

The son of Jack Bradley and Fiona Buxton (Trader Bradley) is himself father of Brandon and stepfather of Charles.

The boys are kidnapped (along with Murray GulGul) by a group of 5 hopeless dags.

Meanwhile in London, the body of a man who was vaguely connected to the Bradley family is discovered in the River Thames.

This is the fifth in the "M'Coure" series.

[The kidnappers rate as "dags" in being funny, sometimes witless and lacking social graces. But in truth they are worse than even "bogans" or "bodgies" ...]

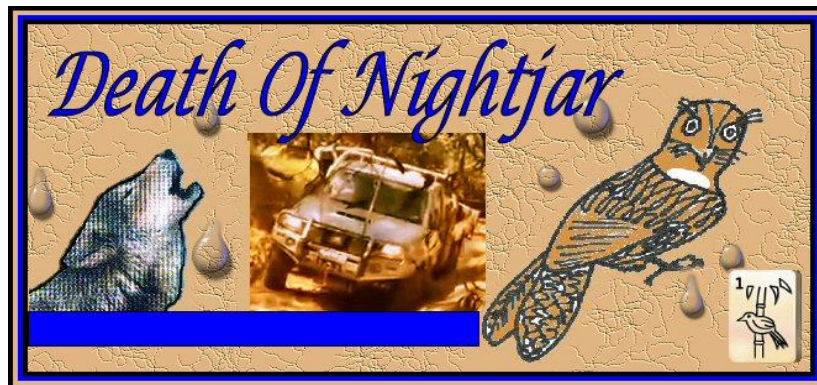
Introduction 2014.

Everybody heaves a sigh of relief in that there is no more “going back in time”. Both Holly and Gordon Pendlebury have gone to their eternal rest. Others to have quitted this mortal sphere are Roger and his sister Margaret Allendale, Malcolm and Helene Buxton and Enid.

The heroes in this story are the son of Trader Bradley (Brandon) and the son of Garth Allendale (Charles). Both boys share the same mother. Although English, they are currently in Australia so that Brandon may re-acquaint himself with his father and grandparents (Jack and Fiona Bradley).

The boys are kidnapped by a gang of five of the most hopeless criminals ever to plot and scheme. Without Murray GulGul, the boys would not survive.

On the other side of the world a body has been found in the River Thames. The investigation of this man’s demise ties the two stories together, with a surprise ending (which was hinted at in one of Charles’s wild stories).



Background.

The drowning death of Pierce Lubeth provides an on-going thread throughout the film. The tie-in with the Charles Allendale story and with his lurid imaginings occurs towards the end.

Charles Allendale is the 10-year-old son of Garth Allendale's second marriage to Trader Bradley's ex-wife (Sienna Holloway). Charles has a 14-year-old half-sister (Lily-Mae Allendale) who is Garth's daughter. Likewise, Trader and Sienna had a son (Brandon Bradley) who is now 12 years old. If you can't follow all this, you'll have to take a squizz at the "family_details" PDF document. BEWARE! SPOILERS! (Aw, who cares about spoilers, anyway – go ahead! Read it!)

Okay, so Brandon also resides full-time with his mother and Garth. At this juncture in proceedings, Brandon has come to Australia to visit his paternal relations. Due to the closeness of the half-brothers (and because no-one really wanted to separate them), Charles has been sent to the Antipodes along with Brandon. The boys accompanied their family connections (Charles's uncle Troy Allendale, with Gordon Pendlebury Junior and David Pendlebury) to Australia (to take part in a car rally).

At this very moment, Brandon's grandmother (Fiona Bradley), Brandon and Charles sit in comfort in a well-furnished waiting room at the High Court of Australia.

Charles is exactly the same boy we remember his grandfather Toby Allendale to have been in Film #1. He busily writes into a well-thumbed notebook, with Brandon sitting quietly at his side. Clearly Brandon prefers Charles to be the spokesman whenever the boys are questioned on any subject.

After the misty opening, the film switches to Charles's jottings, interpreted as a stagey British cinema vehicle of the 1950's. Charles describes his narrative. In the visualization of Charles's work, Brandon plays "Bob" and Charles plays "Ben".

Occasionally (as appropriate) the music stipulated will be "The Dags Theme".

This will normally be comprised of lonely outback harmonica.

It is a sad, haunting tune evocative of the Australian bush.

ACT I

I, Scene i: Fishing The River Thames From A Small Boat At Dawn.

Onsworth, 2014: Wednesday October 22nd 05:30 hours [Sydney time 16:30 hours]

Music: A soft and delicious dawn theme is heard, but very much in the background.

The scene is very ethereal. Mist rises from the river. It is a chilly late autumnal morning. Two elderly men smoke pipes and fish in a very leisurely way on the upper reaches of the River Thames as the first rays of daylight can be detected. This picturesque scene is not occurring in the countryside, but rather near to a busy village which we shall call Onsworth. Even as early as this, joggers trot along a riverside bike track and young men and women ride expensive, well-lit bicycles (wearing the obligatory helmets and Lycra cycling costumes).

We start with a very close close-up of the first old man lighting his pipe. Once the pipe is effectively lit, the man tosses the box of matches to the second old man. The pair of men fish in companionable silence.

The men are taciturn. When they do actually speak their voices are deep, scratchy and feeble.

First old man Ah! Here's some action.

The camera backs away. The music drifts off seamlessly.

The first old man is seen to stare over the side of the boat.

First old man *puzzled* What's that down there?

The second old man fishes on, unperturbed.

First old man *worried* What's this then? Here! What's this then?

Now the second old man is intrigued. Both old men lean over the edge of their little boat.

First old man I don't quite like the look of this.

Second old man Neither do I ...

The camera has now backed right back to the bike track. One old man is waving his cloth cap in a manner suggesting urgency. A young male bike rider (Michael Hampton) stops.

Michael Hampton Are you in some difficulty there?
calling out

The first old man calls out over the water, but his words are unclear.

Michael Hampton Sorry ... Didn't catch that ...
squinting, calling out

The second old man cups his hands about his mouth and roars out.

Second old man *yelling* Call the bobbies! We've snagged on a corpse in the water.
clearly

Michael Hampton gives a thumbs up to indicate that he has understood the message. Then he drags his mobile phone from a pouch on the strap of his backpack. He quickly finds the required phone number by using the pre-set facility.

Another rider cycles up, stopping beside Michael Hampton.

Second bike rider What's up?

Michael Hampton nods towards the fishermen.

Michael Hampton Reckon they've found a body. Bit of excitement --

As the second bike rider looks surprised, Michael Hampton is now connected to the local bobbies.

Michael Hampton Yes. Hello. I'm standing beside the river at Onsworth, on the East bank. Two fishermen have sung out that they've found a body in the river.

[Pause]

Yes, that's right. You can't miss them. Two old men in a dinghy.

[Pause]

Yes. They're on the river. If you come to the car park at the Onsworth Inn, it's just near there. I'm on the bike track at the

back of the Inn.

[Pause]

Me? I'm Michael Hampton. Right. I'll stay here. I'll wait for you.

The first bike rider ends his call.

Second bike rider
amazed What do you think? A drowning, perhaps? Someone lost his footing in the dark after a night on the tiles? Or pushed into the water after a fight? A suicide, perhaps?

Michael Hampton No idea, mate. No idea ...

END OF SCENE

I, Scene ii: An Imagined Play Or Film Set In The 1950's (Part I)

[Charles Allendale is writing a story and imagining that he and his half-brother are the heroes. Charles sees Brandon as being the taciturn, solid hero Bob whilst Charles himself plays the more flamboyant aesthete, Ben.

*Also be aware that the full names of the British Cakebread brothers will be revealed during the progress of the plot. Their full names are Inspector Cairns **Robert** Cakebread and Sergeant Doogal **Benjamin** Cakebread.]*

Music: Dramatic, stagey, old-fashioned.

Two extremely twee boys (evidently from the early 1950's) creep along beside an internal wall in a stylish, robust British home.

Charles *voice-over* Inspector Tresilian was unable to solve the mystery of the attempted murder of the chimney sweep, as he was in bed with a putrid sore throat at the time. Mrs Tresilian was looking after him very well, scolding him ever so sharply if he even **thought** of diving into the drawer of his bedside table for his police notebook.

And so it came to pass that Ben and Bob went to work on the Inspector's behalf.

We see a boy's hand reach carefully, thrillingly for the door handle. Both boys glance at each other: determined and brave.

Bob bursts open the door. We see a ghastly, thin man appearing to be caught in the act of strangling a young chimney sweep.

We see the faces of the boys: they are stern, disapproving, superior.

Charles *voice-over* Bob took in the scene at once. "I say Ben – this is a rum do".

Ben agreed. "Dastardly! Dastardly!" he whispered.

"Hold! Villain", said Bob, bracingly. "Leave that poor boy alone! Unhand him, you rogue!"

END OF SCENE

I, Scene iii: In The Waiting Room, Australian High Court, Parkes ACT

October 22nd 2014, 16:30 hours Sydney time [London time 5:30 hours]

No music.

Charles scribbles frantically into his notebook. Brandon elbows his half-brother.

Brandon *whisper* Nanny Fiona asked you a question.

Charles *to Fiona* I'm sorry. I beg your pardon?

Fiona I simply wondered if you ever visit your cousins: Paris, Angela and Tyrone?

Charles *off-hand* No ... We try to avoid being dragged over there. Too much kissing!

Fiona *surprised* Do the girls try to kiss you, do they? How old-fashioned.

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Charles Nah, it's not that ... Jason wanders off in the garden and sits staring into the distance, and then he storms into the house, grabs hold of Edwina and starts kissing her like there's no tomorrow.

Fiona Really?

Charles *blithely* It's quite disgusting. Something you'd catch in an "R-rated" movie, really. I mean, I expect so ...

Like this!

Both boys throw themselves into a very passionate embrace, giggling as they hum and kiss each other on the lips. Fiona is appalled.

Fiona *shocked* Alright! Alright! Enough of that. I trust there are no hidden cameras here.

The waiting room door opens. A beaming Trader (along with his equally happy solicitor Josh Triopolos) enters the room. Trader goes straight to his mother, to kiss her on the cheek. He appears to be absurdly happy.

Fiona *happy* It's over? You won?

Josh All wrapped up. All costs to be paid by Rougier and Sykes (as we expected) **and** a full apology from the Board in writing to my client. Plus the cash settlement. All terms validated. We are **huge** winners!

Fiona *beaming* That's totally marvellous! Well done to all concerned.

Trader So the legal team and I are off to the pub.

However, there's a little something to tackle first.

Trader strolls around to Brandon's chair, and squats down.

Trader *coaxingly* Listen, mate, I gotta favour to ask. There's a mob of journalists outside, and they'll want to take my picture and maybe interview me.

Josh *proudly* Landmark case. We've established a whole new set of boundaries.

Trader *to Brandon* Right. All I want is for you to stand beside me. I'll be talking about

how things got messed up between you and me because of this business. Can you do that?

Brandon *shy* Sure.

Josh Can you look sad and shed a tear? That always goes down well.

Brandon I don't think that I --

Charles *promptly* Don't worry, Trader. I'll organize it. You'll have a few tears.

🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊 **Break** 🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊

Outside the High Court, Trader is besieged by the waiting media scrum. Charles stands close to Trader, dragging Brandon with him.

Trader *making a speech* –at an inestimable cost to myself and my family. My marriage broke down completely due to the constant and unremitting strain put on it by this dreadful situation. There were lies told about me. My character was torn to shreds.

[Glances towards Charles and Brandon]

And I was unable to maintain any semblance of a normal father-son relationship with my boy, here.

Brandon is quite still. Beside him, Charles knuckles his eyes as he sobs. Trader and the entire media scrum stare in awe at Charles's performance, which he caps off by dropping his head onto Brandon's shoulder. Brandon, in the manner of a stalwart older brother, takes Charles in his arms to comfort him. This leads the females in the contingent to utter a unanimous "Oh!" Cameras click as the two boys console each other.

END OF SCENE

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I, Scene iv: In The Australian Outback, NSW In 4WDs

October 22nd 2014, 16:15 hours Adelaide (Central) time [London time 5:45 hours]

The Oz-Pom 4WD Bush Bash Rally: Team Gladiator.

Music: Country and Western is playing on one of the car radios: so the music will come in and out of focus as per whichever car our camera is located.

Two large, well-equipped, well-used 4WD vehicles negotiate the rugged terrain of Outback Australia.

Our camera focuses on the welter of stickers attached to the vehicles: we take in that the men are part of "Team Gladiator" and that they are taking part in the Oz-Pom 4WD Bush Bash Rally of 2014. The location of the rally will be somewhere in the vicinity of the border between South Australia and New South Wales.

The rules stipulate that there must be at least one Englishman and at least one Australian per 4-person team.

Troy (driving) and Gordon Junior man the first car, whilst David (driving) and Dillon crew the second 4WD. (Refer to the Special Notes page for detailed background on each man.)

Trader contacts his younger brother by mobile phone to announce his marvellous news. Our camera is now in one or other of the cars (as appropriate). Obviously, the passengers and drivers will be jerking about due to the lurching of the two cars over the extremely difficult terrain. Also, the engine noise will be loud, such that the men must shout to be heard.

Dillon into mobile phone, shouting

What? Say again, please?

Aw, that's great news, Buddy! Nice work, man!

[Pause]

He did what?

[Pause, then laughter]

Yeah, that'd be right in his line. He had the boys in fits on the flight over the Pond, apparently.

Okay ... see ya. Love to Ma and everyone. See ya.

David All good?

Dillon gives a war-whoop, patting David on the shoulder.

Dillon *smiling* Full exoneration. We thought it would be but ... You never can tell, can ya? And young Charles burst into tears on cue in front of the Press contingent. Stopped them in their tracks.

David *grins* Charles Allendale? That's a film star in the making that one. Don't under **any** circumstances ask him to show you his literary offerings.

David laughs delightedly. Now in the other car, we hear some disjointed crackle coming over the 2-way radio. Troy and Gordon Junior burst into a joyous roar, flinging congratulations at the disembodied voice.

END OF SCENE

I, Scene v: The River Thames At Onsworth.

Onsworth, 2014: Wednesday October 22nd 7:05 am [Sydney time 18:05 hours]

No music. The following action takes place at the same location on the River Thames (the imaginary village of Onsworth) as seen in Scene i.

The little boat belonging to the two elderly men has been rowed into shore. The two men are seated on public benches, along with all their gear, and have been provided with steaming cups of tea. They are being closely interviewed by two uniformed police constables. The latter men take notes assiduously. The old men can be seen re-living the experience with graphic gestures.

On the river, three police Zodiacs have converged at the location of the body. The pathologist (Dr Selim Kamar), his assistant and police divers are examining, detailing and photographing the scene prior to removing the body from the water and bagging it up. The participants in the body-recovery can be heard, their voices echoing over the water.

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A male voice is overheard It's either suicide, murder or accidental death. That's your "Pick-3".

Second male voice is overheard We'll be more the wiser once we hoist him up on the slab. The water in his lungs will render-up a barrow load of clues.

And you'll need to get New Scotland Yard over here pronto.

There is a small crowd of onlookers on the riverbank. We can vaguely make out snatches of their conversation. A chorus of "Oh!", "Ah!" and "Here it comes!" is heard when the body is lifted from the river into one of the Zodiacs.

END OF SCENE

I, Scene vi: In The Australian Outback, A Weatherboard Shack

October 22nd 2014, 18:00 hours Adelaide (Central) Time [London time 7:30 hours]

Music: "The Dags Theme".

The shack is a shocker. It is utterly worthy of immediate demolition. An old television set crackles in the corner. The Six O'Clock News from Adelaide is being broadcast.

The five Dags (who are basically down-at-heel thugs) are in no better condition than the house. (Refer to the Special Notes for a full description of each man.) Desperate and driven to crime, these men have planned to kidnap Brandon Bradley. They are about to put their plan into action.

Goosie has gone off in the station wagon for fish and chips (enough to feed all five men).

The media interview featured in scene (iii) is now broadcast as part of the Adelaide 6 O'clock News service on the television. The camera focuses on Brandon Bradley and Charles Allendale. With great urgency, Wayno points dramatically to the small screen.

Wayno *urgent* That's him! That's him! That's the target: that kid!

While the three other men stare at the small screen, Wayno grabs a large canvas duffle bag. The music fades out.

Wayno We'll seal up his mouth and then chuck him in this bag.

Wayno throws aside the canvas duffle, and then reaches for a wheat bag filled with empty plastic juice bottles. His intention is to use this as a prop, in place of the boy.

Wayno If we get challenged at any stage, this is what we'll do --

The men are watching the television and not paying attention to Wayno. The latter becomes angry.

Wayno *spurt of rage* Hey! Watch me, will ya? We need to get this right.

If we get challenged, I'll grab the kid like this --

[Mimes using the wheat bag as a substitute for Brandon]

-- holding his neck and bobbing-down behind him like a shield.

And I'll have this croc knife to his throat and threaten to knife him if anyone makes a bad move.

BG Blouse *concerned* But you're not **really** gonna knife him, are ya?

Wayno *annoyed, to BG* Shurrup, Dickhead!

Irish Are we all goin' to nab the lad, or -- ?

Wayno is restless. He moves about, shaking his head.

Wayno Nah. Just me and Kos. Keep it simple.

We grab the kid and back here. Collect youse and off to Murradurrabee where we'll sit tight and wait for the ransom drop.

As Irish is about to expostulate on the unfairness of not including himself in the scheme, Wayno remembers something. He pulls a white envelope from his shirt pocket.

Wayno *smug* Not forgetting to leave this sweet little ransom note on the kitchen table.

[Pause for effect]

For the safe return of the Bradley boy: fifteen cool, beautiful million smackers ...

There is a beatific moment when the four men stare dreamily off into space, all mouthing the words "fifteen million dollars" with loving affection.

Wayno *crisp again* Okay. So if we get challenged, youse all jump for cover. I'll have the boy as my shield and Kos will have the shotgun.

But you'll get armed along the road anyway. I been thinking: we'll stop off at an old bloke's garage. A bloke I know of. He's got a stash of weapons stolen from what was collected from police raids. We can help ourselves to 'em.

BG Blouse *wondering* He won't mind?

Wayno *smug* Nuh. He won't mind much. I'll use my magnetic charm on 'im ...

Wayno gives way to a very telling, sleazy grin. Kos chuckles in a nasty way. BG Blouse does not appear to approve of Wayno's suggestion, and Irish snarls his disapproval. Wayno now rubs his hands together.

A loudly-revving car pulls up outside. Kos leaps into action, shotgun on hip. Then he instantly relaxes.

Kos 'T's okay. Goosie's here with the tucker.

Wayno Okay. Let's just relax and eat our chish and fips. Watch the idiot box.

My phone goes off tomorrer mornin' at some fucking time before the birds have had their first shit ... So everyone has to get an early night, see?

BG, you'll keep a good lookout from the time when me and Kos piss off in the morning and keep looking hard until well after we get back.

BG Blouse *nods* Gotcha.

Wayno And the rest of yuz be good and ready – and I mean **ready** to take off as soon as me and Kos and Wonderboy get back here. Understand?

The men move about. There is general agreement.

END OF SCENE

I, Scene vii: The Offices And Laboratory Of The Littlemeeth Coroner

[The Pathology Unit]

Littlemeeth, 2014: Wednesday October 22nd 09:10 hours [Sydney time 20:10 hours]

No music.

Along with several other people in scrubs, two plain clothes policemen from New Scotland Yard (who are the Cakebread brothers, of West Indian negro heritage) interrogate Dr Selim Kamar, the Littlemeeth Pathologist. (Littlemeeth is the major city adjacent to Onsworth.) Dr Kamar is a short, thickset man, clearly of Egyptian parentage.

One of the brothers (Doogal) taps away on a laptop as he stands to one side of the laboratory. The male body is laid on its back on the examination slab. Looking down at the naked corpse are Cairns Cakebread and Dr Kamar. The latter passes a clipboard to Inspector Cakebread, whose eyes flick over the various sheets of A4 paper attached to the clipboard.

Inspector Cakebread Thanks Selim. So what do we know about –

[Reads closely]

Ah ... Mr Pierce Lubeth, aged 60, unmarried solicitor of Wyvenhoe?

Dr Kamar *very serious* My old Pathy teacher always said that with a drowning, the lungs would tell the whole story.

And there it is. He drowned. Simple as that.

I can find no evidence of contusions, bruises nor manhandling: no injury of any kind. He had drunk hardly any alcohol prior to his demise. Maybe a red wine: one only.

Just a healthy salad roll and an apple in his digestive system to keep him going. And that ingested not long previous to his death.

No evidence of narcotics nor poisons. I even tested for the new C-

Tol spectrum.

Clean as a whistle.

The Inspector nods, handing back the clipboard to Dr Kamar. Cairns Cakebread returns to his occupation of staring at the body.

Inspector Cakebread We still can't know if that means intent or accident, of course ...
When? How long dead?

Dr Kamar I'm unable to be utterly exact: I have whittled it down to 32 to 36
hours ago.

Inspector Cakebread glances at his wristwatch.

Inspector Cakebread Ten past nine ... so that makes it – what? Into the water
sometime before or after midnight on ... Monday night? Is that
right?

Dr Kamar *nods* That's as close as I can get for you, I'm afraid. My analysis puts
him in the water continuously for about 36 hours. Thereabouts.

Inspector Cakebread Mmmm ... We'll have to establish where he went in.
Do we have a positive ID, Selim?

Dr Kamar No, not yet. Can't find any living relatives. But a chap from his
office knows him very well and he's on his way here now. They've
only started work at half-past eight ... this chap was the first one
to answer my call. He's catching a train and --

Inspector Cakebread Good! I want to interview those people at the office. Get a fix on
his habits, lifestyle ... that sort of thing.

Sergeant Doogal
Cakebread D'you know what you could do as well? You could get the Riparian
people to tell you about the river tides over that time, and how far
a body weighing 85 kilos would float in 36-odd hours. That'll give
you a drop-off point ... more or less ...

Dr Kamar *annoyed* No, no, no, Sergeant Cakebread! The body was snagged at
Onsworth on underwater vegetation. We don't have any way to

tell **how long** it was snagged in that manner. That's just a pointless exercise what you're suggesting.

Puzzled, Doogal nervously flicks his biro on the edge of the counter. Then he nods, admitting defeat.

Doogal stares at his laptop screen, and then pounds the "Enter" key. Suddenly, Doogal has a "Eureka!" moment.

Without looking at his brother, Inspector Cakebread poses a question.

Inspector Cakebread What's that? Have you found something? Do we have any leads on our police database about this chap?

Doogal *proud and excited* As a matter of fact, we do, Big Brother. Something juicy has just bobbed up.

What does this say? Ah, here we go! Quite recent and very nice ...

It says here that our boy was under investigation by Louis Tang and his chums. Dodgy dealings in Australia.

The Inspector and Dr Kamar evidence great surprise. They look at each other. Wordlessly, the Inspector indicates that he is finished with viewing the body. As Dr Kamar re-bags the corpse, Cairns moves over to stand beside his younger brother.

Inspector Cakebread Australia? That's very strange ... unless Lubeth was an ex-pat Aussie, of course. But that's highly unlikely. Doogal, are you sure?

Doogal points to the screen using his biro.

Doogal Cakebread Check this out, Big Bro. Pierce Lubeth under suspicion for (shouldn't it be "of"?) suspected illegal activities related to the Australian criminal fraternity (identities withheld pending further investigation).

And look! He even had a nickname: Nightjar.

Inspector Cakebread *thoughtful* So ... we have a mild-mannered, law-abiding solicitor living all alone in his late mother's house in Wyvenhoe ... Mr Milquetoast. In his spare time, he probably collected rare stamps and listened to Gregorian plainsong ...

Dr Kamar *pouting* And yet a shrewd operative acting for the silky rogues of Sydney. Might be worth your while to find out more from Tang himself.

Inspector Cakebread *still thoughtful* Certainly ... But look at it from another angle. Lubeth is now dead, possibly because his clandestine activities had come to the attention of New Scotland Yard. Maybe he was merely a patsy ...

Dr Kamar I wonder if the chap from the office who's coming to identify him will know anything about these nefarious "goings-on" ...

Inspector Cakebread *winding up* Mmmm ... Might do ... but most probably not ...

Okay. Doogal, chase around and find out what you can of his last movements. Who saw him: where and when. We're interested in midnight on Monday night (thereabouts). A last meal of a salad roll, apple and a glass of claret. Probably paid for same with his plastic card, which will be traceable. That's a good lead.

Meanwhile, I'll get onto his office and find out what they know. And yes! I'll definitely catch-up with Senior Detective Tang. He's the one man in London who really knows how to mix a cocktail.

Let's move it!

END OF SCENE

I, Scene viii: An Imagined Play Or Film Set In The 1950's (Part II)

[Charles Allendale continues to write his story and imagining that he and his half-brother are the heroes.]

Music: A pleasant, old-fashioned British tune such as would have been employed as the theme music for a late 1940's radio show.

The scene takes place within the confines of a very busy office, such as it would have appeared in early 1952. A large framed official photograph of King George VI is clearly visible on the wall. A middle-aged man (presumably Inspector Tresilian) smokes a pipe as he sits at his large, solid

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mahogany desk, gazing out of a window at nothing in particular. Interestingly, even though he is in an office and surrounded by well-dressed people, the Inspector wears a hand-knitted cardigan, hand-knitted scarf and has bedroom slippers on his feet.

Charles *voice-over* Inspector Tresilian was thought to have contracted a putrid sore throat. But this turned out **not** to be so. Instead, he was the victim of a mild head cold.

The Inspector sneezes violently. He puts aside the pipe and takes recourse to a well-used handkerchief. The desk is groaning under the weight of several evil-looking bottles of medicine, and many varied bowls evidently contain steaming liquids.

Charles *voice-over* Mrs Tresilian ... Mrs **Nancy** Tresilian (his wife) dosed the brave Inspector on cod liver oil, manganese ... spirit of manganese ... or do I mean "magnesium"? And on magnesium salts.

Before luncheon on the following day, Inspector Tresilian was back in his office, smoking his briar pipe and wearing a warm hand-knitted scarf.

Oh! That should read: "... magnesium salts and steaming bowls of hearty soup".

... hand-knitted ... where are we? ...

He drummed his arthritic fingers on the desk as he pondered on the curious case of the missing chimney sw-- ... cross cross cross cross – butcher's boy.

The camera swings round to show that Brandon sits in a straight-backed wooden chair, watching the Inspector. Brandon (in his imagined role as Bob) appears utterly confident, clever and composed.

Charles *voice-over* Lost in a maze of conflicting evidence, the Inspector cocked a world-weary eye at Bob. "What are your thoughts, young man?" the Inspector asked.

END OF SCENE

I, Scene ix: In The Boeing 747 Returning To Adelaide, South Australia

October 22nd 2014, 20:42 hours Adelaide (Central) time [London time 10:12 hours]

[Note that the Bradley party will fly to Eupotiponpon in a very small plane.]

Music: "Muzak" elevator music.

Trader Bradley and his mother Fiona sit side-by-side in the plane, relaxed and utterly happy with the outcome of the High Court deliberations.

Bradley and Charles sit side-by-side on the plane behind Trader and Fiona. Charles can be seen to be scribbling frenetically on his well-used notebook.

Charles *excited, to* Well, what do you think? It's good, isn't it?

Brandon

Brandon Yes. It's your best yet.

Charles I'm going to really throw myself into the "Ben" character. Of course, your "Bob" is a no-nonsense Jo with a steely eye and granite jaw. Hey! That's good! I'll have to use that description somewhere in the ...

But Ben is a bit vague just now. I'm going to make him into a connoisseur of fine art, or some such thing. He can billow about saying clever things to impress Tresilian.

Brandon is watching the various activities of the crew. He is only half paying attention to his half-brother's natterings.

Brandon Good. That's good ...

After a short pause, during which Charles concentrates very hard (with tongue sticking out) on his writing, Brandon adds a codicil.

Brandon You know what? I like stories about identical twins who've been separated at birth. Or the man who does the hedges and ditches turning out to be the lost son of a Duke.

Those are the sort of stories I like.

Charles *afire with* Right!

enthusiasm

END OF SCENE

I, Scene x: The Oz-Pom 4WD Bush Bash Rally

October 22nd 2014, 21:38 hours Adelaide (Central) time [London time 11:08 hours]

Music: Random, unprepared snatches of Country and Western music which floats across the scene from some unspecified source.

It is night. Stars are visible in the night sky. There are tents erected all about, and the place is bustling as drivers and crews attempt to sign-in. A couple of large signs will indicate the nature of this event and some of the rules.

The majority of the people are male, with the odd smattering of females. Many drink beer or eat fast food. The men and women are of different sizes and ages, and many are evidently roughing-it. The people call out and jostle about the tents, with all the marshals attempting to outdo each other at "marshalling". So this is a loud, seemingly disorganized, busy sea of people.

Ensure that we see Team Cavalier (as we shall meet them in ACT IV Scene ix): Dr Colin Johnis and his attractive wife Mrs Cyndie Johnis (British) and their Australian companions Simon Nelland and Warren Barlow.

Our camera closes-in on the "Team Gladiator" entrants, who stand before a trestle table registering to enter the event. It appears that there are many forms to fill out and proof of identity is required. A marshal stands under the tent on the opposite side of the trestle table from our team members. The lads are "processed" during all this following badinage.

Marshal	Name?
Gordon Junior	Gordon Pendlebury Junior.
Marshal	Pom or Aussie?
Gordon Junior	Pom!

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Troy And proud to call yourself an Englishman!

David Hear, hear!

The marshal has been hunting through copious paperwork. He evidently finds Gordon Junior's forms, and glances down the sheet with practised eye.

Marshal No, you've forgotten to give us your next of kin.

The forms are flipped over to Gordon Junior, who grabs a biro.

Gordon Junior Next of kin: ah ... that would be my good wife Carolyn.

David *rhapsodic* "She of the lovely bosom."

Gordon Junior She of the lovely bosom, indeed. I'm glad you noticed that.

David makes an amusing gesture, indicating that he has been glad to be of service.

Gordon Junior If you notice her charming female attributes again, I'll drag you into the dust and tap dance on your scrotum.
menacing tone

David *feigning taking umbrage* Ah! I'm just looking after our family interests, *cher frère*. If anything untoward should happen to you on this *tour de force*, you will be relieved to know that I'll gladly step-in and comfort your widow.

Gordon Junior Of course. What else are brothers for. That's at least an enormous impetus to stay alive.

The marshal returns to oversee Gordon Junior's form. And then he collects the other pieces of paper.

Marshal "Team Gladiator" ... You got an Aussie on yer team?

Gordon Junior Yep. Our bloke's as Aussie as you can get. Dillon "Chuck-Another-Prawn-On-The-Barbie" Bradley.

Marshal Dillon Bradley? Oh, yeah ... we know Dillon.

Is he there? He's gotta check-in like everyone else. No special cases.

David Seems to have wandered off to yack with some bull wrestlers.

David pats his brother on the shoulder as he zips off to where Dillon is enjoying a conversation with actions with some of the locals.

Our camera backs away.

END OF SCENE

I, Scene xi: On The Footpath, A Busy Street In London

London, 2014: Wednesday October 22nd 12:37 hours [Central time 23:07 hours]

No music. The bustle of the street will give us enough background noise.

The Cakebread brothers meet up outside a modest wine bar (the "Top Hat") and then stand side-by-side on the footpath of a busy street in a bustling part of London. The men watch a pretty girl saunter past them. When she is out of range, Doogal nudges his brother, grinning.

Doogal Did they know about his nefarious carryings-on at Lubeth's office?

Inspector Cakebread Not at all. He maintained an outward demeanour of the polite, loyal, hard-working gent who was fastidious to a fault. The lads were even reluctant to use bad language in front of him. No, they knew nothing of his backroom capers.

Doogal *shrugs* That figures!

Inspector Cakebread In here?

[Gestures behind himself with his thumb]

Doogal Yeah. On Monday night, they were just about finishing-up at half-nine when some bloke ordered the famous Last Supper of open sandwich with a chaser of claret.

Our Nightjar paid in cash, so the placky card details no show. However, all the orders are computerized: that's how I found it so quickly.

The guy I questioned (the waiter, that is) remembered that they were a wee bit miffed to have to serve old Pierce, because it was a Monday night, he was their last remaining customer and they were just about ready to shut down.

And before you ask, yes I showed him the post-mortem photo of Pierce Lubeth. Screwed-up his face. Said it *might* have been him. Not sure.

But! Whoever the bloke was, he scrumped an apple from the fruit bowl just as the young lassie was putting it away for the night. They all recalled *that* cogent detail right and tight.

Inspector Cakebread nods.

Inspector Cakebread Good! Sounds like our man. Which puts him in this vicinity at around tennish on Monday night. Garrett Lane.

And what did we work out? He went into the drink at somewhere between 22 and 23 hours that same night.

So, presumably he left this wine bar and headed for the river.

Doogal He was feeding his face here in Garrett Lane, killing time while he waited for his rendezvous with one of his pet rogues. And that was scheduled to take place around elevenish, I guess.

Then he was pushed in. Maybe after an argument or it was intentional ...

Inspector Cakebread No, don't run ahead of yourself. I want to locate his entry-point into the river first. I'm afraid, dear little brother, that you'll have to collect some of our colleagues and meet the peeps.

Now, this is where my mind is heading.

The office where he was gainfully employed is over a mile away. The staff in the wine bar did not know him: so he wasn't a regular. No, he came to this spot as it was close to the river where he'd teed-up a secret meeting with somebody or other. Or he

simply felt like a stroll about in this vicinity. Seems unlikely but ...

Okay! If you can work out a nice, straight path to the river, then (at that spot) get your boys and girls to check with the locals if they saw or heard anything late on Monday night. But mind! It'll be near the river that I'm interested in.

