Anything else? Where's the "Flying Dutchman"?

Mark Nah, we turfed him out, because we didn't want to offend any of the pilots from Holland. You know how easily these international situations can flare up.

Terry No, re-instate him. He's a **pirate**, not a pilot. At least I know that much.

No, chuck him back in again. And that'll give us a chorus of drunken pirates, buried treasure ... that'll look ace on the stage. And pirates are great as a drawcard.

What else?

Mark *excited* The big fight. We already have three sword fights, but the all-in brawl will be a real ripper.

Terry When's that?

Mark Near the end, **after** the Valkyries ride across the sky (they do that during one of the car chases) and **before** the children follow the Pied Piper down the well.

Terry *uncertain* Is that Wagner? Children ... Pied Piper ... ?

Mark Yeah.

Terry Are you sure?

Mark Yeah, mate.

Brad We watched a speeded-up version of one of these crappy operas, and it looked like a herd of children were following some bloke or other ...

Terry Alright, whack it in. Might help if the kids wear their club colours. Can't miss with children. And animals.

You know what? We could have some good-looking horses on stage. Not during the car-chases or they might get a fright.

Brad *nods* We reckoned knights on horseback, with ... what do they call the big pointy things, again?

Mark Lances.

Brad Yeah, yeah ... jesting.

Mark Jousting. They can come on after the fireworks.

Terry Good. You've got it all covered.

Okay, so, are youse sure that this is "culcha"?

Brad Blood oath.

Terry *pleased* Alright, sounds like the ticket.

Bewdy! I'll get this rundown and those sheets of butcher's paper over to the rugbyists right away, for their approval.

While we're waiting for their "okay", you blokes continue story-boarding it: flesh it out some more and make sure that it has a beginning, a middle and an ending.

END OF SCENE

**ACT I, Scene iv:** The Offices Of Blaze-On-Stage, The Media Room**BLAZE-ON-STAGE PREPPING – MEDIA ROOM****REALLY GETTING DOWN TO IT (ROCKET FUELLED)**

Now with a model of the Opera House for Brad to work on. It teeters on a slab of rubbish.

Music: something very fast and furious, based on one of the recognisable Wagner themes. With the large plasma screen in the media room showing the Wagner operas in extreme fast forward, the two men indulge in a rocket-powered think tank.

On butcher's paper, both men tussle over sketches.

END OF SCENE

**ACT I, Scene v:** The Offices Of Blaze-On-Stage, A Meeting Room

*Mark & Brad: arms full of stuff, running down a corridor. They enter the meeting room, where Terry awaits them. This is not on the same day as scene (iii), so the men wear different clothes.*

Mark                               Seconds out! Round two!

*Mark chucks more pages stapled together towards Terry. The latter peruses same. As before, Terry will scribble all over these notes, and on the back as new ideas take root.*

*As before, Mark and Brad quickly set up butcher's paper on the special frame holder, with Brad going through page by page and Mark emphasizing heads of the narrative with a pointer. As an addition, the model has been placed on the table in front of Terry. He will fiddle with it throughout the scene.*

Terry *rubbing his hands together*               Okay. The F.O.A.R. people have given us loads of new stuff to work with, boys, so I hope you're ready.

Brad                                 Pumped and primed, boss.

Terry                               They want a scene by a river. Early morning. With the mist rising off the water. And they want ... er ... Lohengrin ... um ... the Far Away Lands song. That's what it's called.

Mark                               Aw, that sounds nice.

Brad *frowns*                       Yeah difficult to stage, but. I mean, water and mist ...

Terry                               Youse'll think of something. And they want Eddie Hannakaffaki fishing in the river. And he can sing along with the music, because he's got an alright voice.

Brad *keen*                         Running water filled with trout ... Goodoh! I'll get onto that right away.

Terry                               And make the words in English. Eddie won't be able to understand anythink in German.

Oh, shit, almost forgot. They reckon they want a Ye Olde English village as well. For the oldies. Aging population. Lots of flowers for the old dears, Pop smoking his pipe while he trims his hedge ...

You know what they're after. Can you whip that up?

Brad Sure, no worries.

Terry Good man!

Mark I wuz thinking ... We should use a revolving stage.

Brad Bewdy!

Terry Can we have some Swiss alps, and something like the "Sound of Music" people trudging in the snow in lederhosen?

*Mark and Brad nod very confidently.*

Terry Can youse blokes slot-in a boxing match? Now, I know that's a big ask, but ...

Brad What kind of boxers?

Terry *confused* What'dya mean?

Mark You know, heavyweights, or middleweights, or welterweights ...

Terry Dunno. I'll find out for yuz.

Now, next. Can we lower some people down onto the stage, past the car-track, from the gantry?

Brad What, while they're singing?

Terry Yeah.

Mark The fat sopranos?

Terry Y-e-a-h ... If we can ...

Brad *scornful* Give us something hard to do, why doncha. Course we can do that,

mate.

Terry Fabulous!

What else? Oh, yeah. They want a wedding.

Mark Yeah, we gotta couple of weddings already. No sweat.

Terry Gangsters? Any chance of some gangster action?

Mark *improvising* Yeah, we can find room for a gangster shoot-out. Sure! We'll squeeze that into the Parsifal set, just at the point where the boys have finished doing "The Haka".

Terry Great! Great work!

*The three men give themselves high-fives and look very pleased with themselves.*

END OF SCENE

---

© June 2013 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

THIS DOCUMENT IS SOLELY OWNED BY QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE and is intended solely for use as an entertainment. QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE retains exclusive and inalienable rights to this document, which may not be reproduced in any way without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. Any disclosure, reproduction, copying, distribution, or other dissemination or use of this document or of the intellectual property contained in this document is strictly prohibited without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. ([www.qld-tm.net.au](http://www.qld-tm.net.au))

**THE "F.O.A.R. THE ROAR" TELEVISION FOOTY SHOW****A NEW LOW IN ENTERTAINMENT**

Without hesitation the worst shows on the TV are comedy-based footy shows.

Grown men who are wizards at the sport and all of whom are ex-players gather together to laugh at cringe-worthy lavatorial and/or sexually-charged jokes before millions of viewers.

The extravaganza ("Wagner Unleashed – The Clash Of Two Codes") provides even more opportunity for them to ham it up.

The four panel members, in suit and tie, appear facing the camera. The panel members are: John "Goodsy" Goodrich (host), Allen "Aircraft" Miercraft, "Swannie" Liversham and Willie "Shanksie" Shanks. Allen Miercraft wears a Viking helmet complete with cow's horns.

These men will not be able to handle the correct pronunciation of Wagner and will pronounce the composer's name as it is spelled.

**POLICE DETECTIVES FROM SAN FRANCISCO**

Delaney Trask is a police detective from San Francisco. He is a big, powerful man of African descent. Well-educated, refined and cultured Delaney is ever polite in the face of the weird Australian sense of humour. It is not generally known that Delaney has a superb tenor singing voice.

Delaney's offsider is Neeham Burt who happens to be the grandson of Roy Putney and

is his doppelgänger. Neeham is of European descent. Like his partner, he is blown away by the raw Australian humour.

Both men are staying at the Grand Leutin Hotel in Sydney. They are domiciled in adjoining rooms with sweeping, glorious views of the Harbour.

**ACT I, Scene vi:** Delaney's Room in the Grand Leutin Hotel, Sydney.

*Neeham stands at the huge window of Delaney's room, hands deep in pockets. Delaney works on a laptop. The plasma TV screen on the wall is happily showing a "What's On In Sydney" program.*

Neeham *musings*            You know what? This is a wonderful place. I could grow to like this. Maybe if I had a boat down there ...

Delaney *not looking up*    And we haven't left this hotel yet ... We really could have done our work from Cisco without setting foot in Sydney, Australia.

Neeham *confident*            Yeah but ... We'll nab him, Del. We'll get the guy.

*On the TV, the "What's On" program grinds to a halt. A loud announcement is heard.*

TV announcer                For tonight only, the "F.O.A.R. The Roar" football show will be broadcast over two hours. Viewers expecting to see the current affairs show "Likewise" at this time can still watch the show at 11 pm this evening.

So let's hand over to Goodsy and the guys to catch up with all the footy news in "F.O.A.R. The Roar".

*Loud theme music plays, with a lion's roar as the culmination of the introductory music. Delaney and Neeham turn towards the TV, aghast.*

John Goodrich                Hello to everyone out there on this extremely exciting evening.  
  
Willie Shanks, Swannie Liversham and Allen Miercraft. Good evening gentlemen. This is an extra special episode, we're on for two hours,

because we have so much to show you. And I can't wait.

Allen Miercraft           Goodsy, I can't remember **ever** having so much going on in my life!  
And the news keeps getting better by the minute.

Willie Shanks           Well, over the past couple of weeks, we've been able to keep you  
updated on the fabulous "Wagner Unleashed: The Clash Of Two  
Codes" which the F.O.A.R. will be presenting later in the season,  
around about the time of FOARPLAY #1.

But the news tonight is stunning. Instead of having only **one** night of  
extravaganza at the Opera House, we've now got an extra night at  
the Tennis Centre.

Allen Miercraft           So, the fans will get **two** big nights of F.O.A.R. entertainment, which  
is phenomenal news **and** ... it's now been confirmed that one of the  
singers in the opera will be none other than American wrestling star  
Smack TK. He'll be taking on the role of Wotan, whoever that is.

Swannie Liversham       I didn't know he could sing!  
*surprised*

John                       Neither did he. But it's all good because we'll see Smack taking on  
some of our F.O.A.R. boys in the many fight scenes. Wonderful stuff!

*Here here here do this*

John                       Neither did he. But it's all good because we'll see Smack taking on  
some of our F.O.A.R. boys in the many fight scenes. Wonderful stuff!  
  
Anyway, one of the other International stars is already in rehearsal,  
and the media scrum have gone into action. Before we show you the  
outstanding interview by our own Swannie Liversham, let's have a  
look at how the ABC dealt with one of opera's most beautiful stars.

*We see Neeham and Delaney standing gobsmacked in front of the TV, as if they cannot believe what they are seeing. During the ABC interview, we'll see and hear Delaney admit that he has seen Eleanore sing at The Met and that she blew him away.*

*On the television, we now see Charles McConnaghey interviewing Wagnerian soprano Eleanore Blakeley in a sophisticated, low-key setting.*

Charles                      Eleanore Blakeley: welcome to Sydney.

Eleanore                     Thank you so much, Charles. It's my pleasure.

Charles                     You've not sung at the Sydney Opera House as yet? Except for rehearsals, of course.

Eleanore                     That's right. I'm very thrilled and honoured to have been invited here.

Charles                     But you have graced so many famous venues: La Scala, Bayreuth, the Met (several seasons there), Salzburg, Saarbrücken ...

Can you tell me, what's been your favourite Vargnerian role in your repertoire?

Eleanore                     Ah, it must stand as Brunnhilde.

Charles                     Yes, that's my favourite, too. I've seen you portray Isolde, Sieglinde and Salome. In my humble opinion, there's no-one in the modern age who can come near you. I hope you don't mind my saying that?

Eleanore                     Of course not, Charles, that's very kind.

Charles                     You've not been a risk-taker in the past. How does the thought of this current avant-garde experimentation sit with you? That is, do you feel any sense of trepidation in this bold challenge: an amalgam of several Vargnerian operas into one large canvas? And directed by people whose calling in life is rugby football?

Eleanore                     No, you're right, I don't go for change for change's sake. However, it's refreshing and invigorating to move off one's X-axis. I'm looking

forward very much to the challenge.

Charles Let me be blunt. You'll be singing with Eddie Hannakaffaki, who is more of a bathroom baritone than a world-class tenor. You'll have to carry the story. Does that frighten you at all?

Eleanore Oh, no! I've met with Eddie and we sang a couple of verses from "Hello Dolly" ... I'm convinced that we can pull it together by showtime.

Charles Excellent! Thank you so much for your valuable time, Eleanore, and I wish you the best of success with this venture.

*We see another shot of Delaney and Neeham in awe of the beautiful soprano.*

*And the TV show moves on: back to the four panellists.*

John To be fair, the ABC audience would be right up with all that culchavulcha stuff.

Willie Yeah, but this is a rugby show, Goodsy, and we let Eleanore know how we think it should have been done. We sent in the suave Swannie to wield the mike.

*Now for the infamous interview of Ms Blakely by Swannie Lieversham. This interview occurred at a laminated table at the back of the Channel 8 cafeteria. Throughout, Eleanore maintains her charm, dignity and poise.*

Swannie I heard on the grapevine that you liked playing a chick called Brunnhilde?

Can I call you Brunhi?

Eleanore Yes, I'd be delighted.

Swannie So, do you do Cabaret, or My Fair Lady or South Pacific? What about Paint Your Wagon?

Eleanore I've not been that fortunate --

Swannie What'll ya wear? Sequins? Bling?

Eleanore The costumier handles all that. But I'm sure that the costumes will be sumptuous and breathtaking.

Swannie Brunhi, what about the cow-horns on the helmet?

Eleanore They're actually wings.

Swannie Wings, are they? Bewdy! Is that to help ya fly about yodelling?

Eleanore As a Valkyrie. Yes, that's right.

Swannie Sweet! And one of my favourite sportsmen of all time, Smack TK will be having a sing with you. Jeez, you must be pumped, Brunhi!

Eleanore I'm thrilled. Really, I'm thrilled.

*The interviewer Swannie holds up a mammoth blue jersey with FOARPLAY printed on it in huge letters.*

Swannie Well, Brunhi, even though we can't wait to see you in yer body-hugging armour, I'd like to present you with one of the most sought-after tops in Australia right now. Go the Blues! I hope I got yer size right.

*Swannie hands this jersey over to the soprano with almost reverence. Then, with a look of acute distaste, Swannie chucks a red jersey into Eleanore's lap across the table.*

Swannie And here's the jersey for the mingy red team: you'll probably use that for washing the car.

Eleanore *folding the tops* Thank you so much, Swannie. That's so very kind.

Swannie How do ya feel about singing alongside Eddie Hannakaffaki, who is one of F.O.A.R.'s most outstanding props? That'll be something for you to treasure and remember for the rest of your life, I reckon.

Eleanore                    It will. I'm sure of it.

*The television show returns to the four panellists. They all look very pleased.*

John                        So, before we go on any further, let's have a sneaky-peaky preview of what the gorgeous Brunhi looks like in her amazing armour.

Allen                       She's a knock-out!

John                        She most certainly is. And boy! Can she sing!

*The television shows Eleanore in full costume as Brunnhilde singing a small part of an aria from "Die Walküre". Three speedy cars rush overhead (the bottom of the chassis and wheels can just be seen) on Brad's ramp.*

*The camera filming Eleanore swings around such that we can see that she is standing beside a clump of eucalypts (about two metres in height) whereupon several koalas feed.*

*Then, under the management of an eye-dog, five merino sheep trot backwards and forwards in front of Eleanore. We can hear the dog's owner calling and whistling in the background. Bravely, the soprano sings on.*

END OF SCENE

## THE AUTOMOBILE ADVERTISEMENTS

There are two advertisements which must (repeat *must!!*) stay in the script. They are both TOTALLY essential to the plot progression.

### FORD

Reg Toppey flogs Ford utes in Ulladangadanga.

His advertisement features the eye-dog and attendant pod of sheep.

Also, we meet the well-dressed Mum in her Ford 1 ½ ton truck with the poddies (hand-fed calves) in the back. She will become a competitor in the car chase.

Refer: pages 49

### HOLDEN

Artie Moses at Tooweedrong flogs Holden utes.

This ad features a blue-heeler cattle dog. Artie and his dog will become competitors in the car chase (like Mum and her poddies).

### THE STOUSH

Reg and Artie come to blows.

An argument starts between Reg Toppey and Artie Moses. At the very end of the scene, as the Valkyries do their flyover, we clearly see Reg and Artie trading pathetic punches beside a parked Ford ute and a parked Holden ute.

**ACT I, Scene vii:** An Advertisement During The "F.O.A.R. The Roar" TV Show

*The scene is of outback Australia.*

*Reg Toppey walks up to a tree stump, putting his foot on it and removing his hat such that he can wipe the sweat off his forehead with the back of his hand. He replaces his hat and leans on his knee. He is dressed as if a pastoralist; just the kind of farmer one sees in droves at the Ekka.*

Reg *smiling*                    G'day, I'm Reg Toppey, yer local Ford dealer in the Artesian Basin. Mother's Day is coming up, so why not rush out and buy Mum a 1 ½ ton truck for all her little jobs around yer acreage.

   Come down and see me and the guys at AB Ford in Cable Street, Ulladangadanga and we'll haggle for a great deal.

*Now we see two poddies (that is, hand-fed calves) in the back of a brand-new Ford truck with Mum (very glamorous and smiling delightedly) driving along. She is dressed up as if going to the races, wearing a stylish suit and hat.*

*The shot returns to Reg.*

Reg *smiling*                    Ford is one of the major sponsors of "F.O.A.R. The Roar". It's compulsory viewing for footy fans.

   Come down in yer club colours, and we'll throw in a free tank of petrol or diesel with yer brand-new wheels. Whether you follow the Reds or the Blues in FOARPLAY, if you live in the Artesian Basin, we'll look after ya!

*The five sheep and the eye-dog pass back and forth in front of Reg. He evidences great admiration for this feat of animal husbandry.*

END OF SCENE

From now on, whenever the Wagner Unleashed car chase roars past, Mum in her Ford 1 ½ ton truck with the poddies in the back will be part of the chase.

**ACT I, Scene viii:** The Offices Of Blaze-On-Stage, The Media Room

*Mark and Brad (wearing headphones and carrying small control panels) are flying toy helicopters over their model of the Sydney Opera House. They are oblivious to any other consideration.*

*Terry is standing in the middle of the room, happily watching the “F.O.A.R. The Roar” show which is playing on the large plasma screen. He is seen to be grinning widely at the humour of the commentators, one of whom says (imitating Humphrey Bogart): “This is going to be the start of a beautiful friendship.”*

*Musingly, Terry speaks to no-one in particular.*

Terry

Casablanca. Brilliant film noir. Brilliant!

When I was a little tacker, my brothers hogged the TV. We had to watch cowboys or cops-n-robbers or bomb-squad stuff.

You know who I loved as a kid? Bogart! All I wanted to do was watch Bogart. Of course, I’ve got the full collection of his DVDs now ... My fave was really “The Maltese Falcon”.

Hey! I got an idea ...

Do you think we could find someone who looks like the Bogeyman?  
For this opera, I mean? Cameo role?

*No-one answers. The toy helicopters swoop over the model of the Opera House, much to the delight and satisfaction of Brad and Mark.*

Terry

I said, do you think we can find an actor who looks like Bogey? For the opera.

*Terry watches the other two men enjoying themselves. Terry takes up a headphone set and fits it on.*

Terry *headphone voice* Do you think we can find anybody who looks like Humphrey Bogart?

Mark *headphone voice* Yeah, mate. No worries.

END OF SCENE

END OF ACT I

---

© June 2013 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

THIS DOCUMENT IS SOLELY OWNED BY QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE and is intended solely for use as an entertainment. QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE retains exclusive and inalienable rights to this document, which may not be reproduced in any way without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. Any disclosure, reproduction, copying, distribution, or other dissemination or use of this document or of the intellectual property contained in this document is strictly prohibited without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. ([www.qld-tm.net.au](http://www.qld-tm.net.au))



### **PLOT PROGRESSION**

We zoom back in time to 1932.

The Humphrey Bogart lookalike is Detective Lieutenant Zeke Cornel, who serves on the San Francisco police force.

We quickly understand that Zeke is browned-off with his life.

Then we visit Zeke at the San Francisco police station.

Zeke and his side-kick Roy meet with Captain O'Hearn. They are instructed to fly to Australia.

Once they leave O'Hearn, we shall see some very quick grabs to indicate how Zeke and Roy are travelling.

We meet up with Zeke later in ACT III when he meets with Professor Bi Dunbar.

## ACT II

**MAY 1932**

### **ACT II, Scene i:** Night Time, A Dark Street In San Francisco

NOD TO "THE MALTESE FALCON" [SAM SPADE]. The mood is very film noir.

*A lonely trumpet plays a mournful tune, which continues unrelenting right through this scene. We can hear a woman's footsteps as she clicks quickly along the street towards a street lamp.*

*The camera closes in on the street lamp. Zeke Cornel leans against it. He wears a large overcoat and wears a hat. We see him as a dark, menacing shape. The detective lieutenant (Zeke) lights a cigarette. The light from the match illuminates his face: it is the exact same face belonging to Humphrey Bogart.*

*A sleek woman in a fur coat slinks up. This is Alma. She stops in front of Zeke, looking arch.*

Alma *syrupy*                      Light me?

*Zeke takes a very deep draw on his cigarette, blowing out the smoke. Alma stands expectantly. Zeke takes his time: he lights Alma's cigarette. She smiles seductively at Zeke as she draws in the smoke.*

Alma *seductive*                      If you ain't doin' nothin' ... Well ... I ain't doin' nothin' ... And --

Zeke *harsh*                              I'm doin' plenty. Thanks for the unspoken offer, lady but I guess I'll be on my way. Good night, now.

Alma                                      I'll maybe see you around, Lonely Boy.

*Zeke nods, then strolls away along the street. The woman watches after him (she is illuminated by the street light). The only sounds are the sad trumpet and Zeke's footsteps.*

Zeke *voice-over*                      First, there was Elizabeth, who sadly passed away in childbirth.  
Sorry about that ... and then Laverne. I should **never** oughta

have married Laverne. I guess I wanted a mother for Dougie. She was bad, Zeke boy: a bad, bad bet. And now? Nobody now. Delores ran off with a carpet salesman from L.A. Life sure is tough ...

*Zeke stops at a corner. He can see Alma leaning back against the street lamp as she talks to a sailor. The smoke from her cigarette can be seen. We close in on Zeke as we watch a self-indulgent smile work on his face. He takes a last puff of his cigarette before grinding it into the pavement. He still watches Alma.*

*Zeke voice-over, imitating Alma*                    "Come on, Angel, I'll walk ya back to yer ship."

*The sailor and Alma move off. We can just hear a tinkle of Alma's laughter as the couple stroll away, arm in arm. Zeke laughs.*

*Zeke voice-over*                    My man ... the one I'm lookin' for ... Dink Pinkus ... He'll have flown the coop, I bet. Probably in Paris or Madrid or somewheres interesting like that. "Romance" that's what they call it. Hey! From my side of the telescope it's so far from romantic that I can't even spit on it.

*Zeke stops. He plants his feet firmly, looking about him into the gloom of the night.*

*Zeke voice-over*                    And when I hit the sack tonight my Dougie won't be there. My little soldier ... He won't be there for me to kiss goodnight ...

His auntie and her feller have "borrowed" my little son. Keepin' him safe while I'm off haring about on this great big balloon of a world searchin' under every stone for Dink Pinkus.

Detective Lieutenant Zeke Cornel oughta care ... But Cornel has run out of care at this moment in time ...

END OF SCENE

**MAY 1932**

**ACT II, Scene ii:** An Office In A Police Station In San Francisco

*Detective Lieutenant Zeke Cornel and Detective Sergeant Roy Putney wear their police uniforms. They sit at a desk in an old-fashioned office. The wooden door contains a glass panel with “Capt J. O’Hearn” painted on it in large gold letters. We see on a calendar that the month is May and the year is 1932.*

*The door swings open, as the fast-talking, gravel-voiced Captain O’Hearn (also in his police uniform) slams into the room. He is maintaining a conversation with some person who remains outside the office. So the door remains open for the moment. The captain does not ever smile: he appears to have continuous dyspepsia.*

*Zeke and Roy will be bawled-out by O’Hearn: they always are. So they do not evidence any discomfort with O’Hearn’s anger, as they are used to it.*

O’Hearn *to some other man* ... and now **nine** bodies found in the same john. Just get me some sort of a suspect, will ya?

Male *voice-off* Try trawlin’ the river, Cap, ‘n’ you’ll net another nine bodies any night of the week.

O’Hearn *loud and nasty* Hey, Flatfoot, keep your smart comments up your nose, and hand me this Lila Pelusa before I got **ten** stiffs in the same john. This guy’s got a modus operandum, so go look for clues. And stop with the wise-guy talk! Don’t get cute with me! You’re soundin’ more and more like the Governor!

*O’Hearn loudly and angrily slams shut the door of his office. Breathing very heavily, O’Hearn scrabbles about in drawers, then locates a small brown bottle of tablets. Both Zeke and Roy maintain a calm indifference.*

*Captain O'Hearn slumps into his chair, then points menacingly at Zeke and Roy. He talks very fast and with a decided nastiness in his tone.*

O'Hearn                      So, what do you birds think is the furthest point on Earth from San Francisco?

Roy *doubtful*                Peking?

Zeke                         New Guinea.

