

**Are you serious? This movie is dedicated to Henry Tudor –
not to Richard III! Get it right, man!**

You have been congratulating yourself that you are finally rid of Gibbo et al.

Well ... Not so fast with that snifter of brandy!

Lord Albercy (or Mocket to you!) has fallen foul of His Majesty King Charles. To win back royal approval, Mocket (aka Jasprit Namipors) must delve into History.

PITT: the Princes in the Tower.

However, the political climate will close down Mocket's adventures.

Closed like a clam in a balmy lagoon on New Caledonia ...

This movie script provides more proof that nothing is fair
in Love and War.

**TITLE ROLL THROUGH:**

A flow of paintings depicting the Princes in the Tower. The paintings come in and out of focus.

Our theme music should be as close as humanly possible to the "Dirty Dozen" theme without stomping on anyone's copyright.

ACT I

The rôle of Mocket will be played by the same actor who plays Jeparit. Jeparit will slip seamlessly in and out of the Mocket rôle.

The Highest Court of Law in all of France

Three French judges sit high on the bench, all correctly attired. They wear the distinctive toque de juge. Before them stands the advocate (Advocate Lancelle). He is also wearing legal robes. This advocate addresses Mocket who is in the defendant's box, guarded by two stern French Army officers. Mocket wears his Royal Guards uniform.

The accents of the Judges and Advocate are very thick French accents.

Advocate Lancelle M'lord Albercy (known to the greater world as "Monsieur Alfred Mocket").

Have you anything to say to the Court before the esteemed Judges pass sentence upon you for your heinous and unmanly crimes against the State?

Mocket *stoic* Rien.

Interruption. The main door swings open rather violently. A serious-looking man bursts into the courtroom.

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A small brouhaha occurs. The man speedily comes to the Advocate. He whispers urgently punctuating his speech with many gestures. Advocate Lancelle is surprised and astounded as he glances over the papers borne by the interloper.

There is a short low-voiced discussion. The Judges appear to be intrigued.

Advocate Lancelle clears his throat as the messenger steps aside.

Advocate Lancelle Ah. It seems Your Honours that there has been an intercession on behalf of the accused coming from no lesser person than the King of all Britain ... King Charles the Third of that name.

That pronouncement causes an uproar in the court. The Judges go into conflagration. Judge Mont-Tassiere signals to Advocate Lancelle to step forward. There is more discussion: in French and soto voce.

Then Judge Mont-Tassiere addresses Mocket.

Judge Mont-Tassiere It would seem (Monsieur) that you have been absolved of all blame and you may now proceed to return to your own country ***immediately.***

Judge Brencalvos And on behalf of myself and my brother Judge (Muirie) we wish to congratulate you on your evident bravery in the face of the threatened death sentence which no doubt would have carried you off.

Well done, sir!

Judge Mont-Tassiere Hear! Hear! I agree. So very, very English!

King Charles Summons Mocket to Buckingham Palace
--

At the Palace. Mocket bows to the King. The King sits and then indicates to Mocket that he too should sit. Mocket murmurs: "Your Majesty".

King Charles At least you were complimented on your stoic indifference to the probable sentence of death.

Mocket Thank you, Sir.

King Charles However that may be, there is nothing else in this unwholesome affair from which one might take comfort.

I've hauled you here so that you may thank me for my act of kindness towards your person.

Mocket *nods* Thank you most earnestly, Sir.

King Charles *grins* You can grovel a bit more unctuously than that, can't you?

Mocket *slight smile* Consider it done, Sir.

King Charles You know, Lord Alberey that the Queen and I are deeply religious. We prayed constantly for your safe return to England.

Mocket *shrugs* The charges were trumped-up, Sir.

King Charles *irritable* I know they were trumped up! Good Heavens! There are about 12 other British people who've fallen foul of the Frogs. Languishing in their most noisome prison cells.

Did you imagine (even remotely) that you were alone in this?

No! You ... You're not the only sausage. You just happened to be the most senior on the list.

Mocket Well, Sir, thank you once again for --

King Charles *firmly* My good man, I saved you. **Me!** Your King. Your consecrated

King. "The Sov".

If I had not delivered you, there's every chance that I'd be wearing a black armband even now.

Mocket

Sir, I hardly think --

King Charles

Picture it, Mocket! You in a Guards uniform with hands tied behind your back (tied to a stake), wearing a binder over your eyes and gasping on your very last Galoises. And faced by a dozen men training serviceable Army-issue SIG MCX rattlers in your direction.

Mocket *pouts*

I should probably --

King Charles

"Tirez!" screams the Commandant. And then (of course) the coup de grace.

[Thoughtful]

A Glock 17 I should imagine ...