Doogal Good call, mate!

The brothers begin to go in separate directions when Cairns gets another brainwave.

Inspector Cakebread Ah! Something else ...

 "Backroom capers" ... I might have given myself a sweet thought.

As I'd expected, his phone records were all clean, both professional and private. Likewise, his emails will turn out to be pristine when I have them checked. I've absolutely no doubt of that.

However, a cute operator like Lubeth will have had a hidden means of communication. I'll have the IT boffins sweep the entire LAN which is run by Lubeth's company, and even its subsidiaries. See if I can't trawl something useful ...

Doogal *nods* Sounds like a plan.

Inspector Cakebread It's a plan alright. See you.

END OF SCENE

I, Scene xii: The Offices Of Penneycard, Munro and Foxe, in Marquis

Marquis, 2014: Wednesday October 22nd 13:55 hours [Central time 00:25 hours next day]

Music: None to start with, but when William reads his father's letter, there will be a romantic segment from the string section of the orchestra.

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The well-groomed Mr Arkwright Penneycard (dressed in dapper suit and tie) walks purposefully into the offices of Penneycard, Munro and Foxe. Penneycard is an elderly man: his body is giving way to the advancing years but his brain remains sharp.

A young lady employee of the firm of solicitors expresses surprise at Penneycard's appearance in the offices.

Young lady *smiling* Why, Mr Penneycard! I understood you to be retired. Has the rose garden proved to be --

Penneycard *grinning* I haven't even had a chance yet to don my wellies and gardening gloves, my dear. Still dealing with the overflow from this place.

The girl chuckles merrily. Penneycard points to a closed office.

Penneycard Has my niece's fat-arsed husband plonked himself in my den? Shouldn't be at all surprised if he had. I'm sure he meant to.

Young lady Oh, yes. It's the only time I've ever seen him move with anything like speed, laying claim to your former office, Mr Penneycard. But he's away in Edinburgh all week, if you need your office today.

Penneycard Good! Yes, I do need it, as a matter of fact. Air Commodore William Pendlebury is joining me shortly. Ah! Here he is now.

🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀 **Break** 🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀

In the office where Penneycard formerly slaved away, the retired solicitor sits opposite William. Penneycard holds a stiff buff envelope in his fingers. William Pendlebury is much as we left him in Film #4: he is now 60 years of age.

Penneycard -- and so the confounded contraption went off (as was the intention of the inventor, one assumes) to remind me that I had to see you today. And so here we are. Glad you were able to make it.

William *wistfully* These days, my duties have whittled-away to being merely honorary ones, as I approach retirement.

Penneycard *sour* If you want my advice, you'll hang around until they throw you out. I bounded out of the office on my 65th and *still* haven't had a moment to call my own since.

There is a change of tone. Penneycard passes the envelope solemnly to William.

Penneycard *serious and businesslike* Your father left instructions with myself that you were to receive this letter when the chaps in Ireland had finished their prognostications. Which they have duly done so.

It is to be opened and read in my presence, if you please.

Music: Strings. A charming, romantic piece.

William takes the envelope. The senior Air Force officer is evidently uncomfortable. William shifts about in his chair, glancing from the envelope resting between his fingers to Penneycard. The latter pushes forward a letter-opener.

Penneycard, relaxed and calm, nods as a gesture to William that the intention is for him to open the envelope and read the letter inside.

William quickly slits open the envelope with the letter-opener, extracts the stiff vellum sheet therein, and peruses same. William holds his expression as best he can, but this is an emotional experience for him.

On finishing the exercise, William replaces the letter in the envelope and hands it back to Penneycard. The latter briskly shakes his head, indicating that William is to retain the envelope. Trying to stop himself from crying, William pushes the envelope into his top pocket, taking a ragged breath at the same time. After a short pause, William decides to distract himself (for self-protection).

William My five daughters all passed into womanhood without too much drama. There were tears (girls [as you'll know] sob at the drop of a hat) and the odd tantrum ... but let's face it: girls to women – a cinch.

Penneycard understands where William is going with his conversational gambit and allows himself to reminisce.

Penneycard Given. But they tend to be expensive.

William chuckles in agreement.

William The Australian chap mentioned in Dad's letter ... By the way, are you aware of the contents of this letter?

Penneycard seems to be weighing something in his mind. He shifts about a little in his chair.

Penneycard Yes, I am. Your father wrote it out in my sight.

William *nods* Very well. Jack Bradley was with me as I took that difficult journey from boyhood into (what do they call it?) ... into "man's estate". At the time, I thought that I was breezing along, in full control. No pricks of conscience, no introspection ... just charge into the fray and take no heed of the consequences.

[Sighs]

Jack would be in his late 70s now, I guess.

Penneycard Your father thought you the properest person to sort out the business.

William Of course, he **would** have thought that. In fact, he mentioned it, just after Mum died. He warned me that it would all fall onto my shoulders, and here it is ...

Brandon Bradley is Jack's grandson. He's apparently the key to this whole business. Brandon, that is. Although how on Earth those Irish folk can have worked that out ...

William sighs, stands and reaches across to shake Penneycard's hand.

William So, it's back to Australia again ... Half-way around the world ... it's a long, long flight. But I'll welcome seeing old Jack again. And his sons ...

Penneycard also stands.

Penneycard Then ... A safe journey to you, Sir. And a happy outcome!

END OF SCENE

I, Scene xiii: The Offices Of Connor, Lubeth, Greene And Tyhe, London

London, 2014: Wednesday October 22nd 15:08 pm [Central time 01:38 hours next day]

No music. I want this scene to be crisp.

In a small meeting room, a female office worker (Patricia Armstrong) is weeping. She is seated on a chair opposite Inspector Cakebread. The latter is indifferent to the weeping, being used to it in his line of work.

Patty weeping I don't know anything about it, Sir! I don't! Honest!

Inspector Cakebread Did you ever catch Mr Lubeth or anyone else working on your PC?
For instance, when you came back from a tea break, or after
lunch?

The girl sniffs violently, shaking her head.

Patty No ... nothing like that at all. He was the nicest man. Very prim
and proper. He would surely have asked me before he ... before
he ...

The girl dissolves into sobs.

A policewoman knocks briskly on the frosted glass of the meeting room.

Inspector Cakebread Come!
loudly

The policewoman opens the door.

Policewoman Sir, I have a young gent (Harry da Costa) who thinks he may be
able to throw some light. He wants to have a word with you.

Inspector Cakebread nods, signalling to the policewoman that she is to stay put in the doorway.

Inspector Cakebread Yes, fine.

[To Patty]

Thanks, Miss Armstrong. The officer will get you a cup of tea and
a biscuit.

[To the policewoman]

Take Miss Armstrong to the break-out area and make sure that she has some refreshment, will you? And send the young chap in here. Thanks.

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

*In the confines of the small meeting room, Harry da Costa sits down, just where Patty had lately sat.*

Inspector Cakebread      Well?

Harry                        Yeah, well ... Like I told the lady policeman ... I went out on the tear with m'mates one Saturday night (about six weeks ago it would be) and wound up just near here. Split from my gang, and thought I'd better have a slash before I went home.

They don't like us coming in here out of working hours, see? But as it happened, the crew over the passage (some sort of oil exploration company, whatever they do) were having a knees-up. I thought I wouldn't be noticed amongst all the partygoers, see?

So I used my swipe card to get into the building and then I had to run the gauntlet of a buff security guard. He was fine when I showed him my card. Said there was another chap out of my company already upstairs.

I thought: "That's funny ..."

Anyway, I used the Gents along with all the other tossers from the party, like, and then I remembered what the guard had said.

So ... I slithered around to some glass partitions and took a big peek. There was Pierce Lubeth, working away. I thought: "Yeah, bloody typical. Here it is late on a Saturday night, and instead of going out and having a good time, our mate Pierce is hammering on the keys. Conchy bastard!" That's what went through m'mind.

But he never knew that I saw him. I'm positive of that.

---

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It was only when I went back to say goodbye to the security guard and then check out that it dawned on me. Something strange ...

Inspector Cakebread  
*interested*

Yes?

Harry

You know what? He wasn't in his own office, Pierce wasn't. He was out on the floor, in one of the open-plan cubicles.

So this morning I went back to the spot where I peeked at old Pierce that Saturday night and figured out that it was Patty Armstrong's PC that he was using then. Not his own at all.

And what with you finding all that hidden stuff on Patty's LAN account ... well, I just wondered if --

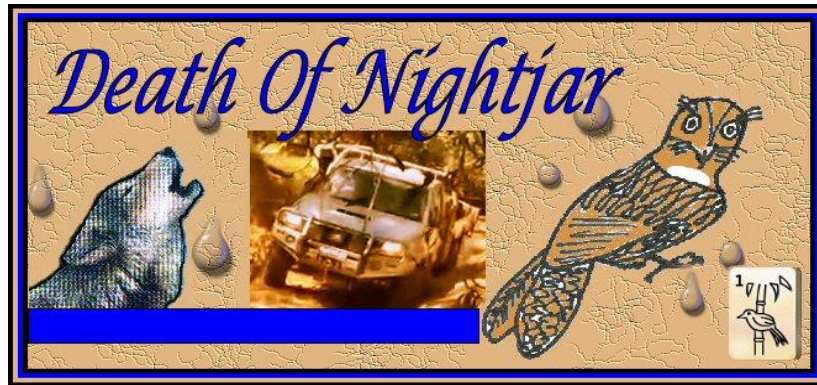
END OF SCENE

END OF ACT I

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## ACT II

### II, Scene i: An Imagined Play Or Film Set In The 1950's (Part III)

*[Recall from Film #2 that Helene Buxton had quite a collection of thimbles housed in a china cabinet at Gladesbrook. The collection passed to her second daughter Tess (Fiona's sister) as Tess lived at Gladesbrook. So, Charles would have seen this collection many times.]*

*Music: Something classical and self-important. However, not very loud.*

*Charles (in his guise as Ben, the amateur sleuth) has screwed a monocle into his right eye. The camera is in close close-up, as Ben squints at a thimble.*

Inspector Tresilian      You're a collector! Thimbles, now ... Well, I never!

*voice off*

*Our camera moves back.*

*Ben appears to be grotesquely conceited: a really obnoxious "know-it-all". As he speaks, Ben picks up and studies other thimbles as indicated. As Ben speaks, Tresilian takes recourse to his favoured briar pipe.*

Ben *drawls*

I have always leant towards the sterling silver thimble in preference to the china one.

I've made a definitive study of hallmarks and am able to spot a genuine "Spoor" at 100 metres, you know.

Mother-of-pearl, now! From Tahiti of course. The very queen of

thimbles. I have an uncanny affinity with perfect and beautiful things ...

*Ben stops to sweep back a stray lock of hair, with artistic flourish.*

Ben *haughty*                      On the subject of mother-of-pearl, I much prefer the Tahitian offering to that of New Guinea, Inspector Tresilian.

*The Inspector is gobsmacked.*

Inspector Tresilian              What an impressive knowledge for such a young lad! I must say! I'm bowled over by your encyclopaedic grasp of the subject-matter.

Ben *arrogant*                      I may be young in years, Sir, but not in understanding.  
  
And if not mistaken, I'm willing to risk my reputation to boldly suggest that the miscreant in your most recent case may prove to be one of a pair of twins, separated in the birthing chamber. That might just explain the efficacy of his watertight alibi.

Inspector Tresilian              Now, that's a thought! Well done, young man!  
*hugely impressed*

END OF SCENE

## **Scene ii:** In The Australian Outback, The Dags' Weatherboard Shack

Thursday October 23rd 2014, 06:07 hours Adelaide (Central) Time

[London time 19:37 hours on the previous night]

*Music: Starts with "The Dags Theme". Music stops abruptly when Charles squirms out of the bag: there is a resounding thud of orchestration, followed by a lone violin which fades right away. Further on, as advised.*

*As visited in ACT I, Scene vi.*

*Wayno dumps the canvas bag onto the broken floor of the crummy hut. The bag wriggles violently.*

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Wayno unties the strings of the canvas bag, and then reaches in to remove the gag around Charles's mouth.

With a gushing gasp for breath, Wayno stands. All four men (BG Blouse is still outside on the lookout) are braced as they watch Charles scramble free of the confines of the bag. Charles stays on the floor, taking-in his surroundings. The camera sees what Charles sees (from floor-level): along with Kos, who is in Army fatigues, there are three pairs of sturdy work boots belonging to six male denim-clad legs.

Charles jumps to his feet, trying to focus on the men who are studying him in stern silence.

Wordlessly, Charles is passed a purchased water bottle by Wayno. He takes it without emotion, unscrews the top and then takes a long drink.

Charles                      Thanks. Ta.

*[Looks about, with some excitement]*

Have I been kidnapped, by any chance? Because if so, **wizard!**

*This very positive reaction somewhat stuns Charles's audience.*

Kos *lost, all at sea*              Wizard?

Charles *absurdly proud*      My Grandfather was kidnapped when he was my age. Only he killed his captors (well, one of them anyway) with a little bow and arrow he'd made all by himself.

Don't worry, though ... I won't snuff anyone out, nor attempt to escape. I can't tell you how exciting this is!

Not that I'm not having a marvo time with Trader. (Well, I shall if we ever get started). He promised to play cricket with us and teach us to ride a horse and –

Do you know what? We argued for hours yesterday at the airport about why anyone would call the stroke a "French cut" when the Frogs don't even play cricket! What do you think?

Goosie *lost, all at sea*        Uh?

Wayno *puzzled*                      Who did what with a bow and arrow?

Irish *puzzled*                        Do ya call yer dad "Trader"?

Kos *disparaging*            Bullshit! A kid your age killing a grown man ...

Charles *adamant*            No! It's utterly true!

                                         He couldn't remember much about his incarceration at the time,  
                                         but in later years (around 18 or 19) he wrote it all down.  
                                         Bestseller!

*The men are restless.*

Irish *still puzzled*            But ... Do ya call yer dad "Trader"?

Charles                        No, I call my dad "Dad". He's Garth Allendale. My Grandfather's  
                                         various exploits made us rich. Not that we have any money to  
                                         splurge on paying kidnappers, of course ...

                                         Trader is now **very** rich. And "Trader" is not his real name,  
                                         anyway. It's "Rylance", which stinks.

*The men look at each other as if sensing impending horror. They glance one to the other.*

Wayno *looking worried*    No, come on ... Stop joking around, Son.

                                         You're Brandon Bradley, aren't ya?

Charles *shakes head*        No. I'm his half-brother, Charles Allendale.

*There is a long, strained silence. The fly-wire door opens very noisily and the huge man BG Blouse wanders in, looking at the rest of the gang. The fly-wire door slams itself shut.*

BG Blouse                    What are we up for? Is there a cup of tea going? That's hard  
                                         yakka, what --

Wayno *angry*                *[To BG Blouse]*

                                         Shut the fuck up!

*[Menacingly, to Charles]*

                                         Say that again: are you or aren't you Brandon Bradley? And don't  
                                         tell me no lies, Boy!

Charles *not afraid*        Not ... No ... His half. Same mother.

*Then the penny drops and Charles's face reveals a world of disappointment.*

Charles *utterly downcast* Oh ... I see ... You thought that I was Brandon ... You didn't mean to kidnap **me** at all ... Bummer!

*After a moment's disbelief, all the men speak at once.*

*The five men speak at once.*

| Kos<br><i>irate</i>                                                                                             | Wayno<br><i>to Irish</i>                                                          | BG Blouse<br><i>To Wayno</i>                                                                                         | Irish<br><i>To Wayno</i>                                                                                                 | Goosie<br><i>General question</i>                                                        |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Well, that's easy fixed, isn't it? Just pop a bit of lead in his scone and then go and get the <b>real</b> boy. | Shut the fuck up, Irish, or I'll paint you a new arsehole with my electric drill. | I don't think you ought to swear in front of the little boy. He's probably not used to tough men and rough language. | You pointed him out on the TV. I said: "Are you sure it's not the other one?" and you said: "Nah, that's him". Ya prick! | So ... what's happened? Have we snatched the wrong kid? What do we do now? Put him back? |

*Kos takes matters in hand. He grabs his shotgun and aims it at Charles. The boy is wonderful: he shows absolutely no fear.*

Charles Wait a minute! You haven't heard my deal. Put your rifle down and --

Kos *affronted* It's a shotgun, Squirt. Not a rifle. What deal?

*Charles is centre-stage, as pleased as Punch, and about to launch into the "Offer of a Lifetime".*

Charles *persuasive* Okay! You don't realize it now, but your luck was in when you snatched **me** rather than my half-brother.

Irish *caustic* It's about time that **someone's** luck was in!

Charles The plan is this: there's an opal mine lying waiting for someone in northern Australia. That's a definite fact. Well, my plan is that we all go – how many of us are there? Six? Okay. So six people head off to northern Australia and lay claim to this mine and then reap

the benefits.

It's just up the road. Not far ...

*This pronouncement is met with stunned silence.*

Charles *even more  
persuasive*

Well, let's put it this way.

How much money do kidnappers **really** make, in the end?

Are they always looking behind themselves? Yes.

Are they always paying protection money? Yes.

Do they eventually get caught by the rozzers or shopped by their one-time pals? Yes.

This is a much better plan. Opal miners are legit. No looking back, no dirty blood money, no reprisal killings. All right and tight, and utterly **legal**.

And how much money do opal miners make?

Goosie

Yeah, but ya actually have to do **work** ...

Irish *rattled*

You're a fucking con artist, Squirt.

Kos *sarling*

He's doing his best to buy time, I'd reckon.

BG Blouse *worried*

I don't think that you should --

Charles

Hey! This is ridgy-didge. Honest!

*Charles looks around.*

Charles

No hope of chalk and a blackboard, I suppose. May I use this table? There's loads of dust on the top; I can write with my finger.

Wayno *exasperated*

Go ahead.

*Music: a haunting "something-is-going-to-happen" melody, played as Charles speaks.*

*Charles uses his finger to scrawl in the layer of dust on the table, to illustrate the various heads of the narrative.*

Charles *loving every*

Okay.

*minute* So there's two separate bits to this situation, and I'm the only one who's seen both bits and tied them together.

First, my Grandfather (the one who was abducted by a strange sect). The rescue party included a famous lady called Enid Finchett who is apparently Brandon Bradley's real great-grandma. What do they call it? Born between the sheets?

Well, whatever they call it ... She wrote a letter to another rescuer: another very famous personage called Malcolm Buxton. Incidentally, he's a great-grandfather of Brandon's on Trader's mother's side. Neat, huh? What do you think?

*Goosie annoyed and confused* Get on with it!

Charles That letter from Enid was all about her discovery of what to her might have been an underground cavern which could yield silica and other gems (possibly opals). She then promptly died. Now this letter was stashed away with a whole lot of other junk and not viewed again.

Not (that is) until last year when I did a full and extensive catalogue of all the various bibs and bobs at Gladesbrook (which had been Professor Buxton's home).

*All five men exhibit extreme restlessness. Charles senses this, and so rushes ahead with his story.*

Charles No, let me finish. So she mentioned "Alabaster Creek".

So. The second thread is that a sort of relative of Brandon's is a famous geologist (he even has his own TV show on Channel 4) and he has a brilliant piece of software on his laptop that lets you zoom-in on interesting geological structures anywhere on Earth. I forced him to let me play with it. So I zoomed and zoomed and kept on going in, in, in – ***bullseye!*** There it was. In italic font but nevertheless there: "Alabaster Creek". Near enough to Bullo Gorge.

And what made it exciting for me was that there was nothing on the map indicating a cave, limestone, silica, opals ... And so I committed the co-ordinates to memory.

*Charles appears to be overly proud of his finding. The men are less than convinced.*

*Kos disparaging* Nah! All you've proved is that your Enid was wrong. That's all that proves.

*Charles shakes head* Enid was never wrong. She was a genius about Aboriginal stuff, and they always showed her things. One old tribeswoman (the only one left who knew) took Enid there to the mouth of the cave, but there'd been a rock-slide. Something about the goanna having closed it up ... secret business ... I don't know much about how that works.

In her last letter to Professor Buxton, Enid was dead keen to follow it up later, with some strong-arm men to help her. But then --

*BG Blouse thoughtful* And then she died, taking the secret location with her ...

*Charles excited* Except that **I** know ...

Come on fellas! If any geologist or miner or anyone had even a **vague** clue about Alabaster Creek, then surely it would be on the geologist's map? But nothing!

I'm now the only living person who knows.

*The five men are restless. They look from one to the other, moving about.*

*Irish* What d'ya reckon?

*Wayno* Whereabouts is it?

*Charles returns to drawing with his finger in the dust on the table.*

*Charles drawing* This is the Timor Sea, right? And this line is the barrier between Western Australia and the Northern Territory.

It's just there ... in the Territory ... inland from the corner.

*The music stops. After a moment's silence the five men speak at once.*

|                                                                                                        |                                                      |                                                                                                                     |                                                                                  |                                                           |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------|
| Kos<br><i>excited</i>                                                                                  | Wayno <i>annoyed</i>                                 | BG Blouse<br><i>To Charles</i>                                                                                      | Irish<br><i>To Wayno</i>                                                         | Goosie<br><i>General question</i>                         |
| I've been there. There's nothin' and no-one ... just heaps and heaps of rocks. The kid could be right! | That crate out there isn't going to get us that far. | We call it a "border" rather than a barrier. In Australia, you can drive from state to state without being checked. | We'll have to pinch another set of wheels, that's all. Something half-decent ... | So ... what are we gonna do? Go after the opals, or what? |

*Wayno calls for quiet in his usual bossy, gruff way.*

Wayno                      No! The original plan stands. We're not changin' nothin'. They'll pay the big bikkies for the return of **this** kid just like they would have done for 'is brother.

We head off right now in the wagon and get to Gunyarup for the extra firepower like I said. And then straight on to Murradurrabee.

Now I warned yuz last night to be ready, so let's go!

*As the men begin to stir, all of a sudden, Kos has a rush of blood and runs to the window. His voice is edged with urgency and drama.*

Kos *alarmed*                      Shit! We got company!

*BG is also in position to crane his neck in order to see out the window.*

BG Blouse                      It's okay. It's not the cops. They'd never have them wheels.

*Wayno goes to grab Charles in order to execute the "if-we-are-challenged" manoeuvre that he has practised, when Charles darts to the window to stand beside Kos. Charles's face lights up brilliantly.*

Charles *in huge excitement*                      It's Trader's utility car! Brandon! Brandon!

*Before any of the men can take hold of Charles, the boy lurches out of the fly-wire door and scampers down the rickety steps. It is Brandon who has driven the black ute, owing to Murray GulGul (his passenger) being in a Dreamtime episode. (And besides, he refuses to drive anyway!)*

*Music: Throughout the remainder of this long scene (and where appropriate), lonely didgeridoo passages, interspersed with either haunting silence or else with the Dags Theme.*

*Plumes of orange dust spiral about, then slowly settle. Murray steps out of the ute, with hands held high above his head, his face terrified.*

*Brandon leaps out of the driver's door, and rushes to Charles. The half-brothers hug and jump up and down with excitement. Charles speaks at 90 miles per hour, not pausing for breath.*

*Meanwhile, as Charles speaks non-stop, Kos stands on the unsafe porch in a very "gunslinger" stance, aiming the shotgun at Murray GulGul.*

Charles *breakneck speed*

Brandon! Brandon! Brandon!

We were going to call the kidnapping off, but the boss scotched that idea ... probably might have gone opal-mining instead ... it's such a hoot here ... they wanted you and not me ... got mixed-up because of that silly interview on the telly ... these gentlemen actually **saw** us on the Six O'Clock News ... Do you remember how excited we were at the airport to see ourselves on the telly? ... I hope you've brought writing paper and a pen ... Inspector Tresilian is trying a new method of inquiry, thanks to you ... we've reached a very interesting twist in the story ... It's been such fun here but of course they want to kill me ... but really, they're all marvellous chaps ... have to write them up ... imagine leaving a ransom note ... imagine Trader's face when he finds it ... What do you think?

*Charles, face aglow and wreathed in smiles, awaits Brandon's response. The six men are completely still, transfixed.*

*Murray GulGul maintains his "reach-for-the-sky" stance, continuing to evidence extreme fear.*

*Brandon takes a quick look at the other men to sum up the situation. He decides to go for broke.*

Brandon *utterly calm* I swapped the ransom letter for a note for Dad, that you and I had buzzed off to hunt goanna lizards, with Mr GulGul. I threw the ransom one in the AGA firebox and watched it burn.

*Charles is thrilled beyond words. He turns away from Brandon to face the Dags gang, as they mingle on the dodgy verandah.*

Charles *buoyant* **Fab!** Did you hear that? The kidnapping is now **officially off.** Marvo! So that means that no-one is looking for us. We can all just cruise off and find the opals. What do you think?

Kos *to Brandon, angry* What the fuck are you --

*Wayno has seen a great possibility in this turn of events, based on the "no-one-is-looking-for-us" theme. He steps forward, indicating that Kos should cool it.*

Wayno *to Brandon* What did ya mean you swapped the ransom note, Son? Why'd ya do that?

Brandon *unafraid* My Father's been through a hellish time. I didn't want to add to his worries, that's all.

Irish Yeah. Well we can always phone this Trader dude and --

Wayno *to Murray* Hang on! Hang on! How'd ya find us so quickly?

*Murray is too terrified to answer. Brandon fills Wayno in on the details.*

Brandon Mr GulGul is a tracker. It was easy. I drove, he tracked.

Charles *thrilled beyond measure* Mr GulGul is the bestest-best ever! He's promised to teach me how to throw a boomerang and roar with a bullroarer.

*The five Dags are unsettled. A gust of dust-bearing wind blows through. Charles continues to jump about in high alt.*

Irish *unsettled* We were tracked ...

Goosie *also unsettled* That's not good ...

*Murray finally finds the courage to speak.*

Murray No white fella coulda done that, Boss. Only me. No-one else ...

Wayno *pretending to be pleasant* Alright ... Alright ... Maybe the kid's right. We'll head for the Stuart Highway after Gunyarup. Sweet! Opals ... great!

*Charles turns back to Brandon, about to explode into another high-speed speech. Brandon forestalls him.*

Brandon May I have a drink of water, please?

*Charles takes Brandon by the hand and leads him inside, along with BG. They will retrieve Charles's water bottle. This gives Wayno a chance to put his new plan into action.*

Wayno It's okay, it's okay. This all works in our favour. This gives us a clear run through to Gunyarup with no search planes, cops, helicopters ...

This is workin' out good! Like Irish said, we'll phone-in the ransom demand further up the track.

Okay! I want Irish to drive the wagon with this black-tracker next to 'im. Goosie and Kos – you'll ride in the back seat with the older boy between youse. He seems like a quiet one. I don't want to have to listen to "Motor-Mouth". He can sit in the back of the ute. In the tray. With any luck, he'll fall out. I just couldn't stand having to listen to his yabber-yabber-yabber any longer. I'll drive the ute with BG up beside me. We'll stay behind ya, Irish.

*Charles explodes out of the fly-wire door, holding some discoloured sheets of paper and two biros whereby someone has extensively gnawed and broken most of the plastic. Brandon makes a more subdued exit from the house.*

Charles BG found some writing kit for me inside the cottage. Isn't he just the best?

Is everybody ready? Hoorah!

Now, does anybody have to visit the loo before we set off on our trip?

*This question is met with complete disbelief.*

Kos *nasty tone* What? Are you playing "mother" now?

BG *hiding a smile* I'll take them. Come on, boys.

*Wayno finally signals to Murray that he may lower his arms. Murray displays his relief. The remaining Dags look at each other, shaking their heads at Charles's boisterous demeanour. Irish imitates Charles, but in so doing gives him a very plummy accent.*

Irish *scornful and imitating Charles* "Just up the road, chaps. Not far at all, you know!" Tsk!

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

The station wagon and the ute are caught behind a very slow-moving road train, and it is not safe to pass (owing to several steep bends in the road as it climbs a hill).

From his position behind the driver, Googsie (utterly bored) has been leaning out of the car window, waving and showing-off to those in the ute behind. We can see that Charles (by dint of watching him through the rear and front windows of the ute) is hugely amused. Charles rocks about with laughter.

When the speed slows to almost a walk, and both Irish and Wayno can be seen to become very peeved, Googsie announces that he is about to perform his "party trick". He opens the car door of the wagon, steps out at a run, and then clammers nimbly into the back of the ute. Charles is almost sick with laughter. Then Googsie performs some inane acrobatic tricks, finally teetering over the side of the ute tray, into the scrub as the cars speed up to pass the road train.

Charles bangs on the rear window and shouts. Wayno has to perform a quick U-turn in order to go back to rescue his brother.

The upshot is that (with the camera at a long range), we see Wayno giving his younger brother a severe dressing-down (as well as a slap-up). Then, Googsie (whose arm is evidently very sore) climbs into the tray of the ute, lying down beside Charles. The pair in the tray giggle as Wayno revs the car to catch up with the station wagon.

END OF SCENE

Scene iii: The Oz-Pom 4WD Bush Bash Rally, Crossing A Wide Creek

Thursday October 23rd 2014, 11:20 hours Adelaide (Central) Time

[London time 00:50 hours]

No music.

This scene will be unscripted. All I want is to see is the usual struggle to cross a creek that is about 20 to 30 metres across. Men could cross the creek up to their chests. This involves the two cars which form part of "Team Gladiator". The men can shout instructions to each other randomly as they winch the vehicles across the creek. Just show enough to be interesting.

END OF SCENE

Scene iv: An Imagined Play Or Film Set In The 1950's (Part IV)

Music: Very 1950's British, referencing the aristocracy and fine living.

At the races at Royal Ascot, the gentlemen are correctly attired in morning suit. Wayno takes the guise of Lord Carnegie. Surrounded by a crowd of well-wishers, Lord Carnegie laughs deeply as he collects a large wad of £20 notes from a bookmaker. Lord Carnegie's bevy of toadying attendants pat his back and congratulate him warmly.

Lord Carnegie strolls off, still accepting the raves from his supporters. He meets Inspector Tresilian, Bob and Ben (who are played by Brandon and Charles).

Lord Carnegie *in deep, toffee voice* Now, that was a near-run thing, Tresilian. A short half-head.

Inspector Tresilian Lord Carnegie, I'm thrilled for you. An electrifying finish!

Bob And to think: only a week ago you were a felon on the run, with the clever Inspector here hot on your tail.

Ben But! A chance word between Inspector Tresilian and a Cornish solicitor uncovered the truth.

Inspector Tresilian Indeed! You were the missing son (stolen from the cradle by gypsies) and rightful heir of the Duke of Argyll.

Bob And you've inherited a grand castle and an extensive park which is well-stocked with fallow deer.

Ben **And** in your bequest: a fleet of British motor power to rival that of any sheikh.

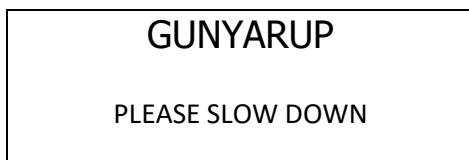
Lord Carnegie wipes away a tear.

Lord Carnegie *very moved* I've seen the path to redemption, and I owe it all to you, dear, brave Inspector. And to you, Bob and Ben, all my keenest regard.

END OF SCENE

Scene v: The Outback Town Of Gunyarup

Thursday October 23rd 2014, 14:55 hours Adelaide (Central) Time [London time 04:25 hours]



Music: Haunting didgeridoo as it imitates bush creatures and birds.

The two cars (driven by Irish and Wayno) whizz into the tiny township of Gunyarup. They approach from a southerly direction, whereby the garage will be to their right (on the opposite side of the road).

We can see Charles scribbling away as he sits in the tray of the ute; Googsie is fast asleep beside him.

It is vital that we can also see in the tray of the ute, almost hidden beneath a rolled tarpaulin, two hand-crafted wooden spears and a boomerang belonging to Murray GulGul. [This will be noted again in ACT V Scene vii.]

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Irish *voice off* I reckon that Wayno is right on the money. This heap of shit isn't gonna get us much further. We'll have to flog some other set of wheels. Keep a lookout will yuz. Any unattended jalopy will do.

Kos *voice-off* Might have to do a car-jack, mate.

Irish Whatever it takes.

Percy Dean's petrol station was popular in the 1930's but in 2014 it is derelict. Several Adelaide artists have painted the structure over the years without ever realizing that it hid a minor arsenal. Some clever Adelaide crime figures planted the cache there during the 1980's. Both Wayno and Kos knew of its existence independently. Wayno knows Percy and is about to test the friendship.

Murray and BG do not enter the rundown petrol station. They remain outside, taking Brandon and Charles into the shade, allowing them to walk about. Murray introduces the boys to some Australian wildlife. There is a small creek for them to explore. BG trails along, whiling away a country hour.

This is a pleasant interlude before the stack of violence and death to follow.

During this time, Googsie sleeps loudly in the tray of the ute. No-one bothers about him.

🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊 **Break** 🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊

Now the action takes place inside the tumbledown shed attached to the petrol station.

Wayno strides about, looking around in disgust at all the decayed ruin therein. Percy Dean (a filthy old man in dirty overalls) slouches glumly to the side. Irish and Kos rummage through the junk.

Wayno *with menace to* You know what I'm after. Where are they?

Percy

Percy sadly points towards the end of the shed, which is in total darkness.

Percy *sadly* I can't get the light to work.

Wayno savagely flicks the large, antiquated light switch up and down several times to no effect.

Wayno *angrily to Percy* Have ya got a fuckin' torch then?

Percy sadly slouches off.

Irish If he can't find one, we got one in the glove box.

Wayno is working himself into a foul mood.

Wayno *frustrated* Yeah, yeah. Let the old bastard find his first. I just wanna get the guns and buzz off.

Kos *evil smile* To Murradurrabee and then phone in the ransom demand. Fifteen million big ones.