*O'Hearn snaps his fingers at Zeke.*

O'Hearn                      Close. I'll tell you: try Sydney Australia. If you wanna escape the heat of our fair city of 'Frisco (when the cops is breathin' down your neck), then that's where you gotta go, it seems.

Roy *reluctant*                Is that where Pinkus is hiding out?

O'Hearn                      We spread the net over the whole world and caught our fish in Sydney. When I say "caught", I don't actually mean that. He's smarter 'n' that, is Mr Pinkus. I don't need to tell you boys, that: you been on his tail for so many months now that babies have been born and they now attend St Ignatius College or whatever the hell it's called these days.

Roy *reasonable*              Then you could simply ask the police in Sydney to --

O'Hearn *explodes*              What? What'd ya mean? You think I'm gonna just trust those ex-convicts and rum-runners in Australia to extradite our man? Why, those boys are prob'ly teaching Dink how to play that game of craps they play on the other side of the World ... whatzit? ... Two-up. There!

No! You two gentlemen are going to --

Roy *horrified*                Ah no! Gimme a break, Captain!

O'Hearn *forceful* I asked for two volunteers to go on a **long** journey for the honour of the Force, and bring back Pinkus and you two bozos were the **last** to give me your reasons about why you couldn't go there.

So ... You two gentlemen will go to your residences and each pack a small bag of life's necessities. Don't forget your razors: I want you to look smart.

Then you're to make your way to the aerodrome. Here's your tickets. You fly to Tokyo, Hong Kong, Kuala Lumpur and then on to Darwin. From there to Sydney: a nice little trip. And you get to see the sun come up like thunder.

*O'Hearn chucks an envelope to each man. Zeke is calm. Roy is disconcerted.*

Roy *very upset* I cain't go all that ways in an aeroplane.

O'Hearn You gonna swim there then?

Roy I'll sure be out of my depth – water or no water.

O'Hearn You been trained at considerable expense to the good folk of San Fran to deal with **any** and **every** eventuality, DS Putney.

Roy *desperate* I won't be able to get by. My nerves will fray.

O'Hearn Don't give me that baloney. You'll take your lumps like everyone else.

Roy Aw look Captain – I won't even be able to understand those Antipodes people ... Like for instance -- In Sydney, do they speak English?

*O'Hearn is pleased to be on top of the game.*

O'Hearn They speak a kind of English, sure.

Roy *giving up* Ah, well ... If I gotta do it, then I gotta do it. But it sure makes me

feel very uncomfortable, that's for sure.

O'Hearn Stow it.

*[Brisk and businesslike]*

Inside your envelope you'll find the name of a contact, along with your ticket and your folding money for expenses. The guy I'm introducing you to is British: he'll act as a translator. Guarantee you smooth sailing. Just find Pinkus and bring him back in chains and leg-irons.

Roy *desperate* I tell you Cap'n that I cain't go. My fiancée will --

O'Hearn Your "fiancée", Roy Putney, is in the Women's Detention Home hemming handkerchiefs for the Mounties. Fine bunch of men.

*[Turns to Zeke, who so far has remained silent.]*

And Cornel: I happen to know that Mrs Cornel (the **current** Mrs Cornel that is) is now on the East Coast living in a cosy apartment with a rug merchant.

Zeke *drawls* That ain't no secret, Captain.

*O'Hearn tries to rile Zeke by leaning forward, staring at him insultingly. But Zeke does not rise to the bait.*

*O'Hearn clenches his teeth.*

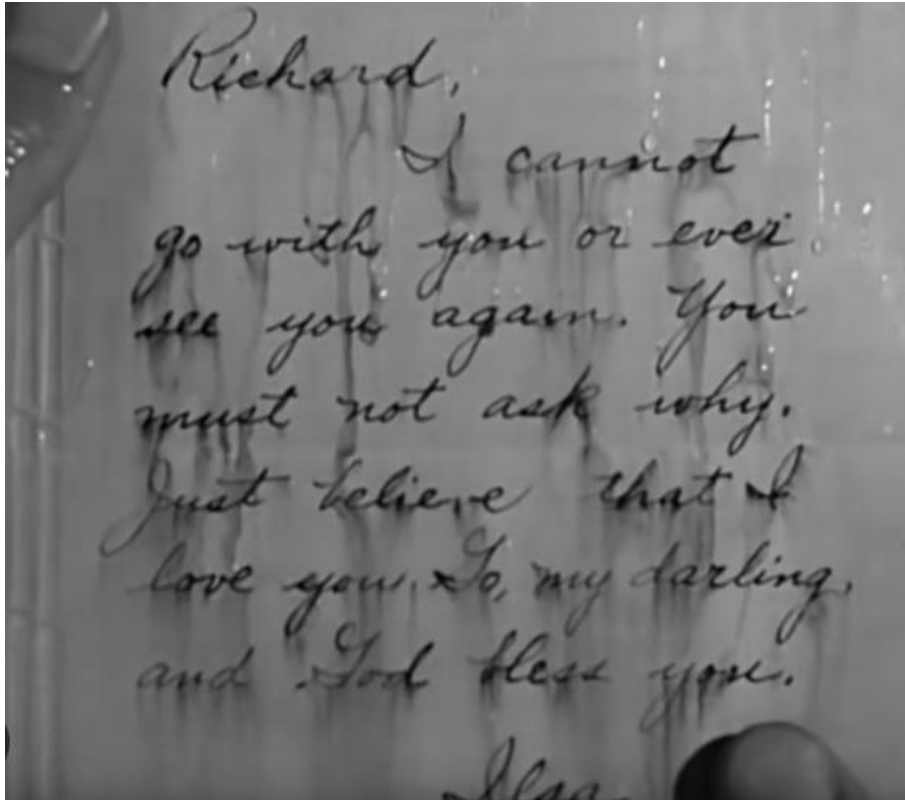
O'Hearn Get outta here, both of you! And don't ring me or send me a wire unless you got good news.

END OF SCENE

**MEDLEY OF QUICK GRABS TO SHOW THE PROGRESS OF ZEKE AND ROY**

*A medley of scenes overlaying the scene before is now viewed, along with a burst of military music.*

- *Zeke and Roy wandering about in Tokyo.*
- *Zeke and Roy on a sampan in Hong Kong harbour.*
- *Alighting at an aerodrome in Malaya (depicted as it would have been in 1932).*
- *Zeke opening his envelope while Roy drinks a beer. Zeke studies a small sheet of paper.*
- *Zeke and Roy, with their overnight bags, catching a taxi.*
- *Zeke, on his own, has reached Manderlay, the wonderful bungalow in Malaya owned by Professor Bi Dunbar. There is a huge tropical rainfall at the time (night time) when Zeke arrives. We see a notelet, written-on in ink script, with the letters running in the rain just as in Casablanca when Rick receives Ilsa's goodbye letter. Zeke is squinting and grimacing against the rain as the door is opened by a surprised Indian maid (Rose).*



END OF MEDLEY

---

© June 2013 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

THIS DOCUMENT IS SOLELY OWNED BY QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE and is intended solely for use as an entertainment. QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE retains exclusive and inalienable rights to this document, which may not be reproduced in any way without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. Any disclosure, reproduction, copying, distribution, or other dissemination or use of this document or of the intellectual property contained in this document is strictly prohibited without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. ([www.qld-tm.net.au](http://www.qld-tm.net.au))

**ACT II, Scene iii:** The Offices Of Blaze-On-Stage, The Media Room [current time]

*The Wagner DVDs are still playing in fast-forward mode (muted) as before. Swannie Liversham from "F.O.A.R The Roar" has joined the trio (Terry, Mark and Brad) at Blaze-On-Stage.*

*To bring himself up to speed, Swannie is in the media room listening to a CD of a certain Canadian professor of music who had his own radio show (aired daily in Australia): we'll call the show "Adventures in Hibrow Music".*

Canadian radio announcer, *waxing lyrical*                      This osmosis, this gestation which Vargner slaved over for years drew from him an epiphany. We clearly hear these exquisite chords: low-pitched notes, and throbbing violins. Vargner was able to grasp his audience. Listen to the timbre of the barren phrases juxtaposed with the vibrant warmth of the recessive notes.

*Swannie stares at the CD player in disbelief.*

Swannie *mutters*                      Toffee-nosed wanker.

Canadian radio announcer, *yelling loudly*                      And if you're driving a car, I want you to pull over to the side of the road because I don't want you to have an accident whilst you are swooning over this stunningly evocative piece. Listen to the dithering strings as Vargner so faithfully evokes a mental picture of a Teutonic watercourse under the first rays of the sun ... the mist rising deliciously as Vargner --

*The door opens. Two beautiful, sexy girls (Kylie and Bernice) enter the room, looking shyly about. Mark and Brad follow. Swannie stops the CD player, telling the Canadian radio host what he thinks of him.*

Swannie *disgusted*                      Bite yer bum, Sport.

*Mark reaches over to shake Swannie's hand. Likewise Brad. Kylie and Bernice merely stay in the background, smiling shyly. Swannie is a TV celebrity as well as a past football star, so he is quite used to seeing beautiful girls and is unaffected by them.*

Swannie *to Mark* Mercedes! That Canadian bloke was calling him "Vargner". Is that the same bloke as our Dickie-boy?

Mark *nods* Yeah. Same bloke, different haircut. Welcome to the team, by the way.

Swannie *unconvinced* How on Earth do ya get "Vargner" from W-A-G-N-E-R?

Mark Don't worry about it: they're all poofters.

*Brad points to the CD player.*

Brad You finished with this, Swannie?

Swannie Yeah, no worries.

*[Still persistent]*

But where's the "V" in that?

Mark *dismissive* There isn't: they're poofters.

PLEASE BE ADVISED THAT THE WORD "POOFTER" IS MEANT HERE AS A DIG AT CULTURED PEOPLE BY NON-CULTURED PEOPLE. IN THE 1950'S A GENTLEMAN STANDING ABOUT OUTSIDE HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE WEARING EVENING ATTIRE WOULD INSTANTLY BE BRANDED A POOFTER AND WOULD HAVE EGGS THROWN AT HIM BY YOBOS. THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO HOMOPHOBIA HERE. MARK AND BRAD WORK IN AN INDUSTRY WHICH CONTAINS A HIGH PROPORTION OF GENTS (AND LADIES!) WHO "BAT FOR THE OTHER SIDE". THEY NO LONGER EVEN NOTICE A CHAP'S TENDENCIES.

SO IF YOU ARE OFFENDED – SUCK IT UP.

**THE BLAZE-ON-STAGE TANGO**

*Brad loads an Astor Piazzolla tango CD into the machine and begins to play it. Mark quickly gathers his dance partner (Bernice) into his arms and begins to wiggle about. Brad needs more assistance before he can get started with Kylie. Both men speak to Swannie as they learn the tango.*

*Kylie and Bernice are meant to be teaching the tango to Band and Mark. However, they are overawed by the presence of Swannie.*

Brad                                    We're auditioning these chicks for roles in Wagner Unleashed.  
   Kylie and Bernice. They are dance instructors, teaching us guys  
   the fabulous tango.

*The girls give silly, girly waves to Swannie, who ignores them.*

Swannie *frowns*                    There's no tango in Wagner, is there?

Mark                                    We can slot one in. At worst, we can steal one of Mahler's.

Swannie *surprised and*        Jeez, you know yer stuff. Do you like that crappo Wagner music,  
*impressed*                            then?

Mark                                    No, it's shit.

Brad *inspired*                      You know what I thought, we can have our boxing match in a  
   ballroom and all these people can tango about on the dancefloor.  
   Terrific!

Swannie *shakes head*        It's been done. I saw that in a film about Rudolph Valentino ... or  
   Nijinsky, was it ... ?

Mark *breathless*                Nijinsky! Nijinsky! That's what we need.

Brad *confused*                    Is that a brand of vodka?

Mark *very keen* Can we find out if any of the players ever took ballet lessons?

*Swannie rings a phone number while Brad and Mark and the girls really get into the tango dancing.*

Swannie *phone call* Ben! G'day, mate. Look, I gotta funny question to ask you. Are you aware if any of your boys ever did ballet?

*[Pause]*

Hey, mate! It was just a simple question. No need to get shirty, I --



*Swannie, looking extremely peeved, hangs up the phone. At just that moment, the current tango tune finishes. The dancing ceases merrily.*

Mark *very breathless* Okay! Let's take five. I need a drink.

Brad *to the girls* Yeah, see if youse can rustle-up some of that Nijinsky vodka, can ya?

*Brad hands over some gold coins to the girls, who head off to get cans of drink from the vending machine. As this happens, Swannie launches into his whinge.*

Swannie *whingeing tone* Jeez! Ya'd think I'd asked those blokes if their mums had rooted the pope!

Mark No good?

Swannie Well, I take a certain pride in informing you that **none** of our red-blooded boys in F.O.A.R. can be accused of ever pulling on ballet tights, or so I'm reliably informed.

**But**, funnily enough, there **is** light at the end of the tunnel. I should've thought of it earlier.

You know how them OzFooty blokes can jump up high to take those specky marks? Well, apparently Jake Bingham (the whizkid

full-forward) has taken ballet lessons over the past two years to improve his leap. He doesn't wear tights or a have a dick bulge or that: he just fronts up every week in his tracksuit and joggers and has ballet lessons with a whole lot of other blokes. What a hero, eh?

*The three men laugh. Mark imitates a male dancer jiggling about. The girls return with the cans of drink, which leads to its own activity. However, meanwhile, the conversation chugs along. Swannie swigs his can down quickly, then slakes his lips.*

Swannie                      At any road, they're sending over a DVD of this Jake-fella farting around ('scuse me, ladies) to see if we want him in the show.



*The girls have gone, and a radio-controlled courier in bike outfit hands a small parcel to Swannie. Terry is now with the others, so that the four men and the courier are together in the media room.*

Swannie *offhand to anyone*                      Sign for that, will ya?

Terry *electronically signing*                      Yeah, mate. I'll do it.

*Swannie rips open the package. As the courier leaves, Swannie loads the DVD he has just received into the DVD player.*

Terry                              Makes a nice break from all that Wagner shit.

**WATCHING A DVD OF JAKE BINGHAM (OZFOOTY) TAKING  
SPECTACULAR MARKS (SPECKIES, HANGERS)**

*The huge plasma screen shows Jake in his footy strip taking spectacular marks during many OzFooty games. We hear the OzFooty commentators shrieking with excitement when the big spectacular marks (speckies) are taken.*

Swannie *astounded*      He hangs in the air. Look at him! He goes up high enough to land on that bloke's head!

How do they do that? How do they fly like that?

Mark *nodding*      That's what Nijinsky did. He had a dodgy Achilles and he looked like he could fly and hover.

Terry *also astounded*      Ya just don't do that kind of move in rugby, do ya?

Can this bloke sing? If he can, we need him to be the villain.

Brad      Which villain?

Terry *shrugs*      I dunno.

Mark *disgusted*      Aw, we'll have to wade through those crap DVDs again to find one.

Swannie *equally disgusted*      I suppose I could go back to my "Adventures in Hibrow Music" and listen to that arsehole wanking ...

Terry *merry*      Just ring someone. Someone will know. Usually an older person.  
Brad, ring yer Gran ...

Brad *shrugs*      Or we could ask Mui. After all, he thought of it.

END OF SCENE

**ACT II, Scene iv: An Advertisement During The "F.O.A.R. The Roar" TV Show**

*Through the loveliest stretch of outback Australia, a brand new Holden ute drives along an open road, filmed from above.*

Male voice-over                    Holden means business in the bush.

*The ute pulls into the carpark of a sprawling, isolated but grand outback pub. The driver (Artie Moses, appearing as if he is a well set-up grazier) steps easily out of the ute, and his blue heeler cattle dog leaps out of the tray.*

Male voice-over                    Holden means business in the bush, for every man and his dog.

*The dog curls up on the verandah whilst Artie enters the pub. Smiling, Artie shakes hands with several other tradesmen and graziers standing about drinking beer in the main bar. He grabs a schooner of beer and drinks, laughing at something one of the other chaps has said.*

Male voice-over                    Holden means business in the bush, no matter what your stock in trade.

*The men from the main bar now wander out into the carpark. They wave to each other as they step into their respective new Holden utes. One ute has hay bales in the tray, another has heavy machinery, another has the equipment required by a concrete contractor, and another has plumbing tools and so on. Artie Moses smiles, doffing his hat to wipe his brow. Then he whistles the dog.*

Male voice-over                    In the Western Plains, see Artie Moses at Haraldson's Motors, in Station Street, Toowoedrong for the best deal in Holden utes.

*Artie pats the dog, then steps into his ute. As he starts the motor, the dog takes a flying leap into the tray, and barks a couple of times.*

Male voice-over                    Because Holden means business in the bush.

*We see Artie Moses's ute continue along the open road.*

*[From now on, whenever the Wagner Unleashed car chase roars past, the Holden ute with the dog in the tray will be part of the chase.]*

END OF SCENE

---

© June 2013 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

THIS DOCUMENT IS SOLELY OWNED BY QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE and is intended solely for use as an entertainment. QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE retains exclusive and inalienable rights to this document, which may not be reproduced in any way without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. Any disclosure, reproduction, copying, distribution, or other dissemination or use of this document or of the intellectual property contained in this document is strictly prohibited without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. ([www.qld-tm.net.au](http://www.qld-tm.net.au))

**THE GYMNASIUM OF THE TRANSFORMERS AT THE ONSLOE FOOTBALL CLUB  
SHOWING THEIR HAKA TO THE YANKS**

In this scene Neeham will ask "What's a haka?"

To the uninitiated, a haka is a magnificent pre-battle work-up performed by Maori warriors. The haka involves knee bends, slapping the arms and legs, and ferocious facial gestures. The men grunt the words in deep tones, with one man leading the haka with aggressive words and actions. The slapping, chant, beat and foot stamping provide a very awe-inspiring "rhythmic dance" which tends to be played before rugby games involving New Zealand teams.

I include it here merely because I absolutely love it and think that it definitely belongs in this film.



**ACT II, Scene v:** The Onsloe Football Club ("The Transformers"): Their Gymnasium

*In a tiny inner-city carpark, Terry, Swannie, Brad and Mark pile into Terry's SRV. Terry starts the car then begins his manoeuvres to back out of the parking spot, then exit the carpark.*

Mark

Where are we going?

© June 2013 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

THIS DOCUMENT IS SOLELY OWNED BY QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE and is intended solely for use as an entertainment. QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE retains exclusive and inalienable rights to this document, which may not be reproduced in any way without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. Any disclosure, reproduction, copying, distribution, or other dissemination or use of this document or of the intellectual property contained in this document is strictly prohibited without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. (www.qld-tm.net.au)

Swannie To the Mecca of Sydney football: to Onsloe, the mighty Transformers.

Terry Hey! Have you found me a Humphrey Nougat, yet?

Brad Not yet ... The bloke they normally use to cover the Bogeyman is currently banged-up in a Cambodian gaol for trying to flog drugs. (Usual story). So, the casting agency is looking for someone else.

*The driver and other passengers express their disbelief and disgust at that news.*

Brad Don't fret. They'll find someone ...

Oh, and (before I forget), apparently they used to have a huge prop for the Flying Dutchman at the old His Majesty's theatre. A bloke at the Opera House reckons we can go to a warehouse at Marprelate and pick it up in a truck. No worries.

Mark That's good! Bewdy! I was wondering how to manage that one.



*The Transformers (the Onsloe Football Club) at Onsloe have grown a very lavish, impressive establishment. The club is financed by poker machines, which are situated in a magnificent structure, complete with a dazzling array of top-class restaurants and cafes.*

*Swannie is more than at home in this milieu. He roars "Hello!" to all the staff members as he meets them on entering the huge foyer. He speaks to the girl manning the front desk.*

Swannie Lorna, we're just nicking into the gym to have a chat to some of the boys.

The receptionist Help yourself, Swannie.

*smiling*

*Swannie leans and stretches over the front counter to adjust the settings for the plasma screen. The display now shows Swannie himself in short grabs from his last few games.*

Swannie *smug*                      That's better!



*Mui Tippitata is found to be working out with a ceiling-mounted speedball.*

*Delaney Trask and Neeham Burt stroll up and watch Mui. Mui becomes aware of them, and thus stops his speedball practice.*

*Delaney and Neeham flash their police badges at Mui.*

Delaney                              I'm Detective Trask from the San Francisco Police Department.  
   This is Detective Neeham Burt. I'd like to ask you a few questions  
   about this man --

*Just as Delaney is about to flash a photograph at Mui, Mui insists on shaking the hands of both men.*

Mui *pleased*                        Mui Tippitata, me. G'day. G'day. Cheers!  
  
   *[To Delaney, feeling his forearm as he shakes his hand]*  
  
   Ah! You work out, do ya? Yeah, me cousin went to America. On a  
   holiday, eh.

Delaney *holding up the*        Have you seen this man?  
*photo*

Mui *chatty*                            He went to Yeller Stone Park. He was there the day after that  
   bloke got eaten by a bear, eh.

Delaney *holding up the*        Great! Have you seen this man?  
*photo*

Mui                                        A grizzly bear, it was. He wouldn't have gone there if he'd known  
   that, eh. The States wasn't bad, he said. Said the food was good,  
   but the beer was off.

*Delaney holds the photo closer to Mui's face.*

Delaney *sarcastic* That's fabulous! I hope you're getting this down, Burt.

***Have you seen this man?*** His --

*Finally, Mui looks at the photograph. He frowns.*

Mui *interrupting* What's 'is name?

Delaney *utterly patient* He's called Jerse de Witte (a Dutch/French-Canadian admixed with Red Indian blood).

Mui *shakes head* Nuh, that wasn't 'is name. He had a rubbish, made-up name, eh.

Neeham *keen* You've seen him?

Mui *nods* Think so ... he's somethin' to do with my love-child: "Wagner Unleashed". Eddie'll know, eh. He's been to the Opera House more times than me.

*[Calls loudly]*

Eddie!

*Eddie is working out on the weights.*

*Neeham is busily writing into his notebook.*

Neeham And your name is?

Mui Mui Tippitata. It's not hyphenated, eh.

*Neeham stops, pencil poised over his notebook.*

Neeham *at sea* Uh?

Mui *yells across the gym* Eddie! Come over and meet two cops from San Francisco in the USA. This tall, dark one is Detective Delaney Trask (am I allowed to say you're dark? Sorry!) and the little bloke is Burt Neeham – no, no! Sorry, Neeham Burt, and he's a dick as well, eh.

*Delaney and especially Neeham appear to be grossly uncomfortable. Eddie, sweating profusely strolls over. He shakes hands firmly with both cops.*

---

© June 2013 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

THIS DOCUMENT IS SOLELY OWNED BY QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE and is intended solely for use as an entertainment. QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE retains exclusive and inalienable rights to this document, which may not be reproduced in any way without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. Any disclosure, reproduction, copying, distribution, or other dissemination or use of this document or of the intellectual property contained in this document is strictly prohibited without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. (www.qld-tm.net.au)

Eddie *jovial, to Delaney* G'day. G'day. Cheers! Hey, Bro! Good strong handshake there. You know, I reckon you might be alright in the front row, eh. What'dya reckon, Mui?

Mui *interested* Yeah ... I wuz just thinkin' that ... You can come in here any time, ya know, and work out, eh. We got practice tomorrow night. You can have a run with us, eh.

*Quite a group of players now surround the two San Francisco policemen. The players are very large and extremely well-built. They are somewhat intimidating.*

Player #1 *to Delaney* Did ya play college football? I like watching that gridiron on the teeve. It's a bit similar to our game, eh. Sort of ...

Delaney Yeah, I played in my youth. But I think those days are behind me now.

*Delaney turns to Eddie and flashes the photograph of Jerse de Witte at him. Eddie takes it, scratching his head.*

Eddie *nods slowly* Yeah ... Yeah ... At the Opera House ... What did ya call him, again?

Neeham That would be Jerse de Witte. And your name is ... ?

Eddie *shakes head* Eddie Hannakaffaki, mate.

*[With a hopeless shrug, Neeham gives up, pocketing his notebook.]*

Yeah, but that's not 'is name, eh, what you said. It was a stupid name like Dunkin Donut or Dinkum Dunny ... somethink like that. You wanna ask ---

*[Beaming at the sight of his new friends from Blaze-on-Stage]*

Ah, ha! Speak of the Devil, eh. Brad, you seen this bugger?

*Terry, Swannie, Mark and Brad stroll into the gym. Before anyone can make the introductions, Eddie shoves the photograph into Brad's hands. Brad is surprised, looking about him at the knot of men in the gym. Then Brad studies the photograph, immediately nodding.*

Brad *nods head*                    Yeah I've seen this guy loads of times: not with all the studs and artwork, but. He's helping out with the car chase. Not a bad stagehand, actually.

*[Looks about for advice]*

What's goin' on?

*Introductions and hand-shakes follow.*

Mui *pointing to each man in turn*                    Boys, this is Detective Delaney Trask (don't mention that 'e's dark or nothin'). And this is his mate, Detective Neeham Burt, eh. They're from LA.