That would be my choice at any rate.

[Sighs and becomes almost poetic]

Lifeless there you lie ... On French soil (what's more).

Never to pick cherries at Milton Keynes again, what.

Mocket

Well ... um ...

Mocket is unsure how to proceed. He searches aloud for a useful response. King Charles drives home his point.

Mocket

Perhaps if I --

King Charles

Your body shipped back to the Mother Country and dropped under the turf without anything **like** full military honours.

Your two half-brothers ... lips trembling ... your mother ... dabbing at her eyes with a lace handkerchief.

Ms Lohr Bunton sick from weeping.

Mocket *smug*

And every other lady in England sobbing unremittingly.

King Charles *put out*

Oh yes! Puff yourself up.

You have no idea what I've been through.

To release you from this ghastly fate I had to drag in the Prime Minister, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Minister for Defence, a couple of Admirals, the French Ambassador, the Attorney-General ...

Mocket raises his brow in an insouciant fashion.

Mocket *thoughtful*

You don't mention the Arch of York, Sir. He's some sort of uncle of mine as it happens. M' mother's brother?

King Charles

All with one thought in mind: I don't want any trouble with the French.

[Fidgets about]

I need them on my side at this particular juncture.

Mocket *interested*

Sir?

King Charles *fobbing him off*

Let's just run with that for now.

King Charles stands such that he may move towards a window. Mocket stands immediately out of respect. King Charles ponders the view. We see the horse guards going through their manoeuvres. King Charles speaks without facing Mocket.

King Charles

You will help me in my quest for a safe return to our erstwhile Britannic/Gallic rapprochement.

An important – nay, vital! – activity in defence of all things that we ...

You will join my little club. A sporting club. Games.

That must stand as the rescue fee. That is to say: my fee for

rescuing you from durance vile.

Mocket *frowns* Club, sir? Games?

King Charles I don't have much power. But in this one area I am able to muscle-up. I become a veritable weightlifter.

Mocket No power? But is it not true that you own all the swans in England, Sir? Surely I have understood that correctly?

King Charles whips around to face Mocket. He has been broadsided.

King Charles *surprised, lost* Swans? What good are swans?

Mocket *flippant* They roast up very deedily, Sir. Or you could even export swansdown to the world's bastions of culture and refinement. I believe that male ballet dancers --

King Charles *snaps* Never mind the swans!

King Charles resumes his seat. He gestures to Mocket that he should also sit once more. This Mocket does.

King Charles *recalls* Now ... Where was I before you attacked me with my swans?

Mocket *quoting from memory* You don't have much power, Sir. But in this one area you are able to muscle-up. You become a veritable weightlifter. Your Majesty.

King Charles Right!

King Charles shifts about. He studies Mocket who retains complete sang froid.

King Charles *points to Mocket* I want you to take part in my games. They have full Royal sanction. And you might prove to be a useful competitor, Mocket.

Mocket Um ... Sir?

King Charles *triumphant* The PITT Games.

Mocket Pit ... ?

King Charles PITT. P-I-double-T.

Not as in the gouty old Earl of Chatham.

No. It's rather sinister actually.

PITT as in "Princes in the Tower".

Mocket cannot think of anything to say. He is lost.

King Charles *smug* Yes, I hoped that that would shut you up. Take the wind out of your sails. Your problem is that you ooze of too much swank. Well, you may put it to good use in my services.

[Takes a breath which is full of importance]

You are to investigate the following: what happened to these sons of King Edward IV, who was responsible and are we able to rule off underneath this sad affair.

Mocket *at sea* I ... I ...

King Charles The bottom line (as the Yanks put it) is to discover that no Frenchman in any way, shape or form had anything whatsoever to do with the outrage. The perpetrator **must (must!)** be of Anglo-Saxon or even Viking persuasion. Anything else (as in "anything of a Frankish flavour") will be totally unacceptable.

No French blame!!!

Mocket Is that it, Your Majesty?

King Charles Yes. Go.

Mocket stands, bows and heads for the door. The King stands. Just as Mocket is within reach of the door, the King issues a parting comment. Mocket stands (listening politely) as King Charles speaks.

King Charles *grand* Your charter (made official through the use of my royal seal) shall be delivered to you by a Palace flunky, Lord Alberey. At your domicile.

I would consider it to be your clear and present duty to begin ***at once*** upon your quest.

Mocket bows again.

Mocket *low voiced*

Majesty! I live only to serve.

Whereupon the dear little lad would smile and wave to them, perhaps slightly nodding in their direction.

Jack The regent (resplendent) closely follows the boy king along with a troop of guards. Everyone decked out in their finest. Ermines, furs, coronets, chains of office and various other trappings ... All the horses caparisoned to the hilt.