Wayno *nasty edge* And if the cops give us any trouble, we'll all be well-armed to stick it up `em.

Irish *laughs* Nice one!

Percy returns and silently hands Wayno the torch. Wayno tests the torch and is not impressed.

Wayno chucks the torch to Irish in such a way that it spirals in the air. Then Wayno draws a screwdriver He calls back as he beats a path through the junk, lumber, crates and old car bodies towards the back of the shed.

Wayno *calling out* I'll fix the light. Having been a sparky's mate in me time, I know just enough about wires to get meself into trouble.

Wayno and the torch light disappear into the darkness, behind the clutter.

Percy The lead up to the socket is there on the wall, down near the floor.

Wayno *calling out* Yeah. I see it.

Percy *plaintive* And that torch is a boomerang: it's gotta come back.

Kos *deriding* This is a joss house. Don't y'ever go through this place ... make an inventory or anythink? Ya lazy old prick.

Percy *defensive* If someone paid me, I might.

Wayno *calling out* I got it. Just a loose wire. Too fuckin' lazy to fix it, ya old cunt. Whatever yuz do, ***don't touch the switch on the wall.***

Irish *indifferent* Righto.

Wayno is accidentally electrocuted. He dies of electric shock.

Goosie strolls in, yawns, scratches, and immediately goes to the light switch, turning it on. There is a loud poofing sound, along with crackling and Wayno screeching in agony. Sparks appear from the place where Wayno's voice emanated.

Kos cautious Wayno?

Goosie curls his nostrils.

Goosie What's that fuckin' awful smell?

Irish emotional, yelling That's yer brother fryin', ya galah!

Music: Very dramatic, racy.

END OF SCENE (for the moment)

Aftermath of Wayno's Death

Music: Heavenly, ethereal.

The scene is a superb view of lakes, mountains and glorious parklands on a sunny day. Fluffy clouds (at ground level) move into focus to obscure the view.

Female voice off Ticket number Q378, please.

Wayno strolls into centre stage. He is dressed in pure white robes and has massive angel's wings on his back. He is clean-shaven and has beautiful long tresses under his halo. He carries a gold lyre under one arm.

Looking straight at the camera, Wayno passes towards the camera a chit such as would be handed out in a bank (for the purposes of orderly queuing).

Wayno That's me. I'm next. I'm here for choir practice.

Deep male voice off Details, please.

Wayno My name's Wayne Carnegie. I'm 32 years old. Got three kids that don't wanna know me and an ex-missus who wants to take me to

the cleaner's. I been a forklift driver in me time, as well as bouncer and a garbo for a couple a years. And other assorted jobs that I never stuck at. And a petty criminal, and not very good at that, but.

So I just died not many seconds ago because me younger brother is a useless prick.

[Shrugs]

That's all I can tell ya.

Deep male voice *off* Enumerate your regrets, if you would.

Wayno *stoic* Nuh. Ain't got any ...

END OF SCENE INTERRUPTION

Scene vi: The Outback Town Of Gunyarup; Chaos Outside The Garage

Thursday October 23rd 2014, 15:05 hours Adelaide (Central) Time [London time 04:35 hours]

Music: Dramatic, military, dynamic and very fast.

From inside the derelict garage, a shotgun can be heard to fire twice.

Irish *voice off, highly alarmed* What'd ya do that for? Aw ... he was an old man ... what harm could he do ya?

Kos has three heavy-duty ex-Army rifles and some boxes of bullets clasped to his chest as he races out of the rundown garage, his face etched with desperation. Kos chucks the armaments into the tray of the ute and he leaps into the driver's seat of the ute, and then guns the engine. He toots the horn many times.

Kos *wildly shouts* Come on! All of yuz! Get out of here! **Now!**

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Googsie staggers out of the darkened garage, vomiting and crying. Irish, shaken and distraught runs past Googsie, heading for the ute. Irish yells at Kos through the open window of the ute at the same time as Kos yells indiscriminately at everyone.

| | |
|---|---|
| <i>Irish passionate, shouting, distraught</i> | <i>Kos wild, unsettled, taking command</i> |
| <p>You've made it a murder now, ya stupid cunt!</p> <p>Who was that old man gunna tell? Eh?</p> <p>You're not just gonna leave Wayno there, are ya? Aren't ya gonna bury him?</p> | <p>You'll drive the wagon. Shove the boys in the tray here and tell 'em not to touch the fuckin' guns or them bullets. Make sure Googsie stays beside ya.</p> <p><i>[Louder]</i></p> <p>Come on, all of yuz! Get in the cars and get going!</p> |

As Kos rams his hand on the car horn, Irish turns smartly around, and tears up to the highly distressed Googsie.

Googsie sobbing in total despair I killed me brother. I killed me own brother ...

Irish roughly shepherds Googsie into the passenger seat of the station wagon, and then himself races around to the driver's seat. We see Googsie slump forward onto the dashboard in genuine distress. BG bodily lifts the two boys together in one movement into the ute tray, just as Kos speeds off. The boys (ashen-faced and perplexed) are tossed about in the tray of the ute. BG watches the boys and the cloud of dust, as he and Murray GulGul scramble into the back seat of the station wagon. Then Irish guns the wagon, taking off at speed, with the car wheels spinning and the car fishtailing.

A total peace settles on the scene. We can see in the far distance the two plumes of dust as the cars tear off towards the horizon.

END OF SCENE

Scene vii: A Visit To Louis Tang's Flat

London, 2014: Thursday October 23rd 07:15 hours [Central time 17:45 hours]

Music: A background radio plays middle-of-the-road tunes.

Inspector Cairns Cakebread knocks on the door of Senior Detective Louis Tang's flat just in time for breakfast. In fact, Louis answers the Inspector's knock in pyjamas and dressing gown and whilst eating a croissant.

At first, Louis appears to be circumspect that he should be receiving a visitor at this early hour. However, on recognizing Inspector Cakebread, his face brightens perceptibly. He bursts out laughing, in spite of his having a mouthful of food.

Louis *bright* Do you know, I was just about to give you a tinkle on the eau de cologne after I'd finished breakfast.

The two police officers shake hands warmly.

Inspector Cakebread Louis! Marvellous to see you again. So sorry to intrude on your --

Louis *briskly* Not at all, Old Cock. Come in, come in!

🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀 **Break** 🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀

The two men are now seated in the breakfast nook of Louis's flat, enjoying stunning panoramic views of London and the River Thames. Louis has placed some delicious Danish pastries on a plate before his friend, and now brandishes the coffee pot.

Louis *bonhomous* Coffee? White?

Inspector Cakebread is already enjoying the repast.

Inspector Cakebread Yes, please. Ta!

As the conversation continues, the friends breakfast in chummy fashion. They obviously enjoy each other's company and professional standing.

Louis This is all about Lubeth's mysterious drowning death, I hope.

Inspector Cakebread Sure is. I want to understand why you blokes were interested in

him. And from whom-slash-where you received your info.

My brother found the gen on the Police database, by the way. Just freshly inserted there, he said.

Louis How is your Doogal?

Inspector Cakebread Fine! Fine!

Louis *nods* In brief, I'm not at all surprised that Lubeth is dead. And I've no doubt that it **was** by foul play.

[Slight pause]

Do you know that way that a major domo at a great hotel just seems to magically make things happen?

Well, this "Nightjar" fellow was just such a magician. He laundered your money for you, gave you all that you needed in order to maintain a fool-proof alias, then organized safe havens overseas for both yourself and your dubiously-acquired cash. He even diverted the interests of Interpol if the wolves were baying at the door or sniffing too close for comfort.

Inspector Cakebread One would say: a great adjunct to a profitable life of crime.
thoughtful

Louis That's true. But he was well paid for his trouble. Well paid. Only you'd never know it. He was careful to a fault about advertising his wealth. Didn't want to arouse even a hint of suspicion, did our Nightjar.

Inspector Cakebread But **someone** must have disclosed his dark doings. Otherwise, you chaps wouldn't have him on your database. So who gave him away?

Louis *very smug* He gave himself away.

Inspector Cakebread shows great surprise. Louis (expecting this reaction) smiles knowingly. Then Louis reaches back to a superb dresser, then passes a magazine (which was sitting on the dresser) over to Inspector Cakebread. The latter reads the name of the magazine as if horrified.

Inspector Cakebread The Royal Car Club of New South Wales?
appalled

As Louis speaks, Inspector Cakebread flicks through the magazine's pages.

Louis There's one of those "Royal" car clubs for each of Australia's six states. Presumably, they all carry the same stories.

Well, you know how those states are 90 times the size of Belgium or some such thing, whilst at the same time having a population only as large as that of Beck's Hill ... The members receive one of these every month. Bit of light reading after mustering sheep and shooting kangaroos ...

Inspector Cakebread Good God! How to avoid shark attack, snake bite, poisonous
aghast as he reads spiders and being stranded in the Outback?

"Fresh water crocs are fine, but salties will eat you. Where not to swim."

And a coloured feature on poisonous foods which must **not** be eaten in the bush.

[Looks up towards Louis, shocked and appalled]

Is it safe to live there at all?

Louis shakes his head as he fingers through the magazine to a particular page. Louis stabs at the page with his finger.

Louis Probably not. At least, it wasn't safe for Nightjar to have **that** published.

Inspector Cakebread But it's an innocuous article about bird life in the desert.

Louis Secret code. Cloak and dagger. That piece on the Australian owl-nightjar held a signal to his mates in Oz that the jig was up.

Inspector Cakebread And yet he still bought it?

Louis Yep. He still bought it (assuming as we are that his drowning **was** murder). Now that's the mystery, isn't it? And coincidentally,

Nightjar met his end just as our people had cracked Nightjar's code.

[Pause for effect]

Or ... was it coincidental?

Inspector Cakebread returns to the magazine, flipping over page after page.

Inspector Cakebread But ... A car club mag?! I don't really follow –
perplexed

[Interrupting himself to point to a random page]

Why! Here is a full-page, glossy ad for a trip down the Rhine in 5-star luxury ... Can you just picture sheep shearers and bronzed surfers sipping Sauterne on the decks of *Das Konige Mädchen* as she plies her course in elegant fashion through Europe?

Louis *forceful* But that's just the point, Cairns. To be truly furtive and foil the top minds of New Scotland Yard, one doesn't make it obvious by publishing in Vogue or Time. This way, the Oz contacts (whoever they are) have the hot goss delivered direct to their mailboxes in a nice plastic sleeve. Don't have to leave the house. And who could possibly guess?

Louis stands. He takes a long glance at the wall clock.

Louis Ah! Airport. I'm taking the 11:00 am Qantas flight from Heathrow to Sydney, Australia. Now, if you would care to join me on said flight, I'd have a chance to fill you in on loads of relevant details. Promise. Cross-my-heart ...

Inspector Cakebread appears to weigh up the possibilities.

Inspector Cakebread That's probably what I should do.

Yes.

I'll trot off home, pack a bag and obtain clearance from my supervisor. I'll bring Doogal up to speed on the current progress of our inquiries and leave him to tidy up the frayed edges.

And I'll kiss my good lady goodbye. (I probably should have thought of that first).

Louis *pleased*

Certainly.

I'll organize a ticket for you. I'll have it at Heathrow airport.

We'll meet in the Prestige Flyer Lounge.

Both men stand looking at each other, and then they smile. They shake hands. Louis pats Inspector Cakebread on the upper arm.

END OF SCENE

Background To The Progress Of The Kidnapping After Gunyarup

It is Thursday 23rd October: Adelaide (that is Central) Time being just after three o'clock in the afternoon.

On leaving Gunyarup in great disorder, the two cars have stopped along the way for a comfort stop, a bite to eat and to reorganize the distribution of passengers. The boys are clearly bewildered and a little frightened by what happened at Gunyarup.

Then everyone piles into the two cars.

Goosie drives the wagon with Kos beside him. Murray GulGul sits in the back seat, with the two boys either side of him.

In the ute, Irish relaxes as BG Blouse drives, following the wagon.

Scene viii: Driving Away From Gunyarup

October 23rd 2014, 18:30 hours Adelaide (Central) time

[London time 08:00 hours]

No music.

The camera is in the station wagon.

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Brandon Mr Kos, if you don't mind my asking, I just wondered how it was that Mr Wayno needed a light to find the weapons in that scary place but you didn't.

Goosie Yeah, how come?

Kos is more than happy to relive his Army experiences.

Kos craning around so as to address Brandon Because I was trained in the Army to see in the dark. "Tiger Eye" I was called. Plus the Lord showed me the light.

Goosie is seen to sneer at Kos's remarks.

Charles even as he writes in the failing light Mr Kos, we'd like to hear some of your wartime stories if you don't mind. I might be able to use some of your ideas in my stories.

Brandon Yes, if you don't mind. Our Mum doesn't like us to watch war movies, but we love them.

Kos throws himself into this task.

Kos exuberant War movies? Mate, the real thing is 50 times worse than what they show yuz at the flicks.

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

Now our camera is in the ute.

Irish laconic Did you see what that colossal idiot did?

BG all at sea Uh?

Irish That drongo, Kos. When 'e went into the shed for the rifles, 'e got bullets that don't fit the rifles. The wrong size of bullets they are. Typical!

BG surprised When did he realize that?

Irish sighs He didn't, as far as I know. I checked it out last time we stopped.

Fuckin' clown.

BG *slowly*

So ... The rifles are no good ... Is that what yer sayin'?

Irish shrugs. He is way past caring now.

Irish *indifferent*

We'll use them as props. Just like Wayno said: If we're challenged, we'll all look like we're armed to the teeth. But we'll have less blow-power than a nun at a hen's night.

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

*Back in the station wagon, the two boys and Murray GulGul have bulging eyes as they listen to Kos.*

Kos *exuberant*

... and then the Uzis brought down the big gnat. Slam! Crashed right in front of us. Twisted metal and bits of shrapnel scattered all over the shop.

I looked down and there's bits of some bloke's body lyin' there. Nearly stood on another bloke's head. Just his head. No body attached. Eyes wide open and mouth wide open like he's askin' for somethink.

*Kos halts in his tale to give vent to some serious coughing.*

Kos

Like ... being a good Christian I prayed like crazy. We ran up this ridge, see ...Pinochet Ridge. Down came the firepower -- Bam! Bam! Bam!

I could hardly claw my way up the rocks because of the river of blood I had to get through. And not just "blood" -- guts and shit and stomach contents ... all that.

And not from strangers ... These were my mates that I'd laughed with and talked to and took showers with. Guys like me. And I prayed: God for fuck's sake, get me out of this.

*Goosie makes a noise.*

Kos                                           What? The kids don't mind my swearin'.

*Our camera stays behind, in the bush. We watch and hear Kos cough, hawk and spit a huge glob of matter from the window of the wagon as it passes the camera, followed faithfully by the ute.*

*Fade out.*

END OF SCENE

### **Scene ix: The Homestead Of Jack And Fiona Bradley, Eupotiponpon**

October 23rd 2014, 20:16 hours Adelaide (Central) time

[London time 09:46 hours]

*Music: Haunting evocative didgeridoo.*

*Trader stands on the front verandah of his father's house on a clear night. He smokes, subsumed in deep thought. Fiona (his mother) joins him.*

Fiona                                           Well, I've rung the Martolo's and they've not seen Murray for the last month.

Trader                                         And I can't reach Brandon's mobile phone: the phantom voice tells me it's out of range.

It's just annoying ... The kid's flown halfway around the world to get to know me ... And then he buggers off with Murray GulGul. I'll serve it up to that old bastard when I catch up with him. Tear strips off him.

Fiona *chuckles*                                 I wouldn't be blaming Murray, Rylance. The blame will certainly lie elsewhere.

*[Imitates Charles]*

"Oooo, Mr GulGul! Let's sleep out under the stars. Let's pretend that we're Red Indians and smoke the peace pipe. Brandon!"

---

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Brandon! Isn't this the best? What do you think?"

Trader *grins*

Charles ... He's a dag alright.

But ... Brandon must be driving as Murray doesn't have a clue. He's only a kid after all.

Fiona

You were all of nine when you started driving around the property. He'll be fine. There's no-one I'd rather they were on walkabout with than MGG.

Oh! Do you remember Warren Somerton? His daughter Tamsin?

*Trader looks doubtful.*

Fiona

Tamsin is as mad about horses as you are. She's now our local policewoman. I've asked her to ride over tomorrow morning. If we've not heard from the boys by breakfast.

*Trader nods slowly. Mother and son wander back inside.*

END OF SCENE

**Scene x:** The Dags' Gang Drives Through The Night

October 23rd 2014, 20:23 hours Adelaide (Central) time

[London time 09:53 hours]

*Music: A softer, more melodious version of the Dags Theme.*

*Our camera is set in the station wagon. We take a glimpse of the occupants. Googsie whistles as he drives with Irish asleep beside him. Googsie seems to be coping now with Wayno's death. Asleep in the back seat are Murray GulGul, and the boys on either side of him, leaning on him.*

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

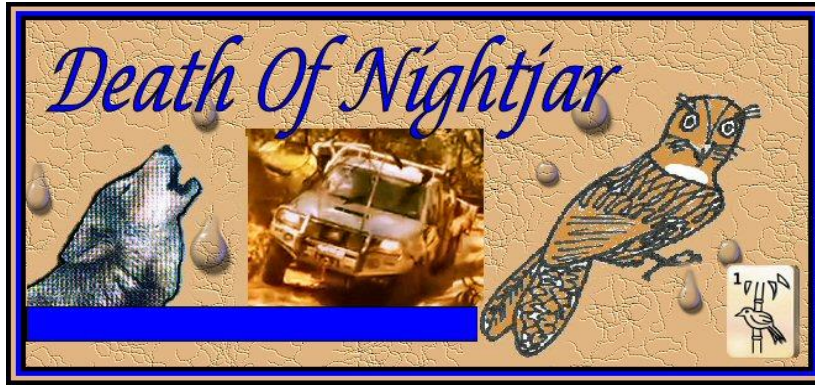
Then our camera is in the ute. BG Blouse drives, humming to himself as he does so. Kos sleeps noisily beside BG.

END OF SCENE

END OF ACT II

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ACT III

III, Scene i: Doogal's Pleasant Memory

Music: Sweetly romantic.

This recall scene will be "fluffy" so as to make it obvious that it is not in real time.

At a house-warming in Cheshire, Doogal is having a quiet drink in a friend's garden.

There's an ornamental pool and a decorative arched bridge.

Doogal is leaning back against the railing of this bridge when a lovely girl approaches him. The camera moves away slightly. We watch the couple laughing and talking. The girl (laughing and very alluring) gently places the palms of her hands on Doogal's chest. He nearly loses his balance. Doogal chuckles at his own clumsiness.

Doogal looks down into the girl's face and they chat very amiably. The girl is seductive and Doogal is susceptible.

END OF SCENE

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III, Scene ii: The Prestige Flyer Lounge, Heathrow

Heathrow Airport, 2014: Thursday October 23rd 10:29 hours [Central time 20:59 hours]

Music: "Muzak", elevator music (but not when Doogal is in focus).

In the superbly comfortable First-Class lounge, Air Commodore William Pendlebury sits at his ease, wearing his proper Air Force uniform. He is happily reading a Do-It-Yourself magazine.

In the background, we see Inspector Cakebread making contact with Senior Detective Louis Tang. The senior police officers shake hands. We can see that they are happily conversing. Together they move off.

🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀 **Break** 🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀

Female announcer
voice-off

Good morning, Ladies and Gentlemen.

QANTAS wish to invite all of our First-Class passengers travelling to Sydney, Australia on our direct flight Q903 to make their way to gate 53 for immediate boarding.

Louis Tang and Inspector Cakebread head towards the small queue of First-Class passengers who are able to easily board the aircraft via "private" means. We can see William Pendlebury further ahead in the small queue. Just as they are about to pass through the gate, Inspector Cakebread's mobile phone rings. Inspector Cakebread answers his phone, checking the caller identification on the tiny screen.

Inspector Cakebread
annoyed, to Louis

You go ahead. I won't be long here. It's Doogal.

[Talking to his caller, Doogal]

Yes, Doogal?

Split screen.

In his sitting room: Doogal (on the phone to Cairns) stands on one side of the split screen.

At Heathrow: Cairns (on the phone to Doogal) stands on the other side of the split screen.

Doogal

Do you have one minute?

Inspector Cakebread Depends. Is it family, personal or professional? If not in regards to the case, then no ... I don't have a minute.

Doogal *somewhat affronted* Of course it's about the Lubeth drowning business. And as it happens, personal and family as well. Funny that! The Pick-3.

Inspector Cakebread Get on with it!

Doogal Our cousin Fenton and his missus have bought a cute little cottage in Cheshire. Went there last Saturday ... Housewarming --

Inspector Cakebread Come on, will you! I have to join the queue to board my plane.

Doogal You've got to hear me out. It's only just dawned, and it's important!

At this housewarming party, a lovely girl approached me as I stood by the railing on a bridge. Listen! I realized something that may have a bearing on the Lubeth thingie.

Get this! Men relax when a girl (a pretty girl) gets close to them – to *us*. We do! We relax in a welcoming way! But when a bloke (or an old hag, for that matter) comes towards us (a stranger), then we brace ourselves. Unconsciously prepare for battle. We don't think about it for a moment ... we just do it.

I think that a lovely woman simply waltzed up to Lubeth, lips wreathed in smiles, and he allowed her to touch him and then he overbalanced into the water when she pushed on his chest.

Inspector Cakebread *thoughtful* Maybe ... Maybe ...

Doogal *confident now that his brother is hearing him out* Something like that. A girl, a woman. A pretty woman. No resistance.

And on hitting the cold water, the shock stunned him. He passed out and drowned.

Inspector Cakebread Well ... it's worth a try, I suppose. See what you can dig up.

Look! I have to go. Last call. Keep on with that line of enquiry.

The call is over.

In his sitting room: Doogal wears an evil grin as he flicks off the call on his mobile phone.

At Heathrow: Inspector Cakebread can be seen to dash off towards a gate that is manned by a lovely, smiling female airport worker.

Split-screen dissolves.

Cairns's side of the split-screen dissolves, leaving Doogal's scene in full screen.

Doogal *naughtily, to himself* Chance would be a fine thing, Bro. I'm going to skive-off whilst you're gallivanting about Down Under. See if I don't!

END OF SCENE

III, Scene iii: The First-Class Cabin On QANTAS Flight Q903

Flight Q903, 2014: Thursday October 23rd 10:52 hours [Central time 21:22 hours]

Music: More "Muzak", elevator music.

William sits on the left side of the aisle, opposite where Cairns will sit (on the right side of the aisle) with Louis on his right-hand side.

As Inspector Cairns Cakebread is ushered to his seat, Louis is already deep in conversation with William.

Louis And this is my colleague. Inspector Cairns Cakebread, may I introduce you to Air Commodore William Pendlebury DFC. I worked professionally with the AC a couple of years ago: you'll remember that drug smuggling ring working out of Gatwick?

William and Cairns shake hands.

Inspector Cakebread Of course I do. Air Commodore, this is a real pleasure.

William Likewise. I take it you're on some official business in Oz, mmm?

Louis Very much so. And yourself?

William Family. Such is life ...

The men smile one last time at each other, and then take their seats.

END OF SCENE

III, Scene iv: The Bush Bash Rally Team Gladiator, Mob Of Kangaroos

Thursday October 23rd 2014, 23:59 hours Adelaide (Central) time [London time 13:29 hours]

Music: No music.

As they drive through very rugged terrain, just short of midnight, the two 4WD vehicles of "Team Gladiator" encounter a massive mob of large grey kangaroos which bound along beside and in front of the vehicles. We see and hear the British occupants (Troy, David and Gordon Junior) shout with excitement. We see the men taking snaps of the roos with their mobile phones.

Note that the scene is enhanced by the use of roo-spotter lamps fitted to both vehicles (on the roof racks).

END OF SCENE

III, Scene v: The First-Class Cabin On QANTAS Flight Q903

Flight Q903, 2014: Thursday October 23rd 15:00 hours [Central time 01:30 hours on the next day]

Music: Again, "Muzak", elevator music.

A beautiful steward offers drinks and bowls of nibbles to Louis and Cairns. They have been reading their newspapers in companionable silence. The drinks break provides a welcome interruption.

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Louis *smiling and bonhomous* Ah! Thank you my dear. That's very a propos.

Inspector Cakebread Lovely! My favourite.

As they enjoy the refreshments, Louis watches Cairns who glances several times in William's direction. Louis catches Cairns's eye and raises an eyebrow indicatively.

Inspector Cakebread *very low voiced* I'm trying to recall where I've run across that Air Force officer before.

Louis *also low-voiced* He's the pilot who landed the Jaguar jet whilst under violent physical attack ... About 20 (no, 30) years ago now. Quite dramatic and heroic, hence the DFC. I mean, he had absolutely no business being in the jet at the time --

Inspector Cakebread But his actions precipitated the discovery and conviction of several lags who were masterminding a major white-collar scam. Very impressive! Of course I remember.

Louis Nice chap. And has the loveliest wife and five stunningly beautiful daughters.

Inspector Cakebread *chuckles* You'd know: a connoisseur of the female of the species. I've heard you spoken of as a veritable wolf.

Louis reddens and laughs in an embarrassed way. Just as he goes to expostulate, Cairns forestalls him.

Inspector Cakebread Never mind! I want you to tell me without prejudice how your team latched onto the car club magazine. That fascinates me but you seem strangely reluctant to discuss it with me.

Louis is at first surprised but warms up as he motors on into his explanation.

Louis Reluctant? No! It's all about electronics and technology, and I have to admit that I'm a troglodyte, pure and simple.

The "team" as you call it is really one lanky youth who washes too infrequently for my taste.

Look, you don't need codebreakers or ciphers any more ... Whole

thing is done behind the scenes by these cyber spiders. Waltz through every character, every word and see if a match can be made with some esoteric control ... Something out of the ordinary, it's looking for.

High level: puts the spies out of business at a stroke.

Louis scrabbles around in his briefcase.

Louis Did we happen to bring that mag with us, by any chance?

Cairns Cakebread reaches for his briefcase.

Inspector Cakebread Er, yes ... I purloined it from your delightful flat. Thought I needed a refresher in "how to avoid shark attack".

Cairns hands the car club magazine over to Louis, who quickly thumbs through.

Louis Here we have the most innocent treatise on a very unfashionable Australian bird. The owlet-nightjar.

Desert ... Mallee ... Leaf litter ... Moth-like posture ... Camouflage ... Frogmouth ... nothing there to raise the eyebrow of even the most suspicious punter.

But look at the citations, Cairns ... "Op cit" and "Ibid" and that sort of thing ... Nobody but the desperate and dateless cares a fig about those, let alone reads them.

This Nightjar fellow has been conversing with his chums for years by referencing non-existent works and no-such-person ornithologists.

[Disparaging tone]

Edgar Dobsby's "The Goatsuckers of Australia" and the Rev W. M. Parrish "Finding Birds In The Outback".

No such critters. Our spider noted those ones but **immediately**. Looked back over Nightjar's past car club offerings: absolutely littered with coded information for his ne'er do well pals Down

under.

"Nightjar": huh!

Inspector Cakebread Subtle to the end. And he used a little token from a Mah-jongg game as his icon.

Louis Easy to spot. Flick through your August issue of "Royal Car Club Tasmania" and that very icon springs into focus. Don't bother reading the story: just straight to the trailer notes. Bang! there's your instructions or warnings ... Even the ID of your new secret Swiss bank account ... Pretty damned clever (if it hadn't been for our latest scanning technology, that is).

END OF SCENE

III, Scene vi: The Bush Bash Rally Sleep Through The Night

Friday October 24th 2014, 01:30 hours Adelaide (Central) time

[London time 15:00 hours on the previous day]

Music: No music.

Team Gladiator takes a kip. A couple of upmarket one-man tents, the two 4WD vehicles and other impedimenta are scattered about in a clearing. The sounds of four men snoring are heard.

END OF SCENE

III, Scene vii: Doogal Cakebread Rethinks The Skiving-Off Decision

London, 2014: Thursday October 23rd 16:49 hours [Central time 03:19 hours on the following day]

Music: None. The television provides enough background sound.

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Doogal is relaxed, watching a soccer game on the television. He is equipped with pizza, crisps and a red slurpie.

It becomes evident (judging by facial expressions and sighs) that Doogal is having second thoughts. A long "self-doubt episode" is accompanied by a 360 degree camera turn.

Doogal stares at his wristwatch, then delivers an enormous sigh.

Doogal to himself *Shit! Can't just leave it hanging like that. Must find the pretty girl before Cairns lands in Sydney in 17 hours.*

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

*Doogal dresses in smart casual gear and goes off to continue the investigations.*

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

As Doogal leaves the flat, we can just make out that he is being watched by an unknown.

END OF SCENE

III, Scene viii: Doogal's Corner Of New Scotland Yard

London, 2014: Thursday October 23rd 17:45 hours [Central time 04:15 hours on the following day]

Music: Start with no music, but there will be some sort of rock 'n' roll in the background during the darts game.

Doogal (wearing smart casual rather than the usual suit) has gone to the office and is dealing with five different people at once. So this tiny episode at the beginning of this scene is unscripted as policemen and policewomen pass him various reports. He seems uninterested in this toing-and-froing. He is on the phone (trying to find a scrap of paper) despite these distractions.

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Doogal *speaking into the handset* Hello? Am I speaking to Connor, Lubeth –
Right! Good! Would ... um ... Sorry, there's a bit going on here and ...
[Finds the paper]
Here we go ... Yes ... would Harry da Costa be available, please?
Do you know where I can –
It's Detective Sergeant Doogal Cakebread from New Scotland Yard and –
Yes, that would have been my brother. Look, it's rather important that I put a couple of questions to Mr da Costa, so ...
The Crown And Stars Inn? Oh, yes ... know it well. And I'm bound to find him there ... Darts, did you say? Thanks. Thanks for your help.

Doogal stands, dropping the handset onto the phone.

Doogal *to himself, happy* That's what we need to settle the nerves: a game of darts.

☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞ **Break** ☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞

Doogal is wearing his jacket, and strides along the footpath beside a busy London street. He whistles and appears to be happy.

Overlaid over this happy scene, we can make out a relay service in a superb London apartment whereby Doogal's latest phone call is recorded and replayed. We want a mysterious feel to this event. [Refer to ACT IV, scene v for the layout of the apartment, featuring the recording device.]

Doogal *voice-over, crackly and recorded, complete with several clicks* Hello? Am I speaking to Connor, Lubeth, –
Right! Good! Would ... um ... Sorry, there's a bit going on here and ...

[Pause]

Here we go ... Yes ... would Harry da Costa be available, please?

Do you know where I can –

It's Detective Sergeant Doogal Cakebread from New Scotland Yard and –

Yes, that would have been my brother. Look, it's rather important that I put a couple of questions to Mr da Costa, so ...

The Crown And Stars Inn? Oh, yes ... know it well. And I'm bound to find him there ... Darts, did you say? Thanks. Thanks for your help.

🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀 **Break** 🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀

Inside the Crown And Stars Inn, there is a crowd of people, making a great deal of noise and happy bustle. Doogal heads for the darts board. This area is making almost as much noise as that of the two pool tables. We can make out introductions to Doogal taking place.

Now the camera closes-in on Harry and Doogal as they play. During the conversation, a very diminutive, low-profile girl (Helen Reade) will bow her head due to her shyness and hand glass mugs of beer to Doogal and Harry. She will withdraw with a quiet murmur to stand with the other people, near to a pile of coats and handbags.

Harry and Doogal play darts as they talk.

Doogal When you spoke to my brother Cairns (the Inspector), you told him that you went out on the tear on a Saturday night about six weeks previous. You can't possibly remember the exact date can you?

Harry *confident* Sure I can! That's easy meat.

You see –

Oh, thanks, Helen. Ta!

Doogal *grinning and nodding* Why thank you ... Helen, is it?

Doogal dives for his wallet.

Harry No, no, mate: it's on the house. Our fighting fund.

Okay, so we go to the 10-pin bowling (me and me mates do) on a Friday night. We got a team, like.

But – oh, nice throw, Sir! – Yeah, any road, my brother had his birthday on Friday 5th September and me Mum organized a party, like. So instead of the bowling, we did the party.

Now that meant that we were all talking (on the next night, Saturday) about missing our bowling that week. That was **definitely** the night I saw Pierce Lubeth at work when he shouldn't have been. No mistake.

Doogal Saturday the 6th September, then?

Harry *positive* Yup! No mistake. The 6th.

Doogal Good! That's very helpful, that is.

Thanks for the beer. Better head off. Good luck with your bowling tomorrow night.

END OF SCENE

III, Scene ix: The Dags Hold An Urgent Meeting

October 24th 2014, 05:30 hours Adelaide (Central) time

[London time 19:00 hours on the previous day]

Music: No human music, but many native bird calls.

As usual, the station wagon leads the procession, with the ute in the rear.

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Irish is Googsie's passenger in the station wagon. Irish signals to the occupants of the ute (BG and Kos) to stop.

The wagon heads into a stretch of bush and the two vehicles pull in off the road.

Everyone climbs out of the cars.

Irish in command BG, you take Murray and the kids off to look at the wildlife ... And keep them in sight at all times.

Boys, don't youse go wandering off. There's poisonous snakes all around here and man-eating spiders ... You boys stay with the men.

And behave yerselves.

We see BG, Murray GulGul, Brandon and Charles follow orders. Then Irish, Kos and Googsie go into a huddle:

Irish Okay! Googs: tell me again what ya just said. Listen to this Kos.

Googsie Well, I was nickin' some money from Wayno's wallet when he was asleep in that shack. Thought I'd have a bit of a snoop while I was in the mood. And there was the usual shit that ya find in a wallet: them cards for gettin' yer car fixed, \$2 membership of the Dapto RSL that expired five years ago.