Neeham *quickly*                    San Francisco, actually.

Mui *pointing to each man in turn*                    Yeah, right. And this is Terry Cognos, Mark "Mercedes" Benz and Brad Gellibrand. All from Blaze-on-Stage, which is putting on my love-child, eh. And this bloke here is a legend of our game, eh. This is none other than Swannie Liversham.

Player #2                            And just to be sure that you realize, **this** is Eddie Hannakaffaki --

Eddie *gives a shake of his finger*                    Cheers!

Player #2                            — who stars in the Clash of Two Codes. He gets to sing with Brunhi. She's a big babe with big tits, eh. Amazing!

Player #3                            Lucky bastard!

Delaney                              You mean Eleanore Blakeley? Wonderful soprano, whatever her figure (although, you're right: it **is** impressive). I had the real

pleasure of attending three of her performances at The Met.

Eddie *excited*

You're a fan, are ya? I'll get you her autograph.

Delaney *smiles*

Thank you. That's very kind of you. And you're an extremely lucky man to get this chance to sing with her.

Eddie *proudly*

Blood oath, mate.

Player #1

We recorded Eddie while he was in the change rooms taking a shower, eh. He didn't know we done it, did ya Bro? Then we played it to the boys from Blaze-on-Stage.

*Player #2 hauls an ultra-modern mobile phone out of his pocket, presses a few buttons, and then plays his bathroom recording of Eddie, whose voice is rich but not very tuneful. [The words may have to be changed slightly to avoid litigation.]*

She don't like that kind of behaviour

She don't like that kind of behaviour

Oh! Throw down yer gun

Don't be so reckless ...

Eddie *very proud*

Some of them opera experts reckon my voice is haunting, eh.

Neeham *unable to resist*

You could sure do some haunting, Eddie.

Player #3 *laughing*

Quit trying to impress the Yanks! You're a fighter, not a singer, eh, Eddie?

Eddie

Yeah, I got loads of fights in this opera. I come on in the mobster gunfight. I play Parsifal. I bring law and order to the old ... What is it I do, again?

Terry *patient* No, Eddie you come on **before** the haka in the Parsifal set.  
*[To the bemused Delaney and Neeham]*  
We had to ditch the volcano, the ice-skating, the can-can and the rodeo. So we decided on something authentic: the haka fits the bill.

Eddie *beaming* Yeah, that's right: and I lead the haka. I keep forgettin', eh.

Neeham What's a "haka"?

*Everyone stares at Neeham in disbelief. Neeham shrugs suggestively and Delaney shakes his head.*

Swannie Come on, boys! We gotta coupla dudes from the USA here that don't know what a haka is! Come on: show `em how it's done.

*Mark, Delaney, Brad, Terry and Neeham stand about.*  
*Everyone else streams into the haka formation, facing the other men.*

Mui Which haka are we doin'?

Eddie The one we done last King's Birthday. The one with the throat-slit. You remember.

*Delaney and Neeham move aside, unsure of the procedure.*

Eddie Hey, Bro! We're not gonna hurt yuz. Just stand there in front of us lookin' very masculine and defensive. Look tough, eh!

*Laughing, Neeham and Delaney go back into position.*

|                                     |
|-------------------------------------|
| THE TRANSFORMERS PERFORM THEIR HAKA |
|-------------------------------------|

*With Eddie solemnly calling the instructions in the Maori language, the men perform a very confronting, demonstrative, testosterone-laden haka. Other players and officials run up and join in.*

*When finished, the audience applauds, and the men disperse (except for Mui and Eddie).*

Terry                                      We didn't come for that. Mui, we need a villain from Wagner.

Mui *perplexed*                              A what?

Terry *explains*                              Well, Eddie here is the hero. We gotta know which blokes could be the villains.

*Mui does not have a clue. He looks about him for inspiration.*

Delaney                                      You mean "the bad guys".

Mark    Yep. That's what we want.

Delaney                                      Well, there's Klingsor, Alberich ... and Wotan is a bit of a rogue.

Brad    Wotan? We got the famous US wrestler Smack TK playing Wotan. D'ya know him?

Delaney                                      Er ... no, I don't have that pleasure.

*Delaney looks over at Neeham. The 'Frisco guys have had enough.*

Delaney                                      Okay, I'll meet you guys at the Sydney Opera House tomorrow morning, and you can introduce me to this Dinkum Dunnies guy.

Mark *eureka moment*                      Dink Pinkus! That's his mono. Dink Pinkus ...

*Delaney and Neeham stare at Mark.*

END OF SCENE

END OF ACT II

---

© June 2013 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

THIS DOCUMENT IS SOLELY OWNED BY QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE and is intended solely for use as an entertainment. QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE retains exclusive and inalienable rights to this document, which may not be reproduced in any way without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. Any disclosure, reproduction, copying, distribution, or other dissemination or use of this document or of the intellectual property contained in this document is strictly prohibited without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. (www.qld-tm.net.au)



### **PLOT PROGRESSION**

We zoom back in time to 1932 again.

In Malaya, the gist of the back story is divulged to Zeke by Professor Bi Dunbar (Zeke's contact).

From now on there will be nods to Bogart films.

As we left Zeke in ACT II, he was studying a hand-written note which was becoming steadily wetter as rain teemed down.

## **ACT III**

**MAY 1932**

**ACT III, Scene i: Night Time In The Driving Rain, Manderlay Malaya**

**NOD TO "THE AFRICAN QUEEN".**

---

© June 2013 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

THIS DOCUMENT IS SOLELY OWNED BY QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE and is intended solely for use as an entertainment. QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE retains exclusive and inalienable rights to this document, which may not be reproduced in any way without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. Any disclosure, reproduction, copying, distribution, or other dissemination or use of this document or of the intellectual property contained in this document is strictly prohibited without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. ([www.qld-tm.net.au](http://www.qld-tm.net.au))

*The Indian maid (Rose) stands in the main doorway of Manderlay (a low-slung, sprawling bungalow from the 1890's) as she looks out onto the verandah. Her back is to the camera: we look over her shoulder towards Zeke. Zeke is very wet and uncomfortable. He wears a hat and raincoat, and grimaces in real discomfort.*

Rose *back to camera*     D.I. Cornel! You may come in, out of the rain.

Zeke                             Er ... thank you ... Don't mind if I do.

*Zeke steps inside, his wet face coming straight into the camera: taut and put-out.*

Rose *crisp*                     Give to me your wet hat and coat, please.

*In the doorway, Zeke removes his hat and his raincoat. Rose takes them from him.*

Zeke *trying to cover*     Sure. We get rain in 'Frisco, but nothin' like this.  
*his discomfort*

*Zeke calmly extracts his wallet from his pocket, opens it and hands to Rose his card.*

Rose *ignoring his*             Wait here please, whilst I notify the Professor of your arrival.  
*comments*

*The room where Zeke waits is very large, unlit and surrounded by many French windows, leading to the verandah. We see Zeke (almost in silhouette) wandering about the room, as he stows his wallet. The rain continues to belt down: we can hear it and see it. Zeke stops wandering and lights a cigarette. Holding the smoking match in his hand, he looks about in the deep gloom for an ashtray. Not finding one, he flicks the match thoughtlessly into the garden. It is then that Professor Bi Dunbar bustles into the room.*

Bi *very welcoming*             Lieutenant Cornel. Welcome, Sir, welcome!

*Bi shakes Zeke's hand warmly.*

Zeke                             I hope you don't mind my smokin' a cigarette, Professor.

*Bi bustles over to the drinks tray.*

Bi *bonhomous* By all means! Whiskey and Canada dry? You take ice, I trust?

*Zeke obviously relaxes and enjoys begin fussed over.*

Zeke *nods* Frankly, I'd kill for a whiskey. Thank you for the hospitality. I've been kicked around a bit gettin' here and --

*With ice-filled glasses clinking, Bi approaches Zeke and hands him the drink. The men touch glasses and then drink.*

Bi Sorry to hear that you've been mistreated.

So ... A police inspector from San Francisco? By Jove, Sir, you've travelled half-way around the world. Astounding!

Zeke *rueful smile* I have farther to go, yet. This is not a trip of pleasure, Professor Dunbar. I'm strictly working.

Bi *genial* Ah! But some of us in this "far-flung corner of the globe" hunger for new faces and new news. I mingle with the very same people day-in, day-out, Lieutenant Cornel, come what may.

Zeke Look, I don't wanna take up too much of your time here but --

Bi At the Great Britain Club, or dining with the Colonel at the barracks, or taking afternoon tea at the golf club ... the same faces with their same banal conversation. The ennui ...

Zeke Must be tough.

Bi But don't think I'm complaining ... It's just so invigorating to converse with a man who gets about in the world, so to speak.

Zeke I certainly do that.

Bi Now, we can't see a thing in here. I hardly use this room save for a few infrequent visits by the vicar and his Ladies' auxiliary.

Come! Let's sit about in the manner of leisured gentlemen in my



*[Sighs]*

My experiences with mankind have been far from pleasant, I assure you. I've opened my home and heart and been slapped down in return.

Zeke *keen*

I take it that you're speaking of a man by the name of Dink Pinkus, also from 'Frisco.

Bi *quickly*

Oh, no! Far from it.

The man who let me down, preyed on my poor deluded family and insinuated himself upon those of my acquaintance was named Seamus Flannery.

It was **this** man whom Mr Pinkus sought.

Mr Pinkus was an honest, hard-working soul. He'd been imposed-upon by Flannery, too, just as I had been.

Zeke *confused*

That ain't the way I heard it.

Bi

Oh, but indeed yes, Inspector!

Zeke

My superior wants me to nab Pinkus – drag him back to the US in chains.

Bi

Chains? Good heavens! I wish you to understand, Sir, that the **real** villain of the piece is Seamus Flannery. Both Pinkus and I suffered by his machinations. Pinkus has followed Flannery to the Great South Land in the hope that that will afford some reparation, some restitution.

My dear brother Maurice (who is also a professor by the by) dwells in a town called Sydney. I've provided Mr Pinkus with a letter of introduction.

Zeke So that's where you reckon that Pinkus is hiding out?

Bi *firm* No! Not "hiding out", Detective Cornel. No, Sir! He's on the hunt for Seamus Flannery, just as perhaps you should be (though who am I to tell you your business, DI Cornel?)

Zeke Okay ... So I guess I should just move on to Sydney Australia and meet your brother ... Maurice, was it?

Bi Yes, that's it. Maurice is a Professor of Languages, whereas my field of endeavour is Archaeology. Maurice will assist you with comprehending the nuances of the Australian lingo. It can be a little demanding on the ear, as Maurice says.

Zeke Then, perhaps you'd also furnish me with one of those letters of introduction?

Bi Assuredly! Of course.

Zeke That's swell. And then I'll leave you alone.

Bi Quite alright, Sir. Quite alright. I've earnestly enjoyed your company, Lieutenant, and am envious of my brother in that he'll be your host in Sydney.

*Bi starts the process of penning a letter on superb vellum with a nib pen.*

*Zeke stands and looks around the study. He picks up a framed photo showing a very slim Nordic man posing (broken gun over his arm) in pith helmet and safari gear on the bow of a boat, which is paddled by natives. The body of a huge crocodile is tied to the side of the boat.*

*Mysterious music is heard along with the rain.*

*Still holding the photograph, Zeke accepts the envelope handed to him by Bi. He pockets this, and then replaces the framed photograph. Both men remain standing throughout the remainder of the scene.*

Zeke Thanks very much, Professor. I appreciate your assistance. As I said already, I guess I'm just not used to such er ... urbane co-

operation.

*Bi nods. Both men continue to look at the photograph. The music becomes much more mysterious.*

Bi                                   The Fly River. Dutch West Irian.

Do you know that in Sydney, Australia there is a grand theatre known as His Majesty's?

A couple of years ago, I made a visit to my dear brother Maurice in Sydney. We had the pleasure of seeing a huge production of Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" there. Very impressive indeed!

But later, we discussed the plot of the opera. We concluded that the Dutchman might just as well have sailed through the Dutch East Indies as not.

*Zeke offers his tobacco pouch to Bi, who waves it away. Zeke goes through the business of rolling a cigarette, and then lighting and smoking it. Bi continues with the narrative as Zeke prepares to smoke.*

Bi                                   New Guinea gold, Mr Cornel.

*Here, Bi gestures towards the clutter.*

Bi                                   The lure of that gold called to Mr Flannery. That's why he invaded my life and then joined my archaeological expedition. He was planning ...

*Zeke points to the photograph.*

Zeke                               Is this white guy Flannery?

*Bi nods sadly.*

*Zeke cunning*                   I woulda thought after all the rumpus he made you woulda destroyed this memory of him, Professor.

*For two or three seconds, Bi stares at the photograph without moving.*

Bi *whispers* He had some kind of map ... mentioned the Flying Dutchman about four or five times. That gives one food for thought ...

*Zeke takes a long draw on his cigarette and then blows upwards a vast plume of smoke.*

*The mysterious music stops. Bi recovers from his reverie.*

Bi Well, goodbye, Detective Cornel.

*The two men shake hands warmly.*

Bi Please remember that Dink Pinkus is the angel in this sordid story and that his nemesis is the ... what would you say? ... He's the "bad guy".

Zeke I'll take your advice on board, Professor.



*Standing on the verandah of Manderlay, once again in his hat and raincoat, Zeke smokes as he watches the tropical rain falling on the garden.*

*Without conscious thought, he flicks the cigarette out into the sodden garden. He pushes his hands deep into his raincoat pockets.*



*Although this is not Zeke's flashback (he had never witnessed this), he nevertheless imagines what might have happened in West New Guinea, based on the photo. Zeke is actually discussing this episode with Roy. We hear Zeke as voice-over, speaking whilst the action takes place.*

*We close-in on the photograph, which comes to life. In 1931, several budding young archaeologists (including two girls) scurry about a rude campsite doing the chores, whilst Professor Bi Dunbar can be seen in safari suit checking the archaeological equipment. In the foreground, a young man takes the*

*photograph we've all been looking at. Then, the natives continue to paddle the canoe. Flannery easily steps off the bow of the boat as it nears the river bank and wanders about near the camp. Flannery slips off into the jungle. He squats down on his haunches. Then he takes a leather map from his pocket to study it, unseen by the others.*

*Zeke voice-over, to be heard during the above action* I'm not sure that the professor was tellin' me the whole "cross-your-heart-spit-on-the-floor" truth.

The tall, slim, blonde adventurer I saw in the picture didn't resemble any Celtic I've ever seen. And you couldn't wish for a more Irish label than "Seamus Flannery".

Aw ... I dunno ... all this talk of Pinkus bein' an angel, and hidden gold in New Guinea, and the Flying Dutchman and Americans imposin' themselves on gullible Brits ... it just don't ... it just don't fit ... Why would ya keep a picture of a guy who tore your heart out? I think I'm bein' played for a chump. And Mrs Cornel never raised no chump so far as I know.

*Zeke is with Roy, in a very cheap hotel room. The two tiny cots are enclosed in mosquito netting and the men are hunched at the end of one of these beds, smoking heavily and drinking rum heavily. Roy listens attentively, looking serious, and Zeke simply looks very tired.*

END OF SCENE

### **ACT III, Scene ii: 2013, Trying Out For The Onsloe Transformers (Practice Session)**

*The players of the Onsloe F.O.A.R. rugby club gather in the main lobby of the Transformers club rooms. This lobby has a huge glass front, overlooking the oval. It is customary that the players receive a rev-up from the captain in this area prior to running out onto the field for practice.*

---

© June 2013 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

THIS DOCUMENT IS SOLELY OWNED BY QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE and is intended solely for use as an entertainment. QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE retains exclusive and inalienable rights to this document, which may not be reproduced in any way without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. Any disclosure, reproduction, copying, distribution, or other dissemination or use of this document or of the intellectual property contained in this document is strictly prohibited without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. (www.qld-tm.net.au)

*Delaney is with the players, dressed in the standard practice uniform. His shoulders have been strapped and padded (not to the extent of gridiron players, however) with the addition of a shoulder guard top. And Delaney has opted for a protective helmet. This headgear strongly resembles a car tyre which has been hacked into a doily. Plus, Delaney has a mouthguard dangling between his fingers.*

Captain Johno                      Okay boys. We have an invader here, from the USA. You've all met Delaney Trask, who looks like being a very useful front-rower, but we can't persuade him to give up his day job as a San Francisco cop.

*There is a deep murmur of welcome and some back-talk aimed at Delaney, who takes it good naturedly, smiling and nodding.*

Captain Johno                      Alright, alright. Bit of shoosh! Let's go through our ritual (you can join in if you feel up to it, Del) and then we can hit the field. And I want a good, hard, meaningful practice, boys. We play the Bravehearts on Sat'day. I want to bury them.

*There is a loud shout of agreement. In much the same way that the men stirred themselves up in the haka, they throw themselves whole-heartedly into this pre-practice rev-up.*

Captain Johno *very*                Onsloe Transformers: force!  
*loud and gung-ho*

Players *in unison*                Go Transformers! The force at work!

Captain Johno *very*                Team Unity!  
*loud and gung-ho*

Players *in unison,*                The team is all; All for the team!  
*louder*

Captain Johno *very*                Above and beyond!  
*loud and gung-ho*

Players *in unison,*                Go Transformers! Above and beyond! The force at work! The team

*even louder* is all; All for the team!

*From there follows a series of roars and "Go boys!" The men have now pumped themselves up to a pitch and start giving each other back pats and high fives. Then the large sliding doors open such that the men are able to pour onto the field. There is a small crowd of loyal supporters waiting to see the practice session. The captain waits behind to give Delaney a bit of advice.*

Captain Johnno to  
*Delaney*

G'day! Cheers!

Look, this will be just like your gridiron, only that you can't pass forwards. And if you get the ball in your mitts, then you'll get tackled to the ground. Just join in: you'll pick up the gist.

*Delaney has already stuck the uncomfortable mouthguard in his mouth, so he merely nods.*

Captain Johnno

The guys were telling me about this dude you're after. What's he done to drag you all the way over here? Must be pretty serious.

*Delaney tries to speak but cannot manage with the mouthguard. He reefs the protective device out.*

Delaney

Ah! That's better.

The felon is named Jerse de Witte. He sure is a real piece of work. His crimes and misdemeanours involve people smuggling, sponsoring three (possibly more) drug laboratories in Ecuador, shipping and customs infringements, non-compliance with US postal regulations, running several enterprises encompassing immoral practices, medical and dental frauds, voting irregularities, boat licencing non-compliance, causing affray in a public place and a few parking infringements. And of course, tax evasion.

*Captain Johnno blinks at this catalogue of crimes.*

Captain Johnno

So ... he's a bit of a lad, then?



*Delaney has a good work out with the other men, and is found to be very fit, powerful and adept. He is permitted to score a single try (with not much opposition). He is tackled a few times and repays the favour.*

*All up, it is apparent that the SFPD Lieutenant has won some new admirers, and has had a great time of it, albeit he will be very sore for the next few days.*

END OF SCENE

### **PLOT PROGRESSION**

We have to move Zeke and Roy into a ship.

The plan is to get Zeke and Roy into the bowels of His Majesty's Theatre (Sydney) such that they board a stage prop (that being used for the Wagner opera "The Flying Dutchman".)

This will then change into a real ship.

**MAY 1932**

### **ACT II, Scene iii: The Tiny Propeller-Driven Aeroplane Flying Darwin To Sydney**

*Inside the small plane, as it flies low over the outskirts of Sydney, we see Zeke and Roy (the only passengers). Beneath them is a large paddock which becomes the Onsloe Transformers field. There is a large sign (with old-fashioned 1920's style lettering) announcing that fact. In the distance (close enough to see it) is the nearly-completed Sydney Harbour Bridge (and of course the Opera House does not exist at this time).*

---

© June 2013 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

THIS DOCUMENT IS SOLELY OWNED BY QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE and is intended solely for use as an entertainment. QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE retains exclusive and inalienable rights to this document, which may not be reproduced in any way without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. Any disclosure, reproduction, copying, distribution, or other dissemination or use of this document or of the intellectual property contained in this document is strictly prohibited without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. ([www.qld-tm.net.au](http://www.qld-tm.net.au))

END OF SCENE

**MAY 1932**

**ACT II, Scene iv:** The First Fleet Hotel, The Rocks, Sydney

NOD TO "CASABLANCA".

*Although The Rocks has been modernised of late, in the 1920s and 1930s, The Rocks was a very rough, often violent enclave of Sydney. Being close to the South entrance to the Sydney Harbour Bridge, this rocky sandstone ledge is where the First Fleet members stepped ashore on 26 January 1788. The goal of the colony and a wharf for whaling ships were prominent. By the late 1920s, no matter how "quaint" the quarried rock building blocks and the cobbled lanes might be, this place was no better than a foetid slum. Added to which was all the building debris associated with the final stages of erecting the Sydney Harbour bridge.*

*There could not have been a more ghastly hole in which Zeke and Roy found themselves following their taxi ride from the airport. In the horrible, rat-infested room they are to share, with its ripped curtains and fusty smell, the two men look about them in absolute distaste. Moreover, drunken shouts can be heard (from men and women) and the groans of people yelling in pain trying to outdo the dogs barking.*

*Roy* *disgusted*                      No wonder the cab driver stepped on the pedal once we got outta his cab. This is ... I dunno how to describe this ...

*Zeke* *musling*                      Of all the gin joints, in all the towns, in all the world, I walk into this.

*Roy* *tries to see out of the filthy window. He uses a corner of the filthy, ripped curtain to polish the glass after he spits on it.*

*Roy*                                      Don't look like they ever heard of "Prohibition" here in Sydney,

Australia, neither.

*Zeke chuckling* It would seem not. And no "Blue Laws" ... quite an eye-opener.

*Roy shudders.*

*Zeke dumps his suitcase onto one of the beds. Zeke opens the case to drag out his gun when he says the word "gat". Zeke's piece is a .38 Colt Police Positive.*

*Zeke more confident* We'll stay here this one night, Roy, then I'll look out for somethin' better tomorrow. Meanwhile, I'll be payin' a call on the good Professor's brother. Will I need my gat to get me to the nearest cabstand? I wonder ...

END OF SCENE

**MAY 1932**

## **ACT II, Scene v:** Haughtivale House, Sydney

*The house is a solid house first built in the 1900's. It has stunning views of Sydney Harbour, including the nearly-completed bridge. Zeke wanders around the sitting room, idly pondering this and that.*

*From a nearby room, Zeke can hear a conversation between two men. One has an affected upper-class British accent and is clearly distressed. The other speaks in more controlled tones, in a middle-class English accent.*

*Capt de Groot voice-off* The man's a tart: a leg of pork dressed in a butcher's window. And are we to stand by whilst this hero of the working classes makes our fine state of New South Wales into a ... a laughing stock?

---

© June 2013 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

THIS DOCUMENT IS SOLELY OWNED BY QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE and is intended solely for use as an entertainment. QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE retains exclusive and inalienable rights to this document, which may not be reproduced in any way without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. Any disclosure, reproduction, copying, distribution, or other dissemination or use of this document or of the intellectual property contained in this document is strictly prohibited without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. ([www.qld-tm.net.au](http://www.qld-tm.net.au))

Maurice *voice-off* I'll do what I can but --

Capt de Groot *voice-off* Do you know, Professor, that a certain plot exists to bring physical harm to this paperboy? Although, of course, I must distance myself from such an enterprise, I shall certainly be the first to cry "Hurrah!" should it succeed.

Maurice *trying to calm the other man, voice-off* No, Francis! Violence must not be tried. We must alert the authorities of any threat to the Premier's life.

Capt de Groot *voice-off* You'll not see me sit idly by, should the plot miss its mark.

You know my feelings: it is the **Governor** (that is, the King's representative) and not the voters' serf who must perform this momentous duty.

If this nefarious plan proceeds to fruition (for our jumped-up Premier to officiate in the bridge-opening), then you have my sworn oath that I shall act!

Good afternoon, Professor.

*A tall, slim, haughty man in his mid-40's marches purposefully through the sitting room, hardly giving Zeke a second glance. Zeke stares after the man (Captain Francis de Groot), with a wry, world-weary half-smile on his lips, when Maurice Dunbar races into the room, smiling broadly and warmly welcoming his guest. His handshake is bonhomous, as is his all-embracing smile.*

Maurice *charming* Lieutenant Cornel! Welcome, welcome!

I'm so very glad that you and my brother, Bi, hit it off. We're half Chinese, you know, through our mother. You'd never guess from looking at Bi. But my ancestry stands out, doesn't it?

Now, have you acquired a place to kip?

*Zeke does not wish to impose, so he stalls a little.*

*Zeke hesitant* Well ... my partner and I are bivouacked (for want of a better term) in what passes for a hotel, I guess ... It's a place called The Rocks: the First Fleet Hotel, if you wanna get technical.

*Maurice horrified* But you can't **possibly** domicile in all that squalor! Talk about a "stoning of crows".

No, no, no ... You're to up-stumps and relocate here. You and your noble partner both. You'll bunk in my guest rooms... That's it! I won't stomach any refusals.

*Zeke sweetly* You're too kind. That's very gracious of you, Professor.

*Zeke makes a quizzical face, and then gestures over his shoulder with his thumb.*

*Maurice laughs* That chappie who stomped out of here just now?

Oh, he's our colonial equivalent of a lord. That's de Groot: Captain Francis de Groot, he is. Fine, upright man who works tirelessly to maintain the correct caste system. Any tall poppy from the working class is hacked down to size immediately by the good captain. And I've no possible notion why he tolerates (nay, encourages) myself, in that my existence must be abhorred by all those wishing for a lily-white Australia.

D'ye get my drift, eh?

*Zeke slowly* I think that I do understand you ... Me, I'm from San Francisco. We gotta whole lotta different folks from all over the globe. And what our founding fathers did was to cloister the different races and tribes into cantons or "quarters". Seems to work okay, but ...

*Maurice nods* Precisely! "**But**" ...

Let me tell you a little about the "New Guard", of which the brave captain is a fire-breathing member.



*In the glass house which is devoted to the propagation of orchids and other exotic species, Maurice and Zeke drink brandy and smoke cigars. Roy is way in the background, pottering about, looking at the beautiful plants.*

*Zeke thoughtful*                    I'm guessing here that I oughta be looking for Flannery. You got any ideas where to find him?

Maurice                                My dear Zeke – May I call you “Zeke”?

Zeke                                      Please!

*Maurice nods, reaching out to lightly touch Zeke's arm.*

Maurice                                He (that rogue Flannery, that is) tried to secure a position as a stage hand at His Majesty's theatre. But whether that plan succeeded or not, I can't tell you.

Zeke                                      His Majesty's ... Your brother mentioned --

Maurice                                Yes, that's right. That boulder's treasure map ...  
  
Something mysterious and arcane seems to be going on. It merits further investigation; and you may depend upon my brother and I giving you every possible assistance.

Further, Mr Pinkus may also be hanging about there, at His Majesty's, I mean. He expressed to me an exaggerated desire to ... er ... “knock Flannery through the wall”. Or some other expression of violent intent.

Zeke                                      Good! Maybe I'll catch up with the pair of them at the theatre. It'll

be a pleasure to deliver the knock-out blow to either man.

Maurice Are you a pugilist then?

Zeke *confused* Uh?

Maurice *explaining* Are you handy with your fives? Boxing?

Zeke Certainly. I'm ex-Navy. We sailors had to be able to dance *and* throw a punch. Often at the same time.

Maurice Dance?

Zeke *grinning* Why sure! The best way to meet girls when you hit port (and time is limited) is to head straight for the local dance hall. And once there, there's always bound to be a brawl. Human nature bein' what it is ...

Maurice If Napoleon Bonaparte were to be quizzed on this head, he'd boldly state (I've no doubt) that you'll need all your skill at fisticuffs if you intend to have any truck with Mr Seamus Flannery. *C'est la guerre!*

Zeke You said it! *C'est la guerre ...*

Maurice *interested* You are not fearful of this encounter? A cornered rat is a most dangerous and unpredictable creature.

Zeke *joking* Aw, I'll match him. Mrs Cornel didn't raise her boy to be a cissy. I'm really quite a stranger to fear, if you must know.

END OF SCENE

### III, Scene vi: An Advertisement During The "F.O.A.R. The Roar" TV Show

---

© June 2013 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

THIS DOCUMENT IS SOLELY OWNED BY QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE and is intended solely for use as an entertainment. QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE retains exclusive and inalienable rights to this document, which may not be reproduced in any way without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. Any disclosure, reproduction, copying, distribution, or other dissemination or use of this document or of the intellectual property contained in this document is strictly prohibited without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. (www.qld-tm.net.au)

*The scene is of a stockyard in outback Australia.*

*Reg Toppey walks up to a wooden fence in the stockyard, putting his feet up on it and removing his hat such that he can wipe the sweat off his forehead with the back of his hand. The he replaces his hat and leans over the top rail. He is dressed as if a pastoralist; just the kind of farmer one sees in droves at the Ekka (which is shorthand for "Exhibition"; that is, the Royal National Agricultural Show, Brisbane).*

Reg *smiling*                      G'day, I'm Reg Toppey, yer local Ford dealer in the Artesian Basin. How's yer ute? Seen better days? What about trading-in "Old Faithful" for a brand-new Ford ute? You'll be amazed at the great deal we can give you at AB Ford. And the money you'll get back on your trade-in will fairly stagger you.

Come down and see me and the guys at AB Ford in Cable Street, Ulladangadanga and we'll haggle for a great deal.

*A ute towing a horse float rocks up. Then the driver guns the ute and it tears about with the horse float rocking from side-to-side.*

*The shot returns to Reg.*

Reg *smiling*                      Ford is one of the major sponsors of "F.O.A.R. The Roar". It's compulsory viewing for footy fans.

Come down in yer club colours, and we'll throw in a free cattle drencher and hay-bailer. Whether you follow the Reds or the Blues in FOARPLAY, if you live in the Artesian Basin, we'll look after ya!

*Several utes now roar around the stockyards, causing plumes of thick red dust to rise into the air. The ute and horse-float, and Mum in her truck with the poddies are also racing about.*

*The five sheep and the eye-dog pass back and forth in front of Reg.*

*[From now on, whenever the Wagner Unleashed car chase roars past, the utes (including the one with the horse float) will be part of the chase, along with Mum and her 1 ½ ton truck.]*

END OF SCENE

### **III, Scene vii:** In The Carpark Behind The Blaze-On-Stage Offices

*Brad climbs up easily into the passenger seat of a semi-trailer (with drop-frame trailer). The driver starts the rig. Brad rolls down the window and leans out. Mark quickly climbs up the ladder such that he is able to converse with Brad through the open window. He has a clipboard in hand. Mark uses the clipboard and biro to illustrate his ideas to Brad, along with much gesturing.*

*Mark designing  
frantically*

We raise this strut 9 centimetres and that will just clear the path for the davit. Right? Then we lower this side of the North runway after the cars have gone through on their last lap but one. What's that? The ninth lap.

Okay. Then the two front cars (the fast ones) will shimmy down here, and then (once they're passed that point) we raise the runway using the davit. With that extra 9 centimetres of leeway, that gives just enough camber to allow the next two cars to go up on their driver-side wheels only. And the other car, the fifth car, the one Hoonie's driving, that'll be diverted down **here** to come **up** this ramp, and he can just pass the cars that're on their sides. That'll depend on whether Hoonie thinks he can get through there or not. We'll have to try it tonight.

*Brad pleased*

Aw, yeah. He can do that standing on his head.

Now, what am I going to the warehouse for again?

*Mark uninterested*

The hulk. It's a big bugger with "The Flying Dutchman" painted on

the side. The caretaker knows. Can't miss it. You'll be right. And it goes to the Tennis Centre, not back here.

Truck driver                      Rightio. Are we off?

Brad                                Yeah, let's go.

*Stepping backwards, Mark descends the ladder at speed, taking the last step as a jump. The truck rumbles off as Brad winds up the window.*

END OF SCENE

### **PLOT PROGRESSION**

We have to move Zeke and Roy into a ship.

The plan is to get Zeke and Roy into the bowels of His Majesty's Theatre (Sydney) such that they board a stage prop (that being used for the Wagner opera "The Flying Dutchman".)

This will then change into a real ship.

**MAY 1932**

### **ACT III, Scene viii: Zeke and Roy At His Majesty's Theatre In The Basement**

*His Majesty's Theatre in central Sydney is a solid building, with an imposing and majestic foyer, complete with plush velvet chairs and drapes. The theatre exudes sophisticated glamour and old-world charm. Before television, and with movies in black-and-white, the glitterati of Sydney would have converged on this destination to enjoy the colony's finest in culture and entertainment.*

---

© June 2013 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

THIS DOCUMENT IS SOLELY OWNED BY QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE and is intended solely for use as an entertainment. QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE retains exclusive and inalienable rights to this document, which may not be reproduced in any way without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. Any disclosure, reproduction, copying, distribution, or other dissemination or use of this document or of the intellectual property contained in this document is strictly prohibited without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. (www.qld-tm.net.au)

*At this time of the day, the theatre is virtually deserted. Zeke has asked a cleaner or some such person to find the caretaker: Roy and Zeke wander about in the foyer whilst awaiting the caretaker.*

*There are framed photographs in profusion on the walls. Roy finds a large number of these which are devoted to the production of The Flying Dutchman which Professor Bi Dunbar mentioned.*

*A doddery old caretaker in overalls and slippers shuffles into the foyer, and stands open-mouthed, unsure what is expected of him.*

*Zeke and Roy approach the caretaker, extending hands for him to shake.*

*Zeke smiling*                      Good afternoon. I'm Zeke Cornel and this is my partner Roy Putney. We're from the San Francisco Police Department, and we need to go down into the basement here. We're searching for a man who's decamped from the USA and come here to Sydney.

*The man is stunned. He looks, open-mouthed from Roy to Zeke and back to Roy.*

*Roy also smiling*                      Our information is good. The wanted man may be hiding-out under the theatre. It's possible that he's watching us even now, in order to evade capture. But if we can just find some sort of proof that he's here, that'll make it easier to nab him. We'd get the local cops in ...

*The caretaker shakes his head. He shambles off in the direction of the stairs.*



*The men are now in the underground regions of His Majesty's Theatre. The old caretaker continues to shamble and shuffle along in his slippers, while Roy and Zeke look around them keenly.*

*Caretaker*                                      But I've never heard of anyone hiding-out down here. There's a couple of cats that I feed ... That's all there is down here.  
  
How would anyone do that?

Zeke                                   Anythin's possible ... Do you mind if we look around?

Mark                                   Oh, no. Help yourself! I hope you find this chappie ... Sounds very nasty to me ...

*The camera pans around to take in the enormous amount of lumber stowed here, under the theatre.*

Roy *starry-eyed*                    What a great collection of stuff! Wish I'd come here as a kid; then I coulda **really** enjoyed this place.

*Zeke turns to dismiss the caretaker.*

Zeke                                   Okay, thanks for your help, Mac. We'll take it from here. And if you happen to hear any gunshots, call the cops, will ya?

*The old man looks stunned rather than frightened. He shambles off, shaking his head and muttering to himself.*

*Zeke and Roy move on. Rounding a corner, they come upon a very dark, deserted section, filled with the larger pieces of stage scenery ever used in the theatre. Roy and Zeke stand side-by-side, looking with great interest at this dark, seldom-visited section of the props storage area. Interesting music kicks in.*

Roy                                    You know what, Zeke? If I wuz wanting to hide out in this great town of Sydney, I'd sure as heck look for somethin' like this. Wouldn't you?

*Zeke smiles and nods in a very Bogartesque way.*

Zeke                                   Sure I would! Come on ...

*Zeke and Roy come across the piece of scenery representing the hulk used in "The Flying Dutchman" opera. The two men climb aboard by ascending a rope ladder which is fortuitously hanging over the side of the prop. As the music builds, the camera concentrates on the name of the ship, featured in beautiful old lettering: **Der fliegende Holländer**.*

END OF SCENE

**ACT III, Scene ix: Brad At The Warehouse**

*The semi-trailer is parked in the delivery chute of a huge modern warehouse in an outer Sydney suburb.*

*The truck driver has left the truck and is idly wandering about smoking, despite all the many signs forbidding smoking on the premises.*

*Brad is at the entrance to the warehouse, talking to Mark via a mobile phone. Nearby stands the same prop which Zeke and Roy boarded in 1932.*

Brad *into the mobile phone* Can't find it. There's a big prop for an old sailing ship but it isn't what you said.

*Pause.*

Brad *into the mobile phone* Some crap name. Could be. Yeah, could be German, but. How the hell would I know?

*Pause as Brad walks quickly over to take another look at the huge prop.*

Brad *into the mobile phone* Yeah, it starts with "D-E-R-space-F-L-I" and it's got "Hollander" in the name at the end with two little twiddly things on it.

*Pause.*

Brad So, that's the one, is it? Ya sure? 'Cause it's a bit big to move around much. Okay then! Cheers!

*Brad completes his phone call, stowing the phone in his jeans pocket.*

Truck driver "Der fliegende Holländer": that's it in German. Vargner was German.

Brad Who's "Vargner"?

Truck driver W-A-G-N-E-R. "Vargner". That's how you pronounce it.

Brad Well, where's the "V" in that?

Truck driver Trust me! That's it.

*[Points to the large wooden prop]*

That's what the other bloke (yer mate) wants.

*[Looks around]*

Okay, I'll organize the forklifts and the straddle. We'll drop it on the drop-frame. We'll clamp the gates in position then rope and chain it in place. Then we'll measure the height. I'll prob'ly have to take it to the Tennis Centre by way of Yardley (if it's too high to go under the Dorcas Street railway bridge.)

Don't think we'll need to run to a police escort, but.

*Brad is intrigued. He stares at the truck driver in complete and utter admiration.*

*Brad gives the thumbs-up sign and shouts "Great"!*

*Truck driver laughing*      What's the bet some wanker doesn't have a heart attack 'cause he saw an old sailing ship floatin' down the Greater Western freeway?

END OF SCENE

### **PLOT PROGRESSION**

We have to move Zeke and Roy into a ship.

The plan is to get Zeke and Roy into the bowels of His Majesty's Theatre (Sydney) such that they board a stage prop (that being used for the Wagner opera "The Flying Dutchman".)

This will then change into a real ship.

**ACT III, Scene x:** Zeke and Roy Investigate *"Der fliegende Holländer"*

*Zeke and Roy wander about the prop, which has transformed itself into a real sailing vessel, and then realize that they are actually at sea: the North Sea. And it's a very bitter night. Some mysterious music with a very Wagnerian flavour kicks-in.*

*Zeke suspicious*                      What is this? Why do I feel that we're actually movin'.

*Roy concerned*                      I can feel rollin' waves, like we're ...

*Zeke makes his way quickly to a porthole. He peers out, with a very displeased look on his face.*

*The seas whip up, wild and vicious.*

*Zeke*                                      Well, I'll be damned! My old sea-legs are comin' back, like I was still in the Navy.

*Roy worried*                      Are we --

*Zeke*                                      Yeah, my friend. This tub is sailin' in the North Sea. It could be a very nasty trip, judgin' by the size of the waves.

*They stagger about, tossed by the rolling seas, and realizing that they can come and go through any door without detection: no door is barred to them. They come across a group of pirates who are involved in sailing the ship.*

*Zeke flashes a photo of Dink to some of these pirates.*

*Zeke*                                      Have any of you boys seen this guy?

*But the pirates continue to ignore him.*

*Roy*                                      Maybe he signed on as a crew-member?

*The pirates cannot see Zeke and Roy, nor can they hear their voices.*

*Zeke frowns*                      I'm startin' to get wised-up here ... Mrs Cornel (my Ma) didn't hold with pixies 'n' fairies, like, so neither do I. But this sure as hell feels

like we're in some kinda fairyland ...

END OF SCENE

**ACT III, Scene xi:** At The Tennis Centre, A Huge Plasma Screen In The Entrance Foyer

*The huge plasma screen is showing cage fighting.*

*Terry Cognos flicks through a couple of channels. He reaches the OzFooty channel. That channel shows the exciting start of an OzFooty game, with the ruckmen ready to run in. The umpire holds the ball high above his head, blows his whistle and then goes in for the bounce. The electrifying start to the game is vividly captured by the over-the-top commentator.*

Terry *disgusted*                      Arseholes!

*Terry flicks through two more channels and gets to Channel 8 just as the "F.O.A.R. The Roar" identification has completed.*

"F.O.A.R. The Roar"

*The four presenters (John Goodrich, Allen Miercraft, Willie Shanks and Swannie Liversham) are dressed up outlandishly in what passes for costumes from any one of Wagner's operas. They are too busy laughing at each other to get on with the show. A screen announcement (see below) has John (Goodsy) and the other presenters eventually doing voice-overs, with loads of laughter and backchat heard in the background. To make this more interesting (the announcement will be on the screen for some time), we'll show the announcement at the top of the screen, and under that some relevant footage related to what is being spoken about at the time.*

Station announcer                      Here are John (Goodsy) Goodrich, Allen (Aircraft) Miercraft, Willie  
*trying to stop himself*                      (Shanksey) Shanks and Louis (Swannie) Liversham ... And I can't

*from laughing*

make any further comment without earning the censor's ire ...

Ladies and Gentlemen: "F.O.A.R. The Roar".

*The famous roaring lion is heard. Then the following is shown on the screen.*

|                  |  |                            |
|------------------|--|----------------------------|
| <b>MONDAY</b>    | Elevation Square   | <b>Wagner Unleashed #1</b> |
| <b>TUESDAY</b>   | First Fleet Dinner at Admiralty House                            |                            |
| <b>WEDNESDAY</b> | F.O.A.R. stadium at Casey Park                                   | <b>FOARPLAY #1</b>         |
| <b>THURSDAY</b>  | Tennis Centre in Dorcas Street                                   | <b>Wagner Unleashed #2</b> |
| <b>FRIDAY</b>    | Players' parade followed by street parade of floats, Pitt Street |                            |
| <b>SATURDAY</b>  | Sydney Opera House   | <b>Wagner Unleashed #3</b> |

John Goodrich *voice-over*

This is the most exciting thing to happen in Sydney town since Captain de Groot hijacked the opening ceremony for the Sydney Harbour Bridge.

Swannie Liversham *voice-over*

It's bigger than Ben Hur, Goodsy. The Festival of F.O.A.R. now extends over six fabulous nights. This is big. This is huge.

Willie Shanks *voice-over*

Goodsy, they've added an opening night (that's Monday) at Elevation Square where we'll hear the Aussie Choir and there'll be a massive fireworks display. And I understand (a little birdie told me) that the car chase will be spectacular.

John Goodrich *voice-over*

And as usual, the descendants of the convicts who landed on The Rocks coming off the First Fleet gather together to have a yarn at the big dinner put on by the Governor. That's always a huge night on the eve of our first enormous FOARPLAY game.

Swannie *voice-over* And I'll be there in my glory togs because my great-great-great somebody was a currency lad (or lass really). I'm ultra-proud of that fact. It's got me **into** some toffee-nosed affairs, and it's got me **out of** some sticky situations.

Allen Miercraft *voice-over* That's the way, Swannie. I always knew you were a trooper.  
Well, that gets us to FOARPLAY #1. We'll talk about that a little later.  
And on the Thursday night, we'll congregate at the Tennis Centre for some extra special Wagner magic and loads more entertainment. This will be a night to remember, boys.

Willie Shanks *voice-over* Oh, certainly, Aircraft. There's a street parade on Friday, where the fans get to meet the players. And we'll be there at the parade cooking-up a FREE sausage sizzle. So mums and dads, get the kids out of school that day and come along for a great spectacle.

Swannie *voice-over* Shanksey, my missus (when she was speaking to me, that is) might have mentioned that the nippers are getting the week off school that week.

John Goodrich *voice-over* What, are you in the doghouse again, Swannie?

Swannie *voice-over* I'm **always** in the doghouse, Goodsy.  
Okay, that takes us to the Grand Finale on Saturday night. Come along to the Opera House in your footy gear. If you're in the cheer squad, bring your streamers and floggers. We want a massive night to wind-up our wonderful "Wagner Unleashed" festival.

John Goodrich *voice-over* It's got pizzazz, it's got culcha. What a week!



*Terry stands with the remote control in his hand, smiling broadly.*

Terry                                      Good work, boys! Good work!

*The camera leaves Terry and moves seamlessly into the body of the Tennis Centre.*

SEGUE INTO NEXT Scene

### **ACT III, Scene xii: Brad and Mark At The Tennis Centre**

*The Tennis Centre is filled with runways and elevated roads for the all-important car chase. There is an amazing array of hoists, gantries, scaffolds, linking bridges and mesh dividers. In the centre of the huge space a boxing ring has been erected.*

*A Melbourne tram (to wit, the buffet tram named "Le Bistro") is positioned to one side.*

*People are racing about everywhere. Over to one side, a group of young women rehearse an intricate tap dance routine. We see this from a camera placed high up near the ceiling.*

*An outstanding number of these workers seem to be dedicated to the arrival of the semi-trailer which is delivering the Flying Dutchman prop. The driver backs in the truck. Several men take on the job of guiding the driver, whom we see backing the truck by using his mirrors, flicking his head from side to side. He backs the truck in with 100% precision.*

*At one point, Brad manages to climb down from the truck's cabin. He looks out for Mark.*

*As always, Mark wears miked earphones.*

*Without a word of "Hello", Mark and Brad give each other high fives.*

Brad *enthusiastic*                      That shit-for-brains truck driver turned out to be a genius: a

jucking fenious!

Mark *impressed* Good! See if he'll do a gig in the Alfa Romeo. Hoonie reckons that Skinnie Les isn't following the program. He's missing cues. We'll shaft Les, and get this truckie dude on board in his place.

Brad Ask him yerself. He'll be finished in a minnie.

*Mark nods, then indicates a portion of the tennis centre. He and Brad walk quickly over to that section.*

Mark They can do their wheelies here. We'll cover this with asphalt.

Brad Bewdie! Where's the hoop of fire gunna be?

*Mark points up to one of the many overhead runways down which the car chase will progress.*

Mark We've been mucking around with that all morning. The best possible spot to put the fire-hoop is right there where the cars'll be running at top speed. They shoot through the fire, then out the other side.

Brad *rubbing hands together in pleasure* Bewdie!

*Mark eyes the tram askance. Brad sees the look*

Brad *explaining* The bigwigs in Melbourne had to get their snouts in the trough. They thought that that tram might join-in the car chase.

Mark *dismissive* Too big. Can't do any tricks with that. Nah ... leave it to the side. Maybe the dancers could spill out of it or ... We'll think of something.

Brad *laughs* It's a dining tram, but. Can you imagine the soup getting sloshed about? And anyway ... where's the tram in Wagner? Eh? Show me just **one** of his operas where there's a tram!

*They move off again to where the drop-frame trailer is now stationary.*

Mark We'll start off with the Flying Dutchman scenes here at the Tennis Centre, then switch over to the Opera House for the amazing finish: with the drunken pirates and the fly-over of 20 toucans.

Brad Toucans? They won't shit on the audience, will they?

Mark *uninterested* Not much.

END OF SCENE

END OF ACT III

---

© June 2013 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

THIS DOCUMENT IS SOLELY OWNED BY QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE and is intended solely for use as an entertainment. QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE retains exclusive and inalienable rights to this document, which may not be reproduced in any way without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. Any disclosure, reproduction, copying, distribution, or other dissemination or use of this document or of the intellectual property contained in this document is strictly prohibited without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. ([www.qld-tm.net.au](http://www.qld-tm.net.au))

**PLOT PROGRESSION**

We have to move Zeke and Roy into a ship.

The plan is to get Zeke and Roy into the bowels of His Majesty's Theatre (Sydney) such that they board a stage prop (that being used for the Wagner opera "The Flying Dutchman".)

This will then change into a real ship.

**ACT IV****ACT IV, Scene i:** Zeke And Roy Continue To Investigate *"Der fliegende Holländer"*

*As previously (ACT III, scene (x)), Zeke and Roy find the prop ship very strange, in that they can come and go with free will, and the sailors are not aware of their presence, even though the two San Francisco cops stand directly before them. So, the pair wander from cabin to cabin, looking about with interest.*

*Then they find a beautiful girl (Senta) in a pretty Dutch costume locked in a cabin. She wrings her hands as she paces about, sighing "Oh, woe is me!" Throughout, Senta acts as if she is in a 1930's movie, in that she overacts, holding her pose in a forced, overdramatic way, with back of hand to brow.*

---

© June 2013 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

THIS DOCUMENT IS SOLELY OWNED BY QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE and is intended solely for use as an entertainment. QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE retains exclusive and inalienable rights to this document, which may not be reproduced in any way without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. Any disclosure, reproduction, copying, distribution, or other dissemination or use of this document or of the intellectual property contained in this document is strictly prohibited without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. ([www.qld-tm.net.au](http://www.qld-tm.net.au))

*Zeke moved to speak* Oh, now, now! Things cain't be that bad, Sister.

*Evidently, this lovely girl can neither see nor hear Zeke. The girl marches to the door, then begins shaking the lock and banging on the wood of the door.*

*Senta fearful* Oh, please! I am full of lament and torment. Let me free! Let me free!

*Roy goes to the door, swinging it open and gesturing to Senta that she is free to leave.*

*Roy pretending to be a spruiker* Step this way, Lady, for a fun-filled trip to His Majesty's Theatre.

*Zeke and Roy watch Senta pacing about, wringing her hands. Apparently, she cannot escape her imprisonment. The two men look at each other, shrugging their shoulders.*

*Zeke to Senta* We'd look after ya ... Honest injun!