Googsie burst into unwarranted laughter.

Kos annoyed Get on with it!

Googsie Demands for money. I always chuck them away. A little drawing that one of his kids done ... all that crap.

So, I'm havin' a lovely time snoopin' in me brother's wallet when I find this printed email from some joker callin' himself Wolf. And all the details about this kidnappin'. All about what to do and all about the \$15 million to ask for. All that.

Irish to Googsie Instructions to Wayno?

Googsie nods quickly Yeah, that's what it looked like.

[Laughs unexpectedly]

And tellin' him not to print the email and to delete it. Stupid dickhead left the fuckin' thing in his wallet for me to find. Not real clever, my brother weren't.

Irish *to Kos*

Did you know about this?

Kos *indifferent*

Nuh.

Irish *to Googsie*

So Wayno never thought of this kidnapping rort for himself?

Googsie *shrugs*

Nuh. Couldn't have done, could 'e? Not that switched-on was old Wayno.

Irish *general question*

Someone put him up to it?

Googsie

Looks like it. Obviously.

[Points his finger into Irish's chest]

And I done some heavy thinkin' and I reckon that we wuz never gonna see them big bikkies anyway. This Wolf was gonna cream the lot.

That's what I reckon.

Irish is frustrated to the point of wiping his hand over his hair, breathing deeply and looking about for inspiration. Kos tries to take in the situation, and then nods slowly as the penny drops.

Kos *deeply thoughtful*

So this Wolf's plan would be to string Wayno along. Get Wayno and his gang of cons (that's us, of course) to do the spadework, and then calmly muscle-in and take the loot once we got it.

Clever ...

He's either gonna kiss us off with 50 grand each (say) or else not bother and get someone else to neck us later.

Googsie and Irish stand staring at each other following this forecast. They both mouth the word "Shit".

Irish *to Googsie*

Did ya ask Wayno about this?

Googsie Nuh, cause then he'd know I'd been snoopin' in his things.

Irish *thinking aloud* And his wallet would be still on his body ... for the cops to find ...

Googsie Might have been burned up, but ...

Kos *reassuring* No one's gonna find his body or the other guy's ... it'll be months before anyone stops at Gunyarup.

Irish *[To Kos]*
Reckon we shoulda torched that garage, mate.
[To Googsie]
Tell me more about this email. Was there anything else ... like, was it from a company or --

Googsie Aw, shit yeah. It was an official company email, but the guy signed himself "Wolf".

Kos *alert, keen* What company?

Googsie *dismissive* Aw, it was some fuckin' long name. Firm of lawyers. Doodle, Foodle, Noodle and Boodle -- one of them Pommie jobs.

Irish *also keen and alert, as is Kos* English? Wolf's English?

Googsie *calm* Yeah ... apparently.

Kos *losing interest* Well, this Wolf's plans are all shot in the foot now that his contact's deadie-bones.
I'm hungry.

Googsie is glad to get out of the heavy conversation.

Googsie *brighter* We've got a can of beetroot and some stale bread.

Kos wanders off, still chatting as he does so.

Kos Righto! I was trained to live on straw and goat's cheeks. The beetroot and bread will be a banquet for me.

Irish follows Kos, as Googsie follows Irish.

Irish See, what I can't stop thinkin' about is how badly planned this whole thing is.

Goosie *surprised* Where?

Irish Suppose that the ransom note wasn't chucked in the fire. By now, the parents have rung the cops and they're looking for us in planes, choppers ... Ya don't do it that way. You get the kid into position at Murradurrabee and THEN you call in the demands from a safe distance on the coast, with a fast boat standing by, or a chopper or something. You get the money organized and THEN you tell them where to find the kid.

This "ransom note" shit is just unbelievable. This whole fucking thing is unbelievable.

Kos Blame Wayno ... and the Pommie arsewipe ... the Wolfman.

Irish *worried* It's like Wayno has simply reacted when this Wolf clicked his fingers.

Just no plan at all ...

Goosie *affronted* We planned it!

Irish *ironic* What?! Where'd we plan it?!

Goosie *affronted* We got plenty of water and food.

Irish laughs in a nasty way and then moves in very, very close to Goosie.

Irish *menacing; very quiet voice* In the clink they give ya plenty of water and food ...

Think about it ...

🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊 **Break** 🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊

Music: The plaintive sounds of the didgeridoo.

While Kos, Goosie and Irish break out the food, our camera is with BG, Murray and the boys as they stroll about in the bush. Charles has rushed off, dragging Murray by the hand. We hear snatches of his treble voice as he talks nonstop to Murray.

Brandon I don't know my father at all. I don't know him and I suppose that I don't really like him.

BG *somewhat shocked* You gotta love yer dad: most important person in a boy's life is his dad.

You're lucky to have a dad at all.

Brandon I like Charles's dad. He's my stepfather. I quite like him.

BG *smiling wistfully over a fond memory* My dad could make a pretend cannon out of an empty packet of Turf ciggies.

His dad taught him. Poppa was in the War against the Japs.

Brandon *bitter* My own dad disowned me when I was not even born yet. I think that that stinks.

BG But he loves you now.

Brandon Does he? What makes you think that?

From a distance, Irish calls out that there is some food on offer.

BG *sadly* If we hadn't snatched you and Charlie like that, you could've been getting to know your dad ...

Brandon It's okay. Apart from poor Mr Wayno dying so horribly, I'm rather enjoying all this.

Fade out.

END OF SCENE

III, Scene x: The Offices Of Connor, Lubeth, Greene And Tyhe, London

London, 2014: Thursday October 23rd 19:10 pm [Central time 05:40 hours next day]

Music: No music until Chrissie returns to chat with Doogal.

A very attractive fair-haired young lady (Chrissie Misselton) stands and glowers at Doogal Cakebread over what had been the desk of Pierce Lubeth. She angrily reefs her laptop and connections from a carry case.

Doogal *smiling broadly* Chrissie Misselton! As I live and breathe!

Chrissie *annoyed* You've got a bloody nerve!

Doogal *grinning* Why's that, now?

Chrissie *aggrieved* I had a hot date with a seafaring type.

Doogal A naval man? A sailor?

Chrissie *pretending* No ... more of a yachtie. Two million euros was mentioned.

annoyance

I could well have become the fiancée of a very attractively-wealthy man by midnight, had it not been for you, Sergeant Cakebread.

Doogal *inveigling* I'll introduce you to a really handsome police officer from New Scotland Yard who is hovering over that much-lamented poverty line. He's way more fun than your maritime bloke and you're less likely to get seasick.

Then Chrissie gives Doogal a speaking look as she takes up her position at her screen and keyboard (which she has set up on Lubeth's old desk).

Chrissie Everything's set up and raring to go. Good! So ... what are we after?

Doogal We want to look solely at Saturday 6th of September: the LAN account being GBITG_PARMS. Here it is here.

Doogal pushes a memo towards the lovely young woman, tapping it with his finger.

Doogal *warning* **Just** and **only** that night.

Music: Strange, evocative, "something-is-about-to-happen". This only lasts a second or two, then fades out.

*[Note that from this point onwards, Doogal suspects Chrissie of being the mystery woman who pushed Lubeth to his death. He also suspects that she is keeping tabs on him (ie Doogal himself): tracking him electronically and bugging him such that she can listen to his telephone calls. **In this, Doogal walks a fine line: he cannot give any unnecessary information to Chrissie, but also, he must not arouse her suspicions.***

Doogal will later get a chance to make a clandestine phone call to his brother, and he will reveal this situation.]

Chrissie Mmmm ... Would this be the new wave in N. S. Y. crime-fighting?

Doogal swaps the "A" sheet with the "B" sheet and then reverses these sheets.

Doogal *joyial* I came top of my class in alphabet.

Doogal tries to look relaxed and at his ease.

Doogal So ... what you got for me?

Chrissie On Saturday 6th September, this is what happened.

A database dump was created, loaded back onto the server and upgraded. That's all cool, because there was also an upgrade of a ProjectLoda application. The link was made, and the configuration implemented, and a few minor database instructions were actioned. All this to prepare the application for first use. A quick test was performed and then a memo was emailed to the account's owner (that would be Patty Armstrong). "Dear Patty, Your ProjectLoda Power13-OSA is ready for you. Yours PL".

Doogal *shrugs* That's all double-Dutch to me.

Chrissie Translated, I've told you that straight work was done here on that Saturday night. Work-work. No funny business to be found.

Doogal *frowns* No emails?

Chrissie Other than to Patty Armstrong? No.

Doogal Web surfing?

Chrissie No.

Doogal Any contact with anyone (apart from Patty, of course).

Chrissie None.

Doogal *deep breath* So ... Let's flip to the flip-side.

Chrissie *puzzled* What?

Doogal I want to look at that same LAN account at a time when we are positive that Pierce Lubeth was absent from the office.

Doogal refers back to his notes.

Doogal Yes. His credit card details show up a booking for a Gilbert and Sullivan show (what the Hell is that). "The Gondoliers" ... Bloody heck!

Chrissie laughs in a very natural way.

Chrissie *jolly* Musical comedy from the 19th century. Very, very popular.

What night was that?

Doogal goes back to his notes.

Doogal Um ... The 8th of October. A Wednesday.

Chrissie Did Lubeth definitely attend?

Doogal It says here in my notes that "Yes" he did. A theatre program and ticket stub was dredged up from amongst his personal effects.

Chrissie Let's have a look, then. Of course, you realize that if there's nothing, then that won't help you.

Doogal But if there is?

Chrissie looks excited and claps her hands.

Chrissie I'll be a few minutes. See if you can spell "Antidisestablishmentarianism" with your alphabet letters.

Chrissie quickly goes back to Lubeth's office, as Doogal makes a face to signify "What?"

☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺ **Break** ☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺

Doogal is doodling.

Chrissie *voice-off* Sergeant Cakebread, are you able to come here, please?

Doogal stands, then walks quickly into the office, standing beside Chrissie's chair.

Chrissie I'm a bit of an encryption freak. This lot was missed when the LAN scouts did their sweep yesterday. Emails with attachments ... Understandable that they'd be missed ... Yesterday, they were trawling for specific items. I'm just mucking around here, having a look-see. By the way, this wasn't on Patty's account. It was on the boss's. Pretty scary, huh?

Doogal leans forward to stare at the laptop screen. Despite his mistrust of Chrissie (this all might just be smoke and mirrors), he is nonetheless fascinated.

Doogal *awestruck* To the Editor in Chief, Car Club of Australia. August 2014.

[Pause]

With a document attachment: "Ratites: The Flightless Birds".

Chrissie *ironic* "I couldn't put this one down."

Wow! I bet your average reader laps this up: here we have cassowaries, emus, kiwis, ostriches and rheas. Ooooooo!

[Makes a comic face]

You'll have to ring your brother and give him a heads-up on the ornithological wonders of the Great Southern Land.

Doogal *careful, extra careful* This is just someone trying to be a smartie. My brother won't care about this.

Chrissie *surprised at Doogal's seeming lack of interest* I betcha he will! Whoever was doing this, and trying to implicate Pierce Lubeth was really, really clever.

Hmmmm ... And many of these items come from a man called

“Nightjar”. He was the author of the bird article.

But others are signed as from “Wolf”. That’s bizarre. Inspector Cakebread will be fascinated by *that* for sure!

And all achieved whilst your drowning victim was laughing at the antics of the Duke of Plaza-Toro.

[Looking up at Doogal with excitement and keenness]

You’ll *have* to phone *that* in!

Doogal merely gazes at Chrissie, amazed that she should possess the effrontery to suggest that Cairns should deepen his search for her!

END OF SCENE

III, Scene xi: The Queen Victoria Theatre, London

London, 2014: Thursday October 23rd 20:05 pm [Central time 06:35 hours next day]

Music: We are able to vaguely hear a tenor singing “Take A Pair Of Sparkling Eyes”. From that song onwards, we can almost hear the comic opera as it progresses.

In the darkness, a door opens. Three men (silhouetted against the dim hall light) step into a small dark office in the administrative wing of the prestigious Queen Victoria Theatre.

One of the men gropes for the antiquated light switch and snaps on the fluorescent light, which flickers for a few seconds. We can now make out Sergeant Doogal Cakebread (in a very flamboyant tropical shirt and shorts, with pork pie hat) and two older gentlemen (both looking aggrieved).

Gentleman #1 *put out* This is a very unusual request, Sergeant Cakebread. I’d have expected someone more senior in rank than yourself ...

Gentleman #2 goes immediately to a huge carousel containing mini DVDs, all meticulously titled and dated. He squints as he quickly scans through these mini DVDs with both index finger and eyes.

Doogal *unabashed* I realize that this is an extreme inconvenience for you at this time

of night, but my request relates to urgent Police business. I'm truly sorry to disturb you like this, but --

Gentleman #1 *waspishly* Judging by your attire, you've just come from a Hawaiian luau party.

Gentleman #2 October the ... ?

Doogal "The Gondoliers". The performance on the night of Wednesday, the 8th of October. I'm only interested in the surveillance camera situated in the foyer. The arrivals.

With pleased aspect, Gentleman #2 extracts a mini DVD and hands it to Doogal.

Gentleman #2 There you are! Our Mrs Grundy keeps the surveillance system in tip-top order.

Doogal Can I watch it here?

Doogal hands back the mini DVD. As the conversation flows, Gentleman #2 switches on a small screen, inserts the mini DVD and plays it.

Gentleman #2 Yes, of course.

Gentleman #1 *perplexed and aggrieved* Oh, for goodness sake! Why not take it with you and watch it back at the police station or wherever it is that you work?

Doogal's full attention is on the screen. We see past his shoulder the arrival of guests at the theatre as they mill about. It is when the theatre patrons actually go up to the usher at the door to present their tickets that the detail is strongest.

Doogal It's a bit grainy ... Not very clear ...

Gentleman #2 That'll be the fault of this antiquated old --

Gentleman #1 Which is why I suggest that you take the damn thing with you and let us get on with our work. You do realize that we **are** putting on a performance this evening, Sergeant.

Suddenly, Doogal brightens with real excitement. He points animatedly at the screen. Pierce Lubeth passes very close to the surveillance camera. He is meticulously dressed in evening wear. He smiles

superciliously at the usher as he hands over two tickets. Lubeth is accompanied by an attractive, stylish blonde.

Doogal *excited* There! Got it! That's the bit I want. Great work!

Doogal photographs the screen a couple of times using his mobile phone.

Doogal Are you able to copy this little spud for me?

Gentleman #2 But ... I thought that only the original would stand up in court ...
surprised

Doogal *very pleased* True! But listen!

Some time over the next few days, some other person (very probably a female – the one we just saw on the film) will call on you for this DVD and I want them to have the copy (got-up to imitate the real thing, of course).

But mind! They **must** sign for it **and** show positive ID (a driver's licence or some such thing). I've a hunch that the duplicate DVD will ultimately be destroyed but at least I'll have the real thing safely hidden.

The theatre gentlemen look at each other.

Gentleman #1 *annoyed* Oh, for God's sake, make the wretched copy for him and get him out of my sight.

Doogal *firm* And you have never seen me nor heard of me and I was never, ever here. Got it?

Gentleman #1 *has had enough* Would it were true, Sergeant, would it were true ...

END OF SCENE

III, Scene xii: The Police Station In Sharpneedle Street, London

London, 2014: Thursday October 23rd 20:21 pm [Central time 06:51 hours next day]

Music: No music.

A clean young constable (in uniform) works the desk on a busy night in inner London.

Suddenly, he frowns and looks about: someone is loudly saying "Pssst!" to his right.

There is Doogal Cakebread, still in mufti, urgently signalling to the desk constable, who goes to Doogal with hands on hips.

Constable *aghast* Blimey Teddy! What **do** you think you look like, Sergeant Doogal Benjamin Cakebread?

Doogal *urgent* I'm being cased – watched by a mole. Get Lance Whitney to meet me in the dinette. And I mean **now!**

[Sudden thought]

Oh! And label this as my property and stick it in the safe. And nobody (I don't care how senior) gets his or her mitts on that baby. Understand?

Doogal hands the mini DVD to the surprised constable.

Constable I'll tape it up in a brown envelope with "Internal Revenue" printed on it. No-one will be the slightest bit interested in it then.

🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊 **Break** 🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊

Police Sergeant Lance Whitney sits opposite Doogal (who at least has removed the pork-pie hat).

They are ensconced in the kitchen area of the Sharpneedle Street police station.

Doogal *very worked up* I've stripped off all my clothes and put on brand new ones. And all my new clobber is now padlocked in a strongbox in my bedroom. I dare not use my cell phone ... She's so frigging astute that she's probably put tracking devices on my stuff, and bugs on my collars

... Who knows? ... I bought a new wallet, just in case.

I'm totally sure that I was being watched. Every move.

Everything's got to be secret-secret on secret. Crawling through laundry chutes into alleyways. Christ! No phone calls, no emails – nothing!

Lance *laughing*

But you can't keep a secret. Never have done. Shivers! The Oolala-Hot-Goss web site keeps secrets better than you do, Doogs.

Doogal *honest about his failings*

Yes, well obviously that's why I was chosen as the bunny. What better way to keep in touch with the murder investigation than to case the garrulous brother of the man heading up the team?

Lance *nods*

You said "she". Do you know who the female is?

Doogal

Yeah, man! God! The most beautiful blonde that I want to screw like a machine. I'm telling you, she's an absolute knock-out.

Lance *grins knowingly*

Ah! So this is a cock trap. I getcha.

Doogal

What's worse, I gotta pretend that I haven't latched onto her scheme, otherwise she'll be chary of me. You know, it's very hard for me to be under cover as well as pretend not to be.

Lance

And if that Fright-Night costume you're wearing doesn't give her pause, then --

Doogal *urgent*

Look! I need you to do something for me.

Has anybody popped up suddenly on our database as being a criminal mastermind but then been discovered dead with nothing incriminating to show that he's a wrongun? Not necessarily in the UK, mind: I was wondering about Australia, Canada, South Africa

...

Especially if the bloke was drowned.

Lance *frowning*

You mean, apart from Lubeth?

Doogal Yeah. I want an earlier example of a model citizen, washed up (or dead by any means), who is subsequently discovered to have an interesting crime profile on our database.

And ... what would be Heaven is if there were to be a possible connection between that man's company and Lubeth's outfit.

Lance *shrugs* Okay. I'll see what I can drum-up.

Doogal points at Lance with emphasis.

Doogal *firm* And this is absolutely ultra-urgent, mate. I mean **now!**

Lance *nods* Sure! Are you going to wait here ... or ... ?

Doogal stands, shaking his head.

Doogal *thinking* I can't risk it. I can't risk it. So ... let's make it the "tap-tap-tap" routine.

Lance *shrugs* Okay.

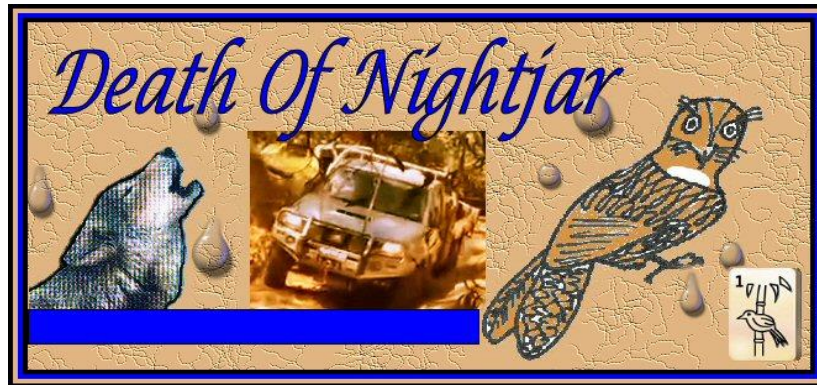
Doogal In half-an-hour, I'll start placing bets.

Lance No! Make it an hour. That'll give me time to be thorough.

And for God's sake, get yourself out of that wild get-up, will you?

END OF SCENE

END OF ACT III



ACT IV

IV, Scene i: In Eupotiponpon Trader Awaits News Of Brandon And Charles

Friday October 24th 2014, 07:05 hours Central time

[London time 20:35 hours previous day]

Music: The same "morning" theme played in ACT I, scene i, except that now it is played on the harmonica.

Trader stands on the verandah, smoking and looking about. A small flock of birds fly overhead.

The camera moves around behind Trader such that we can see what he sees: a cloud of dust on the horizon. It is Tamsin, the local policewoman, riding a divine black gelding. Just as Tamsin rides up, and Trader approaches to assist her in dismounting, a police car containing two uniformed policemen rocks up.

As dust swirls about in the early morning sunshine, the men and Tamsin stand about talking and coughing. We can only make out the odd sound. All we need to understand from this scene is that Murray GulGul and the two boys have not come home, and that the police are about to leap into action.

END OF SCENE

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IV, Scene ii: On The Road To The Escarpment And Murradurrabee

Friday October 24th 2014, 07:30 hours Adelaide (Central) Time

[London time 21:00 hours on the previous night]

Music: Starts with the Dags Theme, but this fades out.

Throughout Thursday night and into Friday morning, the driving arrangements were as follows:

- *BG Blouse drove the ute.*
- *Irish slept beside BG*
- *Googsie drove the wagon*
- *Kos slept beside Googsie*
- *Brandon and Charles slept on either side of Murray GulGul.*

Somewhere along the road breakfast was eaten, and then the driving arrangements became:

- *the ute is driven by Irish with BG asleep beside him*
- *the wagon is driven by Kos with Googsie wide-awake beside him and the three passengers in the back seat (now being awake).*

The road winds up towards the escarpment. Our camera is in the station wagon. Neither Kos nor Googsie wear seat belts.

On many occasions, Kos glances with disgust at Googsie. Kos is not happy with Googsie, because the latter has indiscriminately taken several drugs during his time in the driver's seat. The drugs were recreational, but he also took some anti-soporific drugs. Googsie now appears to be too buoyant and jumpy.

Googsie I gotta remember somethink ... somethink about a horse with a name like the name of a city. I'll get that squirt in the back to write it down when I remember it.

Kos fiddles with the buttons of the radio. All we hear is random static.

Kos Does this radio work? We need to hear the news.

Googsie ignores Kos. He is rolling a joint. Every so often, Googsie cranes his neck around to see what everyone is doing in the back of the car. Charles is writing his stories at great speed. Brandon and Murray GulGul simply look out at the scenery.

Goosie *laughing* I'm gonna give youse kids yer best lesson yet ... how to smoke a reefer. You'll be able to go back to yer fancy Pommie school and tell all the other kids that yuz took a puff with Goosie Carnegie.

That's not me real name, but. Me real name is Brett. But when the Sydney Morning Herald writes up me story, they'll have a big headline about Goosie.

Goosie chuckles to himself as he continues to roll the joint. Then he scrambles up in his seat, reaching back to offer Brandon the joint, with face beaming a foolish smile. It is Murray GulGul who pushes Goosie's hand away.

Murray *warning* You keep that one for yerself. Don't go givin' nothin' to the youngsters.

Goosie subsides, offended.

Goosie *low voice* Hey ... What are ya ... their father all of a sudden?
[Very aggressive]

Are you their dad? Are you their dad, are ya?

Kos *warning* That's enough. Behave yerself.

Goosie sees an arcane humour in his idea and laughs loudly.

Goosie *low voice* That's a funny one, eh? You look like their father and all, ya black cunt.

Kos *warning* Yeah, that'll do. Why don't ya have a sleep? Have a kip.

Goosie *to Kos* That horse ... what's its name? I gotta get that kid in the back that's always scribblin' away to write it down so I don't forget.

City in Europe. It run second in the Dalgety. Got to be a shoo-in for the Cup. What's its name?

Come on! What's its name, for fuck's sake? Gonna run in the Cox Plate termorrer. Shit! What the hell is it?

What's that "convention" thingy? What's the capital of Austria?

Charles *brightly* Vienna.

Goosie *confused* Nah ... that's not its name ... somethin' about a "convention" ...

Charles *trying to be helpful* Is it Geneva? The Geneva Convention?

Goosie is very pleased and excited.

Goosie *happy, to Charles* That's the fella! Make a note in yer open magnum there for me to back Geneva Convention in the Melbourne Cup. Next time we front up to a TAB, you wheel me out of this crate so's I can back that nag to win the Melbourne Cup. I'll make a motzer.

And we'll all whack our dosh on Vienna Convection or what the hell is it? in the Cox Plate. Just a flutter ... Just for fun ...

There is a moment's silence as the car continues to wind along the road. Goosie leans out of his open window, looking back towards the ute.

Goosie *wildly shouting* I got the winner of the Melbourne Cup. Plonk it all on Vienna – I mean, Geneva. It'll romp it in.

Kos *snarling* That'll do, ya dropkick. Get back in the car. You have to stop takin' those ratbag drugs. Your brain's meltin'.

Goosie Hey! Ya know what? We should play a car game to make this fuckin' winding stuff go much faster. We should play "Spotto". First one to spot a virgin with a shiny red bum gets the chockies.

Kos *frustrated and disgusted* Pull yer head in, Dickhead.

Once again, Goosie leans out of his open window, looking back towards the ute. As Goosie calls out, Kos berates him. Goosie and Kos speak at the same time.

Goosie and Kos speak at the same time:

| | |
|--|-----------------------------------|
| Goosie <i>out of control, shouting to the occupants of the ute</i> | <i>Kos angry</i> |
| We're gonna play "Spotto-The- | Cut it out, ya Dickhead! It's bad |

| | |
|---|---|
| Red-Bum-Virgin". First one to pork the virge gets a big fat Turkish Delight stuck up 'is bum. | enough havin' to drive this heap o' shit without you carryin' on like a galah. Settle down! |
|---|---|

Brandon and Charles look at each other and giggle. Googsie sits back down in his seat, chuckling to himself. He catches the boys' eyes and starts to laugh.

Googsie *excited* When they give out chokkies, I always dodge the Turkish Delights.
Hey! I know what this party needs! Me party trick.

Music: Exciting but funny, then kerthumping.

Googsie swings open his car door and leaps out, trying to repeat the previous episode. This time, the cars are going faster, and Googsie slips over as he grabs the side of the ute. Gritting his teeth, and with all his strength, Googsie heaves himself onto the ute tray, where he stands very unsteadily. About to execute a handstand, Googsie topples over the side of the ute and onto the road. He rolls out of sight of the road.

Googsie manages to stop his rolling motion by grabbing hold of saplings. Very much out of breath and laughing at his own stupidity, Googsie hauls himself up to standing position. The ground gives way under him and once again, Googsie topples over. He rolls down a very mild gradient towards a tiny creek. His head hits a rock, stunning him. Without gaining consciousness, Googsie slowly drowns, as his nose and mouth are covered by only a few centimetres of water.

The music grinds to a halt.

🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀 **Break** 🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀

Whilst Googsie slips into death, back up on the roadway, Irish and Kos look down into the undergrowth and scrub at the place where Googsie was last seen. Irish is concerned. Kos is very annoyed and angry.

Irish repeatedly yells out for Googsie in an effort to locate him, to find out if he is okay. We see BG go to the wagon to calm the boys. Then he wanders up to stand beside Kos. Murray GulGul is seen to step out of the car he is in. He seems to be squatting down examining stones and dirt.

[It is vital that we observe Murray GulGul here, even only in background.]

Kos *angry* Brainless wanker! So doped-up he doesn't have a clue.

Aw, just leave him there.

Irish We'd better go down there, mate. BG, you and I can find him and

--

Kos *belligerent* Why? What's the point? He's a useless as tits on a bull. We'll have to waste time findin' him, and then drag his useless carcass back up here.

BG *uncertain* But --

Kos *reasonable* We can't just leave our little friends there with the Koori, can we? We'd get back to the car and they'll have done a runner.

Leave that Googsie prick where he is. He'll crawl back to the road and some idiot will pick him up.

Irish *unsure* But --

Kos *with finality* He was more hindrance than help. We need to get moving. Better off without him.

The camera backs away as the three remaining Dags shuffle back to their respective cars and take off.

END OF SCENE

Aftermath of Googsie's Death

Heavenly music.

Once again, the scene is a superb view of lakes, mountains and glorious parklands on a sunny day.

Fluffy clouds (at ground level) move into focus to obscure the view. Wayno appears amongst the clouds, melodiously singing and playing his lyre.

Female *voice off* Ticket number R16, please.

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Goosie (uncertain) walks into centre stage and then past (to the other side of our view). He is dressed in pure white robes and has massive angel's wings on his back. He is clean-shaven and has beautiful long tresses under his halo. He carries a gold lyre in both hands. Goosie meanders back to centre stage.

Looking uncertainly at the camera, Goosie waves his queuing chit.

Goosie *unsure what to do* Do I give this to you ... or ... ?

Deep male voice *off* Describe yourself and your life's journey, please.

Goosie *overacting, as if interviewed by TV crew after a brawl* I'm Brett Carnegie and I turned 28 not that long ago. And I used to work as a storeman and packer, but I got turfed out for nickin' stuff. So now I just bludge on the dole and get pissed as often as I can.

I snuffed it because I was muckin' around on the back of a ute, and it's a bloody shame because I had a sure thing to back in the Melbourne Cup and I could've won a shitload of money.

Deep male voice *off* May I know your regrets?

Goosie tries to think for a moment.

Goosie *blinks in surprise* Yeah ... I just **told** ya!

END OF SCENE

IV, Scene iii: Doogal's Betting Foray At The London Casino

The Casino, 2014: Thursday October 23rd 21:32 hours [Central time 08:02 hours next day]

Music: None. The background noise of the busy, crowded Casino will be more than enough.

[This slightly amusing scene is included for its entertainment value and harks back to the measures taken by spies in 1960's British films. The television series "Get Smart" got much mileage out of this kind of farcical situation. Nevertheless, it looks and feels great if performed in all seriousness.]

The London Casino is very crowded at 9:30 pm on a Thursday evening in Autumn.

The gamblers and sight-seers barge about as they thread their paths this way and that. This is a scene of merriment, excitement and razzamatazz.

Our camera travels swiftly to the Turf Club area, where several gigantic screens bring the punters in touch with meetings all around the globe: horse racing, trotters and pacers and greyhounds. We can hear a Canadian voice inviting the punters to watch race 5 from Ingle Park.

Like the rest of the Casino, the Turf Club is filled with people of all types, milling around to lay bets. There is an extraordinary amount of noise.

Doogal is in a queue to place his bets. The betting window he has chosen has the aspect of being protected and blocked from general view. Doogal quietly studies a folded form guide.

On reaching the window, the spruced-up middle-aged ticket seller addresses Doogal.

Ticket seller *Any bets please, Sir?*

Doogal referring to his folded sheet *Er, yes. Robbergreen Track, race 2. I'll wager €10 on horse number 8 to win, thanks. And again at Robbergreen, I'll take €20 on jockey Nelson Bardell in the Pick-3. And that's it. Thank you kindly.*

As the lady presses buttons, she repeats back to Doogal the bets he has placed. At the exact same time, Lance Whitney (dressed in suit and tie) steps up behind the lady and quickly speaks to Doogal (who appears to be ignoring the interruption, as he continues to study his form guide).

Lance speaking very quickly and almost in a monotone *George Flemming (two "M"s) drowned July 2011. Fell from rowing boat. Worked for Lanyard Brothers, menswear. Manager. Blameless life.*

Using the biro behind his ear, Doogal scribbles on his form guide.

Doogal *appearing to ignore Lance* Sorry. I will lay another wager. Let's try Robbergreen again. Race 6. Horse 9, €10 to win. Jenkins 24-7.

Again, the lady presses buttons as she repeats back the betting information to Doogal. Again, Lance speaks over the top of the lady, from behind her.

Lance *speaking very quickly and almost in a monotone* The link is LUPUSWARE, third-party IT. LUPUS as in the Latin for "wolf". Can't trace girlfriend. No idea.

Lance quickly reaches over and inserts a photograph into the clutch of tickets in the ticket seller's hand. The lady passes the tickets (as well as the photo) across to Doogal. The latter takes the tickets and photo and stuffs them in his jacket pocket as he thanks the lady.

Lance wordlessly passes a €20 note to the lady, and then withdraws seamlessly. The ticket seller continues with her work as if nothing had happened.

Doogal saunters off in the manner of any punter, taking up a position in order to watch the races on the big screens, and chat jovially with other patrons.

🎬🎬🎬🎬🎬🎬🎬🎬🎬🎬🎬🎬🎬🎬🎬🎬🎬 **Break at 21:54** 🎬🎬🎬🎬🎬🎬🎬🎬🎬🎬🎬🎬🎬🎬🎬🎬🎬

Doogal sits on a toilet in the Gents at the Casino, studying the photograph which Lance indirectly handed to him.

The photograph shows a pleasant-looking middle-aged man sitting in a rowing boat on an ornamental lake, amongst a small group of happy people following the same pursuit. The man appears to be laughing. Flemming's companion has been circled by some member of the police force. She is a young woman, who could well be the same woman captured on the Queen Victoria Theatre surveillance film. Our camera focuses in on the photograph.

Doogal *pleased whisper* George Flemming (spelled with two "M"s) ... Lanyard Brothers men's and boys' wear ... IT professionals LUPUSWARE ...
"Lupus" as in the Latin for "wolf" ...