*But Senta cannot hear them. They both try again to let her out of the cabin but then Senta begins to sing mournfully, so Zeke and Roy flee quickly.*

*Roy* Ouch! That's painful that singin' ... why do they do it?

*Zeke* Dunno, Roy. But you're right: it sure is givin' me a pain. Lovely larynx, but nix on the tune.



*Then Zeke and Roy invade the cabin of the Dutchman himself. They find him dead drunk, sprawled over his very small desk-cum-table. His cabin is wildly untidy and dirty, and the man himself appears to be filthy and totally dishevelled. A single ship's lantern provides enough interesting light to enable this scene to progress.*

*Zeke stands looking down at the captain in a measuring way.*

*Zeke thoughtful* Now this will be the good captain. HmMMM ... Guess he's dreamin' of former glory days.

*Roy is interested in the plethora of ancient maps lying about on the desk, floor and elsewhere.*

*Roy amazed*                      Boy! This baby has covered some miles. Here! The Mediterranean, the English Channel, the North Sea ... Some pirate! And he's written all over these charts in Indian ink.

*Zeke and Roy study the maps, turning them about in their hands. At one point, Zeke's eyes open wide. He sneers, folding the piece of parchment which he holds in his hands, and then pocketing it.*

*Zeke smiling in an evil way*                      And the South Seas, Roy. And the South Seas. We might be onto somethin' here.

*The two men continue to scabble about, feverishly studying the many maps in the captain's cabin.*

*Roy intrigued*                      This one! This one is a detailed map of Malta, covered over and over in this messy black scrawl.

*[Laughs without humour]*

Beats me how this guy can even read these maps what with all this Indian ink spattered everywhere. How can he work out if this is a jut of land or the tail of his letter "j"?

*Below the surface, rising up, we hear music which is utterly reminiscent of the theme music for "The Maltese Falcon".*

*Zeke holds out his hand imperatively for the map, which Roy obligingly passes to him. Zeke peruses the map of Malta in disbelief. He hungrily reads the scrawl, unconsciously mouthing some of the words as he reads them. Then he points in a very decided manner, banging his finger on the map several times.*

*Roy puzzled*                      What, Zeke? What have you got there?

*Zeke looks at the wall ahead of him with an utterly Bogart evil smile stretched across his face.*

*Zeke malevolent whisper*                      It's here ... He's got it here ... The dingus ...

*Roy stares at Zeke, uncertain about this strange turn of events.*

Roy *not hearing properly*                    Dink? Dink Pinkus is here?

Zeke *ignoring Roy*                    He's got it here. All them folks lookin' for it ... Comin' to San Francisco ... Needlin' a pal of mine, Sam Spade. Askin' questions, lyin', murderin' ... But this drunken bum has had it all along. Well, I'll be damned!

*Zeke looks at Roy, then starts to laugh. His laughter becomes hysterical, uncontrolled. Roy, afraid that Zeke might be having a breakdown, grabs his shoulders and shakes him.*

Roy *yelling*                            Come on, you! Snap out of it! Don't cave-in on my now, Zeke!  
*Zeke pushes Roy away, indicating that he is over his laughing fit.*

Zeke *self-effacing*                    You shoulda slapped me, Roy. Slappin' always works. Pull your arm back and let fly. That soon stops the laughter. But good!

Roy *really worried*                    Zeke! What're you talkin' about? What gives here?

Zeke *now fully in control*                    **This** gives, pal.  
We gotta look for a thing wrapped up nice 'n' tight. Like a football, about that size. But heavy. Real heavy.

*The two men frantically search the small cabin. At length, Zeke stands over a small wall locker.*

Zeke *now calm; low-voiced*                    This is it. This has gotta be it. Does it have a key? Look on the captain's person for an ornate, old-fashioned key: the kind that would open a jewel box or somethin'.

*Roy feels about the drunken captain's clothes. Roy pulls out a chain, on which are suspended four keys.*

Roy *excited*                            It'll be one of these, Zeke. Look out, man, I'm comin' through.  
*With trembling fingers, Roy tries the keys.*

Zeke                                        Hey! Hey! Hey! Don't take on so ...

*Roy slips the last of the four keys into the lock, twists it and dramatically opens the small locker door.*

Roy *breathing hard*      Sorry, Zeke. Guess I got caught up in your excitement.  
Well, there it is.

## NOD TO "THE MALTESE FALCON"

*There is a great deal of junk in the captain's locker, but Zeke scrounges around and comes up with an extremely heavy object (about the size of a football) wrapped in hessian, cloth and tied with rope. We see Zeke stare at the object as the marvellous music from the Maltese Falcon really kicks in.*

*Zeke carefully lays the object on the table, then fishes around in his trouser pocket. Zeke pulls out a pocket knife, which he flicks open with his thumb nail in a practised manner. The blade of the knife glistens in the light of the cabin's lantern.*

*With great excitement, Zeke hacks at the ropes with his knife. The object is the jewel-encrusted Falcon, just as described by Sidney Greenstreet in the original film.*

*Zeke, his face contorted into a triumphant but mean smile, stares greedily at the object.*

Roy                      I don't get it ... Did that thing set you off like that?

Zeke                     Sure it did.

Roy                     But ... That "whatever-it-is" was the cause of your little episode just now?

Zeke                     Sure it was.

Roy                     It looks like some kinda bird. An eagle or --

Zeke                     A falcon. That is a falcon.

*The camera closes-in on Zeke's hands as he lovingly cradles the Maltese Falcon. The music fades out.*

Roy *faraway voice-off*      What's that, Zeke? What is it, Zeke?

Zeke *dreamily*              That? That's the stuff dreams are ... Ah! There's a corny line I'm supposed to say, but I've gone kinda shy.

*Zeke snaps out of his trance. He looks about him as if he wishes to save his blushes. Then Zeke quickly changes the subject.*

*Zeke back to his normal gruff voice*                      Say, these boys have done a realistic scene here. I'm gonna wrap this birdie in its swaddling cloth, then we'll hightail it outta here.

We're supposed to be chasing a coupla bad boys. Remember?

*Roy insistent*                              But first, before we get shore leave, I wanna check up again on that singin' dame. She's ... She's kinda nice and ... Well, it won't hurt to take one last look.

*Zeke sceptical*                              That squawking hen?

*Roy put-out*                                 Aw, Zeke. You been married three times ... I ain't got a girl.

*Zeke wide-eyed*                            Hey! What about your fiancée? What about Moira (is that her name)?

*Roy embarrassed*                        Aw ... I ain't gettin' nowhere with that romance. She's fallen for one of the warders. This ... This singin' gal might be the answer for me.

*Zeke nods, as he rewraps the dingus.*

*Zeke*    Okay, let's go back and get her, so long as there ain't no choral accompaniment.

END OF SCENE

## **ACT IV, Scene ii: Eddie's Lohengrin Dress Rehearsal At The Sydney Opera House**

*Above the stage we see an array of elevated roadways, chutes and ramps similar to that seen at the Tennis Centre (ACT III, scene (xii)). So when the instruction is that the car chase does a lap then that will*

---

© June 2013 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

THIS DOCUMENT IS SOLELY OWNED BY QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE and is intended solely for use as an entertainment. QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE retains exclusive and inalienable rights to this document, which may not be reproduced in any way without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. Any disclosure, reproduction, copying, distribution, or other dissemination or use of this document or of the intellectual property contained in this document is strictly prohibited without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. (www.qld-tm.net.au)



*small aluminium runabout, equipped with small outboard motor. Eddie is dressed in medieval tunic. This draws a round of cheeky applause from the various people standing about. Eddie, to hide his embarrassment, bows low to the would-be audience.*

*The trout-filled river running along the edge of the revolving stage is a superb feat of stagecraft.*

Terry *awestruck* This is bloody marvellous! That river is awesome. How'd you do it?

Mark *shrugs* It was easy. They already had a canal for "The Gondoliers" and they rehashed it later for "Madame Butterfly".

*[Mark shrugs again]*

Easy-peasy.

Terry Well, it looks fantastic.

Brad Don't worry too much about the cars. We got the car-detailer coming in this arvo to tart them up.

Mark I know that the dog is a Lab. But we got the make-up artist coming in to make him up like a Rottweiler. Eddie wanted his own dog, you see ...

*We can hear the roar of engines, as if this was the start of a motor race.*

Terry Start singing, Eddie, and do a bit of fishing at the same time.  
Ready the Lohengrin music, Brendan.

*The cars (wherever they are) have taken off and the engine sound drops.*

*The hum which was provided by the vestiges of the "Götterdämmerung" music, now transforms into the sensuous strains of "In Fernem Land", which Eddie will sing in his own inimitable way. He will gesture towards, and even pick up, the lantern as indicated in the song. And he will fish.*

*[This is a long song, and the audience would be bored shitless with this. So, there will be other activities going on while Eddie sings, as described beside the lyrics, and these happen concurrently with the song. We'll overlay Eddie singing along the left side of the screen, with the other action being much clearer on the right hand side.]*

| <b>Eddie's song:</b>  | <b>Accompanying action:</b>   |
|---|---|
| <p style="text-align: center;"><u>In Fernem Land</u></p> <p>(1) In far off land I owned a little tinny<br/>With outboard motor and two oars it had.<br/>A light-filled lantern I kept within it<br/>More beautiful than anything you'd find on Earth.</p> <p>(2) My lantern's a vessel of great blessing<br/>I'm rapt that I could purchase such a light.<br/>I was real lucky the Winter catalogue had one:<br/>Aussie Disposals had a sale of camping gear.</p> <p>(3) Here is my dog which guards it every moment<br/>His name is Heinrich but I call him Shep.<br/>The lantern's light is equalled by none other!<br/>My mates all reckon I'm a t'rific bloke.</p> <p>(4) We use it when we shoot for ducks at Poowong<br/>Without it we'd be scratching round in the dark.<br/>With Eveready batteries you can't go wrong.<br/>It's like a Holy Grail to outdoor blokes like me.</p> <p>(5) You'd reckon it's the best light known to man.<br/>You'll never mix your undies up again!<br/>Or find they're inside-out or back-to-front.<br/>This light's a champion when you are in the bush.</p> | <p>The car chase whizzes overhead.</p> <p>It contains the four cars which were originally decided upon (we haven't seen the decision-making process: it was cut due to poor plot progression. I swapped that discussion for the rant over Tristan and IsYoung (to follow)).</p> <p>So the four cars are: an Alfa Romeo, an Isuzu van, a Lamborghini and a Ferrari F1.</p> <p>However, there are also four Holden utes, two Ford utes, Mum's 1 ½ ton Ford truck with the poddies in the back, and the extra Ford ute with the horse float.</p> <p>No-one seems to mind these extras.</p> <p>There is a replica of the Matterhorn at the very back of the stage. Several adults and children (ostensibly the von Trapp) family trudge up the slopes in the snow.</p> <p>The Ye Olde Englishe Village will be seen, as described. Several country folk will pass by the cottage, admiring the roses.</p> <p>We'll have a quick peek backstage.</p> |

|  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>(6) We'll shoot at pigeons and we'll fish for eels<br/>Wild pigs called razorbacks we'll get 'em all.<br/>And cook them on our barbie drinking Fosters<br/>Which is what men were born to do, you know.</p> | <p>The OzFooty champion full-forward, Jake Bingham, will be seen practising hand passes to a F.O.A.R. player. Then Jake will be seen to perform a warm-up more associated with preparing for a football match than for an opera.</p> |
| <p>(7) I come from a long line of bush whackers<br/>Ma can boil a billy on a fire<br/>My father Percy Vale can skull a schooner<br/>My name is Lohengrin and I'm a toff.</p>                                   | <p>Jake wears an elaborate costume for his role of Alberich. This costume almost prevents him from doing his warm-up exercises.</p>  |

*Everyone in the vicinity claps and cheers. Terry, Mark and Brad give each other high fives.*

*Eddie pulls his fishing line in and bows solemnly as Benny Eishaks (Siegfried) on his bier floats majestically past. Siegfried (despite being dead) rises on one elbow and sings away merrily. The rest of the scene takes place over Siegfried's singing.*

Terry                                   Have yuz found a Humphrey Bogart bloke for me yet?

Mark                                    Nup. If they find anyone, they'll send him over. But I don't like your chances.

Terry *deflated*                       Oh, that's a pity. I liked the Bogeyman when I was a kid ...

END OF SCENE

### **ACT IV, Scene iii: Zeke And Roy Rescue Senta From "Der fliegende Holländer"**

*Zeke and Roy have returned to Senta's tiny cabin. The girl continues with her emotive acting: sighing, wringing her hands, pacing about and looking stricken. Zeke and Roy study her.*

Zeke                                Say ... Why don't you grab her from behind, and I'll plant a kiss on her kisser. You know, like that Sleepin' Beauty thing. Maybe (since we seem to be locked in some kinda fairytale) we could use those tricks.

Roy *unusually put-out*        Nix on that! Why don't **you** grab her, and **I'll** do the smoochin'.

*Zeke laughs.*

Zeke *chuckles*                    Okay. So long as the lady wakes up, I'm fine with whichever way we play it.

*Zeke carefully carries out the grabbing scenario, and Roy very quickly moves in, bending down his head to kiss the girl right on the lips. Roy, surprised at his own valour, backs away a little. Zeke continues to hold Senta by the arms. Senta has a breathless voice when speaking to the San Francisco cops.*

Senta *sugar-sweet voice*        Don't hold me back, Eric. I must leave you, my dear friends. For look! The brave captain has set sail, embarking into a most ferocious storm.

I must now run to the cliff, to cast myself into the sea, crying:

"Lo! Faithful am I unto death!" And then, you know, the phantom ship will sink, releasing mine and the captain's spirits to soar (intertwined) Heavenwards. A love so strong ... A love so deep ... A love eternal!

Roy *stunned*                    So, are you tryin' to tell me, lady, that you gotta kill yourself for that drunken pirate? And please don't sing your answer; just talk to me in plain English.

*Senta nods her head vigorously. Zeke unhands the girl, moving around to stand beside Roy.*

Zeke *worried*                    What, really –

*[Gestures with a finger across his neck]*

*Again, Senta nods her head vigorously. Roys gasps in disbelief.*

Zeke *stern* Say, that's not a swell idea. You're gonna have to wise up, sister. I don't hold with you jumpin' off of no sea-cliff. That don't sound sensible to me. That can't be good from a safety perspective, now can it?

*Senta's next words are entirely unintelligible; she is weeping profusely.*

Roy *sympathetic* Aw, come on, lady. Don't cry. Zeke didn't mean it.

Zeke *harsh* I sure as hell **did** mean it.  
Aw, stop with the sob-story. You're breakin' me up. Pull yourself together and behave yourself.

*Roy seems to be smitten. He hands Senta his handkerchief. She takes it, murmurs something, and then very prettily dabs at her eyes.*

Zeke Now, that's better.  
Say, if you wuz to waste your life that way, just think about what you'd be missin' out on.

*Roy looks at Zeke. Zeke nods slightly. Roy moves towards the girl, putting a comforting arm about her shoulders.*

Zeke Why, I gotta friend (a research fellow he is) who's waitin' to see what turns up under the snow and ice of Antarctica, if ever they can drill down there through all that pack ice. He believes there's a bevy of fossils down there: dinosaurs and other beasts so bizarre that we'd think we'd been smokin' some kinda dried orchid from outta the jungle.

Senta I am not aware of these beasts. I care not for them, Sir.

Zeke Okay, then what about this: there's a whole lot of distinguished scientists right now tryin' to work out how atomic science works, tryin' to find out what makes earthquakes tick, and stuff like that.

Now, you wouldn't wanna miss out on their findin's, would ya?

Senta

Sir, I really don't understand such weighty matters. They are of no interest to me.

*Zeke playing his last card*

Then, how's about this, Sister? You're too fine a gal to toss your life in the ashcan. You'll fall in love with a *real* man, maybe it's Roy here (who knows?) and not a drunken sot like this pirate captain you seem so stuck on. And you'll have children, and love them, and have a beautiful, useful life. Hell, if you think what you're doin' now is worth dyin' for, then change it to somethin's else. Become a missionary or somethin'.

*Roy and Senta stare at each other. He pulls her closer to him.*

END OF SCENE

**MAY 1932**

#### **ACT IV, Scene iv: Zeke, Roy and Senta Leave The Ship**

*[Finally, we will meld the two separate strands of this film together: we are not sending anyone from 2013 back to 1932. But Zeke, Roy and Senta will temporarily leave 1932 and visit 2013.]*

*Remember that Zeke and Roy are still attired in correct suit and tie and hat. Zeke carries the Maltese Falcon, rewrapped neatly in the hessian and rope bindings. They descend the rope ladder which they used previously. They reach the floor level.*

Roy *worried*

We're not leaving the lady, are we?

---

© June 2013 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

THIS DOCUMENT IS SOLELY OWNED BY QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE and is intended solely for use as an entertainment. QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE retains exclusive and inalienable rights to this document, which may not be reproduced in any way without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. Any disclosure, reproduction, copying, distribution, or other dissemination or use of this document or of the intellectual property contained in this document is strictly prohibited without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. (www.qld-tm.net.au)

Zeke                                   No, she's comin' along. So long as you look after her, and don't let her warble like she's prone to do.

Keep your focus, Roy. We gotta wanted man to chase down, and that precedes rescuing singin' dames, Sergeant Putney.

Roy *amiable*                        Sure --

*Roy turns to help Senta down the rope ladder. Zeke tries to assist from ground level, but positions himself so as to avoid looking up Senta's skirt. Then Roy is last to hit the ground.*

*When Roy does this, he gapes. The two men and Senta stare in disbelief. They are no longer in the underworld of His Majesty's theatre, but on centre court at the Tennis Centre. Coming straight from 1932 to the technology of 2013, they are unable to comprehend what they see. Roy grabs Zeke's arm in sheer alarm. Senta covers her mouth with her hands.*

Roy *horrified*                        Jesus! What have we landed on? Is this Mars? Are we in Outer Space?

Zeke *wondering*                    I'm not sure ...

*The car chase rehearsal whizzes by overhead. Both men instinctively duck, and Senta covers her head, whimpering.*

Zeke *drawls very slowly*                I'm not sure ...

*Terry rushes up. He is beaming. He takes hold of Zeke's hand, shaking it vigorously.*

Terry *delighted*                    Hey! You look just like him.  
Did your agent tell you what we want you to do?  
By any chance, can you play a didgeridoo at all?

*Zeke and Roy are open-mouthed, gaping, wide-eyed and out of their depth.*

Zeke *all at sea*                    Uh?

Terry *gushing*                    Go on! Do it!  
  
  *[Badly imitating Bogart]*  
  
  "Play it again, Sam".

*Terry has grabbed Zeke's sleeve. Zeke now pulls away, looking stunned.*

Zeke                                Sam? My name's Zeke.

*Terry yells on a huge burst of laughter. He heartily slaps Zeke's shoulder.*

Terry *delighted*                Zeke! That's priceless.  
  
  Well, up you go. Mark's upstairs: he'll show you where to go.

*Terry is trying to escort a resisting Zeke across to another ladder, this time a metal one, which leads up to the car chase platform. Terry realizes that Zeke is encumbered by the football-sized parcel.*

Terry *to Roy*                    G'day Neeham. Where's Del? I heard he played a blinder at  
  practice the other night. Here, take this, will ya? It'll be in the way.

Roy *confused*                 Uh?

*Without asking, Terry simply reefs the heavy object out of Zeke's arms, and chucks it towards Roy, who luckily catches it safely with a grunt. [Remember that Terry has met Neeham Burt, who is played by the same actor who plays Roy Putney. Hence, the identity mix-up.]*

Terry *to Zeke*                 Don't worry, Neeham'll look after that. Come on! They're waiting  
  for you.

Zeke *bewildered*              Uh?

*Zeke is pushed up the ladder from below by Terry and is pulled up the ladder from above by Brad.*

Zeke *very angry*              Say! What d'you guys think you're doin'? Hey! Leave off that, will  
  ya?

*Zeke struggles manfully against the forces of the younger men, Terry and Brad. The Isuzu van pulls up, Brad drags the still-struggling Zeke over to it, then pulls open the back sliding door. Zeke, still yelling out to Brad to "Stop manhandling me!" is pushed into the Isuzu. The door is slammed shut.*

Brad *indifferent*                      Righto! Move off, Grey.

*With an almighty rev-up, the Isuzu van shoots off down the chute.*

END OF SCENE

### **ACT IV, Scene v: Zeke Reluctantly Joins The Car Chase**

*We would be expecting Zeke to be face-down in the back of the Isuzu van. However, the van transforms itself into a very exclusive vehicle: a 1929 Espano Suiza. Zeke is jammed in the back seat beside two well-set-up tough men. Other than Zeke, the four occupants of the car appear to be Chicago gangsters of the late 1920's. The driver is in fact an Australian. Due to the speed of the car chase, Zeke can do no more than cling to the back of the front seat as the car slews about on the difficult course. For us (the audience), this is a very exciting thrill ride.*

*Then, without warning, the car chase changes into a scenic tour through the glorious Australian bush. It is a beautiful sunny day, and the falls of countryside are utterly superb. The road is straight, and all the passengers and the driver relax. They are in Western NSW.*

*Zeke lights a roll-your-own with a match that he strikes on his own lapel.*

Zeke *nasty drawl*                      Say, what've you boys done with my partner?

*The man in the front passenger seat turns back to answer.*

Tough #1                                  He's bein' taken care of, Lieutenant Detective Cornel.

*Zeke exhales slowly.*

Zeke    And the lady?

*No-one answers Zeke. Suddenly, Zeke leans over to the left, trying to escape his imprisonment in the car. The two boys in the back subdue Zeke in a very rough way.*

*Zeke extremely angry* Don't mishandle me, boys. I'm an officer of the SFPD in the pursuit of a dangerous criminal. This rough-house restraint of my person will count against you boys when you get your turn in court.

*The thug to Zeke's right (Tough #2) gives him a vicious back-hander.*

*Tough #2 meanly* Get out your violin, copper, and I'll join you in your obligato.

*Zeke snarls fiercely, slapping the man (Tough #2) several times in the face, seemingly without fear of reprisal. Tough #3 pulls Zeke back.*

*Tough #3* Hey! Hey! That ain't no way to behave in such a swell vehicle as this.

*Zeke struggles in Tough #3's grasp.*

*Zeke still snarling* Then tell your boyfriend to leave off with the brawlin'.

*Rubbing the side of his face, Tough #2 goes to hit Zeke again. Zeke forestalls him, however.*

*Tough #2 boyishly* He started it. He laid into me. I hate bein' slapped-up by coppers.

*Zeke rises such that he stands over Tough #2, and then slaps him twice very hard across the chops.*

*Zeke* No-one pushes me around. When you're slapped, you'll stay slapped and like it.

*Finally, the Australian driver has had enough.*

*Aussie Driver* Jesus! Will you blokes stop jobbing each other and settle down!

*The three men in the back seat try to calm themselves. They all look angry, but controlled.*

*Aussie Driver* That's more the ticket. There's a swig of brandy in the glove-box. Hand it around, will ya?

*After the driver has a swig of brandy, the bottle is passed over to Tough #1. And then he passes it back to the three men in the back seat. They all take a swig, including Zeke. None of the men wipe the mouth of*

*the bottle either before or after drinking. Tough #3 opens the car windows and chucks the bottle out, then rolls the window up again.*

Zeke                                Say, where's the steering jigger in this hotrod? Aw, this car's British, aint' it? Beats me ... Am I dreamin'?

*The car slows down.*

Aussie Driver                    Look out ... Here we go ... A bloody joyride in the country always means a mob of bloody sheep ... Can't help it, can ya?

*A herd of sheep wanders across the road, along with a couple of drovers on horseback and three dogs. The men wind down the windows of the car and (despite its expensive pricetag) bang on the sides of the car (which is what Aussie people do in such a predicament). Meanwhile, a farmer (played by the same actor who plays Reg Toppey) wanders up and starts a yarn with the Aussie driver, leaning bodily through the window. The driver and farmer will continue to natter together about any old thing until the sheep move off the road.*

Farmer *joyial*                    Well now, this is a nice motor. Very nice. I'm the local Ford dealer. Sell you a tractor if you're in the market.

*Except for the driver, the passengers ignore the farmer. The driver looks around at them all, then shrugs.*

Aussie Driver                    Er ... No thanks, mate.

Farmer *shrugs*                    Ah, well, it was worth a try.

Zeke *confused*                    So if we ain't here to buy some sheep, and if we ain't here to buy a tractor, then what in hell are we doin' on this lonely outback road? Apart from admirin' the scenery, that is.

Tough #2 *not looking at Zeke*                    We want you and your partner to call off the heat on Pinkus.

Zeke *snarling*                    No dice. Ain't gonna happen.

Tough #1                            Look, Zeke. We understand your position here, but Dink ain't the

man you're after.

*Zeke nasty* So I been told.

*Tough #3* We've set up a meetin' between you and Dink. You can ask him yourself.

*Zeke nasty smile* Aw, I'll ask him alright.

*Zeke tries to take advantage of the car-banging. He struggles to get out of the car by climbing over the boys, but he is violently restrained by Tough #2 and Tough #3. The farmer continues to yarn with the driver as if nothing untoward was going on.*

*Farmer jovial* The sheep have moved on. There y'are: the road's clear. Off ya go. Cheerio!

*The farmer moves well away from the car, waving to the driver as he accelerates. All the passenger windows are rolled-up.*

*Zeke sarcastic* Say, driver! Get me back to His Majesty's theatre, will you? I gotta audition for the role of Boris Godunov in half an hour.

*Tough #3* Is you a singer then, Zeke?

*Zeke* Sure! Just like Dinkie-boy. I'm gonna sing real good.

*Tough #1 fishes a folded piece of paper out of his top pocket. He hands this to Zeke.*

*Tough #1* Here's where to find Dink. This is an address at The Rocks. Guess you know that place, don'tcha.

*Without even looking at the paper, Zeke quickly stows it in his wallet.*

*Tough #1 somewhat perplexed* Don't you wanna see Dink?

*Zeke mean smile* Naturally ... I'll see him in Sing-Sing before I'm old.  
C'mon fellas, get me back to Sydney-town. I gotta make a racket,

and I sure do hate the countryside.

*The car accelerates faster and faster, until the car is back in the car chase which hurtles around and around through the Tennis Centre.*

*Our camera watches the car chase from beside "Der fliegende Holländer". The Espano Suiza has transformed back to an Isuzu van. There is no sign of Roy nor of Senta.*

END OF SCENE

### **ACT IV, Scene vi:** Mark & Brad Sort Out The Vexed Problem Of Tristan And IsYoung

*At the offices of Blaze-On-Stage (in the meeting room), the Wagner DVD's have been replaced with gory/violent/shoot-em-up war films (with the sound turned down). We can see this large screen throughout the discussions.*

*Brad and Mark sit at either side of the large table, browned-off. Terry walks into the meeting room (bright and cheery) to find a taut silence between the other two men. Terry looks from one man to the other, his brightness fading to a frown.*

Terry                                      What's up?

Mark/Brad together                      Nothin'.

*Brad and Mark both look sour. Terry sits. He turns to Brad.*

Terry                                      You're not upset about us shafting the open-air car chase, are ya?

*Both Brad and Mark remain granite-faced. Neither speaks. Brad begins to drum his fingers on the table.*

Terry *encouraging*                      Brad ... Look, mate, it was a fantastic idea having roadways going all around the sails of the Opera House. It would have been brilliant **but**: (a) no-one inside the Opera House would've seen them and (b) we just simply ran out of time. But believe me, it



Terry *confused* So ... ?

Brad *warming to his theme* **But** if you read the Holden site, they reckon they were an FC special edition, special model with modifications to the straight FC. For whatever reason, they don't mention AFC at all.

And "Motor-Mouth Magazine" reckons: yeah, there was an AFC but that's not the official name. But it was known (and is still known) as an AFC by enthusiasts.

*Terry can't make it out. He scratches his head.*

Terry *trying to nail the argument* Okay ... so youse are both sort of right. Some people call it an AFC, and others (like me and Mark) would call it a special edition FC.

What's it matter?

Brad *fires up* I don't like bein' called a dipstick!

Terry *sincere* Listen! Mark's under a lot of pressure. You both are. I need both of you to be on song. We're on next week.

I know that you've both programmed this baby on your computers to run without a hitch, but I still need you both to be miked-up on the night and functioning properly. And speaking to each other civilly.

Brad *schoolboy anger* Yeah? Well tell him to pull his head in.

*Mark returns, pocketing his phone. He flicks his eyes from one man to the other. He is not suspicious; just convinced that Brad has blabbed.*

Mark *pretending not to care* Sorry 'bout that. Let's get this meeting going.

*Terry understands from that comment that Mark does not wish to discuss anything other than work.*

## HYSTERICALLY FUNNY INTERACTION

## THE FRENCH LETTER WORKAROUND (WITH LOVE POTION #9)

## HOW TO GET TRISTAN AND ISYOUNG INTO "LIEBESTOD" MOOD

Terry Okay! Take me through the workaround you've thought up for Tristan and IsYoung.

Mark We have two taboos going here. One is suicide and the other is drugs. We can't be seen to promote either of these subjects. It's all off the agenda. **But** Tristan and IsYoung is all about both suicide and drugs.

*Brad has relaxed and nods. It seems to Terry that the fight is over. He appears to relax as well.*

Mark *enthusiastic* So here's what we thought up.

We're on the Ormolu Ferry, right? It's peak hour: full of passengers. Tristan and IsYoung keep looking at each other with lustful eyes; but both of them are engaged to other people.

Brad, you talk through Brangane.

Brad *also enthusiastic* Yeah. So IsYoung has a friend who's not very pretty: Brangane. She's sitting beside IsYoung on the ferry.

She sent away (there was an ad in a women's mag) for a bottle of Love Potion #9. It's fully organic, gluten-free and no animals were harmed etc etc etc.

So ... this chick Brangane has got two similar bottles in her handbag: one is a homemade cold-and-flu remedy, and the other is Love Potion #9.

Mark *talks very fast* So ... Tristan is on the Ormolu Ferry. He's got a bad case of swine flu. He's coughing and he looks shit. So Brangane reaches across

to give him some of her homemade cold-and-flu tonic, but she gets the bottles mixed up.

Brad *very keen to expound*

And, and, and ... Just as he takes a swig, IsYoung grabs the bottle and says: "If he goes down, I'm goin' down, too!" And she takes a swig.

So, now she's told Tristan (and everyone else on the ferry) that she's got the hots for him. So then IsYoung gives the empty bottle back to Brangane.

Mark

That's when Wagner's shit music kicks in.

Brad

Of all Wagner's crappo music, this bit is considered to be by far the least crappo.

Mark

Yeah, but it's still shit.

Anyway, this Brangane chick takes one look at the empty bottle, goes white and she sings: "Oh Lord fuck-a-duck! I've got mixed up. That was my Love Potion #9 I gave them; not swine flu relief! Oh shit!"

Terry *aghast*

She sings that?

Brad

Yeah.

Terry *warning*

Might have to tone it down a fraction.

Mark *impatient*

Yeah, yeah ... We can easily do that. But the next bit is **hot**.

Brad *excited*

He (Tristan) gets up, goes to IsYoung. And she (IsYoung) gets up, goes to Tristan. They stand there looking at each other. And then they sing the love song, only we've spiked the lyrics to make 'em sharp 'n' foxy.

Mark

The LeebieShod, they sing. It's all about having a **major** root –



Terry *on a roll* No, you're not thinking it through.

It'd be off anyway if he has to suck on the bottle. Which he shouldn't be doing if he's got swine flu. Straight away he's passed it to IsYoung.

No, this isn't going to work.

*Brad and Mark look at each other. Mark shakes his head in despair and Brad sighs and shrugs broadly.*

Brad *reasonable* Then it's back to suicide pacts and poison.

*Terry paces some more, then stops to perform some stretches.*

Terry *calmer* I get your point. We'll go with the swine flu, the mask, the Love Potion #9 and the ugly girlfriend and the love-scene on the Ormolu Ferry.

Okay. Well at least make sure he has a French letter in his pocket. We want to be seen to be promoting safe sex, too.

Hey! Maybe he could already be wearing the condom. You know, come prepared.

*Mark and Brad are totally stunned. Mark now jumps up out of his chair. All three men stand in front of the plasma screen.*

Brad *appalled* What? You think that Tristan should be on the ferry, wearing a crappo face mask and be wearing a franger as well? Unbelievable!

Terry *grasping at straws* Just in case ... He's a planner ...

Mark *outraged* And how the hell do you drag on a Frenchie if you're on the slack?

Terry You'll think of a way. Get him excited.

Mark *astounded* Before he has to run to catch the Ormolu Ferry?

Brad He's too crook to bar-up anyway!

*Terry forceful*                    Look! We want the F.O.A.R. to give the lead here.  
Those OzFooty dickheads are squeaky-clean. Always have been.  
Our message has to be that we in F.O.A.R. aren't useless thugs  
who'll have random sex with anyone on the Ormolu Ferry.  
Who's playing Tristan? It's Eddie K, isn't it? You can't have Eddie  
telling IsYoung that he wants to have sex with her without his re-  
assuring her that: (a) he'll be careful and wear protection and (b)  
that he respects her as a woman and that he understands the  
International Convention on Women's Rights.

*Brad like he's been hit*        Whoa! Terry, mate! We can't put all that into a love song!

*Mark shakes his head vehemently, gesturing with sweeping arm movements. He cannot believe what he is hearing.*

*Mark appalled*                    They've drunk Love Potion #9, mate! They're out of control!

*Terry shouting*                    Yeah, well I don't give a flying fuck how you do it. Just don't bring  
the F.O.A.R. into disrepute.

*Terry slams out of the meeting room, leaving Brad and Mark staring at each other, lost for words.*

END OF SCENE

**MAY 1932**

**ACT IV, Scene vii:** The Taxi Ride To The Rocks

*It is Saturday 21<sup>st</sup> May 1932.*

*On a busy Sydney street Zeke and Roy hail a taxi. They climb into the rear passenger seat. The taxi driver (Peter Connor) turns back, such that he can speak to the two passengers.*

*Zeke to the driver*            Get us to The Rocks, driver. D'you know where that is?

*Peter gruff*                    Yeah. I know. There's a mob of people there already, for this bloody bridge opening. "Sydney Harbour Bridge"! Pile of rocking-horse poo! No-one's gonna use it.

And the Premier (who thinks his shit doesn't stink) is playing God again.

"The Sydney Harbour Bridge" ... bloody disgrace!

*Roy*                              That big thing looks just like a coat hanger made out of Meccano pieces.

*Peter laughs heartily*        Good call! I like that. I'll tell that to me other fares: "a Meccano coat hanger" ...

Where the hell are you from? I can't pick your accents.

*Zeke*                              We're police officers from San Francisco in the performance of our duties. We're following a lead ... Get us as close to The Rocks as you can, driver, and we'll walk the rest of the way.

*Peter*                              The Rocks can be pretty dangerous, mate. Are ya sure yuz wanna go there?

Roy *sounding brave*      We're packin' heat.

*Peter groans balefully in the manner of one who has heard something they don't like.*

Peter *mutters sotto-voce*      Whatever that means.

END OF SCENE

**MAY 1932**

#### **ACT IV, Scene viii:** The Rocks Just Prior To The Big Ceremony

*The bridge can be seen in the background, as Zeke and Roy jog up a squalid cobble-stoned road.*

*Roy signals to Zeke that he will scale a rickety wooden fence; and Zeke signals to Roy that he will wait in the roadway. Roy athletically gets himself over the fence and disappears.*

*There is a sound of banging, then a window is thrown open. Roy leans out of the window, and gestures that his search has been fruitless. Zeke, looking disappointed, nods, and signals to Roy to have a look around.*

*A couple of mangy dogs start a vicious, noisy fight. Zeke shies a couple of rocks at them, hoarsely whispering "Garn!" They squeal and retreat, with tails between their legs.*

*Just then, a horse is heard to walk along the cobblestones. Zeke turns idly to see who is coming, and appears gob-smacked, his eyes widening in disbelief.*

*There, coming toward him at a fast walk is a scared-looking 14-year-old girl, with ribbons tied around the ends of her long plaits, and wearing a hand-knitted jumper and homemade worsted skirt. She is Margo Reichard. Margo leads a superb thoroughbred horse (a 16.5-hand chestnut). On the other side of the horse, looking like a stiff-backed martinet from a comic opera marches Captain Francis de Groot. He*

---

© June 2013 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

THIS DOCUMENT IS SOLELY OWNED BY QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE and is intended solely for use as an entertainment. QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE retains exclusive and inalienable rights to this document, which may not be reproduced in any way without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. Any disclosure, reproduction, copying, distribution, or other dissemination or use of this document or of the intellectual property contained in this document is strictly prohibited without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. (www.qld-tm.net.au)

*is wearing the full ceremonial regalia of a senior officer in the Australian Army, at the time of the late 1920's. From his belt hangs a heavy ceremonial sword.*

*Spotting Zeke, the Captain calls to him authoritatively.*

Capt de Groot *imperatively* Hi, you there! Haven't I bumped into you previously at Haughtivale House? Yes, I recognize your dismal physiognomy.

Zeke *confused* Uh?

Capt de Groot You look like the kind of cove who can handle himself.  
Alright then. You are to stand beside this filly and her horse, and don't let anyone else near either of them.

*[Standing strictly to attention]*

I have to attend to myself.

*With that, the Captain marches off to discreetly take a piss somewhere farther up the lane.*

Zeke *scratching his chin* Is he tryin' to tell us that he's goin' for a leak? Oh, excuse me, Miss.

*Margo blushes and makes a murmur.*



*Margo now looks less frightened, and giggles at something Zeke has said.*

*Roy leaps over the fence and approaches Zeke.*

Roy *deflated* Absolutely nix, Zeke.

Zeke *very amused* Roy, I'm gonna have to shoot you down if you come anywheres near this young lady or her horse. I'm under strict orders from the New Guard.

Roy *surprised and* What?

*confused*

*Chuckling, Zeke pats Mick's neck.*

Zeke                                This young lady is Margo and her father has gallantly loaned Mick here to the cause. To the cause of all decent, upstanding Australians.

They 'specially don't go for the idea of political machines.

Roy                                    Oh, you mean like Tammany Hall?

Zeke                                Yeah.

*Captain de Groot returns, eyeing Roy malevolently. Roy is flabbergasted, eyes wide open.*

Zeke *grinning*                    It's ... It's okay, Your Excellency. This is my partner, Roy Putney, an utterly trustworthy man who will fiercely defend the noble goals of the New Guard to the death.

*Roy is even more astounded but says nothing. His lips move soundlessly. The Captain nods, somewhat pleased. While Margo holds the horse's bridle, the Captain mounts Mick. Captain de Groot allows the horse to sidle about. He is an excellent horseman, sitting straight in the saddle. The ceremonial sword in its scabbard swings about at the horse's flanks.*

Capt de Groot                    This will be easier than pinching barley sugar from a tot. I'll simply lose myself in all those other uniformed chaps, as if I too am part of the official party.

Then I'll strike.

*This pronouncement alarms Zeke and Roy.*

Roy *horrified*                    Oh no! You're not gonna behead the Premier with that sword, are ya?

Zeke *grim*                            We'd have to take a dim view of that, I'm afraid. Even if we are outsiders, so to speak.

Capt de Groot *proud* Be easy, men. I'm standing for the King, and for the Governor. No blood shall be spilt, lest it's my own.

I am merely taking a right and proper stand against these Labour party hacks. It's about time *someone* did!

Zeke *warming-up* Oh, I know all about party politics goin' haywire. We got the remnants of the old Barbary Coast horse-traders and pork-barrellers back in my home town. It's funny you should mention --

Capt de Groot *interrupts* I'd love to stay and chat with you, but time is pressing. Cheerio!

*With a nod, de Groot canters off in the direction of some unseen access to the bridge.*

Zeke *philosophical* That guy sure looks the part, but he's not much given to conversation. Must be a gasser at family gatherin's ...

*There is a pause whilst Zeke fishes-out two pre-rolled cigarettes and matches from his pockets. Zeke offers one cigarette to Roy, who takes it without a word. Zeke lights both cigarettes from the same match and the men inhale. A loud "Hoorah!" is heard from somewhere up on the bridge. Roy and Zeke look at each other. Roy shrugs his shoulders.*

Zeke *to Margo* I hope Mick will get through this ordeal in one piece, Margo. C'mon ... Roy and I will make sure that you get home okay. This locality ain't the place for a decent young lady like yourself ...

*The girl still watches wistfully the place where she last saw Mick. Her eyes are filled with unshed tears. Then the three companions wander off.*

END OF SCENE

END OF ACT IV



## ACT V

### **ACT V, Scene i:** News Flash: Charles McConnaghey Breaks Down During Interview

*On the television (on the arty-farty channel), a serious-looking female news presenter begins with the lead story.*

News presenter

Respected music critic Charles McConnaghey has broken down and wept during an interview with Clare Raspiean this afternoon.

The interview had proceeded without incident, until Ms Raspiean asked Mr McConnaghey for his views on the "Vargner Unleashed" festival which the Australian rugby institution (F.O.A.R.) is staging next week.

Here is a portion of this afternoon's interview, which will be broadcast in full during the "Concert-Goer" program tomorrow at 8:00 pm on this channel.

*The television screen shows Charles McConnaghey sitting in a comfortable armchair in a room which could pass for a restful alcove in a leading city hotel. Charles is at his ease: smiling and seeming to enjoy himself.*

Charles

– and for Australian balletomanes, that's loads of good news.

Clare *voice-off* Yes, I think that all ballet-lovers will be reaching for their diaries to write that one in.

Charles, before we leave the subject of Australian audiences, what (in your view) will be the net importance of the up-coming Vargner festival hosted by the F.O.A.R. as an event on the calendar?

*Charles McConnaghey immediately tenses, frowning and indicating (by his body language) that he does not welcome the question.*

Charles *cold* Clare, I'd rather not discuss that topic.

Clare *voice-off, insistent* You interviewed the lovely Eleanore Blakeley. How is she coping with the rigours of her Herculean schedule, playing several of Vargner's heroines on the one program?

Charles *really forbidding* No, Clare. I won't discuss it. Thank you.

*Charles goes to stand, then thinks better of it.*

Clare *voice-off, hesitant* Alright ... I understand ... If you are uncomfortable ... Well, thank you, Charles McConn --

*Charles has worked himself into a massive rage.*

Charles *wild and frothing at the mouth* This is just such an outrage, Clare! These dreadful people have dragged one of Vargner's most respected sopranos (Eleanore Blakeley) over here merely to subject her to humiliation and disrespect. I'm ... I'm ... I'm utterly appalled.

And I urge all decent Australians, all opera-lovers, all devotees of fine music to shun this travesty, this circus.

I mean, here is Wotan, one of opera's most challenging roles. In a grotesque piece of miscasting, they've presented that difficult and

demanding role to a side-show freak: a professional wrestler from America, if you can believe that.

And the role of the dwarf-king Alberich has been won by a so-called legend of OzFooty who stands at least 6 foot 4 inches in his bare feet. For God's sake: the man is supposed to be a dwarf! I mean – it's ludicrous! Ludicrous!

Furthermore, a man whose one claim to fame is that of a rugby tough-guy will "sing" the roles of Lohengrin and Tristan. The lyrics have been butchered. The plots have been mangled. Not a single one of their so-called "singers" has anything even approaching an operatic voice. I just ...

*Charles now dissolves into distraught tears. He covers his face with one hand, while using the other hand to wave-off the camera.*

Charles *weeping* I apologize, Clare. I'm so very upset by all this ...

Clare *voice-off* I understand ... Thank you, Charles. We'll leave it there ...

*The television screen goes back to the news presenter.*

News presenter It is believed that Mr McConnaghey has flown-out of Sydney soon after the completion of the interview for an undisclosed destination in Europe. He had intimated to several colleagues that he feared reprisals following his emotional outburst against the F.O.A.R. Vargnerian production.

However, Leo Tottenham, the CEO of F.O.A.R. rushed to re-assure Mr McConnaghey that there is no hint of any sourness on the part of the rugby fraternity against the renowned music critic.

*The television screen now shows an outdoor interview (at the back entrance to one of the football ovals) with Leo. His name and position at F.O.A.R. is printed over the screen.*

Leo Reprisals? No, no! Look, we respect everyone's right to speak out against what we're trying to do. That's Freedom of Speech, and we are 100% behind that.

*[Laughs]*

There won't be any reprisals. We're way too busy putting on our show.



Leo Yeah, ultimately we are bringing grand opera to a lot of kids (and older people, too) who have *never* been exposed to it. That's the moot issue. Culcha for the masses. The benefits are huge.

And, sure, we've got a few gimmicks. We know that. But the people who buy a ticket for the four nights (the three episodes of Wagner Unleashed, along with the seat at FOARPLAY #1) are in for four *huge* nights of entertainment.

Along with everything else, the events centred around motor vehicles are world-class. We honestly believe that our F.O.A.R. production of Wagner Unleashed will win awards throughout the global motor industry. So ... yeah, we're stoked.

*[Looks towards the camera, but there is a smile lurking]*

And Charles! Come back, mate – all is forgiven!

END OF SCENE

---

© June 2013 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

THIS DOCUMENT IS SOLELY OWNED BY QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE and is intended solely for use as an entertainment. QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE retains exclusive and inalienable rights to this document, which may not be reproduced in any way without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. Any disclosure, reproduction, copying, distribution, or other dissemination or use of this document or of the intellectual property contained in this document is strictly prohibited without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. ([www.qld-tm.net.au](http://www.qld-tm.net.au))

**MAY 1932**

**ACT V, Scene ii: The Ribbon Is Slashed**

*The Argus* Saturday 21<sup>st</sup> May 1932

Bridge Opening Sensation

Premier Upstaged by Army Captain de Groot

*A crackly 1930's radio voice is heard to announce the events of Saturday 21<sup>st</sup> May 1932, when Captain de Groot took action.*

1932 radio announcer ... and as the Premier stepped forward to cut the ribbon, Australian Army captain Francis de Groot rode up to slash the ribbon using an ornate ceremonial sword. Stunned dignitaries and guests were outraged by the captain's actions. The be-costumed interloper was later taken under arrest by police, and the borrowed horse he rode has been impounded.

*We can see the speeches being made, but not hear them: only de Groot's words will be audible.*

*To Wagner's heroic music, we see a huge gathering of Sydneysiders (dressed-up) standing about on the bridge. As a cheer is set up for the Premier, he steps forward to speak into a very old-fashioned microphone. A man stands beside the Premier with a huge pair of beribboned scissors on a velvet cushion. The gentlemen in the crowd lift off their hats and whirl them in the air above their heads. The ladies applaud exuberantly. Smiling, the Premier reaches for the scissors. The camera backs away to show a wide blue ribbon stretched across the bridge.*

*Mick, with Captain de Groot in the saddle, lunges forward. De Groot brandishes his sword above his head, then he slashes the ribbon with the sword as he canters towards the camera. We can see the startled Premier and nearby dignitaries almost fall over in the subsequent confusion.*

*Further along the bridge, with other uniformed horsemen in pursuit, Captain de Groot stops, turning back to look at the melee he has caused. Mick rears up.*

Capt de Groot *shouting triumphantly* I have acted thus in the name of the decent and respectable people of New South Wales.

END OF SCENE

### **ACT V, Scene iii: The F.O.A.R. Boardroom**

*We return to the location of ACT I, Prelude. This time, the F.O.A.R. boardroom is crammed to overflowing with large men, and a very meagre sprinkling of ladies. There is a real buzz of anticipation and excitement in the room. Everyone is well-dressed as if for a function. Leo Tottenham steps up to the podium, flicking the microphone several times with his finger.*

Leo Okay, folks. Bit of shoosh. Bit of shoosh, please.

We're just about to go into the most sumptuous lunch on the North shore, so I hope you've left your diet sheets and calorie counters on the fridge.

*There is a burst of laughter, applause and cat-calling.*

Leo *laughing* Okay. Before we go in to stuff our faces, I'll get Swannie Lieversham to bring us up-to-date on what to expect next week. And tell us how it's all going, Swannie. Should we be worrying? Should we be pressing the panic button?

*The men swap positions, again to loads of good-natured banter. Swannie is now at the microphone.*

Swannie                      Yeah, cheers, Leo.

Look, the number of problems, anticipated problems, unexpected issues and anything else you could imagine cannot be counted on the fingers of one hand because there are none. Nul. Nought. Zero. None.

*There is a rousing burst of applause in response to this pronouncement.*

Swannie                      So everything is running on polished rails, and it's all systems go.  
  
I'm going to give you a quick rundown of what's on for each of the three "Wagner Unleashed: The Clash Of Two Codes" nights.

*Everyone focuses on the large plasma screen behind Swannie.*

| MONDAY                    | THURSDAY                  | SATURDAY  |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|---|
| Elevation Square          | Tennis Centre             | Sydney Opera House                                  |
| MotorMania Masterclass #1 | MotorMania Masterclass #2 | MotorMania Masterclass #3                           |
| Meistersingers            | Smack TK Wrestling/Wotan  | Siegfried's Funeral March                           |
| Knights Jousting          | Boxing/Singing            | Brunnhilde on Matterhorn                            |
| Fireworks                 | Flying Dutchman Part I    | Lohengrin: In A Far Land                            |
| Gangster Shootout         | 3 Weddings                | Tristan & IsYoung: Love Song                        |
| Tango Dancers             | Tapdancing Troupe         | Flying Dutchman Part II                             |
| Air Force Flyover         | Valkyries Flyover         | Grand Finale, Pirates Reprise<br>20 Toucans Flyover |

*There are many "Ooohs!" and "Aaaaahs!" from the audience, and some sporadic applause.*

Swannie                      Even if you only go for the automobiles, these are three of the best nights old Sydney-town has ever seen.