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

*Our camera quickly records Doogal leaving the Casino by various ruses, soon arriving at Jenkins 24-hour corner shop.*

~~~~~ **Break at 22:06** ~~~~~

Music: quirky.

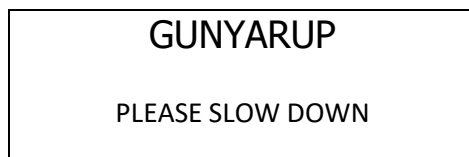
Doogal slips into the shop, carefully hiding behind shelves. Then he crawls under the counter where a pillow and blankets await him.

END OF SCENE

IV, Scene iv: The Outback Town Of Gunyarup

Friday October 24th 2014, 09:32 hours Adelaide (Central) Time

[London time 23:02 hours on the previous night]



Music: The music will be just whatever happens to be on any/all of the car radios. The didgeridoo will be heard where appropriate.

Whereas in ACT II, Scene v our two vehicles came from a southerly direction, going North, in this scene, our perspective is reversed. All vehicles in the Oz-Pom 4WD Bush Bash Rally will be travelling from a northerly direction, going South.

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Our camera is low to the ground and focuses on the road sign (obviously the counterpart to the road sign seen in ACT II). We can hear a murder of crows cackling. And flies buzzing. Otherwise, all is still.

Our camera arcs 180 degrees such that it is focused on the back of the road sign and remains low to the ground.

In far background, we see (and gradually hear) the approach of three 4WD vehicles. When the few male passengers step out of the vehicles, only their legs and boots or shoes are visible.

Australian male voice So what does it say? "Photograph the road sign in Gunyarup."

#1 *voice-off*

Australian male voice Your original one-horse town.

#2 *voice-off*

British male voice #1 Do we all have to be in the photo?

voice-off

We hear the sound of three photographs being taken.

Australian male voice Nuh. Just the sign.

#1 *voice-off*

Okay! Off we go.

The men pile back into the vehicles. Again, we only see their lower legs and footwear.

British male voice #2 What is that dreadful pong?

voice-off

British male voice #1 I can't smell anything. But then, I suffer from sinusitis.

voice-off

British male voice #3 Quick now, lads! I can just make out our main rivals hot on our tail.

The three 4WD vehicles move on.

The camera stays at the same level.

In far background, we see (and gradually hear) the approach of the two 4WD vehicles belonging to Team Gladiator. Again, when all four male passengers step out of the vehicles, only their legs and boots or shoes are visible.

Gordon Junior quickly gets into position and twice snaps the requisite photograph with his cell phone.

Gordon Junior *voice-off* "Photograph the road sign in Gunyarup." Done! Tick that off, Davo.

Troy *voice-off* Oh, come on everyone. Get a group photo of us all to send home to Mum and Dad.

Three of the men can be seen to group about the back of the sign (right near our camera).

Gordon Junior *voice-off* Except for me, of course, as I'm our ace photographer.

Two clicks can be heard.

Gordon Junior *voice-off* No matter how hard I try, I simply can't make you look good in a photo, Dillon. Of course, I could always Photolab it ...

We hear a chuckle from the men. Dillon swaps places with Gordon Junior.

Dillon *voice-off* This one will be just the Poms. Have you all noticed that you're no longer the lily-white cissies you were when you arrived? I think we should keep a running timeline of your suntans.

More laughter. Another two clicks are heard. The men appear to be climbing back into the cars.

Gordon Junior *voice-off, tone of disgust* Aw! Gust of breeze from the direction of that hovel over there. God! That is gross!

Troy *voice-off, tone of disgust* That's "pass the barf-bag" territory. Something's died, for sure.

Dillon *voice-off* Good guess! And you win the box of chocolates.
I'll get the spade and bury it, whatever it is.

Dillon moves to the back of the first 4WD, to open the tailgate and extract the spade. Meanwhile, the men who had climbed into the cars step back out onto the road.

David *voice-off* Will it take long?

Dillon is already moving in the direction of the old garage.

Dillon *voice-off* You've seriously never dug a hole and buried something before, have you?

Have a cuppa while you wait.

We can see by the movement of legs and feet that the other three men are about to take Dillon's advice.

Troy *voice-off* The Britisher abroad ... Always prepared with a scalding hot cup of tea in a tartan thermos ...

Ah! And a few fruity scones which were offered to us by that nice lady at --

We hear Dillon running back to the group at speed.

David *voice-off* Christ! That was quick!

Gordon Junior *voice-off* Are you alright? You look ratshit.

Dillon *voice-off, breathless and distressed* Bodies ... Human bodies ... I'll phone the cops. Bloody crows! It's sickening what they do ...

Troy *voice-off, alarmed* Bodies? What ... Dead bodies?

Gordon Junior *voice-off* Goodness me, what other kind of bodies could there be?

Dillon, what happened?

Dillon *voice-off* Yes? Hello? It's Dillon Bradley here, from Eupotiponpon. Yes, I'm Jack Bradley's second son.

Look! I'm on the Oz-Pom 4WD rally, and one of our instructions was to take a photo of the road sign at Gunyarup. You know that old rundown garage here? Okay, well there's a couple of bodies in the garage. Both male. Dead only one or two days, I'd reckon.

One bloke appears to have been electrocuted. The other was a very old man who's been shot. Looks like a cartridge lying by the body.

Yes, I'll stay here.

David *voice-off* This is ... um ...

Dillon *voice-off* You blokes keep going. No sense in losing your place in the rally because of me.

There are general expostulations of “Nonsense”, “Wouldn’t dream of leaving you”, and so on.

In the far background, more 4WD vehicles from the rally approach.

END OF SCENE

IV, Scene v: The Wolf (Helen Reade) Wonders Why No Calls

London, 2014: Thursday October 23rd 23:19 hours [Central time 09:49 hours next day]

Music: None.

[Refer back to ACT III, scene viii. We have already seen the recording device in action, and this scene puts this scenario more into focus.]

We are situated in a superb apartment with “to-die-for” views of London at night. The external lights of London illuminate this scene dimly.

The layout of this apartment is open plan. Our camera makes its way to a stylish office-cum-bedroom. With the glass study table in focus, we find state of the art laptop and surveillance equipment. Everything is turned on, but there does not appear to be any current data traffic. However, it must be evident that a bright green light is ON.

A luxurious Persian cat jumps onto the study table and investigates the expensive equipment. Helen’s arm reaches over to stroke the cat.

Helen *voice off* Where has all the action gone, Kitty-Cat?

Where has the man disappeared to? Goofy Doogal?

The cat purrs loudly, snuggling into Helen’s hand.

Helen *voice off* I believe that Goofy might have slipped his leash, Kitty-Cat.

Mmmm? And where is Mr Powerboy? What do you think?

END OF SCENE

IV, Scene vi: The Outback Town Of Gunyarup

Friday October 24th 2014, 09:56 hours Adelaide (Central) Time

[London time 23:26 hours on the previous night]

Music: The music will be just whatever happens to be on any/all of the car radios. The didgeridoo will be heard where appropriate.

Many 4WD vehicles which have been entered in the Oz-Pom Bush Bash Rally now congregate on the main road of Gunyarup. The police helicopter arrives at 09:56 (Central time), followed closely by the Channel 9 chopper.

Gordon Junior looks about at the parked cars and amazed spectators.

Gordon Junior *joyial* Why don't we set up a tea-trolley and make some brass?

Those around Gordon Junior chuckle. We can hear random and scattered comments, mostly asking what is going on.

Dillon is hanging around (closer to the garage than the other people). The SOC people jog across the paddock from the chopper to the garage. One policeman stops to interview Dillon. We see all this from a distance.

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

At 10:12 Central Time, inside the garage, Wayno's body is closely investigated by the Pathology people (who all wear full protective gear). Wayno's wallet is extracted from the back pocket of his jeans. We watch a young man working through the wallet whilst wearing the full SOC protective gear including rubber gloves. The young man pulls out the "Wolf" email, and with some difficulty, unfolds it.

END OF SCENE

IV, Scene vii: The Homestead of Jack and Fiona Bradley, Eupotiponpon

Friday October 24th 2014, 10:17 hours Adelaide (Central) Time

[London time 23:47 hours on the previous night]

No ransom demand has been received and no news has yet reached Eupotiponpon of any kidnapping plot but that is what appears to be the case (Trader having received such a huge payout). It is now beyond doubt that the boys are missing (possibly abducted) but are in the company of Murray.

No music.

Tamsin Somerton is dressed in her South Australian police uniform (that of a constable). She stands beside Fiona on Jack's verandah. The two ladies anxiously watch Trader pacing about. Joe Wright (an older policeman) stands with arms akimbo: he too watches Trader.

Joe This native male ... The elder ... this chap who apparently went off with Brandon: he's not in on some plot or other, is he?

Trader, Tamsin and Fiona quickly decry that idea. Abashed, Joe shrugs.

Joe I only thought ... They've been gone nearly 30 hours. No-one has seen nor hide nor hair of them.

Trader does not respond.

Joe *decisive* Look! The current status is that no hint of any malfeasance has come to light. Until that happens, all we can do is try to find the boys from the air and from the ground. I'll recommend a State-wide search.

Fiona *nodding* That's best, I believe. Let's do something, not nothing ...

Trade *vehement* They can't have been taken ... they **can't** ...

END OF SCENE

IV, Scene viii: The Outback Town Of Gunyarup (continued)

Friday October 24th 2014, 10:28 hours Adelaide (Central) Time

[London time 23:58 hours on the previous night]

Music: The music will be just whatever happens to be on any/all of the car radios. The didgeridoo will be heard where appropriate.

A police 4WD has arrived on the scene with traffic lights flashing. Dillon has moved back to stand with the rest of Team Gladiator. Many of the 4WD spectators have pushed on to rejoin the rally.

At 10:28, a uniformed policeman jogs over to where Dillon stands, carrying the Wolf email printout in a protective plastic evidence bag.

Policeman *to all the men in general* Dillon Bradley?

Dillon Yeah, that's me.

The policeman nods, then hands the protected email printout to Dillon for his inspection.

Policeman Does this mean anything to you? This mail mentions a Trader Bradley and a Brandon Bradley. It was retrieved from the wallet of one of the deceased men: from the younger one.

Dillon is puzzled both by the email and by the fact that his brother and nephew are mentioned. He shakes his head as he reads the sheet.

Dillon *perplexed* Trader's my elder brother ... Brandon's his son ... But ...
"Dear Puissance". Who is Puissance?

Policeman Did you recognize either of the deceased when you entered the premises?

Dillon *really confused* No, no ... But it says here "kidnapping" ...
I've had my phone with me all the time, and always charged up. No-one from my family has rung to tell me that Brandon's been kidnapped. That's just ridiculous.

Policeman We believe that the older male was the resident owner of the garage. The other male has been informally identified as Wayne

Carnegie from Sydney. Have you heard that name before?

Dillon No.

Policeman Have you received any unusual phone calls lately, or has anyone made any threats against any member of your family?

Dillon No. No. Nothing like that. As far as I know.

Look! My brother Trader (who's mentioned in this email) has just won a huge legal case. Been going on for years. That's why his son was in Australia. Brandon's English. There was a ginormous payout. We're talking about millions of dollars.

Policeman Could I get your brother's phone number from you, please? I'd like to assure myself that the boy is safe.

Dillon Yeah, sure. I'll ring and give them a quick heads-up, then I'll hand the phone to you.

Dillon whips out his mobile phone and begins to dial.

END OF SCENE

IV, Scene ix: The Homestead of Jack and Fiona Bradley, Eupotiponpon (continued)

Friday October 24th 2014, 10:39 hours Adelaide (Central) Time

[London time 00:09 hours]

No music.

Tamsin sits on the front steps of Jack's verandah. Trader (utterly distraught) has dropped onto one of the lower steps. He now has his head buried in Tamsin's lap, trying to master his overwhelming grief and despair. He continually groans in distress, whispering "No!" at intervals. Tamsin does her best to comfort Trader: cooing softly and rubbing his back and shoulders.

Joe is in full flight on a mobile phone, mainly responding "Yep" and "Nuh" to some voice that we do not hear..

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Fiona exits the house via the flywire door. She bears a mug of tea for Trader.

Fiona *to Tamsin* Are you sure you don't want one, Dear?

Fiona places the steaming mug of tea within reach. Tamsin shakes her head. Fiona looks enquiringly at Joe who also shakes his head.

Tamsin I'll just have a sip of this one, if I'm desperate.

[Encouraging Trader]

Come on, mate. There's a cup of tea here. It'll make you feel better.

Trader does not respond.

Tamsin *looks about for inspiration* If I was stuck in the bush for any reason, the one person I'd want with me is Murray GulGul. No-one better ...

Joe We're kind of stuck: no hint of any ransom note has come to light. Until that happens, our manhunt is ground only. Just got the word from on high.

There's been a total blanket ban on air searches. The top dogs are concerned about the "disposition of the abductors": a low-flying plane might spook them into doing something rash. But we just don't know ... It's all vague guesswork.

Fiona *nodding* Something will break.

Judging by Trader's renewed sobs, Joe's summary and his mother's consoling comment have failed to hit the intended target.

END OF SCENE

[Please refer to Special Notes for a summary of where we stand at this juncture.]

IV, Scene x: Doogal Sleeps Under The Counter Of Jenkins 24-7 Corner Shop

London, 2014: Friday October 24th 01:10 hours [Central time 11:40 hours]

Music: No music until notified at end of scene.

Police Sergeant Doogal Cakebread of New Scotland Yard crawls under the counter of Jenkins 24-7 (inner London) at 22:06 on Thursday night. By 22:10, Doogal is sound asleep.

Outside, the London traffic is always busy, even in the depths of night. Not long after midnight, the store is devoid of customers. A noisy group of drunken revellers staggers by the shop, singing and laughing immoderately.

The wall telephone rings. An old Indian (Abu) hobbles gustily to the phone, which he answers.

Abu irritable Hello. Jenkins 24-7 corner store. Abu is speaking. What do you want?

[Pause]

Oh, just a minute, will you?

Abu, extremely annoyed, gives Doogal a sharp kick. We hear an "Oomph!" coming from Doogal. Abu passes the handset to him. Then Abu shuffles off, swearing under his breath. The camera drops down to Doogal's level, watching him drag himself from sleep to answer the call.

Doogal thick with sleep Yeah? Who is this?

The screen splits in such a way that we can see both Doogal (lying back on his pillow under the counter) and Lance (also on a makeshift bed within the hermetically-sealed area of New Scotland Yard). Both are looking sleep-deprived, tousled and unshaven.

Lance Lance Whitney. Your favourite drinking buddy. Is it safe for you to talk?

Doogal still groggy Yeah ... Yeah ... I s'pose it is ...

Lance We received a call from Australia. A bloke was killed accidentally during some kind of arms heist. Out in the bush, in the desert.

He had an email in his pocket, in his wallet. It was sent recently from Connor, Lubeth, Greene and Tyhe. Signed "The Wolf".

He/she was planning to kidnap some rich guy's kid. An English

boy, but the father's an Ozzie.

Doogal *worried* Kidnap, did you say?

Lance Yes, a kid: a British kid. He's missing along with his half-brother (also British).

Doogal *looks doubtful*.

Lance Chrissie Misselton is very keen to see you. We've gone over her with a fine toothed comb. She's clean as a whistle, Old Cock.

Tang's IT man is pure genius: he totally knew what to look for. He doesn't believe that she's our villain at all. But ...

I'm sending her over with a dedicated female escort who's vowed to never leave her side.

Doogal *sad*
afterthought Not that that matters anymore. I mean, she's hardly going to listen-in on herself, is she?

Alright, then ... I'll bring the curtain down on her. We've enough evidence to put her away for several years.

Lance *chuckling* The little minx.

Doogal It's not funny! She's murdered two innocent men. Maybe more ... It will be a pleasure to cuff her.

Lance *grinning* Give her a dusting while you're at it.

Doogal *unamused* Will you leave it alone, Man? I don't do violence on women, you know that, no matter how much they deserve it.

Lance *somewhat*
abashed I was only --

Doogal *strongly* Look, mate! Can't you see that I'm cut-up about this? I have had very tender feelings for this chick and now you want me to rough her up?

Lance Sorry ... no, don't use unnecessary force.

Doogal I won't.

Lance And good luck.

Doogal *really down* Ta ...

Lance's section of the split-screen dissolves. Doogal climbs out from under the counter, stretches, and then drags out a battered overnight bag. Quickly, Doogal rescues his shaving gear and comb.

🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊 **Break** 🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊

Chrissie and her stolid female attendant (a policewoman in uniform) have entered the store and moved to the back next to the milk fridge. Doogal joins them: aloof, untouchable.

Chrissie's explanation (in the following speech) is the right one: this is indeed how The Wolf operated without detection.

Chrissie Since we last met, I've been locked down with some real IT boffins, and other nerds scattered about. We think that this is what happened at the legal place where Lubeth was one of the partners, and at the men's clothing store (vis-a-vis Flemming).
In both cases, we think that a trusted third-party has been given limited access to the LAN (most probably via off-site remote access) for some trusted person to perform some legitimate business work. And then that person has planted a bomb. Not a "bomb" bomb (one that explodes), but you know: like a fertilized egg in the desert waiting for years for the right weather and then – **bam!**

Basically, the bomb installs a thing called a parasitic slave. It can work in the background, moving from account to account as required. It even works when everything else (including the LAN itself) is shut down, at the behest of the person who installed it. That person can send emails, copy or destroy any documents, move things about ... So long as he can keep one step ahead of

the enemy, he can --

Doogal You speak of "he" ... a male ... But could it have been a woman who did all this?

Chrissie had not thought of this. She screws her lips to indicate deep thought.

Chrissie Um ... Yes ... I guess ...

Doogal A woman like you, Chrissie?

Chrissie is surprised, and then shocked.

Chrissie Me? Are you serious?! But --

Doogal *smug* You made your first big mistake when we met at Lubeth's office. You were coy about Russell, and you spoke about his "family".

Chrissie *blushing* So?

Doogal *in caressing tone* "Kin". Russell **always** calls his relations his "kin". You missed that. Which meant that you **hadn't** spoken to Russell at all. You were lying.

This tactic on Doogal's behalf has thrown Chrissie. She looks about the store, as if for inspiration.

Chrissie *scared* I can explain.

Doogal *very low* He calls them his "kin", Chrissie. You gave yourself away.

Chrissie is appalled that Doogal should doubt her sincerity.

Chrissie Will you listen to yourself!? I've been up all night trying to assist you with your work.

Doogal steps closer. Suddenly (for Chrissie) the penny drops. She points at the policewoman.

Chrissie *alarmed* Is that what this is all about? You bastard, Cakebread!

Doogal *smooth* His "kin" ... And you worked for many months at LUPUSWARE. A significant factor that connects you to both murders.

Chrissie *stunned into telling the truth* Doogal! Russell is cheating on his wife with my sister. If you'd known about that you would have Tweeted it and blabbed it to all and sundry. If I was "coy" (as you call it), there was a

damn good reason. I'd just been arranging the secret rendezvous. Russell may be a cad, but at least he's trying not to hurt his wife. And, besides, just about every IT jerk in London worked at some time or another for LUPUSWARE. It was the *ne plus ultra* training ground.

Doogal hands to Chrissie a photograph.

Chrissie *puzzled*

What's this?

Doogal

There's you with Pierce Lubeth queuing to attend "The Gondoliers" on the evening of October 8th. You have no alibi ...

Chrissie *appalled*

That's not me! That's nothing like me! Look! I'm much taller than that. Look at my bust! Her tits are half the size of mine. And I would never, **ever** wear **that** sort of scarf with **that** dress. It's awful. This bird has the fashion sense of a gnat.

How **dare** you think that that was me!

In acute anger, Chrissie shoves the offending photo back at Doogal, who shamefacedly shows Chrissie the other photo, taken with George Flemming on the lake.

Chrissie *angry*

Agh! You moron! That is **so** not me.

[Turns on Doogal, scathing]

As if I am so hard-up for male companionship that I'd be seen in a public place with **that** old fossil. You make me laugh, Cakebread.

Doogal

Then who?

Chrissie

How should I bloody-well know?

Doogal

Chrissie! If it's not you, then I urgently need to know who it is. She's murdered two innocent men.

Chrissie

I simply cannot believe that you –

Music: Becomes gradually more in evidence. The music is haunting, "something-is-about-to-happen".

Suddenly, Chrissie snatches back the photos to stare at them. Judging by her face, she may have recognized the young woman in the photos. She looks sharply at her female attendant (as if for moral support) and then back at Doogal.

Chrissie *wondering* Maybe it's ... No, it can't be ... Not in a million years ...

But ...

I know who'll know. Are you able to visit a prisoner?

Doogal Yes. Absolutely.

Chrissie I'm thinking of Jacob Morray. He's possibly your best source on who did what/when/where with LUPUSWARE.

Doogal What did he go up for?

Chrissie Oh ... Erm ... It was something like improper use of company funds and using fraud and deception in his dealings with the public. Something like that, anyway ...

Doogal Okay.

Doogal takes a sharp breath, as if he has just realized something important.

Doogal I just had a nasty thought. If it's not **you** who's the mole, then there's still someone out there in Greater London who is. And he/she is watching my every move. I need to know what I'm up against.

🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀 **Break** 🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀

Location: A lightning visit to Jacob Morray in prison.

We see a close-up of an unshaven, tousled, sleepy man (that is, Jacob) staring at the two photos.

When Jacob speaks, it is to a uniformed policeman (not Doogal).

Jacob *thickly* Yeah ... Yeah ... That could well be her ... Looks very different when she's scrubbed-up, but that could well be her ...

Cyndie *fires up* How can you be lost? You've 83 maps, a GPS thingummy, and helpful advice which you choose to ignore.

Cyndie frumps, folding her arms and looking out of her window in a withering temper. The three men grin in a show of male camaraderie.

Colin *brightening* I'm enjoying this bleak, unattractive scenery, I must say. Takes a chap back to his ancestral roots. Once, we all donned animal skins and stomped about in acreage just like this. Kill or be killed it was. That right there encompasses our "Team Cavalier" spirit. My primitive inner man is gurgling up to the surface.

The other men chuckle; Cyndie humphs in disgust.

Warren Just make sure that your effervescent "inner man" doesn't soil the upholstery. This car is a loaner.

Simon leans forward, alert. He points at the windscreen.

Simon Talking of "going native", what or rather who is that lying on the ground just ahead of us?

🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀 **Break** 🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀

Our camera is now stationed up the rise, just about where Googsie lost his balance and toppled down the scree into the creek bed. It is Googsie's body which the members of Team Cavalier have come across, only four hours after his death.

From our vantage point, we see the 4WD vehicle pull up. We see the occupants step out of the vehicle, staring in disbelief at Googsie's dead body.

Colin squats beside Googsie, to feel for a pulse. The following conversation is heard from afar, with appropriate actions as per the dialog. During the conversation, we shall see Warren making a phone call from his mobile phone.

Simon *voice-off* And what is your professional diagnosis?

Colin *voice-off* Dead. Quite recently.

Warren *voice-off* Give me an exact time, please.

Colin *voice-off* Bollocks! I'm not a pathologist. Just a struggling local GP.

Cyndie *voice-off, with heavy irony* And what did he die of, Darling?

Colin *voice-off* Do you know, Sweetheart, I'm putting his death down to loss of life. But I'm quite willing to bow to a second opinion.

[Shamefaced pause]

I'm sorry, Darling. This poor fellow drowned in the tiniest puddle of water. I shouldn't joke about this ... fellow human being. Quite bad luck, too, in such dry country. Finding the only puddle and then ...

Cyndie *voice-off* Look closely at his hands: those are the mitts of a manual labourer, nothing surer. Not very prepossessing ...

I'll take a couple of snaps of him. Not being ghoulish, of course: rather, I'm ensuring that the police see just what we found. Coroner's Inquest ... I expect that you'll be the star turn, Colin.

Warren *voice-off* Yeah, hi. My name's Warren Barlow. I'm on the 4WD rally. I'm stuck in a creek bed –

[Slight pause]

No! I'm not ringing for that! Sorry, we've come across a recently deceased man.

Yes, I do. I'll just get you the co-ordinates.

From our camera position a long way from the action, we see the party move back to the vehicle.

Colin *voice-off* And perhaps the local rozzers (when they arrive on the scene) might be able and willing to guide us out of this gully. So that will render an upside to this "*Et hic defunctus est*" scenario.

END OF SCENE

IV, Scene xii: The International Meeting Held By Superintendent Angela Miller

Friday October 24th 2014, 12:47 hours Adelaide (Central) Time

[London time 02:17 hours]

Music: No music.

Instead of a split-screen, we shall use this device (since this is a teleconference):--

- *When Angela is in focus, she will be shown on an LCD screen which is being watched by Chrissie, Doogal, Lance and Nunzio Salvatore (Louis Tang's genius IT sidekick, who washes too infrequently for Louis's taste). They are all ensconced in the sealed room at NSY.*
- *When these British people talk, they will stay in main focus, and we shall assume that Angela and her people are able to keep in touch with the NSY side (by similarly watching an LSD screen).*

Angela on the LCD
screen

I'm Superintendent Angela Miller from Adelaide, and I've called this urgent telecon to discuss the discovery of a deceased male at an outback hamlet called Gunyarup. The deceased was Wayne Carnegie, 38 of Sydney. Mr Carnegie was known to various police bodies in Australia: he had prior form in New South Wales, Victoria and my state, which is South Australia.

Angela shuffles a couple of papers, then holds up the printed email found on Wayno's body, complete with plastic sleeve. We can see that the NSY contingent all read their copy of the email.

Angela

Are you all able to view the scanned and faxed copy of the email?

Okay. We think that the "Dear Puissance" is probably addressed to a high-flyer in the company Rougier and Sykes. He is Allen Sykes who used the boxing name of "Power" in his younger days. He is not **the** Sykes of Rougier and Sykes; he's a cousin. The real CEO is Tom Sykes. I hope I'm not pushing it too far, but "Power" translates into French as "Puissance".

There is some restless movement amongst the telecon participants, and more paper shuffling.

Angela on the LCD screen The other gentleman named there (fully qualified engineer Mr Trader Bradley) won a court case as recently as this Wednesday. He had sued Rougier and Sykes (his former employer) with maliciously and mischievously terminating his employment in order to malign him and ruin his career. Apparently, Mr Bradley was effectively shut out of everything; so they did a pretty good job of mud-slinging there.

However, on Wednesday, Mr Bradley was awarded damages well over \$7 million. The findings against Rougier and Sykes made stunning reading.

Anyway, immediately we have a huge impetus for this Allen Sykes to have made an attack on Mr Bradley's son.

Lance I'm sorry, Angela, but how can we connect the body at Gunyarup with this Allen Sykes?

Angela on the LCD screen Yes, the tie-in with Mr Carnegie's wallet and this email we're looking at here was that we believe that Mr Allen Sykes was robbed quite recently. He did *not* report to police that his wallet was stolen. On the other hand, he contacted his bank on Friday to have three of his cards cancelled. No reason given. If the email was in that wallet, it might have been of interest to Mr Carnegie.

Further, some of our people have converged on the hamlet of Eupotiponpon; they are searching for the boy named in the email, along with his half-brother and an Aboriginal elder (known to be an experienced bush man and expert tracker). The two boys are British subjects, holidaying with Brandon's grandparents.

More restless movement.

Angela on the LCD screen So, to all intents and purposes the kidnap plot which was being orchestrated by this Puissance at the behest of someone known as "Wolf" has in fact gone ahead, but without the guidance of Mr

Carnegie (who may well have taken over the plot, but who is now deceased).

To be brief, we're at a complete standstill, as we don't know which way these people are jumping.

Lance

Thanks, Angela.

Sergeant Doogal Cakebread and I have been investigating the person calling herself "The Wolf" and believe that we have established an identity. Her name is Helen Reade. The cloak of eaves-dropping which she has thrown over us is so wide-reaching that we're all shitting ourselves (pardon my French) and dare not move out of this room.

Nunzio

I work with Louis Tang, and I can confirm that this chick has really stitched us up.

Doogal

My brother's plane lands in Sydney in about seven hours' time. I must impress upon everyone that it is highly likely – **extremely** likely! -- that the mobile phones used by Cairns and Louis Tang will have been tapped by the Wolf.

My intention is to somehow contact the flight crew on that plane in order to alert my brother and Senior Detective Tang of the need for them to maintain phone blackout.

On the LCD screen, we see Angela being handed a sheet of paper, which she quickly reads.

Nunzio

And then we'll have to come up with a nifty ploy such that we can catch --

Angela on the LCD
screen

Ah! Sorry, gentlemen. I have just been handed some urgent news.

A further body has been discovered in the outback, in a dry creek bed. Seems that the male deceased was the younger brother of the guy who was electrocuted at Gunyarup.

Now, it was assumed that this brother had made his way to the creek bed from up the roadway. So, when some people checked

up on the road, it seems that Murray GulGul (the elder that I mentioned before) left some cryptic messages in the dirt on the verge. The tracker who found them was himself trained by Murray, so he knew what to look for.

And what Murray has indicated is not good news. The two boys are in danger, he states. One of the kidnappers is going off his head, apparently (I don't know how you get that across in sign language). But at least he has indicated that the ute and another car are heading towards the escarpment. So northwards.

Anyway, that's our current position.

All parties break into comment-mode. Angela speaks loudly to be heard.

Angela on the LCD
screen

I want to recap before we break off.

I'll leave you blokes in London to get on with arresting this Wolf woman.

We'll co-ordinate the manhunt for these two British boys as quietly as possible, so as not to further disturb the "head-case".

Chrissie

Thanks Angela.

Doogal

Some of us will have to grab some nigh-nighs: we've been at it all night. And frankly, we're for the knacker's yard in this state.

Lance

Plus which ... We ought to refer to our two top bobbies who are still in the air.

Angela on the LCD
screen

When does their plane land, again?

Doogal *scratches head*

Lands about 9.00 am our time, doesn't it? Your time that would be --

Angela on the LCD
screen *briskly*

Add 10 and a half hours ... So that makes it 7.30 pm my time in Adelaide.

You're right ... About seven hours ... And you'll contact the crew

with the phone block-out message. Fine!

Nunzio

I'll keep watching our Wolf girl via my laptop. I've naturally planted a "see-all-eye" on her watch. She makes any move whatsoever, I'm onto it. Also, to keep you in the picture, if Ms Reade should choose to close down her operation due to frustration or fear, I'll instantly take over the mantle of "Wolf" and mimic her address.

Lance *sceptical*

I wish I understood half the stuff you say, Boyo ...

🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊 **Break** 🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊

When the connection is over, Angela looks towards an unseen person in the room with her.

Angela

Trader Bradley is utterly distressed, as you can imagine. However, I had most interesting conversations with the British parents. They don't seem too concerned.

It's quite weird. They almost laughed. They both claimed (separate phone calls) that the boys would soon be released, and that the abductors would want to pay **them** to take young Charles Allendale (the half-brother) off their hands!

What do you make of that?

END OF SCENE

IV, Scene xiii: In The Deep Outback, In The Bush, A Natural Toilet

Friday October 24th 2014, 15:02 hours Adelaide (Central) Time

[London time 04:32 hours]

Music: Just the natural bush sounds, interspersed with the didgeridoo. Some musical accompaniment is heard with the school song.

Charles is found to be about to have a serious toilet break. He is crouched in the bushes, with Murray GulGul, BG Blouse and Brandon hovering nearby.

Murray GulGul You finished yet?

Charles *grunting* It would help if we sing.

BG Blouse *disdainful* Not that bloody school song again.

Charles *in pain* Yes! It's very rousing.

Murray GulGul smiles and shrugs.

Murray Well, it's a shit song ... so ...

Brandon giggles.

Charles *encouraging* Come on, boys! Sing it with gusto!

The two men (who are unsure of the words but do the best they can) sing as the two boys (sweet treble voices) burst into the Whitefriar's school song. As they complete the song, Charles finishes his business, and proudly strides out of the bush.

| | | |
|--|-----------------------------------|--|
| <u>The Whitefriar's School Song</u> | The noble boys who went before | Come mountain range or far-flung shore |
| Stand tall you sons of Whitefriar's | Their courage did not fail. | When vicious foe assail |
| To sing our fine school song. | From Whitefriar's halls and ovals | Steady, boys! Stand tall, stand tall |
| Stride out on learning's pathway | O'er roughest seas would sail. | Our courage will not fail. |
| With friends we'll keep lifelong. | | Whitefriar's forever will shine! |
| | | Whitefriar's forever will shine! |

Charles looks at his companions and then sprints off.

Charles *as he speeds* Race you to the wagon!

off

Brandon tears off in pursuit of Charles. Murray GulGul laughs fondly. BG grins but shakes his head.

BG *laments*

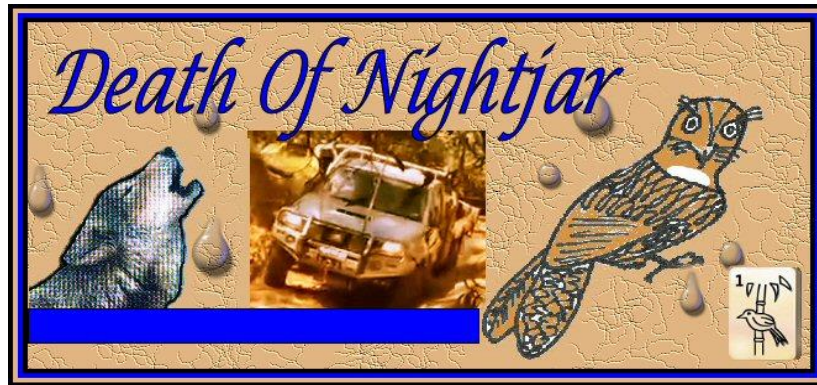
Christ! I can't wait until this is all over. That kid makes kidnappin'
hard yakka.

END OF SCENE

END OF ACT IV

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ACT V

Readers are warned that the level of violence, bad language, blasphemy and storyline may cause discomfort.

V, Scene i: Approaching Sydney International Airport, On Flight Q903

Friday October 25th 2014, 19:17 hours Adelaide (Central) Time [London time 08:47 hours]

No music.

Air Commodore William Pendlebury is happily chatting with the flying crew in the cockpit.

To the side and rear of the cockpit, a younger crewmember wears headphones. He scribbles a message onto a memo pad. Taking the sheet of paper and removing his headphones, this crewmember adroitly leaves the cockpit. Our camera follows him as he climbs the stairs to the First-Class cabin. We continue to follow him as he locates Louis Tang and Cairns Cakebread. These gentlemen are idly chatting. They break off, looking at the crewmember. He leans forward such as to speak to the two policemen privately.