As you go into lunch, one of our lovely girls will give you a glossy brochure covering all this. So enjoy!

END OF SCENE

### **ACT V, Scene iv:** Overall View Of The Monday Night Events At Elevation Square

*These scenes (brief glimpses of what the audience would have seen) will be very attractively presented as if designed for an expensive, professional advertisement shown at a top cinema. There is no voice-over. Due to the extensive roadway construction designed for the car chase, the various cars will be visible in one way or another at all times. There are some thrilling air jumps and crossovers involving great driving skill. All that goes on as the other events progress. As advised, the Ford and Holden utes will be part of the show, along with the horse-float and Mum's 1 ½ ton truck with the two poddies.*

**The Gong:** One of the buff young F.O.A.R. players, stripped to the waist, uses a huge hammer to bang a gong three times, just as at the start of the Rank Organization films.

**Meistersingers:** Various members of the Blue and Red FOARPLAY teams (in their team strip, but also carrying bows, arrows and quivers) will appear as a choir, raised on a dais, singing a medley of tunes from "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg".

**Knights Jousting:** Several knights holding lances joust in the lists.

**Fireworks:** Around Elevation Square, from several vantage points, wonderful fireworks explode into the night air.

**Gangster Shootout:** Just as the fireworks are petering out, two old-fashioned limousines rock up, and several Chicago-style gangsters leap out of the cars to shoot it out with Tommy guns.

**Tango Dancers:** These couples are dressed as if in the Chicago gangster era. Some bright spark has taken a well-known Wagnerian tune and turned it into a tango. To that music, the tango-dancers ooze onto the Square around the gangsters, most of whom are now dead.

---

© June 2013 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

THIS DOCUMENT IS SOLELY OWNED BY QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE and is intended solely for use as an entertainment. QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE retains exclusive and inalienable rights to this document, which may not be reproduced in any way without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. Any disclosure, reproduction, copying, distribution, or other dissemination or use of this document or of the intellectual property contained in this document is strictly prohibited without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. (www.qld-tm.net.au)

**Air Force Flyover:** the usual formation of jets performing some stunts which are breath-taking and exciting.

END OF SCENE

## **ACT V, Scene v:** Some Highlights From FOARPLAY #1

*Now follows a short showcase of some exciting rugby action. There is a capacity crowd, decked-out in either blue or red. It's all very ra-ra, with pretty cheer squad dancers at the edge of the field and lots of hoopla. We'll see a couple of fights, some tries being scored, and a couple of injuries.*

### Eddie's Game-Winning Try

*In the dying seconds of the game, with scores level, Eddie Hannakaffaki scores a miraculous try, which wins the game for the Reds. This causes a major celebration of Reds players. The Blues players are disconsolate. However, in all the last-minute drama and excitement, Eddie receives a nasty blow to his throat and neck. [In the background, the conversion will be made, but that's just a minor detail for us.]*

*The hooter for full time is heard and the crowd erupts. While all the Reds players are expressing their jubilation, one of the "F.O.A.R. The Roar" panel members surges forward with microphone in hand to interview Eddie. Of course, he will have to run the gauntlet of over-excited players milling about.*

Shanksie *somewhat*      I'm just going to try and have a chat with the hero of the hour.  
*breathless*

Here he is.

Eddie! Eddie! Mate, that was the most amazing try ***ever seen*** in our great game. Talk me through it.

*Eddie is distracted by the pandemonium. There is a great deal of jostling, hugging and back-slapping.*

Eddie *raspy voice and*      Aw, mate! I can hardly speak. We worked out butts off all night,  
*utterly breathless*      eh. Then – aw, mate ... Me voice is gone, eh.

*Eddie leans forward, putting his weight onto his hands (on his knees). Shanksie pats Eddie on the back.*

Shanksie                      I'll let you go and see the doc, Eddie. You need to be on song for your big performance for Saturday. Anyway, all the best – colossal effort, mate.

*Eddie does not move from his position, resting onto his knees.*

Eddie *raspy voice and utterly breathless*      Yeah ... cheers, mate!

END OF SCENE

---

© June 2013 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

THIS DOCUMENT IS SOLELY OWNED BY QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE and is intended solely for use as an entertainment. QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE retains exclusive and inalienable rights to this document, which may not be reproduced in any way without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. Any disclosure, reproduction, copying, distribution, or other dissemination or use of this document or of the intellectual property contained in this document is strictly prohibited without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. ([www.qld-tm.net.au](http://www.qld-tm.net.au))

**ACT V, Scene vi:** The Dramatic Search For A Replacement For Eddie

*There are voice-overs to lend drama to this scene.*

*All we (the audience) see are F.O.A.R. officials and players, and the three Blaze-on-Stage guys rushing about or working phones or bashing laptop keys in a search for someone to stand-in for Eddie Hannakaffaki in the Wagner Unleashed show. A couple of huge rugby players are seen to be auditioning for Eddie's parts. Eddie is seen sitting glumly on a chair. We also see several replays of Eddie making the game-winning try. The voice-overs occur over the bustle and despair.*

- Female *voice-over* ... are tight-lipped about a possible replacement for Eddie Hannakaffaki, who is unable to speak or sing following a heroic late try to win FOARPLAY #1.
- Male *voice-over* Eddie was injured during FOARPLAY (pardon my French) ...
- Female *voice-over* And the nation-wide search continues for a large tenor to partner British opera star (Eleanore Blakeley) in some of Vargner's most beloved opera duets, now that Eddie Hannakaffaki is unable to perform.
- Male *voice-over* ... and tributes have poured into the clubrooms at Onsloe for Eddie Hannakaffaki, whose last-second try on Wednesday night won the game for the Reds. But Eddie has paid a huge price for his heroism in that he won't be able to sing at the Opera House --
- Swannie *voice-over* Look, people will just have to understand that Eddie is injured. We're able to use a recording of Eddie singing Lohengrin. So Eddie will mime to that. Now, I know the purists will be up in arms about "miming", but they can just take a gig at Eddie's fabulous last-ditch effort. He bust a gut getting that try. So if people want to be shirty about it, they can come and talk to me face-to-face, then let's see how brave they are.

Gruff male *voice-over* Look! This is like playing in an Ashes Test match with ... you know ... with a glass cricket bat. Come on! No-one can replace the real thing. It's Eddie or it's no-one!

Female *voice-over* Officials at F.O.A.R. headquarters are adamant that they **will** find a replacement for Eddie Hannakaffaki in the sumptuous love-scene featuring Tristan and IsYoung.

*The bustle, commotion and run around is roaring at full pace. Everything is disorganized pandemonium, and everyone moves at fever-pitch.*

Neeham Burt Del Trask could probably do that ... I heard him singing in the shower. He's pretty good.

*Everyone stops (dead stop) as if a cello string were plucked. Everyone stares wide-eyed at Neeham, who by chance has wandered in from the foyer at F.O.A.R. headquarters. There is utter silence, except for the plasma screen away off on a far wall which is showing a full replay of FOARPLAY #1.*

*With every eye on him, Neeham shrugs.*

Neeham He knows this Vargner stuff real well. He's keen on it. And he **did** have a practice run with some of you guys. And he sure-as-hell can sing! So, I figure ...

END OF SCENE

**ABSOLUTE HIGHLIGHT**

**ACT V, Scene vii:** Some Wise Words From “Mercedes” Benz

Once again, we’re mixing up the eras here. I wanted Mark and Brad to give us some information. Okay, so let them do it over a pretty scenario.

*In 1932, whilst staying at Haughtivale House, Sydney as the guest of Professor Maurice Dunbar, Roy Putney sits on a sunlit balcony, reading the newspaper, which is headlined as at the start of Scene (ii) regarding Captain de Groot’s activities. As Roy reads, the camera tours the garden.*

*Mark and Brad discuss some issues that they are having over this scene, even though the eras are not the same, and this couldn’t possibly happen.*

*Brad starts his speech with a deep, male voice.*

Brad *voice-over*

I’m as crook as a chook in Tulgarook.

*[Imitating a woman]*

Here y’are, sweet chops: have a gargle of this.

*[Very deep voice]*

What is it, Cow-face?

*[Imitating a woman]*

It’ll fix yer right up, darl. Mum cooked it up on the Aga stove.

Never fails.

*[Very deep voice]*

Okay ... Bottoms up!

Mark *voice-over*

You’re a dag, you know that! I mean, it totally sucks but we had no other choice.

Brad *voice-over* Right-on, Bro!

Mark *voice-over* He has to be made up to look pale.

Brad *voice-over* And how the hell do we do that? The guy's black.

Mark *voice-over* I dunno, do I? Get make-up to do something.

Hey! Did you get along to Smack TK's practice? Is he good?

Brad *voice-over* Oh, yeah, he's phenomenal, mate. He sings Woe-To-You while he tag-wrestles four F.O.A.R. players. I mean, it's not his own voice. He can't sing a note to save himself. He's miming. But it's real good ... **Real** good!

Mark *voice-over, laughing* "Woe-To-You"? You mean, Wotan. Jesus! It's like Woden. One of the gods. Same bloke, different tie. The bloke that Wednesday is named after.

Imagine that, eh? Havin' a day named after ya!

END OF SCENE

**MAY 1932**

**ACT V, Scene viii: Zeke Cornel Wises Up**

*Zeke Cornel is in the shower in Sydney at Haughtivale House. Roy Putney still sits on his sunlit balcony, reading his newspaper as before. Roy winces at Zeke's singing: it is pretty bad.*

*Soon, Zeke strolls out onto the balcony, wrapped around the hips with one towel, and drying off with the other. Although it is late autumn, it is still a very sunny Sydney morning. Zeke is whistling, as happy as a sand-boy.*

Roy *still reading*                    I never heard you singin' before. Regular little lark, ain't ya?

Zeke *smiling*                        A lark, eh? Was I **that** good?

Roy                                        Only if the lark was dyin', you'd be.

*Zeke laughs heartily.*

**BREAK**

*Zeke is now dressed in his customary suit and tie, and hat. He returns to Roy on the balcony.*

Zeke                                      And you know why I was singin'? Because I'm happy, that's why.

And you know why I'm so happy?

Roy                                        Go on ... I'll bite.

*Zeke slaps his hand on his knee.*

Zeke                                      I'm happy because I figured it all out.

Roy *sceptical*                        Figured what out?

Zeke                                      It. The whole thing. All of it.

Roy *folding his newspaper* Have you got time to tell me? I'm gonna walk over to the hostel to pick up Senta very soon.

Zeke *bonhomous* Let's walk over together. It's such a fine day. And I got a lot to say.



*Smoking, the two men walk briskly along a suburban street in Sydney.*

Roy So tell me.

Zeke Sure. Well, for starters, there ain't no Seamus Flannery. He never existed. The cute brothers Dunbar made that up.

Cold leads, bungled bridge openings, a photo of someone on a safari ... all done to put us Yankee coppers off the scent.

They contacted Captain O'Hearn anonymously to tell him that Pinkus was here in Sydney Australia. Cute as!

Roy Are you sayin' that he was never here? Pinkus?

Zeke Oh, yeah, Pinkus was here, alright. But he ain't here no more because that crafty pair of brothers sent Dink from Sydney back to Malaya.

Roy *surprised* You think he's moved on, *again?*

Zeke Temporarily ...

My latest hunch is that Bi and Dink are right now in West New Guinea digging for the lost gold of the Flyin' Dutchman.

Of course, they're not diggin' in the right place because they ain't got the map I got, which tells me exactly where to dig.

Roy And the other professor: the one we're stayin' with?

Zeke                                    You know what tipped me off? People never show kindness or open-heartedness to coppers. I'm suspicious of offers of accommodation like what we was offered by Professor Maurice. I'll just leave a "thank you" note on the mantel, then skedaddle over to New Guinea without breathin' a word to the kind professor.

   Aw, don't worry, Sergeant Putney. I'll be sure to share with you the credit for catchin' these varmints, and the reward for the treasure.

Roy *sarcastic*                        Aw, shucks, Zeke. You're pullin' at my heartstrings. Why cain't I go with you?

Zeke                                    Because my fine friend, someone has to mind the dingus, and someone has to mind Senta, and you can also make sure that the good Professor Maurice don't leave town all of a sudden.

Roy *nods*                              Of course ... I was forgettin' all that ... Okay, so you trust me with the dingus, do ya? You're a strange one, alright. Anyways, I'll contact O'Hearn and put him in the picture. The Maltese Falcon, the lost gold of the Flyin' Dutchman **and** Mr Dink Pinkus ... That sure is one heck of a trifecta, Zeke.

*Zeke laughs, giving a mock salute.*

END OF SCENE

## **ACT V, Scene ix:** The Highlights of Thursday Night Events At The Tennis Centre

*This is a similar overview as presented in scene (iv).*

*Due to the extensive roadway construction designed for the car chase, the various cars will be visible in one way or another at all times. There are some thrilling air jumps and crossovers involving great driving skill. Compared to what was briefly seen on Monday night, this continuous event contains more substance, a higher level of complexity and different tricks. That's because this scene is longer. The car chase progresses as the other events (as described) take place. As advised, the Ford and Holden utes will be part of the show, along with the horse-float and Mum's 1 ½ ton truck with the two poddies.*

*[NOTE: I haven't put much effort into scripting this section, as it is intended to move along quickly. Somebody with a more musical/theatrical bent than myself will sort this out.]*

### **Smack TK Wrestling/Wotan:**

This is a huge event, in the manner of WrestleMania. Smack TK is a character needing no further embellishment. His costume for the role of Wotan is a superb combination of wrestling chic with arch-villain. The four F.O.A.R. stars who wrestle with Smack put up heroic efforts, but Smack's ferocity and violence win the day. However, it is clear that the event has been well-rehearsed.

Smack mimes to a genuine opera singer playing Wotan and singing in German.

The crowd go absolutely wild. *[And refer end notes for the credits roll-through.]*

When Smack leaves the ring to tumultuous applause, he goes straight into the care of his many tough minders, amongst whom is Brad.

Brad *enthusiastic*            That was ace, mate! Well done!

Smack *gruff-voiced*        Thanks to y'all for havin' me here. That sure was a whole lot of fun.

Brad *admiring Smack's*    That's a great rig! Ya know, people in the opera game are already

*costume* saying that you are going to become the benchmark for Wotan guys.  
You must be stoked that you've got a day named after ya.

Smack *surprised* What, "Smackday"?

**Jake Bingham Dances "Alberich":** The very tall ballet dancer playing Jake will enter the Tennis Centre dressed as the dwarf king Alberich performing some breath-taking ballet movements which are unique to the male danseur. Every so often, an Aussie Rules football will hurtle towards him, and he will take a flying, spectacular mark, then hand-pass the ball off to some unseen stage hand.

Brunnhilde (Eleanore Blakeley) is also on stage singing beautifully.

But the crowd is keen only to boo and hiss Alberich. Jake expected this and laughs off the howls of protest good-naturedly.

**Flying Dutchman Part I:** With the tumultuous music of "Der fliegende Holländer" ringing through the Tennis Centre, the pirate chorus (made up of actual opera singers) bursts into song.

**Boxing/Singing:** This is hysterical. We'll probably only need a round or two to get the picture. The boxers are welterweights, trading punches in some very exciting clinches. Then they break apart. The boxers and the referee then sing some lyrics from "Tannhäuser". Then back into the action.

There's some great operatic singing from the corners at the end of the bout.

And the scantily-dressed girl who slinks around the ring between rounds with the board bearing the ring number overhead also sings operatically.

**Three Weddings and Tap Dancing Troupe:** Squealing and laughing, the tap dancers spill out of the stationary bistro tram. Then follow three sets of happy newly-weds, surrounded by the tap dancers as they do a walking circuit of the Tennis Centre to the strains of a popular tune from "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg".

**Valkyries Flyover:** This is marvellous. The Valkyries perform the Ride of the Valkyries from

“Die Walküre”. The opera singers are bodily lifted and move across the Tennis Centre very high up.

Eleanore Blakeley is not lifted. Brunnhilde (for all the world appearing as Boadicea) is in a fantastic car made to look like a horse-drawn chariot. She stands heroically, singing a high C to the roars and applause of the crowd.

**A Punch-On:** An argument starts between Reg Toppey and Artie Moses. Artie swings a punch. At the very end of the scene, as the Valkyries do their flyover, we clearly see Reg and Artie trading pathetic punches beside a parked Ford ute and a parked Holden ute.

END OF SCENE

**ACT V, Scene x: Saturday Night, A Fight At The Opera House, Part I**

*In the bowels of the Sydney Opera House, the camera glides along a passageway. As we approach, an argument can be heard between Mark and Brad. We'll try and keep the swearing to a minimum by means of the actors speaking through clenched teeth.*

*When the camera comes up to the lads, they are in the jumper-pulling stage of the scuffle. The veins on their necks stand out, and they are both red-faced with rage.*

Mark *incensed* Don't come the raw prawn with me, you &\*%\$!

Brad *equally incensed* I'm not a dumb-arsed-shitbag, you ^\*( \* ^#@ ?><\$^\$

*The violent scuffle continues for a few seconds, then Brad pulls back and delivers a superb punch to Mark's temple. Mark's eyes roll, then he drops like a stone. Mark is fully concussed.*

*Brad staggers about, looking proud of himself, and gasping for breath. A squeaking static noise is heard. We see Brad stare in disbelief at Mark's miked headphone set, which Mark has chucked to one side prior to the fight.*

*Gingerly, Brad picks up Mark's headset and puts it on.*

Terry *helicopter voice* Mark? Mark? Ya there, mate?

Brad *carefully* Yeah, mate. It's Brad here.

Terry *helicopter voice* Brad? Is that you? Where's Mark? Has he gone to the dunny, has he?

Brad *carefully* Um ... No, he ...

Terry *helicopter voice* Where is he? Come on! The show starts in five minutes. Youse blokes are supposed to be up here in the control room.

*Brad clears his throat.*

Brad *schoolboy in* Terry, can you please send a stretcher and a doctor down to the



**ACT V, Scene xi: Saturday Night, A Fight At The Opera House, Part II**

*In the control room, where everyone has a laptop and miked earphones, Terry and Brad look scared. They stare through the large glass pane at the immense Sydney Opera House main theatre. There are hundreds of F.O.A.R. fans crammed into the theatre.*

Terry *clenched teeth* I could fuckin' murder you! You know that.

Brad *very calm* It's alright. Everything's programmed. Nothin' can go wrong. Besides, all the boys know what to do: Grey, Hoonie, the truckie, Brendan, all the drivers ... They'll be sweet.

*As calm as you like, Brad leans forward pressing a button. This allows him to contact all relevant staff.*

Brad And counting-down. 10 – 9 – 8 – 7 – 6 – 5 – 4 – 3 – 2 – and off we go!

*Brad flicks back the switch as Terry sighs in a disturbed way.*

Brad *smiling smugly* Piece of cake! We don't need Markie-boy.

*There is a laser-light show which causes great enthusiasm among the crowd.*

Announcer Ladies and gentlemen. Boys and Girls. The Federation of Australian Rugby brings you the third and final night of "Wagner Unleashed: The Clash of Two Codes".

***It ain't over until the big guy scores a try!***

*We hear (as before) the mighty sound of the various cars revving their engines. The crowd screams with excitement as the curtains open.*

*Then the car chase begins. As the 1 ½ ton truck (driven as always by Mum in her glamorous horse-racing outfit, and with the two poddie calves in the back) whooshes by the control room, Terry points in alarm. He has spotted that Artie Moses and Reg Toppey are having a stand-up fist fight in the tray, alongside the poddie calves.*

Terry *alarmed*                   What the hell?

Brad *calming*                   It's okay. Don't burst a blood-vessel. They started that caper at the Tennis Centre and I thought we'd leave it in. The audience apparently loved it.

Terry *worried*                   But ... the calves ... Won't they -- ?

Brad *full of confidence*       Nah, it's sweet. The boys can't hurt themselves because they just bounce off the calves. Too easy!

*Brad once again flicks ON the communication switch.*

Brad *ultra cool*                Okay, Brendan. Cue the "Go-To-Dandenong".

*With an "I'm-too-good" flourish, Brad flicks OFF the communication switch.*

*On the stage, the four strong Saxon knights (superbly costumed) carry Benny Eishaks as Siegfried in a solemn slow march to the riverside as the orchestra plays the haunting "Götterdämmerung".*

Terry *alert*                     Whose laptop is that goin' off?

*Terry points to Mark's laptop. An urgent screen message is buzzing on its screen.*

Brad *shrugs*                    That's Markie's LT. Just ignore it.

*Terry is not convinced. He gets up to go over to the beeping laptop.*

*At the same time, the car chase comes hurtling by.*

Man's *helicopter voice*       Whoa, Mark! You were supposed to get us up on two wheels then. What'ya doin, mate?

Brad *alarmed*                   Oh, shit! The davit. That's not programmed. Ya have to do it manually. Just press the "enter" key, Terry. Give it a coupla taps, will ya?



---

© June 2013 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

THIS DOCUMENT IS SOLELY OWNED BY QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE and is intended solely for use as an entertainment. QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE retains exclusive and inalienable rights to this document, which may not be reproduced in any way without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. Any disclosure, reproduction, copying, distribution, or other dissemination or use of this document or of the intellectual property contained in this document is strictly prohibited without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. (www.qld-tm.net.au)

*The camera quickly shows us the intricate machinery inspired by Mark which causes the roadway to rise sharply in order to cause the cars to go up onto two wheels. The machinery jerks and rolls into action.*



## **ABSOLUTE HIGHLIGHT**

*Back to the car chase. We see Terry and Brad (faces etched in horror) watching the trailing cars go up onto two side wheels. The crowd think that this is intentional and roar their applause. All the utes make it through, even the ute with trailing horse float, which miraculously gets through the contraption without incident.*

*Terry and Brad let out deep breaths. Then, the 1 ½ ton truck roars through as the last car in the convoy. As it tips over, the two pugilists in the back lose their footing, even though they grab at the poddies. Both Artie and Reg fall over the side of the truck, plummeting towards the water below. But as they fall, they smash into the Saxon knights, causing the latter to spill Siegfried into the water.*

Brad and Terry                    ***Oh, fuck no!***

*Benny Eishaks drags Roy out of the river by the scruff of the neck and two of the rugbyist knights grab Artie to rescue him. The crowd (thinking this is part of the story) roar their approval. Then we see Benny bodily lift the raft back onto the water. We see him signal to the knights to hold onto the raft while he climbs back aboard. This is achieved, with Benny once again in his solemn Siegfried pose and the two motor salesmen lying about gasping for breath on the riverbank.*

END OF SCENE

END OF ACT V



## ACT VI

### ACT VI, Scene i: Brunnhilde On The Matterhorn

*With quick footwork, Terry and Brad have switched the spotlights to the Matterhorn prop. Proudly, in her full body-hugging armour, winged helmet and with spear and buckler stands Eleanore Blakeley as Brunnhilde at the peak of the Matterhorn.*

*Here, Brunnhilde will reprise her “Ho-yo-to-ho” of “Die Walküre”. Eleanore sings some tremendously high notes (sustained). This is a real display of the soprano’s talent as a singer.*

*However, the von Trapp family are just now almost reaching the peak. Eleanore draws in a big breath and then hits a very high note. The camera shows us that this note is causing distress in the crystal chandeliers. The crowd gasps. There is a huge rumble as the snow-covered Matterhorn prop shudders.*

Captain von Trapp            ***Avalanche!***

*The fake snow slides away at Brunnhilde’s feet, as the von Trapps can be seen sliding resistless back to the foot of the prop.*

Terry *voice-over*            Was that supposed to happen?

Brad *voice-over, lost*        Aw, who knows?  
*the plot*

END OF SCENE

**ABSOLUTE HIGHLIGHT**

**ACT VI, Scene ii: A Fight At The Opera House, Part III**

*It appears that the boys have got it back together. The car chases are back on track and all the stunts and tricks are working. Eddie is miming to his Lohengrin song. He is half-way through it. It seems to be working beautifully.*

*A small group of three kangaroos hop across the front of the stage.*

(6) We'll shoot at pigeons and we'll fish for eels  
Wild pigs called razorbacks we'll get 'em all.  
And cook them on our barbie drinking Fosters ...

*Eddie, busy miming to his own song, realizes that his fishing line is snagged. He stops miming, trying to communicate his difficulties. However, his voice is too raspy for speech.*

Eddie *very worried,*      I gotta snag! I gotta snag!  
*throaty squeak*

*Meanwhile, the pre-recorded song soldiers on.*

Eddie's pre-recorded      Which is what men were born to do, you know.  
song

(7) I come from a long line of bush whackers  
Ma can boil a billy on a fire  
My father Percy Vale can skull a schooner  
My name is Lohengrin and I'm a toff.