Crewmember *low,*
hushed tones

I do apologize, Gentlemen, for disturbing you.

We've received an urgent communication regarding a situation which exists in relation to your current police investigation.

When we land shortly, I'll escort you both to a debriefing room where the situation will be explained to you.

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Meanwhile, New Scotland Yard has advised that you are ***not*** under any circumstances to switch on your mobile phones or any other telecommunication devices when we land.

Both Louis and Cairns are surprised and shocked.

Crewmember Apparently there's been some kind of serious security breach. As I said, you'll be debriefed on landing. Thank you for your co-operation, Gentlemen.

END OF SCENE

Qantas flight Q903 duly lands at Sydney International Airport on Friday October 24th at:

- *19:54 ADST*
- *19:24 Central time*
- *08:54 GMT*

Rather than attempt to fly out to South Australia so late in the day, and following such a long haul from the UK, Air Commodore William Pendlebury elects to spend the night in a Sydney hotel, overlooking the magnificent harbour.

Inspector Cakebread and Senior Detective Louis Tang are escorted to the debriefing room at the airport as previously advised.

V, Scene ii: The Wolf Becomes Suspicious And Closes Down The Surveillance Operation

London, 2014: Friday October 24th 09:08 hours [Central time 19:38 hours]

Music: Layback mood music is heard very softly in the background.

The scene is the same as for ACT IV, Scene v (above), except that the window of the apartment looks out upon a bleak, rainy London morning. The same surveillance equipment buzzes along. Again, the green light must be clearly visible. However, the laptop screen now shows (in large enough font that we can read it):--

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Flight Q903 LANDED

The plane having landed at 08:54 am (GMT), Helen would have assumed that the two British police officers would by now (after some 14 minutes) be clear of the plane and be busy phoning around to find out the current status of the Lubeth drowning investigation.

With the fingers of one hand, Helen Reade drums on the glass study table, to indicate that she is annoyed, frustrated and about to reach a momentous decision. We (the audience) are now aware of her identity as The Wolf, but still cannot see her.

Helen *voice off, low voice, antagonized*

Louis, Louis, Louis ... What are you up to in Tangland?

[Pause]

Come along then, Inspector Cakebread. Surely there's **someone** on this Earth whom you wish to contact?

[Pause]

Your jet landed in Sydney over 12 minutes ago. What do you have to say for yourselves?

The Persian cat jumps up onto the glass study table, to be immediately and angrily swiped off it.

We hear a woman's frustrated sigh.

We hear a few keyboard clicks, and then note that the green light turns red.

🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀 **Break** 🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀

We switch instantly back to the hermetically sealed room at NSY.

Whereas his three colleagues loll about in deep slumber, Nunzio has dozed off in his chair (even having the mouse lightly held in his hand).

We see that Nunzio's laptop is in "sleep" mode. Suddenly, with a whirr of activity, a virtual monitor appears on the laptop screen, with a large flashing green light in focus.

Inspector Cairns Cakebread and Senior Detective Louis Tang are being briefed by Superintendent Angela Miller of the South Australian Police Force. This briefing has taken place during a teleconference in a secure conference room situated at Sydney International Airport.

We do not need to hear all the facts again. But we need to at least know that Cairns and Louis are up to speed with the progress of the murder investigation. We shall come in at the point where Angela is winding up.

Angela ... so whilst your teams grab some sleep, may I suggest that you gentlemen do likewise. We'll set up another teleconference for tomorrow morning (that's Saturday morning) at 11:00 am your time in Sydney (which is 10:30 my time). I'll have somebody from the Sydney cop shop collect you in the morning.

And please, I must reiterate that it would be safest to **not** attempt to contact anyone. Even your families. You'll be in danger of breaching security if you do.

Louis *nods* Understood.

Inspector Cakebread Thanks Angela. We'll meet up again tomorrow as advised.

Angela *wrapping up* Okay, gentlemen. And once again: sorry to have dropped you into all that and welcome to Australia.

The screen goes black. The two British police officers stare at the screen.

Louis *long sigh* Right! Let us scrounge-up a limo, make our way to the hotel, eat a huge (and expensive) dinner, then hit the hay.

Inspector Cakebread is lost in thought.

Louis *prompting* I'm suffering from lag of the jet, my friend.

Inspector Cakebread is still lost in thought, staring at the blank screen. Louis snorts.

Louis *firmly* Cairns Robert Cakebread! Attention!

Inspector Cakebread Sorry, Lou ... There's so much to take in ... So much has
between tightly-drawn happened since we boarded the aircraft ... I must be sure that

lips nothing has been overlooked ...

Louis *reasonably* There's nothing can be done tonight. Nunzio is monitoring the to-ings and fro-ings of the She-Wolf. What a clever lad we have there! The evil lady has thrown down the gauntlet, and my brave boy has snatched it up, defiantly.

Inspector Cakebread *wryly* Clever, yes ... But he's not the cleanest of specimens, hmmm?

END OF SCENE

V, Scene iv: Chrissie, Doogal, Lance And Nunzio Discuss Tactics

New Scotland Yard, 2014: Friday October 25th 12:07 hours [Central time 22:37 hours]

Music: Rising military, snare drums. But only in snatches, and only as appropriate.

This conference takes place in a sealed room at NSY. There is a white board and a pin-up board, covered in diagrams and sketches.

Doogal has dozed off, with his head lying on the desk. Nunzio Salvatore stares at his laptop and shakes his head. Chrissie is re-reading her notes. Lance stares at the whiteboard, in perplexed frustration. Exasperated, Lance turns to the desk, chucking his biro onto the desk with unnecessary force.

Lance *gloomy* The lady has closed down everything, leaving us with no evidence, Comrades. We can't link her to either murder. She's outsmarted us.

Chrissie *not distracted from her notes* That's not quite right, Lance.

The Flemming murder is down to her. She was seen by several witnesses, the jailbird (Moray) swore that Flemming and Reade were well-known to each other (if not in an intimate relationship), and there was the lucky photo of which She-Wolf knew nothing.

Lance *interested*

What had she been --

Nunzio

It was very similar to the criminal operation working out of the Australian car club magazine.

In 2011 and 2012, in Canada and South Africa, Helen Reade used the vehicle of a mag called "Literary Streams". This is a periodical featuring poems, pencil sketches of forests and such like, Red Indian myths, travel tales and so forth. And her wildlife notes appeared under the penname of "Barn Owl". Again (just as with the Australian effort), Reade ensured that the articles were authentic and noteworthy. It was the citations which were fake. She ran a mega-huge money-laundering operation under the guise of a sweet little old ornithologist by doctoring the footnotes, just as she's been doing in Australia.

And when it came time to close down, all the evidence pointed to George Flemming, whom she duly pushed out of a boat to drown.

Lance *surprised*

Ah! So we **can** nail her in the Flemming case. That's excellent.

But what about Lubeth?

There is a long pause. Chrissie, deep in thought, stands. She walks about the room, frowning. Lance (also standing) watches her. Nunzio idly plays with his laptop.

Chrissie

Devil's Advocate.

I'll play the part of Wolf and enumerate my expectations.

Following Doogal dressing up in his "Aloha, Baby" outfit, you all became both silent and untraceable. But I (as Wolf that is)

should be able to both hear you and see you.

"Surely there'll be something", I muse. "Where are they? What are they hiding for? And why the silent treatment?"

Worried that I've been caught with my knickers around my ankles, I close down the whole scam. Everything. Whole kit. So if the police do happen to come knocking on my door, I'll be squeaky

clean.

The two men take this in. Nunzio nods. The silence continues as they contemplate this hypothesis.

Lance *reluctantly* She's still got her mobile phone to re-start the surveillance at any time.

Nunzio But I've taken over the operation. I doubt that she can get back in.

Lance *warning* Then our first task is to ensure that she does **not** attempt to re-ignite her tracing scam. We must let nothing alarm nor alert her.

Nunzio *firm* Never mind the Wolf: I want the Australian crims to contact **me**.

Chrissie We have until tomorrow morning. Very, very early on Saturday morning (and by that I mean around midnight). That's when the car club magazine prints the November run: Australian Daylight Summer Time 10:30 am on Saturday. Cannot be left any longer or heads will roll.

Not trying to put pressure on anyone, but they've pushed back from Friday to allow us to doctor our Nightjar article in time. But I'm reliably informed that we cannot ask them to hold off any longer. No-go-zone.

Nunzio, you've cracked the code on that? Or will have done by midnight?

Nunzio *trying to sound certain* I'm pretty sure ... What are we now? Just after midday? Okay! ... Just want to double-check a couple of points ... Yes, I'm positive I'll be ready by then.

Lance *the ideas man* Wonderful!

Let's wrap this.

Salvatore, using the citations in the footnotes can tell our chums Down Under that they are to receive in their various bank accounts quite ludicrous sums as their share of this kidnap ransom which the South Australian cop mentioned in our phone hook-up.

Chrissie, thrilled, snaps her fingers.

Chrissie *excited* But the money will not actually be deposited. They (the crims) will get in touch with Wolf to complain in no uncertain terms, and then we'll have at least **something** concrete to throw at Wolf in court.

Lance First, we'll absolutely have to get the lady out of the way and have free ticket to her mobile phone.

She has to be taken quickly, and without her having recourse to any of her IT kit. Surprise ... We can't allow her to have even a second's warning that --

Doogal stirs. He sits up and stretches.

Doogal *thickly* What day is this? Is this still Friday?

Lance Yes it is. And we've come up with the sweetest --

Doogal Yeah, I heard you. If it's Friday, then there's every chance we can out-fox the Wolf with a shock attack. But we'll have to call in Harry da Costa from the legal firm to help us. **Again.**

Nunzio *puzzled* Da Costa? What's he got to do with it?

Doogal *grins* My mate Harry never misses his bowling on a Friday night, unless there's a damned good reason. We'll have some junior colleagues call on Harry (just as if they were collecting further evidence) and give him some written instructions. And then let him strike.

END OF SCENE

V, Scene v: An Imagined Play Or Film Set In The 1950's (Part V)

Music: Very classical string quartet.

Inspector Tresilian and Bob are found to be standing about in the fitting room of a bespoke tailor in Bond Street, London. They watch as Ben is being fitted for a safari suit, complete with kit bag, pith helmet and shooting stick. A thin, cadaverous tailor plies his craft (pinning Ben) as the conversation takes place. Ben appears to be (not bored but rather) spiritually floating on a higher plane than that of his associates.

Ben *blithely* Without blowing me own trumpet (as the saying goes), I am a damn fine shot, Inspector. Bob here will attest to that fact.

Solemnly, Bob looks towards the inspector and nods several times.

Ben *as if bored by his prowess* The ocelot, the hyrax ... Quoll, dunnart, smilodon ... Most members of the equine family ... No matter what the danger to myself, I shot 'em. Except of course where my native bearers were imperilled.

[Becomes more animated]

Then, Inspector Tresilian (and only then!) did I hold back and desist.

There is a short silence.

Bob *whispers* Nerves of steel!

Inspector Tresilian *very impressed* Young man, your trophy room must be bursting at the seams.

Ben *airily* Chateau Belvedere (which has been in my family for simply centuries) just ain't got enough rooms to house my many curios, specimens and mementoes.

Bob *low-voiced* Ben's collection of stuffed primates from the New World is second to none, Sir.

Tresilian Indeed! Well, I am impressed.

Ben *gracious* But I can't hold a candle to Bob when it comes to licking a bird or

cat with a stone and slingshot.

Bob *blushes* Modesty forbids my enumerating all the magpies and moggies I've felled over the years, Inspector Tresilian. Suffice it to say, I am considered the best in the County.

Inspector Tresilian *proudly* Oh, what a talented pair of boys we have here. Britain will retain its world dominance with boys like **you** to serve her.

Bob blushes and sidles, whereas Ben (still attended to by the tailor) looks every inch the world-weary hero whom everyone admires and adores.

END OF SCENE

V, Scene vi: On The Road To The Escarpment And Murradurrabee

Saturday October 25th 2014, 06:28 hours Adelaide (Central) Time

[London time 19:58 hours on the previous night]

Without Googsie, there are now only three adult drivers remaining: Irish, Kos and BG. This would seem to preclude the current status of "sharing the driving". As Googsie had died at 7:30 on Friday morning, by Friday night, all three men would be too sleep-deprived to continue.

So late on Friday night into Saturday morning finds the Dags snatching four hours of sleep. Brandon has apparently suggested that he drive the wagon with Kos asleep beside him.

In the thick scrub, Charles and Brandon piss onto the same large eucalypt tree. They sneak a look behind them, to see that BG (who is supposed to watch them at all times) is chatting amicably with Murray GulGul and not watching the boys at all. Brandon uses this opportunity.

Brandon *whispers urgently* If things ever get sticky for us and ... you know ... Well, Mr GulGul has hidden two spears and a boomerang in the tray of the ute.

This instantly reminds Charles of another urgent matter.

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Charles quickly zips his trousers and then dives into his secret waistband pocket. With a furtive look at the distracted BG, he hands a slingshot to Brandon.

Charles *desperate* Quick! Pocket it! Mr GulGul made it for us.
whisper

Bradley whisks the slingshot out of sight.

Brandon *nods,* Thanks. Where's yours?
whispers

Charles *self-important* He only had enough lacquer bands to make one. And since you're much the better shot, I elected to give it over to you. But you must practise with it whenever you can. As you said, the time may come when --

Brandon realizes that they are being watched.

Brandon *alarmed* Look out!

BG *calls out* Come on, boys. You must have finished by now.

The boys return to BG and Murray GulGul.

Charles *blithely* We were just deciding what to name our mansion when we rake in the money from our opal mine. I'm for "Charles Chateau" and Brandon wants "Brandon Belvedere". What do you think, Mr Blouse?

BG Blouse laughs delightedly.

BG *amused* I reckon you have to find that mine before you spend the profits. That's what I reckon, young man.

🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀 **Break** 🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀

And so the party (two boys and four men) is set to head off, except that Irish is giving last-minute instructions to Brandon (who is at the wheel of the wagon). We can see Kos curled up, sleeping, beside Brandon.

Irish to Brandon through the open window of the wagon We'll be right behind ya. If ya get tired, give us a hoy: wave through the window and Big Girl'll stop. I don't wanna gettin' tired and havin' a crash.

Brandon nods bravely I'll be alright.

Irish smiles as he pats Brandon on the shoulder.

Irish genial Good boy!

For once, Irish is keen to ensure the comfort of the other fellow travellers. He peers through the rear window (which is open).

Irish You all okay in there?

Charles jolly Yes, thank you Mr Irish.

Irish looks at Murray GulGul who smiles and nods. Irish pats the rear door, as a signal that they are in order and ready to head off. He runs around to the passenger seat of the ute, beside BG.

END OF SCENE

V, Scene vii: Using Harry, The Trap Is Set At The Bowling Alley

London Bowling, 2014: Friday October 24th 21:15 hours [Central time 07:45 hours on the next day]

Music: None. The bustle and noise of the bowling alley will be sufficient.

In London, a bowling alley is busy and bustling. Every lane is populated by several players, many of whom wear team uniforms.

A merry group of young people is gathered around the scoring area of one of the bowling lanes. Harry da Costa (obviously a keen and effective exponent of the game) bowls a strike. This causes Harry to raise his arms in triumph and celebrate with a grooving dance. The other people clap, cheer and whistle. Among the happy patrons, Helen Reade is seen. She gives absolutely no indication that she is a cybercriminal of outstanding flair.

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

*Harry returns to the seats where his friends and admirers are loud in their congratulations for his fine bowling prowess. We see that Harry looks around him. He catches Helen's eye: Harry winks, nods and smiles at her.*

*There is a great deal of noise. When anyone speaks, they have to shout. The girls tend to shriek in excitement.*

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

Harry has left the group to play one of the many electronic games machines located along a far wall. Even in this out-of-the-way area, many people move about, especially to play the machines. Once again, there is a great deal of noise.

Helen has been sent over to Harry with a tall glass of ale. The young man exhibits pleased surprise. He takes the glass.

Harry Wow! Thanks, Helen.

Harry drinks. Helen turns to go.

Harry Hey! Don't go!

The young woman is surprised at the command. She looks a question as Harry looks her over from head to foot.

Harry Hey! You're a bit of a surprise packet, you are.

Helen *uncertain* Oh?

Harry quickly moves forward, pulling Helen into his arms.

Harry *coaxing* Yes indeed. That pesky policeman (we call him the cake inspector) has been annoying me, waking me up in the middle of the night to show me photos of you.

Helen *perplexed* Photos? Of *me*?

Flemming and Pierce Lubeth.

You do not have to say anything. But it may harm your defence if you do not mention (when questioned) something which you later rely on in court. Any--

Helen screams at the top of her lungs "No! No! No!" and struggles desperately in the grip of the two burly policemen. She even kicks wildly at them, such that she is immediately handcuffed by Lance.

Helen collapses, sobbing wildly and repeatedly saying "No!"

Doogal solemnly removes the head of the wolf costume, as Harry stands beside him.

Harry *very proud* Well, you got 'er, Doogal.

Doogal *thoughtful* Not quite ...

Doogal strips off the rest of the costume (his police uniform is underneath), as Harry watches.

Harry *puzzled* How so? She --

Doogal I admit that we can **almost** get a conviction on Flemming. But it's only stuck together with bubble-gum. Any good defence lawyer would love to get his molars into it. Unless we can link that up to the Nightjar killing. Really, the two murders kind of depend on each other.

And with Lubeth ... There's not enough evidence. She's covered herself too watertight. I need some proof that she knew him well enough to be called "an item"; that he went to meet her on that Monday night when she politely shoved him into the lovely old Thames River.

Harry Maybe I can help?

Doogal smiles slightly, slapping Harry lightly on the shoulder.

Doogal You've been more than enough help already. Thanks mate. And I'm truly sorry that my men dragged you out of bed th'other morning.

Harry *shrugs* They was lucky that I was wearing jarmies!

END OF SCENE

V, Scene viii: On The Road To The Escarpment And Murradurrabee

Saturday October 25th 2014, 09:30 hours Adelaide (Central) Time

[London time 23:00 hours on the previous night]

This scene evolves into high drama.

Our camera is in very, very close close-up of Irish's face. He is standing on a road, in high country (magnificent views of virgin scrubland are seen), grimacing.

Irish *snarling* Does anybody know where the fuck we are?

Brandon holds his mobile phone in different positions.

Kos *suspicious* What are ya doin' there?

Brandon *unafraid* I'm trying to find out our lat and long for Mr Irish, Mr Kos. But I still don't have a signal ...

And I forgot in all the excitement to bring along my car phone charger, and I'm getting low on battery. What a nuisance!

BG Better keep it turned off, then, BB. We may need it later.

Charles is imitating a horse. He canters by.

Charles *breathless* I'll just bet that Mr GulGul knows where we are. He knows **everything.**

Our camera swings over to study Murray GulGul sitting cross-legged in the shade, eyes shut, swatting himself occasionally with a small eucalypt branch. The camera focuses on Murray whilst the other men hold their discussion.

Irish *voice-off* Where's the big map? If someone can tell me where I am now, I can work out where I gotta go.

And before anybody asks, "No!" I don't think the wagon is going to get us much further. This road we're on is turning from crap to

absolute crap. I think the carbie has snatched it.

Kos voice-off What phones do we have that work? We gotta get ready to phone-in the ransom demand.

Irish, where's your phone?

Irish voice-off I chucked it away at Drongdrong, remember? It wasn't my phone, anyway: it was the one Wayno nicked from that punter in South Sydney, along with 'is wallet.

BG voice-off And Wayno made you turn it off because it had GPS on it, and that might lead the cops straight to us. That's what he reckoned. But you didn't know the password, so ...

Irish voice-off, laughing That's right! That's right ... I got in a black mood because I didn't know the password on that bloke's mobile phone, so I flung it ...

Suddenly, Murray opens his eyes and stands swiftly. Our camera watches him stride briskly and purposefully to where Irish is standing as he pours over the large folding map.

Kos voice-off And my phone is in the glove box of the ute. I think I can just about remember the password --

Murray stabs his finger at the map.

Murray definite, determined That's where we are. That's where we are.

Irish stares at the map.

Irish perplexed Way over here? But ... what are we doin' way over here? Why is the road a pissy broken line on this map? What does that mean?

Irish squints to read the fine print.

Irish Legend. Ya gotta look at the legend. "Passable only by 4WD vehicles. Winches must be carried and be operational."

We're **never** gonna make it up there all that way in these heaps of shit.

BG uncertain The ute's alright, isn't it?

Kos mysterious Wait a minute! Wait a minute!

Irish annoyed So, Wayno's plan was to bring us up here in two touring cars, when the only way up was in 4WDs?

Kos very keen What did that dickhead say about the email from the Wolf Man? Is it possible that it wasn't sent to Wayno at all ... But to that toffee-nosed bloke he robbed in South Sydney? Wayno nabbed 'is wallet after all ...

Irish very annoyed I don't care about that ... What possessed Wayno to pick Murradurrabee as a good stake-out when we weren't gonna be able to drive up there?

Kos matter of fact Aw, I told 'im about it.

Irish You been there before?

Kos proudly Yeah, in me Army days. Training camp. It was me that thought of it.

Irish But you came up here in 4WDs, didn't ya? Why didn't ya tell Wayno that?

Kos We never done that. We were parachuted in, or some of the boys came by chopper. They never drove up there: nuh.

Irish stares at Kos for a second, then returns to his study of the map.

Kos mysterious again This wasn't never Wayno's gig at all. Some other bloke got his directions from this Wolf Man (in an email) but Wayno stole the email.

That's why you thought this thing was badly thought through, Irish. Nobody but a moron would ask Wayne Carnegie to stage a kidnapping. So this bloke (whoever he is) knows about the kidnapping and he's gone to the cops.

Irish is not paying attention to Kos.

Irish Okay. Here's what we'll do. We'll chuck the idea of Murradurrabee as being too hard. We'll press on to this Bullo Gorge and Alabaster

Creek where the opal mine is.

Kos Did ya hear what I said?

Irish *dismissive and following his own train of thought* Yeah, yeah ... "What happened at the Christmas party stays at the Christmas party".

Kos *irate* The guy in the car park that Wayno did over will have rung the cops about this kidnap thing. It would have been his email, after all. His \$15 million. That's what he'll be thinking, anyhow.

Irish *calming* You might as well blame Googsie. You left him stranded with a mobile phone. What if **he** got the shits with us and rang through his grievances to the local fuzz?

Kos has not previously considered this possibility.

Kos *drawls* We should of waited for 'im to stagger back up that slope ...

Irish *fires up* Yeah, and that's just what BG and me wanted to do. Only you were too lousy and in too much of a fuckin' hurry to --

Kos *snarling* I'm gettin' shit-scared about them phones, mate. Shit scared ...

Irish *placating* Calm down, Boyo. It's highly unlikely that either the bloke Wayno screwed-up or Googsie is going to want to tell the police something that'll get them into jail anyway.

Kos *working himself into a passion* I'm gonna ring now and tell 'em to drop the money. We'll just split it up between the three of us. That'll be easy ... You, me and BG ... Three into 15 million is an even 5 million each. We'll count it out and each get a third ... \$15 million ...

Irish stares at Kos. He sees the danger signs, but challenges Kos anyway.

Irish Ya haven't got an escape plan. The second they make the drop, they'll shoot ya dead.

Kos *wildly* I'll have the kids. I'll have the kids in a fuckin' headlock with a gun pointed to their heads.

BG is alarmed. He trots over to where the boys are playing with Murray and scoops the boys behind him. BG stands firm: a solid defensive wall to protect the two British boys. Murray GulGul positions himself beside BG. Irish eyes Kos with huge disfavour.

Irish You're a sick turd, Kos. Do ya know that? You need to take some medicine to calm ya down.

Kos, wildly looking about, goes for some large branches which are lying about. He dives on these branches, moving them to the roadway as he speaks in hysterical tones. There, he forms the branches into a cross.

Kos *wildly* I'll make a great huge cross on the road with these sticks and tell those bastards to drop the loot right in the centre of m'cross. Right dead in the centre.

Irish I told ya before, Kos, there's no escape plan there. You make yourself a sittin' duck by doin' it that way. Grow a brain, will ya?

Eyes blazing with fear and angst, Kos rushes towards BG.

Kos *crazed, utterly mad* Tell the kid to give me his phone. He can ring them, see. I'll make the boy cry and scream over the blower to those arseholes to put the \$15 million into a bag and drop it, otherwise he's dead meat.

BG looks ominous, threatening. Turning on his heel, Kos races to the ute, to rescue his mobile phone from the glove box. There is a long, heavy silence (broken only by bird calls) as Kos struggles to turn his phone on. Then we hear the familiar "Welcome!" sounds that are made as a mobile phone bursts into life. However, the words "No connection" appear on the small screen.

At that point, Kos is breathing heavily. He tries shaking the phone, then moving about with it. Still "No Connection".

In desperate anger, Kos hurls the phone to the ground. He picks up the phone, and still sees the "No Connection" message.

Kos *teeth gritted* No bloody connection ... You piece of shit!

Kos violently hurls the phone into the scrubland which stretches down from the roadway. Without pause, Kos runs up to BG and launches himself at Irish, who has wandered up to the group to discuss the possibility of heading off for Bullo Gorge. Kos roars savagely as he fells Irish with his flying tackle.

With much grunting and swearing, Irish and Kos wrestle as they roll about in the dust. BG and Murray dive in to separate the men. The two boys look worried and scared.

END OF SCENE

V, Scene ix: Under Pressure, Nunzio Comes Through With The Goods

New Scotland Yard, 2014: Saturday October 25th 00:11 hours [Central time 10:41 hours]

[Aust Eastern Daylight time 11:11 hours]

Music: Drums, especially snare drums.

A large flat TV screen dominates one wall of a meeting room at NSY. The meeting which Angela Miller had organized (in Scene iii) has progressed for over ten minutes. Thus, Angela dominates the top half of the screen. However, in the bottom, left quadrant, a representation of a smaller screen appears. We can see Cairns and Louis (from their Sydney teleconference room). Likewise, the small screen appearing in the bottom, right quadrant of the large screen shows Chrissie, Lance, Nunzio and Doogal.

In real life (as well as on the little screen), the other three English people stand behind Nunzio as he punches the keys of his laptop. They are reading the laptop screen as Nunzio types. Nunzio finishes with a flourish, sitting back on a loud, long sigh.

Nunzio *pleased* Great! Done! I'll phone that lady in Australia, at the magazine.

Louis *on the small screen* Terrific, young man! You've exceeded my expectations.

Cairns *also via small screen* Yes, this is exceptional. I must congratulate you all. Even you, Doogal.

Doogal gives a mock bow. Nunzio grabs the phone as he flips a crumpled piece of paper from his pocket. He smooths out the paper, and then punches in the phone number. The other three wander about, stretching and making chit-chat.

Nunzio I hope that I dialled the correct area code. Soon know ...

[Into the mouthpiece of the handset]

Hello. It's Nunzio Salvatore calling from New Scotland Yard, London. May I speak to Miss Gloria Tyme (T-Y-M-E), please? Yes, I'll wait.

[Hand over handset, to Louis]

What time would it be in Sydney, Sir?

Louis *via the small screen*

We're looking at just after 11 o'clock on Saturday morning.

This news is met with scant interest: Nunzio's call is in the spotlight.

Nunzio *into the mouthpiece*

Ah, good day to you, Gloria! Nunzio Salvatore here ...

I've completed the Bird Notes, and I'd like to email them through to you right now, so that your print run can start.

Inspector Cakebread and Senior Detective Tang will have briefed you and your team on the schedule. Is that the case, Gloria?

[Slight pause]

Yes, I'm sure that's what we all want.

Alright, could I just check your email address, please Gloria?

[Waits, reading the crumpled piece of paper]

Marvellous. On its way!

Nunzio taps a few more keys, and then smiles at the others.

Angela *via the large screen*

So, let's recap the various steps which occur from now on ...

The print run progresses. The mags are bagged ... Mail out ...

[Alert]

Are they posting these things out immediately they're bagged?

Cairns *via the small screen*

That's what we organized. Yes.

Postal vans are to hand deliver the mags to boys on bikes or strolling mailbox-fillers ... whatever it takes to make the delivery

look normal and unspectacular.

Chrissie and Lance nod. So does Louis.

Lance And then the lads start calling Nunz (in his guise as the Wolf), whining that they've not received their promised bonus. Too bloody easy!

Angela *via the large screen* Thanks, guys. Amazing teamwork.

Doogal recalls something.

Doogal Angela, have we any news on the kidnapped British kiddies? Are they safe yet?

Angela *via the large screen* Ah, not yet, Doogal. We're in complete readiness to pounce once the kidnappers make their demands (which no doubt they'll do at any time). But this is a very, very worrying time for all of us. Particularly for the family. We ... um ... We just don't know if the boys are okay ... or what ...

Some family members (some men who are cousins of the boys in one way or another) are supposedly taking part in a 4WD rally which is happening very close to the kidnapping action.

Well, they've now left the rally and are hoping that they can intercede with the abductors without overly alarming them.

They're our best hope right now.

On this sombre note, we watch the grim, anxious faces of all parties.

Over the next four hours, the process of mass-producing the Australia-wide Car Club magazine for November 2014 takes place in Sydney.

Music: Brisk and busy, becoming grand.

We watch some quick grabs of this production, seeing Cairns and Louis (in their business suits) hovering about, watching the wheels of industry turning and chatting amongst themselves.

The grabs layer one over the other as they come into focus and fade out, with the last shot being bundles of magazines being thrown into vans.

FADE OUT AND SEGUE INTO NEXT SCENE

V, Scene x: An Imagined Play Or Film Set In The 1950's (Part VI)

The action is taking place in a cave. The cave is fortuitously lit by many lanterns. There is a large professional sign:

WATCH YOUR STEP

Opal mining in progress

Within the confines of the cave, bandits shower the rocks situated along one wall with a hail of bullets. Sheltering behind these rocks are Tresilian, Bob and Ben.

Bob fires his Smith & Wesson as if a cowboy in a movie: hiding behind his rock, rising to see the enemy, firing, then dropping back behind the rock again.

Bob has the stern jaw and cold eye of a hero. The barrage from the other side of the cave is relentless.

Bob *calm and heroic* Inspector! Our ammunition is running out. We can't hold them off much longer. I believe that we're for it, Sir.

Tresilian *lip quivering* Young man -- your bravery, your stoicism -- You deserve better than this violent end.

Bob *bravely* When they find my body, would you be so kind as to tell them that I died a hero, Sir.

Tresilian sobs manfully. Ben grits his teeth.

Ben *to himself, with gnashed teeth* Gad! We can't lose Bob! The British Empire depends upon chaps like him. I must do something to save Bob ... and Empire!

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The bullets are unremitting. Bob does his best but is clearly outnumbered. Ben pats Tresilian's shoulder.

Ben brooking no argument Inspector! I'm going to create a diversion and scoot around those rocks. Whilst the villains are surprised and awe-struck because of my devious stratagem, I'll tackle them for their guns.

Tresilian confounded What? But you can't, Ben! Not one against many ...

Ben resolute and heroic It's all we have left, Inspector Tresilian. I must save Bob! And if I should perish in this somewhat foolhardy scheme, let Bob know that the thimble collection and my marbles & alleys and the model aeroplanes and the football swapcards and my toy Tommy gun are his inheritance. Oh, and Acme, my canary.

Farewell, friends!

Ben dashes at top speed towards the rocks behind which the enemy hide. A rather nice firearm sits on a ledge, and Ben takes it in hand. Ben leaps out at the men with a loud, bravura "Ha! Ha!" The ruffians (crouched behind the rocks) stare up at Ben with mouths agape.

Ruffian Look out, men! The redoubtable Ben has surprised us! What can we do?

Ben adopts a swashbuckling stance, with one foot resting on a rock, and one hand on hip. His face holds a supercilious sneer.

Ben full of bravado The jig is up, boys! Stand now and reach for the ceiling (no I mean "roof") of this cave. Bob, cover me from your side, will you? Tresilian -- get their guns!

Unhappily for you, it's all up with you now, you recalcitrant rogues! The strong arm of the law has triumphed, Gentlemen (as in the nature of things it should do).

SUDDEN, JARRING END OF SCENE

V, Scene xi: Things Turn Ugly For The Boys and The Dags Part I

In The Northern Territory, 250 Kilometres South Of Alabaster Creek

Saturday October 25th 2014, 15:39 hours Adelaide (Central) time [London time 05:09 hours]

The party has stopped in a shaded woodland which provides the outskirts to a billabong. It is a very special, lovely spot.

Both front doors of the station wagon are open. Our camera takes up a position at the passenger door, focused on the radio. It has finally crackled into life, picking up the ABC relay. And being the last Saturday in October, the prestigious W. S. Cox Plate is about to be run at Moonee Valley racecourse.

Race caller on the car This is the big one.

radio *crackly, indistinct* The field for the 2014 Cox Plate parades before the capacity crowd at the Valley. And in a few minutes' time, history will be made.

The volume of the race call falls dramatically. All we can hear from the radio is a scratchy ticking sound.

The camera swings into the car. Brandon sits in the driver's seat of the station wagon. He keenly awaits instruction from Kos or Irish as to when to turn the ignition key.

The bonnet is propped up and all the other males (except for Murray GulGul) are gathered about the engine, peering into the bowels of the wagon.

Irish *sighing heavily* Nah, mate. It's cactus. We'll have to go the rest of the way in the ute. It's only about 250 kays anyway.

Kos *determined* One more try.

[To Brandon]

Give it another rev-up, Squirt.

Several inauspicious noises emanate from the car; nothing to give a hint that the car might be drivable. The prognostications continue. Our camera saunters back to the ute, and we (the audience) must observe that the two spears are missing from the back of the ute.

Then the camera swiftly returns to the posse of men and Charles who peer into the wagon's guts.

Irish She no go, Sunshine. The carbie's had the big Richard. We'll pack

up everything and use the ute.

The men stand up and stretch, and Brandon leaves the driver's seat. The transfer of goods from wagon to ute is begun. The men hump the heavy stuff on their shoulders.

| |
|----------------------------------|
| Murray GulGul Has Done A Runner. |
|----------------------------------|

Then Kos realises that Murray GulGul has loped-off. Whilst the following conversation takes place, BG and Irish continue to work. Kos (going crazy) stands watching them.

Kos alarmed Hey! Where's the Koori? I just saw `im not a minute ago. He was with us ...

BG shrugs He's gone for a piss. Won't be long.

Kos suspicious You shoulda gone with `im.

BG shrugs I didn't know he'd gone, mate.

Kos angry Then how'd ya know that he's gone for a slash?

BG is used to the temper tantrums and acts to calm Kos down.

BG It's okay, mate. It's okay. He's not likely to leave the boys alone, is he?

Irish fobbing Irish off Settle down, Old Son. You'll burst a blood vessel.

BG Ya know what Murray is like ... He just wanders off for a look-see. No intention of running away.

Kos losing his grip on reality You go and find `im then, Smartarse. You get `im and bring `im to me and I'll give `im a good slap-up.

Irish jerking Kos's chain Christ! Stop yer fuss-bustle. You're worse than a screaming woman. What is it? Wrong time of the month?

Kos shouting angrily We all gotta stay together! I want that black bastard where I can keep an eye on `im!

BG desperate to calm Kos He won't leave these boys, I'm tellin' ya, Kos.

Kos working himself up even further What does he care? He's scarpered. He's gone to warn someone about us. Get the cops here! Planes flying overhead. Police dogs and marksmen ... Jeez! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Irish laughing at Kos Who's he gunna tell, Kos? Apart from us, there's no-one within cooee.

Kos beside himself with rage You know nuthin', Dickhead! They use smoke signals, don't they? He can describe what we all look like. Identikit! Photos!

Irish cannot believe this rubbish Identikit? By smoke signal? Have you been snorting Googsie's drugs, have ya?

[Laughs immoderately]

Yeah, I can just see GulGul with a serape blanket over his campfire. "Now, how do I signal that Kos is an idiot?" Puff-puff-puff ...

You drongo! Come and help me get everything packed into the ute.

Irish, BG and the boys continue the clear-out. The boys chat happily about the opal mine. The chat provides background noise and skat dialogue. Brandon perpetually glances about for Murray GulGul.

Meanwhile, Kos stands mulishly in the middle of the clearing. The drama level rises. We hear a buzzing noise linked to a booming heartbeat. The camera makes a 360-degree turn, with Kos centre stage. He is now in a total psychotic rage.

As if sleepwalking, Kos walks over to the pile of belongings and drags out a flak jacket. He quickly dons this jacket over his bare chest. Kos also takes his shotgun. He inserts two cartridges and pumps the firearm ready for firing. Irish and BG hear this noise and exhibit alarm.

Irish warning What are ya doin', Kos?

Kos marches towards the station wagon. Irish sees by his tin-soldier walk and his glazed eyes that Kos has officially "lost it".

Irish screaming Down! Down! Quick everyone down! We got a rogue shooter here!

There is a frenzy of activity.

Charles and Brandon scurry behind the ute. The boys shake with fear, gripping each other.

Irish rolls out of the way to hide behind a large tree.

BG can only manage to keep the station wagon between himself and Kos. Kos stalks BG. This is very thrilling.

Kos nasty tone Big Girl's Blouse? You fell apart when Wayno went down, didn't you? You weak shit. You think that you might like to try your hand at opal mining, eh? Bit of work there, BG, and not much to show for it ... unless you hit that big one.

The shotgun rings through the woodland. BG shrieks out. A loud thud is heard as of a body hitting the earth. Then there is silence.

INTERRUPTION OF SCENE (for the moment)

Aftermath of BG's Supposed Death

And once again, the scene is a superb view of lakes, mountains and glorious parklands on a sunny day. Fluffy clouds (at ground level) move into focus to obscure the view.

Female voice off Ticket number V2077, please.

BG Blouse hobbles into centre stage. He is dressed in pure white robes and has massive angel's wings on his back. He is clean-shaven and has beautiful long tresses under his halo. He carries a gold lyre under one arm. BG sobs miserably.

BG sobbing I'm sorry. Look, I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I wanted to do the right thing.

Deep male voice off Graham Rouse? I cannot find -- No, he's not on today's list. Send him straight back ... Next!

A large shepherd's crook appears, hooking BG around the neck. An unseen "stagehand" whisks BG out of Heaven.

END OF SCENE INTERRUPTION

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V, Scene xi: Things Turn Ugly For The Boys and The Dags Part II

In The Northern Territory, 250 Kilometres South Of Alabaster Creek

Saturday October 25th 2014, 15:49 hours Adelaide (Central) time [London time 5:19 hours]

We now see a close-up of BG, coming back to life. He plays dead but we see his eyes and lips move just for half-a-second.

Shaking, and fighting back the tears, Brandon retrieves his slingshot from his pocket. He and Charles pick up some sharp stones gathered from the ground.

Another shot rings out. Charles and Brandon freeze, staring at each other in horrified silence.

Irish has been winged. Irish yells and swears, calling to Kos to stop being an idiot. Kos ejects the spent cartridges from the shotgun, installing another two cartridges.

The boys snap out of their trance. They both continue to cry as Brandon readies the slingshot. The boy shakes and whimpers pathetically.

Charles *distressed whisper* You won't be able to fire-off that slingshot with tears in your eyes!

Brandon *equally distressed and frustrated whisper* I don't know what to do! I don't know how to use this thing! Not on a man. Only on birds or cats.

Charles *distressed whisper* Pretend he's a sparrow then.

Brandon *weeping* I can't. I'm too scared. I want my Father.

Charles *whisper* Which one? Garth or Trader?

Brandon *weeping* I don't know ... Both of them I suppose.

Charles dissolves into tears as well.

Charles *crying and whispering* I want my Mother **and** my Father **and** Trader. **And** Inspector Tresilian.

[Sniffs, wiping hand across his nose]

We're letting the team down.

Brandon continues to cry.

Brandon *sniffing quietly* What team?

Charles *whispering* Bob and Ben and that nice Tresilian bloke.

Brandon *dismayed* What? Who?
whisper

Charles *sniffing* I don't care if I go down in fucking flames, but I'm not going to see **you** murdered. Not for the want of trying.

Charles duck waddles off, careful not to be spotted. He turns back. He is still weeping.

Charles *desperate* I'm doing a diversionary tactic thingy. You'll have to slug Mr Kos
whisper with the sharpest stone you can find. Go for the eyes.

Brandon *hopeless sob* I don't think you're allowed to swear. I'll have to tell Mum.

Charles gets clear, and then throws rocks and stones and anything he can lay his hands on into the bush. Irish has dumped a whole lot of McDonalds rubbish on the ground whilst clearing out the wagon. Amongst the rubbish is a brightly coloured paper bag. Charles is seen to stare for a moment at that paper bag, as if mesmerized.

Kos begins to fire indiscriminately into the bush. Then he changes position and gets a clear shot at Irish, whom he mortally wounds. Now he is able to take out Brandon from his new vantage point.

Brandon sees Kos coming, and continues to cry. Brandon lifts the slingshot and pings a hard stone vaguely in Kos's direction. The stone lands painfully on Kos's left cheek. (At least Brandon has bought the would-be victims a little time).

Kos *angered* Hey! Boy! What the fuck are you doin', ya little turd?

Brandon whimpers, ineffectually scrabbling for more stones. Before Kos can aim at Brandon, a loud "pop" is heard. Charles has blown up the paper bag he found, popping it loudly between his hands. This distracts Kos from Brandon. Kos now takes aim at Charles who stands stock still, awaiting his fate. The bare-chested Murray GulGul steps quickly into camera shot and launches one of his spears (which he rescued from the tray of the ute as he departed) straight into Kos's face. As Kos keels over, Kos gets off the shot meant for Charles. It delopes into the air. The siege is over.

The personnel in this scene are disposed in this way:

- *Charles (static, holding his breath) stands at the front of the station wagon.*
- *Brandon (weeping) is crouched around the other side of the ute.*
- *BG Blouse lies on the ground at the side of the wagon. He is badly wounded in the side but is not dying.*
- *Irish lies dying slowly behind a large eucalypt.*
- *Kos lies on his back, a spear impaled in his left eye, dying quickly.*
- *Murray GulGul (dressed in battered white-man trousers and with some mud slathered on his torso) stands over Kos, watching him die. He leaves the spear as it is (not removing it).*

The camera wanders around this scene (everyone seems to be frozen in their present pose) back to the passenger seat of the wagon. Following the stunning noise of the shootout, the car radio can be heard washing over the relative silence.

Race caller on the car radio *crackly, shouting with excitement* But it's Geneva Contention motoring down the centre of the track. Nillson by half-a-length, being gobbled-up by Geneva Contention. It's Nillson by a nose ... Geneva Contention takes a giant stride ... Geneva Contention ... They hit the line. Give it to Geneva Contention, with Nillson in 2nd, 3rd is --

INTERRUPTION OF SCENE (for the moment)

Aftermath of Kos's Death

Once again, the scene is a superb view of lakes, mountains and glorious parklands on a sunny day. Fluffy clouds (at ground level) move into focus to obscure the view. Wayno and Googsie appear amongst the clouds, melodiously singing and playing their lyres.

Female *voice off* Ticket number T911, please.

Kos appears, and like Wayno and Googsie before him, he is dressed in white robes and has massive angel's wings on his back. However, Kos has rolled about in mud and dirt to give himself a filthy appearance.

Although Kos is clean-shaven, he has daubed his face with black grease in the manner of a camouflaged warrior. His beautiful long angel tresses have been hacked off unevenly with a knife,

and he has reshaped his halo into a map of Australia. Kos carries a gold lyre under one arm, as did the others. Kos marches angrily into centre stage, and then straight up to the camera. He is in extreme close-up, pointing angrily into the lens.

Kos *fired-up* I don't have to tell you ***nothin!***

Deep male voice *off* Will you tell me about yourself, just for the record, Konstantin Komninos?

Angrily, Kos smashes his lyre over the camera. Then he steps back, mulishly working his jaw, arms folded tightly over his stomach. At this point, in the background, Googsie begins to hold his lyre in the manner of a rock guitarist, and likewise makes rock 'n' roll moves.

Kos *very nasty* Get well and truly fucked, cunt!

Deep male voice *off* I would just like to --

Kos *white with rage* Yeah? Would ya?

and hatred

And where were ya when me mates Datto and Snake and Two-Dicks copped it on Pinochet Ridge? The enemy had your lucky charms that day, didn't they? Eh?

Good on ya God, and good riddance!

Deep male voice *off* Any regrets that you can discuss without dropping swear words?

Kos *very ironic* Regrets? Yeah, mate, yeah ... I regret ever having been born.

In an unspeakable fury, Kos launches himself on the camera, trying with all his might to break it. We can hear the deep-voiced interviewer gasping and groaning in pain.

END OF SCENE INTERRUPTION

V, Scene xi: Things Turn Ugly For The Boys and The Dags Part III

In The Northern Territory, 250 Kilometres South Of Alabaster Creek

Saturday October 25th 2014, 16:03 hours Adelaide (Central) time [London time 05:33 hours]

The camera again wanders around this scene.

The two boys have converged on BG Blouse who is flapping about, trying to reassure the boys that he is quite alright.

Murray GulGul rushes to help Irish whose eyes are closed. Murray cradles Irish such that he can investigate the mortal wounds.

We slip back to the passenger seat of the wagon to wind-up the Cox Plate win by the horse which Googsie had tipped to win the Melbourne Cup. The race caller on the car radio is still crackly; less excited than previously.

Race caller on the car radio Geneva Contention has won this world-class Group One weight-for-age event by the narrowest possible margin. He's come from way back in the field at the turn, and he's motored home for a resounding win.

This is a colossal feat ... and puts this magnificent 5-year-old gelding into firm favouritism for the Melbourne Cup in ten days' time.

Our camera moves around to where Murray cradles Irish.

Irish flickers open his eyes, and touches Murray on the arm.

Irish *weakly* I'm goin', mate. I'm goin' to have a yarn with God ... See if I can straighten it all out. Ya never know ...

Judging by the look on Murray's face, there is no more that can be done for Irish. Still, Murray offers a last ray of hope.

Murray GulGul *holding Irish* Just hang on, there. We get an ambulance, eh, mate. We fix you up. Just stay with me now ...

Irish tries to shake his head. He closes his eyes.

Irish *barely audible* Look after them boys They're not bad kids, even if they are Poms

whisper ...

Charles has bolted to Irish's side and drops to his knees. Crying hopelessly, Charles takes Irish's hand between both of his.

Charles *weeping* Mr Irish! Mr Irish! Please don't die ... I want you for my friend ...

Irish becomes vaguely aware of Charles, opens his eyes and then winks at the boy.

This is the last thing that Irish does before his time peters out.

FADE OUT

Aftermath of Irish's Death

Once again, the scene is a superb view of lakes, mountains and glorious parklands on a sunny day. However, in this instance, the fluffy clouds are absent. We can hear Charles's voice desperately calling out: "Mr Irish! Mr Irish!"

Female *voice off* Ticket number O409, please.

Irish is dressed in white robes and has a mass of fluttering angel wings on his back. There is no long hair, shaven face nor golden halo. Irish reclines on his side, propped up on his elbow, pulling apart several beautiful flowers which grow nearby.

It becomes evident that God has lowered himself to recline beside Irish, interviewing him.

Deep male voice *off* Well?

Irish *laconic* Sean McGeady of Elsternwick. Aged 30. Former builder's labourer who acts impulsively and then spews about it afterwards. Turned to crime but can't say I made a packet out of it. Broke even, I guess.

So before y'ask: **yes**, I have a string of regrets longer than yer arm.

Deep male voice *off* About your recent demise: it was you or the boys. I had to save the boys. Sorry, Sean.

Irish That's okay. I'd rather that than ... But don't write me in as a hero. I'm not. I'm a gutless ...

[Long, shuddering sigh]

 Can we talk together?

Deep male voice *off* Sure.

Irish Is it okay if we talk about Philosophy or do we have to stick to Theology?

Deep male voice *off* No, Philosophy is fine ... one so rarely gets the opportunity. Kick back and go for it.

Irish What's it all for? Life ... what's the point?

Deep male voice *off* Ah! The question of the ages.

Irish Birth is such a funny thing ... I mean conception ... The act is one of sexual gratification and the "baby" thing is just a sidebar.

Deep male voice *off* Why do you think I made it so pleasant? Why do you think that I made the faces of young women so very appealing ... When you look down into a pretty girl's face, as you're about to kiss her ... Isn't it the most wondrous thing?

Irish And then you root her and *Hey presto!* a baby pops out ... and then it's got to struggle through life for nothin', the poor little kid. Why would you organize that, God? Just tell me.

Deep male voice *off* But not all of them struggle needlessly, Sean. Some write *Concierto de Aranjuez* even though blind since childhood.

Irish *on the attack* See! ***That's*** where I'm coming from, Holy Father. Why inflict blindness on a child? What's your point?

 Let's work through an example of the unfairness behind your grand plan. You've got some bloke who is stinking rich because his father fell off his horse onto a plot of land that turned out to be an oilfield.

And then on the flipside, you've got some woman who goes from one bash-artist to the next, getting dehumanized along the way. What's the good of that?

I mean why bother?

Deep male voice *off* So kill yourself if you think it's all crap.

Irish *bitter but also sad* I wanted to neck meself one night when I was 19. After a heavy poker game in East Brunswick it was.

Worked overtime every night for weeks and then blew the lot on one hand of poker. I wasn't bluffing ... neither was the Greek. He skun me and I thought: might as well be dead.

I thought: I'll jump out of the train on the way home.

Deep male voice *off* What stopped you?

Irish *becoming lachrymose* In the same carriage as me, a little girl was singing a song from "Mary Poppins" to her grandma.

Irish sobs. God pats his knee.

Deep male voice *off* And that little girl grew up and wondered (just like you) what it was all about, not realizing that she'd saved a stranger for an untimely death.

Irish *nasty tone* A stranger who became a crim.

Deep male voice *off* Your somewhat short life will prove to be a lesson to some little boy in Ferntree Gully who'll read about your exploits in a scandal rag and vow to lead a good life thereafter.

Irish stops crying to look about at the heavenly scene.

Deep male voice *off* Come on! I think that you might have a half-decent tenor voice, Sean McGeady. Let's get you into band practice.

END OF INTERRUPTION

V, Scene xi: Things Turn Ugly For The Boys and The Dags Part IV

In The Northern Territory, 250 Kilometres South Of Alabaster Creek

Saturday October 25th 2014, 16:08 hours Adelaide (Central) time [London time 05:38 hours]

Music: None, just bush noises.

Charles and Murray have carefully lain newly cut small branches of greenery over both bodies (Irish and Kos), in preference to burial.

Brandon has written a note on Charles's paper. He is sitting in the station wagon, tying the note to the steering wheel with some fuse wire which Murray provided for him. Brandon looks up, shrugging. Then he and Murray wander to the ute (where BG is resting in the passenger seat).

Murray is barefoot, wearing white man trousers and nothing else. He has his arm around Brandon's shoulders. The boy is very cut-up about the recent events but has at least stopped crying.

Murray GulGul Now listen! You gotta be a brave boy, now. You Trader Bradley's son. Just remember that.

Brandon *quiet childish voice* Yes.

Murray GulGul You don't know your Dad. You gonna have to find out about him. He's a great man. Your Dad is Jack's son. Jack's a great hero, and your Dad's a great hero, too.

Brandon *unconvinced* Yes.

Murray GulGul Somehow, you'll see ...

You drive the car now. This old black fella can't drive. Go over a cliff dreamin' about the Fathers and hearin' them callin' to me.

That white fella can't drive 'cause he's bad hurt. I gotta get him some white man medicine. Just maybe we can keep him goin' with black woman paste. Dunno. Maybe we try. And Charlie too little.

You drive the car. Make Trader proud of you.

Brandon looks down, torn between his desire to be a grieving child and the offer to become manlike.

Murray GulGul *inveigling* Come on, now. You can do that for old GulGul. I know plenty boys younger than you can drive a road train. Just drivin' that old ute too easy for you, eh?

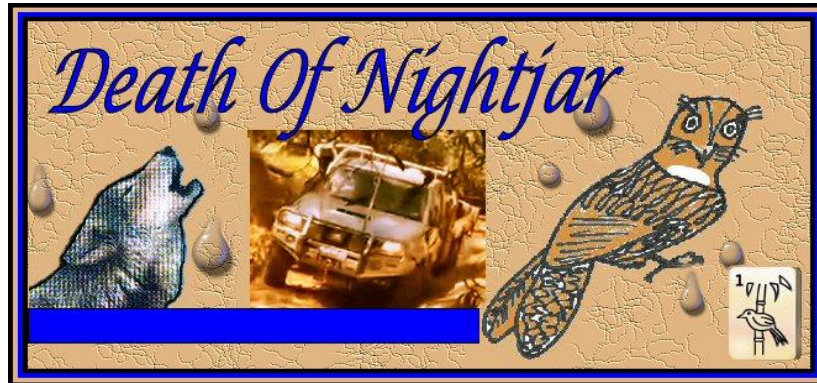
Brandon *reluctant grin* Okay. Alright.

Murray GulGul Good! Now me and Charlie gotta go in the back of the ute with all the stuff. And there isn't much room there. But that white fella gotta sit in the car 'cause he bad hurt, like I said. You gonna have to follow the road until I bang on the back window and tell you "Go this way" or "Go that way". Got it?

Brandon nods. Murray pats his shoulder. Brandon climbs into the driver's seat and Murray hauls himself into the ute tray, where Charles eagerly awaits him.

END OF SCENE

END OF ACT V



ACT VI

VI, Scene i: In The Northern Territory Somewhere South Of The Dags

Saturday October 25th 2014, 16:08 hours Adelaide (Central) time

[London time 05:38 hours]

Music: As per Cyndie's CD.

Background Note: Everyone Is Catching Up To The Dags

The reality of the Dags having lost the Carnegie brothers is that they have unknowingly lost "lead" time over those people now giving chase (that is, the two cars comprising Team Gladiator).

Further, the Dags are unaware that anyone is chasing them: Brandon's "goanna-hunt" note seems to have been accepted at face value by the Bradley family. There are no planes buzzing them ... no news flashes on the radio ... it is as if they are enjoying a Springtime idyll.

The four members of Team Cavalier share the driving, too. However, they are intent (for a short time) on rejoining the rally. They go from bad to worse, and then give up. The plan then becomes one of British sightseers: they will simply drift about enjoying the countryside until they should reach a major city. Then the two Britishers plan to simply fly out.

As her three teammates sleep, Cyndie drives along a dirt track, singing along with a CD of Irish folk songs. Simon is dozing in the front passenger seat.

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Cyndie sees in the middle distance the two cars of Team Gladiator, as they race northwards in pursuit of the kidnapped boys and their abductors. The CB radio crackles into life as Gordon Junior's voice is heard.

Gordon Junior *on the CB* Copy east-bound. Copy east-bound.

Cyndie looks worried.

Cyndie *to herself* Oh ... Is that man talking to me? Helloo! Helloo!

Gordon Junior *over the CB* Copy east-bound. Copy east-bound.

Simon stirs.

Simon *thickly* Answer him, Woman.

Cyndie is affronted.

Cyndie *pouting* I **am** answering him. He's simply not listening. Helloo! Helloo!

Simon stirs himself awake, taking the handset into his palm.

Simon *into the CB, gravel-voiced* Yeah, mate. East-bound. Hearing you loud and clear. Er ... over.

Gordon Junior *over the CB* You don't sound too good ... You're not driving are you? Over.

Simon *into the CB* No, mate. I have a YL driving. Over.

Gordon Junior *over the CB* Well done! Are you taking part in the Oz-Pom 4WD rally by any chance? Over.

Simon *into the CB* We were ... We've more or less chucked it in. Over.

Gordon Junior *over the CB* Do any of your passengers have any medical knowledge? We're in an emergency situation and may possibly require assistance. Over.

Simon shuffles in his seat and rubs his face: all this to try to wake up.

Simon *into the CB* Yes! We have a fully qualified GP on board. A doctor. Over.

There is a pause. Simon and Cyndie are able to hear some background chatter.

Gordon Junior *over the CB* Are we able to have you follow us? Or we could pull up and relieve you of the doctor if that suits better? Over.

Simon *into the CB* Just a tick.

[To Cyndie]

What do you think? Follow? Are we up for it?

[Cyndie nods animatedly. Simon returns to the CB conversation]

We'll follow you. If we have to stop for any reason, we'll call you on this channel: channel 32. Over. Over and out.

Gordon Junior *over the CB* Fine! Over and out!

Simon *to Cyndie* Try to keep up with them, Cynd. Plant your foot.

Cyndie appears pleased with this turn of events, pressing her lips together determinedly.

END OF SCENE

VI, Scene ii: In The Northern Territory, 250 Kilometres South Of Alabaster Creek

Saturday October 25th 2014, 17:14 hours Adelaide (Central) time

[London time 06:44 hours]

Music: None. Bird calls and bush sounds proliferate.

The three 4WD vehicles of Teams Gladiator and Cavalier arrive at the clearing where the shoot-out occurred.

The scene is as we left it. It could simply be a scene whereby an old, battered station wagon has parked such that the occupants can enjoy a picnic or afternoon tea.

Apart from the two dead bodies, this is a very tranquil, charming scene, enhanced by the random bird calls. However, flies are gathering in increased numbers.

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As the three vehicles pull up, and the goggle-eyed occupants stagger out into the fresh air, the first thing to see is the body of Kos, under a loose layer of greenery. Dressed as a guerrilla, he lies on his back. Murray GulGul's spear is still impaled in the face, and Kos has dropped to the ground with the shotgun still held in his hands. Many flies now buzz about the decaying corpse.

Farther away, Irish's shod feet and some of his legs can be seen. On closer inspection, the body of Irish comes into view, again covered decently with fresh-cut green branchlets. He was contorted by the agonizing pain of his death even as Murray GulGul held him and lies in this final pose.

Apart from Colin and Simon, the occupants of the 4WD vehicles wander about in a daze, unable to comprehend the horror of the scene.

Colin squats beside Kos, muttering away about what he is observing. Simon squats with him, intrigued. We can just make out Colin's comments, along with his actions. Simon nods and points as appropriate.

Cyndie Finds Brandon's Note.

Cyndie, lost in thought, takes a closer look at the station wagon (possibly looking for further bodies.) She sees the note which Brandon has written on some of Charles's paper and attached to the steering wheel with wire. Suddenly, in great excitement, she calls out.

Cyndie excited, loud Colin! Colin! There's a note!

Cyndie hauls open the driver's door of the wagon, deftly detaches the note from the wire, and quickly scans it. Troy is promptly at her side. She hands the note to him.

Cyndie halting I ... I ... I think this might be good news ...

To whom finds this letter

As you can tell by the bodies there has been some action here.

Only BG is left and he is our friend. PLEASE SEND AN ABULANCE. We are now making for Alabaster Creek near Bullo Gauge. Me and

Charles and Mr Gull Gull are well and eating wollobee and drinking clean water.

Yours Faithfully Brandon Bradley.

Troy reads the note, and then gives a sharp whoop of joy.

Troy reading aloud and commenting It's Brandon. He's alive. Listen!

"To whom finds this letter. As you can tell by the bodies there has been some action here. Only BG is left " – Who's BG?

Dillon No idea, mate.

Troy He can't be one of the felons, surely!

"Only BG is left and he is our friend." I think Brandon is asking us to send an ambulance in that this "BG" (whoever he is) appears to be injured.

Warren The wording suggests that BG *is* one of the kidnappers but has won their trust.

David And is he all that remains of ... ? The two bodies already discovered (the Carnegie brothers) and these two stiffs ... are there more guys involved?

Troy Maybe ...

Okay ... And needs an ambulance. Right. Let's get the whole picture, here.

"We are now making for Alabaster Creek near Bullo Gauge" ...

"Gorge" should that be?

"Me and Charles and Mr Gull Gull are well and eating wollobee and drinking clean water." Good! They're not just alive, but apparently prospering. Can one eat wallaby? Apparently so.

"Yours Faithfully Brandon Bradley."

David *warning* Remember that things might not be as clear as this note suggests. The boy may have written it under duress. Or even worse, this might be a trap.

Warren nods. He is already dialling his mobile phone.

Warren These local police will be tired of the sound of my voice, methinks.
[Into the phone]

Hello. Look, it's Warren Barlow again, from the 4WD rally. I have to make another report of a fatality ... a double fatality. This time it's definitely murder. One chap is dead by virtue of a shotgun, wielded apparently by another man (an ex-soldier, by the look of him). This second man has been killed by a spear. Probably a native --

Dillon (who has been standing over Kos's body) suddenly makes a discovery.

Dillon *calling urgently* Tell the cops that it's Murray's spear. Murray has killed this man.

Dillon then runs to Warren.

Warren *continuing his call* Er ... The spear has been identified as – Look! I'll put you onto Dillon Bradley.

Warren quickly hands his phone to Dillon.

Dillon *into the phone* I recognize some significant markings on the spear. It's Murray GulGul's spear. I've known Murray all my life.

Murray GulGul is with the boys who've been kidnapped. The only reason Murray would have murdered anybody is for the safety of the boys. They've left a note that they are alright and heading for Bullo Gorge.

Gordon Junior and David swing up to Dillon and Warren with a large map and indicate their current position. Warren takes the phone.

Colin calls out that the deaths were quite recent: within the last couple of hours.

Warren We have a doctor, a medical practitioner on board. Some of our

party (including the doctor) will make a sprint for this Alabaster Creek mentioned in the note, and the others will wait here for you. How does that sound?

Yes, I'll give you our exact co-ordinates.

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

*Colin to Cyndie*            Tell you what's a grand idea ... you'll come with me, Sweetness. These young boys who've been kidnapped might find some comfort in having a female around. Warren and Simon will wait with the jalopy for the police to show up here. Then they can follow us later.

END OF SCENE

**VI, Scene iii:** In The Northern Territory, 180 Kilometres South Of Alabaster Creek

Saturday October 25th 2014, 18:18 hours Adelaide (Central) time

[London time 07:48 hours]

*Music: The Dags theme: very haunting didgeridoo calls.*

*In a clearing, several fully clothed Aboriginal women sit on the ground in a semi-circle.*

*For whatever reason, Murray GulGul has removed his trousers and replaced them with a traditional woven grass lap lap. BG (now groaning in pain and unable to walk unassisted) is stripped to the waist. The wound in his left side is covered with congealed blood. Murray helps BG to hobble to where the women sit, and to lower him to the ground. The women have some sort of vegetable paste in a hand-made wooden bowl.*

*Our camera backs away to reveal Brandon and Charles (awestruck) watching proceedings from a distance.*

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Charles *amazed*                    Brandon! Is this what they call a "corroboree"? What do you think?

Brandon *doubtful*                    It's more of a pow-wow.

Charles *thrilled*                    Oooo! I've just had a marvellous flash of genius.

                                                 I could have Inspector Tresilian discuss his latest case with the tribal elders. Whilst he smokes his briar pipe. Perhaps he could pass his pipe to the other chaps and they could puff solemnly before they say wise things.

Brandon                                No, I can't see Inspector Tresilian in a pair of those outlandish swimmers, such as Mr GulGul is wearing.

Charles *keen*                        Right! Oh, I know what. He could wear a safari suit with pith helmet and pince-nez. Ben and Tresilian could both be kitted-out in preparation for their foray into the Savannah.

Brandon *puzzled*                    What? But Tresilian isn't a pith helmet and pince-nez sort of guy. You'd much better have him standing in the wings like us: telling Bob what a wonderful hero he is.

Charles *impressed*                    Right!

Brandon *firmly*                        And you'll have to decide whereabouts this story is taking place: Australia or Africa. You can't mix the two. Better to stay in the UK. They can waltz off to shoot grouse in Scotland wearing tweeds and so forth. Much more suitable.

Charles *further impressed*                    Great! That's a smashing notion. And whilst shooting grouse, Inspector Tresilian can be set-upon by a lion which has escaped from a zoo in Egmont. But Bob will coolly shoot the wild cat right between the eyes, thus saving the Inspector and **then** calmly continue with shooting the birds.

                                                 Terrific!

*Charles scribbles into his notebook with immense energy.*

END OF SCENE

**VI, Scene iv:** In The Northern Territory, 180 Kilometres South Of Alabaster Creek

Saturday October 25th 2014, 18:43 hours Adelaide (Central) time

[London time 08:13 hours]

*Music: Whatever is playing on the 4WD radio.*

*On the dirt road leading past the native settlement, the two 4WD vehicles comprising Team Gladiator (also containing passengers Dr and Mrs Johnis of Team Cavalier) bump and toss about. As usual, the occupants must shout to be heard.*

Dillon                      And listen, guys: if and when you meet Murray GulGul, it would be good to ask him first if it's okay to take his photo. Some days, he's fine to be snapped. And other days ...

Cyndie                      Is that a native thing?

Dillon *nods*                      Pretty much. It's all about the soul ...

                                         He's a lovely bloke. Don't get me wrong.

Troy                              Over there! Look! I thought at first that it was a gypsy encampment, but --

Dillon *shouts*                      Hey! That looks very much like our ute over there. The black one! Slow down and I'll put the field glasses on it.

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

As Colin tends to BG's wound, there is a wonderful reunion. We can hear Charles's treble over all other sounds. There are hugs and handshakes: the British men are elated to meet Murray GulGul and his new native friends. Dillon scoops Charles up into his arms and receives a huge squeazy hug for his trouble.

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END OF SCENE

Background:

The various members of the two rally teams and the single remaining Dag must be accounted for at this juncture. More people will be arriving on the following morning, and so we must be fully cognisant of where everyone is.

The single 4WD vehicle representing Team Cavalier has remained at the shoot-out site, where Australians Warren Barlow and Simon Nelland await the arrival of police and SOC team. As soon as they can, they will follow the others to Bullo Gorge, arriving on Sunday morning (Central time). Wayno's station wagon is not seen again, as it remains broken down at the site of the shootout.

The two 4WD Team Gladiator vehicles and the ute have pressed on towards Bullo Gorge.

One 4WD vehicle is driven by Troy Allendale. The passenger beside him is Dr Colin Johnis, with his wife Cyndie in the back seat. Brandon and Charles sit either side of her.

The ute is driven by Dillon Bradley, with Murray GulGul as his passenger.

The other 4WD contains the rest of the party: Gordon Pendlebury Junior drives, with his brother David and BG as passengers.

VI, Scene v: In The Northern Territory, At Bullo Gorge

Sunday October 26th 2014, 08:15 hours Adelaide (Central) time

[London time 21:45 hours on the previous day]

The two 4WDs of Team Gladiator and the ute arrive at Bullo Gorge. The occupants rested the night with the aboriginal tribe (where the women had tried to heal BG prior to Colin's arrival). The members of the party breakfasted and then headed off.

Now they have arrived at Alabaster Creek, Bullo Gorge Northern Territory.

Just as most of the occupants climb out of the vehicles to take in the strangely mystic countryside, Simon and Warren drive up on the other side of the Gorge in the Team Cavalier 4WD.

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There is waving and calls on cell phones for only a couple of seconds. Then the camera focuses on Murray GulGul who remains in the ute, seemingly in a trance.

As everybody else waves to the remains of Team Cavalier, and wanders about, Murray goes on a flashback with Irish.

Dillon looks in on Murray. He turns, seeing Gordon Junior approaching.

Dillon *warning* Leave him, Mate. He's off with the ancestors. This might last a couple of hours. I'll bring him a cup of tea if he's still there by lunchtime.

Gordon Junior nods. The two men wander off.

FLASHBACK #1

Murray GulGul chuckles merrily. He is the sole passenger in the ute: Irish is the driver. Irish glances many times at his passenger. Driver and passenger rock about lazily with the motion of the ute on the uneven surface.