*Eddie looks about wildly. The dog stands up and starts barking. Eddie looks totally perplexed. He sees Siegfried's funeral bier coming towards him. Eddie tries to warn Benny off.*

---

© June 2013 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

THIS DOCUMENT IS SOLELY OWNED BY QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE and is intended solely for use as an entertainment. QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE retains exclusive and inalienable rights to this document, which may not be reproduced in any way without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. Any disclosure, reproduction, copying, distribution, or other dissemination or use of this document or of the intellectual property contained in this document is strictly prohibited without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. (www.qld-tm.net.au)

Eddie "*shouting*" in        I gotta snag! I gotta snag, Benny!  
*hoarse whisper*

*The audience applause is deafening. As Benny's funeral bier bangs into Eddie's fishing line, Eddie makes several ineffectual movements, the dog barking at his side. An angry Benny is now caught as the raft teeters from side to side, and eventually Benny hauls himself off the raft.*

Terry *voice-over*        Oh, Jesus! Holy shit!

Benny *furious*            I've had a gutful of you, Eddie!

*As Eddie wades into the river to explain himself to Benny, Benny starts a fight with Eddie. They are soon trading round-arm blows, much to the audience's delight.*

END OF SCENE

## **V, Scene xiv:** A Love Scene At The Opera House: The Ormolu Ferry

*Brad and Terry watch the revolving stage turning without a hitch. The Ormolu Ferry comes into view. The side of the ferry nearest the audience has been surgically removed such that the audience can clearly see the action inside. The ferry is utterly crammed to the jowls with passengers, all of whom (except for IsYoung and Brangane) wear white facemasks. Tristan is very smartly dressed as a well-to-do businessman, carrying briefcase, Deloitte's, Moody's, BRW and Financial Review (and facemask). He strap-hangs as close as possible to the orchestra pit. When Tristan sings, he does not remove the facemask.*

*On the other side of the stage, also close to the orchestra pit sit IsYoung and Brangane.*

*Several more passengers try to board the ferry. They sing some sort of chant which is Wagnerian in flavour.*

Passengers *singing*            Let us on! Let us on! Move up, move up, move up!  
*operatically*

*Two of the passengers who are scrunched up at the stern of the boat tumble overboard, to the delight of the audience.*

*Tristan begins to hack and cough. Brangane whips out a bottle from her handbag. She leans over towards Tristan, but there are too many people in the way. Thus, Brangane passes the bottle to IsYoung, who then asks someone else to pass it to Tristan, and so the bottle trails over Tristan via several passengers.*

*Tristan holds up the bottle as if it is the Holy Grail itself. He sings beautifully.*

Delaney/Tristan *sings*        I love IsYoung! My only love. If I can't have her, then ...  
*operatically*                        I must quaff, 'ere I die!

*Pulling aside the facemask, Tristan heroically takes a drink from the bottle. Then he recaps it and replaces his facemask. With a quick nod of his head, he passes back the bottle. By the time it reaches*

*IsYoung (via several passengers), the orchestra conductor (Brendan) is a bit confused about when to strike up the Liebestod.*

Eleanore/IsYoung *sings* I love him! Tristan, Tristan, Tristan! If I can't have him, then ...  
*operatically* If he quaffed, then I'm quaffing too!

*As she drinks, Brendan gives the go-ahead, and the first beautiful notes of the Liebestod are heard.*

*Triumphant, IsYoung flings her hand towards Brangane, thus returning to her the bottle.*

*Tristan, still carrying his briefcase and the impressive financial magazines totters towards IsYoung, pushing his way through the crowd, and thus nearly falling of the ferry. IsYoung similarly pushes her way towards him.*

*Brangane now realizes her mistake, with the haunting notes of the Liebestod as a background.*

Brangane *horrified,* Oh, no! What have I done?  
*singing operatically* This was not the potion Mum brewed-up on the Aga. No! No!  
Heaven forbid that I ...

*Searching feverishly in her handbag, pulling out this and that, Brangane now has in her hand the bottle of cold and flu relief. In horror, Brangane drops the handbag and its contents to the floor.*

Brangane *aghast,* This cannot be!  
*singing operatically* I've given to my best friend and her love interest my elixir that I ordered from PartyGirl magazine. It is a **love potion** they have sipped!  
Oh, indeed, I am a silly little goose!

*Now in each other's arms, with Tristan still masked, they go into the F.O.A.R.'s version of the Liebestod. Because Eleanore and Delaney actually fall in love during this song, they become more and more passionate.*

*As they sing, Mark turns up in the control box. We overhear Brad and Terry welcoming him.*

Brad *astounded voice-over* Markie! Oh, God – are you alright? I thought I’d killed ya!

Mark *voice-over* Nah! You’re not that good a punch. So, how’re we goin’?

Terry *unconvincing voice-over* Yeah, mate. It’s goin’ like it was on wheels.

Mark *voice-over* Do youse blokes wanna keep going? Or ... ?

Terry *voice-over* No, no, no ... You take the helm ...

Delaney and Eleanore as duet:

Will you respect me?  
 Quick get your gear off  
 I wanna use my love-stick  
 I like French kissing  
 Just think what we’ve been missing  
 Here on the ferry?  
 Never mind the punters  
 They’ve seen it on the telly  
 Is this a tits-n-bums show?  
 Get your gear off darling  
 I need to caress you  
 I’ll still respect you.  
 ... and so on ...

*When the music finishes, Eleanore and Delaney stare at each other for an instant, Del rips off his facemask and then they go into a passionate, ardent embrace. They are kissing each other as if their lives depend on it. The surrounding passengers applaud, and then when they realize that the pair are off with the fairies on a love-trip, they “woo-hoo” and whistle.*

*The audience gives this item a standing ovation. Delaney and Eleanore, holding hands, bow several times. A young woman comes on from the wings with a huge bouquet of roses for Eleanore. The cheering, foot-stamping and applause continues.*

*Finally, under the management of an eye-dog, our five merino sheep trot backwards and forwards at front of stage, earning more applause.*

Mark I think we’ve found a new opera star, gentlemen. Cop turns singer – I can see the headlines now.

*[Flicks ON the communication switch]*

Okay. Get the livestock off stage. Cue the pirates for the grand finale treasure hunt for The Flying Dutchman.

END OF SCENE

© June 2013 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

THIS DOCUMENT IS SOLELY OWNED BY QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE and is intended solely for use as an entertainment. QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE retains exclusive and inalienable rights to this document, which may not be reproduced in any way without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. Any disclosure, reproduction, copying, distribution, or other dissemination or use of this document or of the intellectual property contained in this document is strictly prohibited without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. (www.qld-tm.net.au)

**MAY 1932**

**ACT VI, Scene iii: Zeke Becomes An Amateur Archaeologist In West New Guinea**

*We have to get Zeke to New Guinea as economically as we possibly can, because his carry-on is effectively interrupting the “Wagner Unleased” action. I’ve made this one scene, but it is really a compilation of separate episodes.*

*The background music will be something popular from “Der fliegende Holländer” that we have not already heard. These scenes are very quick.*

- *Zeke sits in an old 1930’s plane, turning his hat brim over and over in his hands.*
- *Zeke (who has removed his jacket) stands about in the disorderly crowd at Darwin airport. The heat is stifling, as he mops his brow. He leans over a counter, talking to an older woman, booking a berth on a trading ship which will cross the Arafura Sea, bound for West New Guinea.*
- *In the jungle, at a small wharf near a river, Zeke is seen trying to converse with some New Guinea natives.*
- *Zeke is seen to be travelling along a river in thick tropical jungle in a small open steam-boat with “The Niugini Queen” painted on the side. A single New Guinea native accompanies him.*
- *Zeke looks very worried as he sits in the steam-boat. The native companion is punting the boat through thick reeds.*
- *In an homage to one of Bogart’s most famous movie scenes, a grimacing Zeke is seen in his rolled-up shirt sleeves and cloth cap dragging The Niugini Queen by thick rope as he wades through the reeds. He has two-day’s stubble on his face. The native companion still punts as before.*
- *Zeke walks into the camp where Professor Bi Dunbar and Dink Pinkus can be seen squatting in a low tent, arguing over a map. They look up in shock on seeing Zeke as he stands at the tent opening, looking menacing.*

- *Professor Bi faints. Dink looks at Bi as if he were a rara avis.*
- *The background music stops.*

*Zeke nasty drawl*            You're diggin' in the wrong place.

*Dink turns his gaze from Bi to Zeke.*

*With a snarl on his face, Zeke pulls out of his pocket the folded map that he swiped from the cabin of the Flying Dutchman's captain. Zeke holds this out to Dink. In Zeke's belt, his pistol can be seen.*

*Zeke really menacing*      You're diggin' in the wrong place, Pinkus.

*Dink alarmed*                Zeke Cornel ... You're ... You're supposed to be safe in Sydney ...

*Zeke nasty*                    Yeah, I was. I was helpin' the brave captain to open The Coathanger Bridge. It was a swell turn. We made the Premier look like a goat.

*Dink looks scared and licks his lips.*

*Leaning down, Zeke steps forward into the confines of the small tent just as Professor Bi begins to stir. Zeke smiles at Dink: the smile is utterly devoid of humour or warmth.*

*Zeke almost snarling*      I gotta proposition for ya, Dink. I'll swap you my map for your freedom.

*The camera closes-in on Zeke's hand, holding out the true Flying Dutchman map. On his bum, Dink tries to butt-shuffle out of the tent. Zeke pulls his gun out of his belt, cocks it, then points it straight at Dink. Dink stops shuffling, now looking really scared. Dink's mouth works but no sound emits.*

*Zeke in close-up, whispers harshly*      My treasure map for your freedom. Well, what d'ya say, Dinkie-Boy?

*The tension has mounted. There is a stand-off. Professor Bi is coming to. Another man comes to the tent flap. It is the tall, Nordic young man of Professor Bi's photograph. When the archaeologist speaks, he is heard to have a plummy English accent.*

*Archaeologist*                What the devil is going on? Professor! Are you alright?

*Now the archaeologist joins the other three men in the low, small tent. It is quite a crowd, but the compactness of the actors makes the scene work even better. The archaeologist squats down on his haunches, concerned for the professor. Dink's eyes flick about the tent.*

*Zeke warning*                    Be careful, Dink.

*Dink challenging*                No, you be careful, Flatfoot. We think that we gotta skedaddle out of here. And pretty soon, too.

*Zeke sneers at Dink's supposed cowardice.*

*Zeke insulting tone*            What? Is it gettin' too hot for ya, Pinkus, you little worm.

*Dink urgent*                        In no way! Please, Zeke. We may be under attack from pirates any minute. We saw their boats ...

*Before Zeke can respond, the bright young archaeologist rushes into speech.*

*Archaeologist brightly*        Oh, yes. They are wandering on-shore even as we speak. Armed to the teeth. Very like one of those paintings. Quite alarming, really. That's what I popped in here for: do you think that we might be ready to take off quite soon?

*Zeke on the back foot*        Pirates?

*Archaeologist*                    They'll be after our map (not that it's been of any use).

*The archaeologist spots that Zeke is holding a pistol.*

*Archaeologist pleased*        Splendid! You have what appears to be a very serviceable firearm. That'll keep them at bay whilst we ready ourselves for departure.

*The professor raises himself onto his elbow, muttering in a bumbling way.*

*Archaeologist*                    Come on, there, Professor. Time to go. I say, there won't be any chance of having a last-minute quick look-see for the treasure trove, will there?

*Zeke looks about wildly. The archaeologist is attending to the professor. Dink looks frightened and about to bolt from the tent.*

*Zeke slowly*

Say, what is this?

END OF SCENE, SEQUE IMMEDIATELY INTO THE NEXT SCENE

---

© June 2013 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

THIS DOCUMENT IS SOLELY OWNED BY QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE and is intended solely for use as an entertainment. QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE retains exclusive and inalienable rights to this document, which may not be reproduced in any way without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. Any disclosure, reproduction, copying, distribution, or other dissemination or use of this document or of the intellectual property contained in this document is strictly prohibited without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. ([www.qld-tm.net.au](http://www.qld-tm.net.au))

**ACT VI, Scene iv:** On The Opera House Stage, Zeke Delivers His Soliloquy

**NOD TO "THE PETRIFIED FOREST"**

**DUKE MANTEE WITH HIS GANG (JACKIE, RUBY AND SLIM)**



*The following scene is an homage to the most drama-packed scene in "The Petrified Forest". The faces of Jackie, Ruby and Slim come into and go out of shot to Bogart's left and right as he snarls "Shut up!".*

*The mood will be enhanced by sepia tones, with muted background. So Zeke appears to be still in West New Guinea, but the tent has expanded out.*

---

© June 2013 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

THIS DOCUMENT IS SOLELY OWNED BY QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE and is intended solely for use as an entertainment. QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE retains exclusive and inalienable rights to this document, which may not be reproduced in any way without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. Any disclosure, reproduction, copying, distribution, or other dissemination or use of this document or of the intellectual property contained in this document is strictly prohibited without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. ([www.qld-tm.net.au](http://www.qld-tm.net.au))

*Zeke stands firm, looking in a concentrated way towards something ahead of him (that is, the camera).*

*Zeke menacing and loud*                      First time anyone makes a wrong move, I'm gonna kill the whole lot of ya.

*The archaeologist comes into shot to his left. Zeke continues to concentrate his vision to the front. Suddenly, the archaeologist sounds just like Chicago gangster.*

Archaeologist                      Come on, Duke. You gotta make a decision. Do we dig or don't we?

*Zeke nasty tone*                      Shut up!

*The archaeologist's head moves quickly out of shot. Zeke still stares ahead, working his jaw.*

*Zeke snarling*                      We'll dig when I say we're gonna dig and not before.

*Professor Bi Dunbar (monocle and pith helmet) comes into shot to Zeke's right. Zeke continues to concentrate his vision to the front. Bi speaks in his normal high-brow voice, despite the dialog being that of a Chicago gangster.*

Bi                                      Wise up, Duke! My brother has squealed. He's squealed on you, I tell you.

*Zeke continues to stare, with taut body, and working jaw. Bi remains in shot.*

*Zeke angry*                              Shut up!

*Bi more urgent*                      Let's grab a motor vehicle and hightail it for the border.

*Zeke angrier*                              Shut up!

*Professor Bi Dunbar moves out of shot. The archaeologist comes back into shot on the left. Zeke continues to stare, with taut body, and working jaw.*

Archaeologist                      Duke! Be a man! You gotta decide.

*The archaeologist moves out of shot. Professor Bi Dunbar comes back into shot on the right. Zeke continues to stare, with taut body, and working jaw.*

*Bi very urgent*                      Duke! There's no time left! They're coming for you.

*The archaeologist comes into shot to his left. Bi stays in shot on the right.*

Archaeologist           The gold, Duke! The gold of the Flying Dutchman!

Bi *thrillingly*           We could hide out in the mountains, Duke: discuss the exposition and coda of Vargner’s second fugue in the *Meistersingers*. We could debate the great man’s recapitulation on the tonic key in the counterpoint.

Zeke *has had enough*   **Shut up! Shut up!**

*[Breathing rapidly]*

Give me time to think, can’t ya!

**DETECTIVE LIEUTENANT ZEKE CORNEL SUFFERS A COMPLETE BREAKDOWN**

*The lights are raised. There is a commotion in centre stage. Zeke becomes startled. He swings his pistol towards those pirates who are rushing towards him. He fires three shots.*

**BACK TO COLOUR**

*The erstwhile vicious pirates have devolved into operatic singers in the male chorus, costumed as rough pirates.*

*Zeke continues to shoot the pirate singers, who rush off the stage in loud confusion.*

*They scream and shout in panic as they leave the stage.*

Terrified singers           That man’s got a gun! He’s got a gun! A real gun! Let me outta here, there’s a crazy on stage firing at everybody.

*One of the singers has been winged and rolls about on the stage, groaning. Zeke looks about, amazed and horrified that the tropical scene in which he had been standing has magically transformed into a theatrical scene. Mark (with his senses sharpened) yells into his headset.*

Mark *speedy*                      Keep going! Cue triple spot on Bogart. Bring in Dooley stage left.  
Dim everything else.

We'll divert him. Cue the toucans.

Terry *aghast*                      He's having some kind of breakdown. Oh, God!

Mark *calm*                          It's okay. We'll gloss over it. Look! We've saved it.

*Zeke is in triple spotlight, along with a small upright piano. The pianist looks like Dooley Wilson.*

Zeke *to the pianist,*              Don't you dare!  
*warning*

## TOUCAN FLYOVER

*Just then, the 20 toucans fly overhead. Zeke ignores them. There is a surreal silence (except for the occasional screech of the birds).*

*The silence is broken by an old man speaking in wispy, whistling voice.*

Elderly man *wispy*              Joyce! One of those brightly-coloured birds has pooped on my  
*voice-off*                              program.

Elderly female *harsh*            Shoosh, George!  
*whisper, voice-off*

*The audience wriggles about. And then there is an absolute silence. Zeke stands as before, in the triple spot-light with toucans flying over. The car chase has stopped.*

**NOD TO "CASABLANCA"**

**ZEKE IS SELF-DEPRECATING AND MOURNFUL**



**NOD TO "THE AFRICAN QUEEN"**

*Zeke morose*

So this is it ... The wild finish ... A guy standin' on a verandah in the rain with a comical look on his face because his insides had been kicked out.

I heard a story once ... As a matter of fact, I've heard a lot of stories in my time and they all went along to the sound of a tinny pianer playin' in the cellar downstairs. Only we could hardly hear it on account of the drivin' rain. Professor Bi Dunbar and me ... listenin' to the drivin' rain.

"Mister, I met a man once when I was a kid" it always began ...

And then we wuz diggin' up gold in Netherlands New Guinea: scared of gettin' malaria, scared of fallin' in love, scared of losin' ourselves in all the reeds ... The lake is just over there, and the Germans'll be back in a coupla days' time ... Let's ready the Queen for ...

*Zeke, frenetic, drags his hands through his hair, trying to settle himself down. Now, Zeke turns on the pianist.*

*Zeke confused and befuddled*

I can't think ... What's goin' on?

*[Suddenly becomes commanding]*

Okay, then ...

You played it for her ... you can play it for me. If she can stand it, I

can. Play it!

*The pianist tinkles "As Time Goes By" then the tune goes into something Wagnerian and we have the grand finale.*

## THE GRAND FINALE

*The car chase restarts and dominates.*

*Eleanore and Delaney stand atop the Matterhorn prop. They sing the words to "As Time Goes By" together as a duet (even though we have left that tune). Meanwhile, the von Trapp family are still climbing the Matterhorn. The light around the singers becomes like a halo.*

*Terry, Brad and Mark give each other high fives. They are elated.*

END OF SCENE

### **ACT VI, Scene v: Delaney Meets Zeke As The Performers Make Their Bows**

*Backstage in The Sydney Opera House, several people have gathered. We can almost hear the announcer calling out the names of the performers as the crowd responds with riotous applause.*

*Zeke sits in a straight-backed chair. He bends forward over his knees as if desperately downcast.*

*Delaney Trask stands before Zeke, looking at Zeke's gun. Neeham stands beside Delaney.*

Delaney                      A point 38 Colt Police Positive ... Great gun.

Zeke *still downcast*        Regulation. Er ... that's some fancy piece that **you're** totin'.

Delaney                      Me? Why I shoot with a Mateba Model 6 Unica, an Italian gun. But it was first made long after your time.

*Zeke still downcast*

What's that? What time would that be?

*Delaney carefully*

If you're Zeke Cornel, Sir, a Detective Lieutenant from the SFPD, then you died over 50 years ago in 1962 at the age of 74. We got a medal now in the SFPD which I've won about three times. The E. J. Cornel Medal of Honour, it's called. And the men of the SFPD sure do covet it.

*Zeke looks up, appalled.*

*Zeke surprised*

Dead? I'm dead, you say?

*Neeham*

I went to see your son, Douglas, just before I left Frisco. One of the SFPD's finest, he became. He's an old man now, but still got all his faculties. And he speaks very fondly of you, Zeke.

*Zeke is under the impression that the man standing beside Delaney (Neeham Burt) is in fact Zeke's partner Roy.*

*Zeke to Neeham,  
whom Zeke believes is  
Roy*

You ratted on me, Putney. You and Senta took the dingus and --

*Neeham laughing*

Hey! Your pal Roy Putney married an opera singer that he met in Australia. Like I said, they married and ... and I'm their grandson.

*Zeke stares at Neeham in disbelief.*

*Zeke unbelieving*

You're Putney's grandson? But you look just like him! Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle!

*Terry, Mark and Brad burst into the backstage area. Terry pats Zeke heartily on the back.*

*Terry overjoyed*

We're a hit! And no small thanks to you, mate!

When I asked casting to send over a Bogey look-alike, I didn't expect ya to steal the show. You were terrific, mate! Well done!

And as for those blokes you shot on stage ... Well, we'll put out a press release that you were given a weapon loaded with actual bullets instead of blanks.

Brad *to everyone*

So ... what now?

Mark *very proud*

For starters, we will win every single motor mag award in the history of automotive engines. Since Henry Ford first warmed a chafer of oil.

Delaney *to Zeke*

I've got your wanted man cuffed and awaiting your pleasure in what the Aussies like to call a "divvie van". Guess you're free to extradite him back to the States and claim the reward. Oh, by the way, what was he up for?

Zeke *shrugs*

Aw, the usual ... You know ... the numbers racket, importing drugs on a rich guy's yacht, pulling a bank job with a rogue cop in Mexico, fixing fights ... Your normal run-of-the-mill criminal stuff ...

Delaney

Well, he's all yours.

Mark

What about that Jerse de Witte bloke? Where's that pursuit stand?

Delaney

It doesn't. Well, not with me, anyway. I've resigned from the force, effective immediately, and am taking up a very lucrative offer to launch myself as an opera singer alongside my wife-to-be, Ms Blakeley.

Brad *hi-fives Delaney*

Good work, mate!

Neeham

And I've resigned the force, too (effective immediately) because I've got a yen to travel ... to travel to Irian Jaya, as a matter of fact. So, Zeke, if you would kindly pass over that map ...

*Zeke shrugs, then passes the treasure map to Neeham.*

Zeke *sadly* Sure, you might as well have it if I'm dead anyway.

*Zeke stands. All the men near him pat him on the shoulder or back. He is passed his jacket, his hat, his pistol and his small suitcase. And plane tickets.*

Zeke Well, thanks, fellas. You been more than kind. Not that this whole shebang 'mounts to a hill o' beans in the grand scheme of things  
...

*The men shake hands with Zeke.*

Zeke *to Neeham* Say, what happened to the Maltese Falcon? The dingus? Is that --

Neeham *re-assuring* It's where Terry left it ... with your pal, Roy.

Be seein' ya, Zeke.

*Zeke nods, a little sadly. He turns to leave. Then he looks at Mark, Brad and Terry.*

Zeke *to the boys* By the way, I been meanin' to congratulate you stage boys on the great job that you did with the Dutch pirate's ship. That was very cute how ya made it seem to sail in the North Sea like you did. I especially appreciated the trick doors.

*Terry, Mark and Brad are confused. Zeke leaves. Brad scratches his head.*

Brad *looks lost* Doors? What doors? It's only an empty shell!

END OF SCENE

**MAY 1932**

**ACT VI, Scene vi:** Zeke, Roy and Senta Fly To The USA, With The Dingus

*Roy and Senta are very much in love. They sit in the plane side-by-side, holding hands.*

---

© June 2013 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

THIS DOCUMENT IS SOLELY OWNED BY QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE and is intended solely for use as an entertainment. QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE retains exclusive and inalienable rights to this document, which may not be reproduced in any way without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. Any disclosure, reproduction, copying, distribution, or other dissemination or use of this document or of the intellectual property contained in this document is strictly prohibited without the express authorisation and permission of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE. (www.qld-tm.net.au)





*Several members of the Reds FOARPLAY team pile into the tray of Artie's ute. As many fit in as can possibly be accommodated.*

*An equal number of members of the Blues FOARPLAY team pile into the tray of the second ute.*

Male *voice-over*                 Holden means business in the bush, no matter what your stock in trade.

*Artie Moses smiles, doffing his hat to wipe his brow. Then he whistles the dogs.*

Male *voice-over*                 In the Western Plains, see Artie Moses at Haraldson's Motors, in Station Street, Tooweedrong for the best deal in Holden utes.

*Artie pats both dogs, then steps into his ute. As he starts the motor, one dog takes a flying leap into the tray, amongst the footballers and barks a couple of times. The footballers laugh and wave.*

Male *voice-over*                 Because Holden means business in the bush.

*We see Artie Moses's ute continue along the open road. The second ute then passes the camera, with all its passengers waving along with the second dog.*

*[A small sign appears overlaying the screen warning drivers not to cart passengers in a ute tray, unless they are registered F.O.A.R. players.]*

END OF POSTSCRIPT

*That's it and there ain't no more ...*