Irish What's up?

Murray *laughing* Nothin'.

GulGul continues to chuckle to himself.

Irish *more forceful* No, what's up? Whadya laughin' for?

Murray I'm laughin' at somethin' yer mad mate said.

Irish *concerned* Kos? Well, don't let 'im 'ear ya laughin' at 'im. 'E's snotted blokes for less than that.

Murray looks about at the scenery.

Murray *firm* I'm not afraid of that bloke. Not frightened of 'im.

But I'll keep me gob shut. I won't say nothin'. I'll just laugh to meself.

Irish continues to glance at GulGul, with an intrigued look on his face.

Irish *snorts* Well, go on. Don't leave a fella hangin'. What'dee say that's so funny?

Murray gives in.

Murray *chuckling* Ah! ... He told yuz all at Gunyarup that nobody never comes through there ... That them two bodies wouldn't be found for months. He was wrong, Mate. Fuckin' wrong.

Irish *puzzled* Why so? It's as deserted a little township as you could get.

Murray Yeah. But you don't know about the Rally, do ya?

A bloke asked me about a month ago where to run their 4WD Rally: up here and down there. I drew charcoal lines on a map for this bloke.

And I said: "Tell the teams they gotta find their way to Gunyarup and photograph the town's signpost."

And he said: "Righto!"

And he done that. Stoppin' at Gunyarup is part of the rally.

Irish mulls over this (fingers on lips) as Murray continues to chuckle.

Irish *rationalizing* Yeah, but that doesn't necessarily mean that they'll park there. Engines running, they'll --

Murray They'll smell the rotten carcasses and --

Irish *argumentative* No mate! They're in a rally. It's jump outta the car, take the snap, jump back in the car and piss off at max speed to the next "challenge". They don't --

Murray They'll have to --

Irish *arguing strenuously* I'm tellin' ya! They don't have no time for sniffin' the air for possible stinkin' deadies.

Murray *countering* My boy, Dillon --

Irish *interrupting loudly* No, Mate! Ya don't understand.

In a car rally, ya gotta whizz here and whizz there – quick as ya can! No time for buryin' bodies.

Murray *counters firmly* My boy, Dillon, is on that car chase and he'll smell 'em and he'll get out 'is spade and he'll go off to bury 'em. I taught 'im that: 'im and 'is brother, Trader.

Irish *distracted from the argument* Your son?

Murray No, Mate. But he's my boy anyway. I been with him and Trader and their sister Molly since they wuz so high. Dillon is that little Brandon's uncle.

Irish backs off, frowning. He continues to rub the fingers of one hand over his lips and jaw line.

Irish *inconsequentially* Well ... Nuthink's come of it ...

Murray *at sea* What?

Irish I mean the cops and that ... Nobody's out in choppers lookin' for us. It's like they believed that malarkey about the boys goin' off with you: sleepin' under the stars and doin' blokey things. Boys like that stuff. Always have, always will.

And the folks at Eupotiponpon have bought that story. So no harm done.

Judging by Irish's face, he is trying to convince himself rather than Murray GulGul.

Murray *matter-of-fact* I got more things to say to you that you're not gonna like ...

You know how your mate Googsie fell outta the ute down that slope, and we could never find 'im? Well, I left some secret blackfella notes in the dirt by the road.

Irish *surprised* Ya never did!

Murray *nods* Yeah, I did. And his dead body would be found by people on that 4WD rally, and they'd walk up to the road to try and nut-out what happened and they would read my secret notes up there, by the

road. And then they know where we gone.

Irish

But he never died. He just fell outta the ute. Maybe broke `is leg or somethin'. Is that what yer thinkin'?

What ... d'ya reckon a dingo might've got `im?

[Imitates an outback woman]

"A dingo's eaten my Googsie!"

[Irish laughs immoderately]

Why don't ya turn yerself into a donkey, GulGul, and get onto yerself.

The pair drive in silence for a couple of seconds.

Irish

Well, for Chrissake, don't say nothin' to Kos about that "secret note" stuff. He'll kill ya.

Murray cannot help himself. He starts laughing again. Irish sees the humour of the situation and laughs with him, slapping Murray on the knee in a friendly manner.

Irish *gasping for breath* Aw, fuck! ... You're a fair dinkum dag, you are ...

| |
|---------------------|
| END OF FLASHBACK #1 |
|---------------------|

Murray continues to sit in the ute, staring straight ahead. The camera picks up a stray tear meandering down Murray's cheek.

END OF SCENE

VI, Scene vi: In The Northern Territory, At Bullo Gorge

Sunday October 26th 2014, 08:48 hours Adelaide (Central) time

[London time 22:18 hours on the previous day]

Music: Something bright and merry but very much in the background.

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By 08:48 am, the various young men are all situated “privately”, talking to loved ones via mobile phones.

Troy is on his mobile phone, speaking to Annie, and asking if the children are surviving at school.

Troy speaking into mobile phone And how are the children? Did you sort out that teacher with the butt the size of Brazil? Is she still giving Mickey a hard time?

[Slight pause]

Did you try the Principal? Well, I think you should march straight into the Headmaster’s office and ... Alright – Headmistress and --

Gordon Junior is trying to get his daughter to hand over the phone to Mummy. Thus, his tone is one of patient father (unlike the man we have seen so far in this film).

Gordon Junior speaking into mobile phone That’s wonderful, Honey. Yes, I’d love to see the pretty decorations on your window. Uh-huh, I’ll be home just as soon as I can. Yeah – listen, Pet, can you see Mummy? Are you able to take the phone to her? To Mummy? I want to say hello to her.

David is speaking to a randomly met bird who is with his drinking buddies. He is unctuous and giggly (quite out of his usual character).

David speaking into mobile phone, giggly Come on, Baby. I have to see you in your wet T-shirt. Have Indy take your photo ... You can ping it to me from his phone. Come on, Sexy-girl. Come on ...

Dillon is asking his wife Lucy if her pregnancy is progressing as expected, and that she is not too sick.

Dillon speaking into mobile phone ... what the doctor tells you.
I know that. I know. And I’m sorry to be doing this while you’re –
I know, Lucy.
Darling, I promised my cousins that I’d co-drive in this thing. It was all taped-up before you got pregnant ...
Yes, and that was my fault, too. I know.
Hey! I’ll be home soon ...

END OF SCENE

VI, Scene vii: In The Northern Territory, At Bullo Gorge

Sunday October 26th 2014, 09:20 hours Adelaide (Central) time

[London time 22:50 hours on the previous day]

Music: The Dags music, with huge influx of didgeridoo and various bird calls.

Murray GulGul is still in a trance.

By 09:20 am, it is getting hot, and there is a certain amount of frustration that Murray (the only possible hope of discovering the entry point of the opal mine) is trapped in his own thoughts.

Warren and Simon have wandered off with Dillon and the boys to explore the terrain. The treble voices of the boys ring out over the countryside. The doctor and his wife trail along behind them.

BG rests in a deck chair provided by the 4WD party. It appears that BG has been accepted at face value, and that all parties are keen for him to make a good recovery from his wounds. Troy (looking quite fed-up) sits on a rock beside BG and has Gordon Junior and David lolling about beside him.

Gordon Junior *to BG,* How long will that aboriginal chap stay in his trance?
nodding towards the
ute

BG *shrugs* He's a hard case, that bloke. We were lost up in the deep bush, and no-one had a clue. He just sat on the ground, with his legs crossed, and nuted it out. Pointed straight at the map: "That's where we are".

Troy *annoyed* How long did he sit on the ground? Are we talking minutes? ...
Hours?

The camera focuses on the ute, and on Murray still sitting in the passenger seat.

FLASHBACK #2

Murray GulGul is again the sole passenger in the ute which is driven by Irish. We have caught them in the middle of a conversation. Driver and passenger rock about lazily with the motion of the ute on the uneven surface.

Murray ... and they looked at me and they looked at the dirt and they stood there. All them bloody university farts and not half a brain between `em.

I said: "Dig there, mate." So they finally took the hint and dug up the fossil of the dinosaur.

Irish *impressed* Bet they thought you wuz a hero?

Murray *shakes head* Nuh. They told old GulGul to knick off `cause they wanted to be scientific. Took them two whole years to dig up the whole skeleton. Pack of losers!

Irish *thoughtful* But you don't believe in Evolution, do ya?

Murray *shrugs* Nuh ...

Irish *glad of the support* `Cause it's not what the Bible says, is it? So I reckon it's a big con.

Murray *shrugs* Could be ...

Irish *musng* When I get to Heaven (if I get a guernsey in Paradise), I'm gonna ask God some questions about all that. Ask him if Evolution is crap.

And reincarnation. You blokes are heavily into reincarnation, I know that for a fact. All your bloody Dreamtime stories are full of it, eh.

But "Heaven" ...

I dunno when that's gonna be ... Maybe sooner than later, or later than sooner ...

Murray *definite* Sooner. You got an enemy ... Did ya know that?

Irish laughs loudly.

Irish *very amused* I got a **bag** full of enemies, Mate! Female as well as male.

Murray scans the scenery. Then he speaks.

Murray You know who your biggest enemy is?

Irish Nuh ... What? ... Meself ... ?

Murray Nuh. That fuckin' Kos. He's gonna lose it with you one day and he's gonna bring you undone.

Irish *bright* Well, I'll just get in first then, won't I?

Murray *with strength* You're never gonna kill Kos. Someone else has been voted in for that job.

Irish *surprised* Not me?

Murray *noncommittal* Nuh.

Irish *intrigued* Who?

Murray does not answer.

Irish *insistent* **Who?**

Murray refuses to answer.

Irish *quieter* Is it you, GulGul?

Murray *reluctant* Maybe.

Irish I can't see you popping Kos. He's too clewy for you, Old Boy.

Murray *snarling in a dark, sullen rage* He touch them boys and he won't be clewy no more. I'll get `im. And not just hurt `im: he's dead meat, Mate.

Irish is much impressed by Murray's exhibition of sullen anger.

Irish Fuck! Okay, then who do I kill?

Murray No one. You're a good bloke. You won't kill no one.

That's your ticket to Heaven right there.

Irish *overwhelmed* Jeez!

| |
|---------------------|
| END OF FLASHBACK #1 |
|---------------------|

Now all members of the party hear an unexpected sound: a helicopter approaches.

We see from a distance the helicopter descending, picking a possible landing site. We see from a distance the interest displayed by the men and the excitement displayed by the boys.

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

*Murray GulGul continues to sit in the ute in his trance. Then we watch his eyesight sharpen as he frowns. Music: very much “something-is-about-to-happen” (along with the distant, loud sounds of the chopper).*

*Approaching the ute is a huge monitor lizard: an oversized goanna (almost the size of a Komodo dragon). Murray tries to understand: the goanna seems to be intent on signalling to Murray with its head. Murray stares open-mouthed. Then we see Murray’s lips move: “Irish?”*

*BG is still in his deckchair. Outside the ute, the sound of the helicopter is quite loud. All the other folk have gone off to welcome the occupants of the chopper. BG watches in disbelief as Murray steps out of the ute and follows the goanna as if in a trance.*

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

Trader steps carefully out of the helicopter, bent low as he runs towards the boys. There are shouts of “Dad!” and “Trader!” from Brandon and Charles. This is a tearful, though happy reunion. Trader hugs and lifts both boys as one: he does not favour Brandon. The other men (those acquainted with Trader through their blood relationship) approach to shake his hand. There is a babble of noise.

Still at the helicopter, Tamsin steps clear, assisting Fiona and then Jack to step clear of the machine. Meanwhile, Jack calls over some of the lads to assist the pilot. The party from Eupotiponpon has brought with them fresh water and food supplies, and this must be unloaded from the helicopter. Fiona carries a Tupperware container in which an iced cake is on show.

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

*Murray follows the goanna as it makes its way among the rocks in the awkward fashion of large reptiles. Music: still very much "something-is-about-to-happen".*

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

Deliriously happy, Trader can be seen to hug Dillon, and share hearty handshakes with everyone else. Meanwhile, through their extreme excitement, Charles and Brandon are squabbling as they shove large chunks of Nanny Fiona's cake into their mouths. (We can vaguely make-out that the men are chatting about their various ordeals in the background.)

Charles *thickly* When I grow up, I'm going to be just like Inspector Tresilian, and fly about in helicopters and interview devious criminals and solve all manner of nasty misdemeanours. What do you think?

Brandon *thickly, firing up* Pooley knickers! Your all-wise, all-wonderful Tresilian did nothing at all.

Charles arks up (even though he can hardly speak, he has so much cake in his mouth). He is passionate in defence of his imaginary hero.

Charles *thickly, passionate* Yes he did!

Brandon *thickly, equally passionate* No, he didn't. All Tresilian did was to wonder at the feats of Bob and Ben. If you read back over your vast tranche of notes, you'll soon realize that Tresilian actually achieved nothing, except for smoking a pipe, catching a cold and being almost devoured by a lion.

Charles *thickly, appalled* Oh! That's **so** not true!

Our camera shows the group around the helicopter (still being unloaded) watching William's descent at some distance away.

Music: grand and encouraging. This theme will reverberate through the cave when the men finally broach it.

William lands quite a long way from the helicopter. His drop coincides with Murray trying to communicate with the huge goanna which is leading him through the rocks.

It is the huge goanna which is ambling along ahead of Murray, and looking back to ensure that he is following. But to Murray's mind, it is the ghost of Irish that he follows and not a goanna at all.

Ghost of Irish *voice* About here ... this is where it is, Mate: your precious opal mine.
over It's a rich vein ... you and the boys and BG will make a motzer out of it.

William completes his landing. William is kitted-out in standard overalls complete with all possible safety equipment. He has pulled up quickly upon landing, gathering his chute in the manner of a seasoned jumper. Murray shades his eyes with his hand to watch William (in full Air Force officer uniform). The two men wave to each other.

Ghost of Irish *voice* We got company. This bloke will know what's what. I reckon I can
over leave you with him. Seems a capable sort of dude.

Alright then, Mate ... See ya in the soup.

Murray *nods* I know 'im. Good man. Worked with 'im before.

Yeah ... I'll be right now, Mate.

The large goanna shambles off. Murray smiles as William appears with hand outstretched and huge smile. William is blowing hard after his ordeal.

William *puffed and* Mr Murray GulGul! I might be getting just a wee bit too old for
chuckling that kind of exercise. That jump might prove my finale.

Is my family here? Were they the folk I saw clustered about the chopper?

Murray shakes hands very warmly with William.

Murray Sure thing! We're just about to get stuck into some opal mining,

as a matter of fact.

William taking this Of course. Naturally. Change of tack.

information in his stride Do you realize that I've flown from the UK to Sydney to Adelaide, and then bus to Eupotiponpon, only to discover that all parties had decamped in this direction?

Hence, the parachuting exhibition. I believe that I missed a berth on the chopper by less than 10 minutes.

We see and hear the helicopter take off. Like a stampede, the various people at Bullo Gorge either drive or run towards the spot where William has landed. Music: triumphant, marvellous.

The camera backs away to take in the sight of William's welcome from his family members, and introductions to his new friends.

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

*The men (not including BG and Jack) work in organized gangs to shift and move the huge rocks which block the supposed entrance to the cave, which is situated near the spot where William has landed, and where the goanna turned away to leave Murray.*

*The two boys and the three ladies (Fiona, Cyndie and Tamsin) rescue all available battery-operated lanterns, lights and torches from the many vehicles now gathered about.*

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

A huge effort requiring much ingenuity and manpower is required to shift one very large rock. The men call "Heave!" and then push the stone or pull on ropes in unison; and then follows a further "Heave!" With a tremendous shuddering teeter to the left of a huge boulder, the men shout "Heave! There it goes!" as the troublesome boulder rolls aside, rendering enough of a gap for the boys, Tamsin and Cyndie to squeeze through. With much admonition to be very careful, the two ladies and the two boys (armed with lanterns and torches) step into the cold gloom of the long-forgotten cave.

They are at first in a narrow, cramped passage. We continue to hear the grunts and shouts of the men as they attempt to widen the entrance to this passageway.

The Opal Mine.

Wisely, Cyndie leaves a spare lantern at a strategic point (for the return journey). The boys have scampered and slid on ahead. Cyndie and Tamsin call to them. From the depths of the Earth, they hear scrabbling sounds.

Tamsin *calling* Boys! Don't go any further until we catch up with you, please.

Disembodied boyish voices Oh, wow! Double, triple wow! You have to see this!

Tamsin *gasps* Have we really found it?

Cyndie I'll go back and let the men know that we're on a winner.

Male voices can be heard above.

Cyndie Hold that thought ... I'd say they're onto it.

🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀 **Break** 🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀

Music: Marvellous, heroic, wonderful.

There are smiles all around. Everyone is in wonderment at the beauty of the cave, with its stalactites and stalagmites. Lanterns, lights and torches flash over the walls and ceilings.

Murray is found rubbing his hand along a rock wall. Jack is beside him.

Murray *quietly* Jack, this is where Enid came. She knew there would be opals, I reckon.

Jack nods. He looks about him.

Jack *hushed tones* This is fair dinkum amazing. We'll have to phone Jason Gladstone. He'll be delirious. He's the chap who married Fiona's niece. Remember? He was the rock-hopper we saw in that French TV

series a few years ago.

Murray *nods*

Yeah, I remember. And his boss on that TV show came to Oz with a very precious rock. That was almost as good as this, holdin' that rock. But this better. This was from my people. We'll find some stuff that they left here. Very old. Very special.

END OF SCENE

VI, Scene viii: In Medley Of Grabs: The Car Club Magazine Deliveries

Sunday October 26th 2014, 11:00 hours Sydney (AEDT) time

[Central time 10:30 hours]

[London time 00:00 hours]

Music: Brisk and busy, becoming grand. [Refer back to ACT V Scene ix]

Again, we watch some quick grabs of the delivery of the bundles of magazines from the Australia-wide Car Club (November 2014) to designated drop-off spots around Sydney. There, groups of walkers (satchels on backs) and young bicycle riders collect small piles of the pre-addressed, plastic-wrapped items.

At Sydney Airport, planes are loaded with the bundles of magazines.

The grabs layer one over the other as they come into focus and fade out, with the last shot being of a plane taking off.

END OF SCENE

VI, Scene ix: In The Northern Territory, Alabaster Creek, In The Cave

Sunday October 26th 2014, 13:05 hours Adelaide (Central) time

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Trader wanders off then stops. He doubles back.

Trader *suspicious* Is this more bad news?

William *weak smile* No, not this time. Strange news, and completely unexpected. But definitely good news.

Trader seems not to be convinced, but he nods anyway and wanders off to fetch his father.

🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭 **Break** 🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭

The four men (William, Jack, Trader and Dillon) gather. From their vantage point under the ledge, they are able to watch the various exotic stalactites and stalagmites being illuminated to great effect by the lanterns, torches and spotlights.

William *unsure how to proceed* This is awkward. My Dad should never have delved into your affairs, Jack. However, he told me on numerous occasions that he felt a bit mean, having passed you off as a nincompoop during our adventure on the Old Silk Road.

As you know, he died a few months back. At that time, several inquiries (instigated by Dad) were in progress: in Ireland. Dad's solicitor gave me Dad's final instructions – myself rather than George as I was closer to you, Jack. So --

Jack *bracingly* This is about my biological father, isn't it, for want of a better name.

William stares at Jack, then gives a halting nod.

Dillon The Irish geologist who had the wild affair with Enid Finchett?

Again, William nods, shifting about due to the awkwardness of the situation.

Jack I'm not sure that I want to know, anyway. As far as I'm concerned, my adoptive parents were the real deal.

Dillon No, I want to find out, Dad. We might be stinking rich.

Jack *disparaging* Oh, come on! Who in Ireland is ever stinking rich?

William This somewhat corny tale actually concerns Brandon as well. But I thought it best to keep it amongst ourselves, for now. Dillon, you and your wife are having a baby. Trader might remarry ...

Dillon emits a crack of laughter (Jack's two sons have both inherited Jack's roaring laugh). The laughter echoes amazingly throughout the cave, causing other heads to turn.

Disembodied male voice Are you chaps alright up there?

Trader *chuckling, calling out* No worries, mate. Just a family confab.

The four men shift about. William is now ready to spill the beans.

William Look! Here's the lowdown.

So far, we have the certain knowledge that Enid Finchett, while married to the then absent Trader Finchett, had a wild fling with an unnamed Irish archaeologist and that she secretly bore her son (you, Jack) such that no-one was the wiser. And the Bradley family adopted you. And that was that.

As William speaks, this Irish story is played out in the form of a hologram appearing on the dark wall of the cave.

William Carrick Glengortin stands proudly in County Wicklow, Ireland.

In 1910, the son of the equally proud Lord Gortin was a wild, wild lad. In order to snub his nose at his father, Errol went through a very unorthodox marriage ceremony, apparently on a wind-swept Irish beach. He wed a local beauty: Lannie Eltrill.

Before he could disown Errol, Lord Gortin passed away. Now ensconced in said castle, Errol was brought to see reason, and put his marriage to Lannie aside. The county (one imagines) held its collective breath. As expected, Errol married the very noble Lady Seraphina Antrim.

But you can see what's coming: the Lannie marriage was not officially dissolved ... Big mistake on someone's part.

We see the colour and brightness of the hologram steadily increase as the story unfolds.

William Lannie's twin boys (Daniel and Michael) hit the air in the humblest crofter's cottage late in 1910. The kindly Lady Seraphina swooped down and picked Michael to be passed off as her own son. Daniel was whisked up for adoption by a godly schoolteacher and his barren wife in some farflung parish. Neither boy was told of his background, nor of the existence of a twin brother.

In their lives, they never met. Michael was a stay-at-home lord of the manor, whereas Daniel (as a fully-trained archaeologist) travelled the world. Their paths just never crossed (which is a sad thing, I think).

Dillon That's a bit of a rough trot for this Lannie girl. I assume that she was coerced into giving up the twins?

William *nods* And then drifted away to make shift as best she could ...

Jack *sadly* And this Daniel will turn out to be my real father, I guess ...

William Yes. Yes, Daniel knew of your existence Jack, and whispered this fact (that he had fathered a son) to the housekeeper at the deathbed. It was a priest who indirectly contacted Dad with the housekeeper's revelation.

Well, Michael outlived his twin brother. Old Lord Michael Gortin died childless in spite of his three marriages. He reached his 99th birthday, as it happens. It was Michael's death which spurred Dad on with this quest for justice.

Anyway, the only remaining heir was Daniel's son: you Jack.

Jack *surprised* But ... according to the law, I'm a bastard.

Dillon *disappointed* He can't inherit.

William That's where Brandon comes in. That's why this whole blessed

business has taken so long to sort out. Dad worked tirelessly at it. Gave him an interest after Mum died.

To cut to the chase, the "legitimacy" issue is taken care of by Brandon's existence: the son of the son of the son. It's some old Celtic law ... I'm all at sea on the rights of it.

As it stands, if Brandon visits the Stipendiary Magistrate of County Wicklow and simply states his claim, then he becomes the new Lord Gortin and inherits Carrick Glengortin and a sizeable property to boot. Pasture ... Horses ... A stud ... That sort of thing.

Trader *awestruck*

Shit! My son! A lord?

Dillon

But where do I come in? And the "issue from my loins"?

William

In the unlikely case that Brandon dies childless, and Trader only ever has this one son, then your eldest son inherits.

The upshot is that you'd best visit Ireland along with Brandon and Trader. Just in case.

The assembled audience look about at each other, utterly bewildered. William laughs.

William

You'll never guess what the name of the town is, where you're to meet the beak: it's a burg called "Rylance".

Jack

Well, I'll be blowed! "Rylance" ... That was the maiden name of my mother-in-law ... of Fee's mother Helene, before she married Malcolm Buxton.

Trader

Yes, and thus my real name. Thanks Dad!

So, let's get this straight. My boy Brandon is not only the great-grandson of the august Professor Buxton, and a great-grandson of the equally scholastic Enid Finchett, but is also (when he claims his rights) the new Lord Gortin of County Wicklow, Ireland.

William

That sounds like the ticket.

Dillon *aghast*

Shit, Trader! How do you tell him that?

Jack *decisive* Ya won't. I will.

Jack heaves himself up from the rock on which he is sitting, and determinedly moves off.

END OF SCENE

VI, Scene x: An Imagined Play Or Film Set In The 1950's (Part VII)

Music: None.

This scene (featuring the last of Tresilian, Bob and Ben) has Charles performing voice-over. Inspector Tresilian is fishing. The water is an imagined river which appears to exist within the environs of Bullo Gorge (in Charles's imagination).

We see Charles sitting on a rock, scribbling frantically into his notebook, talking to himself.

Charles *eyes agog as he writes frenetically* But that's a ***much*** better story than anything I wrote! There's a gripping read, there, and I shall write it up.

But first of all, I have to put the dear old inspector to bed.

Charles continues to scribble as the vision of Tresilian shows the inspector to be lazily fishing as he smokes his familiar briar pipe.

Charles *writing and watching his creation fishing* Exhausted after all of his many adventures, Inspector Tresilian (the most famous of New Scotland Yard's detectives) lay back at his ease in his little dinghy on the River Liffey in Ireland and --

The vision of Tresilian is seen to sit up straight, jiggling his line.

Charles *writing frenetically* No! No! No! He fished with a ***great flourish*** and --

Neatly, and with minimal effort, the vision of Tresilian lands a good-sized fish.

Now we see the Bob and Ben characters in the vision, gripping each other with thrill at the sight of Tresilian landing such a large, good-looking fish.

Charles, with the vision fading quickly, turns to shout at Brandon.

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Charles *excited,*
shouting

Brandon! Brandon! Come quick! He's taken affirmative action!
Inspector Tresilian just caught a smashing fish!

END OF SCENE

VI, Scene xi: The ABC Television Seven O'Clock News

Monday October 27th 2014, 19:00 hours Adelaide (Central) time

[London time 08:30 hours]

Music: The dramatic introduction to the ABC evening News service.

This is the high-drama lead story, with newsreader on screen in front of a filmed sequence depicting men being arrested, hand-cuffed, pushed into police cars, and driven off. The detainees are shown with pixilation over their eyes.

Newsreader

At least 18 men and women have been taken into custody today following one of the biggest anti-white-collar-crime swoops ever undertaken in Australia.

Code-named "Operation Nightjar", an Australia-wide police effort (with direct assistance from New Scotland Yard in London) nabbed many of the world's most wanted criminals, and officials have claimed that more felons are yet to be netted.

END OF SCENE

VI, Scene xii: 2014 The Offices Of Connor, Lubeth, Greene And Tyhe, London

London, 2014: Monday October 27th 09:00 hours [Central time 19:30 hours]

Music: Middle of the road "Elevator Music".

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Patty Armstrong is in the compactus with another girl (Bethany), and they are searching for the cardboard box of belongings of the late law firm partner, Pierce Lubeth.

They look about, trying to find a specific shelf.

Patty looking up I don't really care to find it, but – Uh! Here it is.

Patty and her friend Bethany reach up, safely rescuing the storage box.

Bethany Are you able to carry that on your own?

Patty squirms about, putting the box into her arms such that she can manage to carry it. She nods and smiles.

Patty Yes, thank you, Beth. I think that I'll drop this on Mr Connor's desk. He's the right person to ... um ...

Patty turns on her heel and heads off, bearing the lidded archive box. Bethany watches Patty leave the compactus.

Bethany Yes! Absolutely!

🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀 **Break** 🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀

In Mr Connor's office, the girls stand beside Mr Connor's desk, on which Patty has placed Lubeth's box of possessions. Connor is not present, but the door stands open. Harry da Costa rushes in.

Harry matter of fact Mr Connor has asked me deal with it, Ladies. Would you both mind staying with me, to ensure fair play?

Neither girl seems surprised by this request. Both sit in the visitor's chairs. Harry sits comfortably in Connor's luxurious chair.

Harry business-like I'm now opening this box of the late Pierce Lubeth's possessions. As Mr Connor was Mr Lubeth's solicitor, and I'm representing Mr Connor at this time, I shall briefly peruse the contents and take appropriate actions accordingly.

Bethany grins You sound all posh, Harry.

Harry Shush! I'm trying to sound and look professional. Moreover, I'm rather fond of this leather chair. What it is to be the boss, hey?

Harry solemnly opens the cardboard box by simply removing its lid.

Harry removes some plastic wallets filled with papers. They are neatly labelled. As Harry reads the label on each wallet, he puts the plastic wallet aside.

Harry *low-voiced, reading aloud* "Expenses, 2011", Expenses, 2012", "Expenses, 2013", "Expenses, 2014". Ah

"Tax, 2011", "Tax, 2012" – These are simply normal administrative papers. Patty, I'll get you to double-check the contents of these plastic envelopes later, if you don't mind.

Patty *glum* I feel sick.

Harry *surprised* Why? I mean, what's made you sick?

Patty starts to sniff, as if about to cry.

Patty Well, you know ... He was just such a lovely man. I hate to think that he's dead, and I'd be touching his things.

Harry appears puzzled. However, he continues to pull articles out of the box. Harry now comes across a slew of medals, trophies and awards. These he puts aside without comment.

Harry Okay. Give it to Beth, if you feel squeamish.

Now, Harry groups together many CD and DVD cases. He flicks through these quickly.

Harry *in a "sighing catalogue"* Photos ... "Christmas Party", "Office Party", "Team Building Photos", "Country Ramble July 2011" ... and so on ...

[Change of tone: decisive]

These can go onto the LAN for anyone who wants to download them. I'll take care of that.

Lastly, Harry retrieves a heavy-duty A4 envelope which is sealed. He cuts open the envelope with a large pair of scissors. Diving his hand into the cut envelope, Harry extracts an important looking paper (folded) along with a DVD. Harry looks awestruck.

dwell on these.

As a child and youth, I had never known who my real father was. On Mother's quite recent demise, I discovered that I am the legitimate son of a certain Daniel Lubeth of Ireland. This Daniel enjoyed a very brief marriage to my Mother, which evidently was not widely known. My birth followed their separation. However that may be, I was at least *conceived* during wedlock.

Daniel Lubeth was adopted out as a babe. He is the true son of the late Lord Gortin of Carrick Glengortin, and I am thus the true grandson.

By rights, then, I am heir to a substantial property in County Wicklow. However, another branch of the family has for some time been pursuing their own bastard claim to Carrick Glengortin and its lands.

Pierce shifts about in his chair uneasily.

Pierce The man who will now become the spearhead for this rival claim (on the death of his own father) is a senior Air Force officer who has been known in the past to undertake quite violent physical attacks upon those who stand in his path.

I must fear this man, and yet am determined to follow my claim (which has all the right of legitimacy on its side).

At this late stage in my life, I have found true happiness in the love of a charming young woman. It is my intention to meet her on Monday night, by the River Thames, whereby we shall discuss our plans. Helen Reade as yet knows nothing of my inheritance. I shall inform her of it once she accepts my proposal of marriage, when I shall become the happiest of men.

Pierce moves a couple of items on the desk, as if this will help him through the ordeal.

Pierce Should anything befall me, then, it is vital that my quest for justice should continue. And Helen is to be the beneficiary of my worldly

goods.

[Slight pause]

Hopefully, this is all a nonsense and I'll live to be an old man with my charming young helpmate.

[More cheerful]

To my friends and acquaintances, farewell from Pierce.

The camera backs away. Harry sits stunned. He mouths "She did it all for nothin".

Bethany cries a little. Patty drops her head onto her arms and weeps.

Fade to black.

END OF SCENE

Footnote: *To clarify, William told us that Lord Gortin's son Daniel had whispered to his housekeeper of the existence of a son. William (and everyone else) had assumed that this meant Jack Bradley. In fact, the audience is now brought to realize that it was Pierce Lubeth (The Nightjar) and not Jack Bradley to whom Daniel was referring.*

No-one connected Daniel Lubeth with Pierce Lubeth, as William was following Jack's relationship with the Gortin family, rather than with Daniel's adopted family. So William was totally unaware of Pierce Lubeth's existence. Likewise, the Cakebread brothers and Louis Tang were solely focused on the murder of Pierce AKA Nightjar, and his unknown father would not have been of any interest to them. Only this DVD presents the relationship.

END OF ACT VI

Postscript and Credits: *On the Monday evening, at twilight, Jack and the two boys are crouched very still, looking intently at a small scattering of leaves and other debris. A nightjar is resting on this debris with its wings outstretched in familiar "mothlike" posture.*

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Jack points and whispers "See him?" and "It's a nightjar", but the boys are unable to discern the bird since its camouflage is so perfect. As the credits roll through, we see the sudden scampering and low flying of the bird. The boys at first appear delighted, and then despondent. They shamle off, holding Jack's hands.

During the credits, show Chrissie and Doogal curled up in bed together, very amorous.

Show Cairns, Melly and the children in front of the TV, very happy.

Show Louis being divine as he sits on his balcony, sipping a cocktail.

Show Trader and Tamsin, looking at each other fondly, holding hands.

Show Murray, BG and the boys, learning how to throw a boomerang.

END OF FILM

END OF CREDITS

You may suppose that we can put William Pendlebury and his ilk to rest. But no! Wrong again! There is a sixth episode of this series, featuring the five lovely daughters of William and Lisa along with a cuddly pathologist and an army tank officer.