A royal pageant indeed! As I said: "Bountiful happiness." Joy beyond measure.

Gunner The king of whom we speak is the little York lad, King Edward the Fifth.

Jack And the Regent his loving uncle the Duke of Gloucester (to be known to History as His Majesty King Richard the Third).

Gunner All open and above board. London's throng satisfied and filled with admiration.

Jack and Gunner Bountiful happiness. Joy beyond measure.
together

There is a trembling pause.

Jack *low voice* But there was none of that. It didn't ever happen.

Gunner *low voice, eyes sharp* Not one mention in any diary or letter or manuscript or document ... Didn't ever happen ... No parade, no aristocrats on horseback trailing along behind His Majesty ... No colour ... Nothing ...

Jack *whisper* The boy king was not ever seen.

Never seen.

Oh sure he existed! They all knew that.

But he was never, ever seen abroad. Never!

Gunner *whisper* And I would have expected there to have been crowds of

Londoners calling out: "We want the King! We want the King!"

Jack *almost inaudible* That's the general expectation, isn't it?

But it never happened ...

There is a solemn silence. Jack and Gunner shake their heads sadly.

Mocket Okay. And what about –

Jack and Gunner skull their beers. Jack takes a quick peek at his wristwatch.

Jack *over-bright* Must dash! Nice to have caught up with you, Lord Alberey.

Gunner *very cheery* Yes! Chin! Chin! Moccha, old mate.

Jack Good luck with the thingo!

Jack and Gunner surge at their best speed out of the pub. Mocket stares after them, thoughtful.

Mocket Seeks More Information about his Royal Quest.
--

Next Mocket is with Lohr (a glamorous young woman). Lohr Bunton.

Mocket The Sov is punishing me by kicking me into the PITT Games.
King Richard V and his uncle.

Lohr You mean the Princes in the Tower? Then it's King **Edward** the
Fifth and his younger brother Richard of Shrewsbury. Along with
Uncle Richard, Gloucester.

Edward. His name was Edward.

Mocket *shrugs* As a gravel-kneed schoolboy my scholastic interests centred on
science, outer space, money and sport. History didn't rate (I'm
ashamed to say).

Lohr You're "for it" when the King shoves you into the PITT milieu.
You do realize that?

Mocket So I'm told.

Lohr bustles about. Mocket amuses himself with touching various objects indiscriminately.

Mocket And I wonder now if you know of any reason why I should add
Political Science to my portfolio.

Lohr Mmmm?

Mocket Europe?

Lohr Go on.

Mocket Specifically France?

Lohr How funny you should say that! Yes, I have a distinct feeling that
there's something going on but no-one will talk about it. I
wondered (when I heard that the King had rescued you) if that
might not be it. My little *frisson* of appreciation.

Mocket *eager* Apparently it's a delicate matter. What can you tell me?

Lohr Ah ... Just this.

There were questions about King Edward IV and whether his children were legitimate. *Titulus Regius*.

Mocket *sighs* When I told you that I flunked-out in History I also bummed in Latin. And I want you (**really** want you!) to tell me about current-day France – not something that happened 540 years ago here in *Angleterre*.

Lohr ignores the attempted deviation from her theme.

Lohr Here's the thing. Unlike Edward IV who was a veritable athlete, the son (the boy king) was quite pale and sickly.

Mocket *thoughtful* Perhaps he wasn't trotted about due to his poor health, then. Might have been bed-bound.

I have an idea! I'll buzz around to my half-brother's apartment and borrow his two sons. They'll give me the "lad" version of events.

Lohr *snorts* Rather they'll expound at length on the likelihood that aliens snatched the boys from the Tower.

Mocket Or that they were simply chucked into a pit of quicklime.

Lohr Shall I bone-up on this stuff for you? Of course, it will cost you. As recompense, you may take me on a love-fest to the Mediterranean coast. South of France. I have a slinky swimsuit that requires an airing.

Mocket No.

La Nouvelle-Calédonie.

Lohr *surprised* In the Pacific?

Mocket *Mais, oui.*

My life expectancy (should I foolishly return to La Belle France) is

next to zero. Far safer to dig the dirt in Noumea where I have
voluble friends a-plenty.

Lohr *uncertain*

Long as it's not the tropical monsoon season.

Mocket

They swim topless in New Caledonia.

Lohr

And so? You always swim topless.

Mocket *wicked*

I wasn't discussing myself.

Mocket Visits his Uncle Ross in York Minster

The rôle of the Archbishop of York will be played by the same actor who plays Cooper.

The following will appear on the screen.



We will become aware (later) that Mocket has driven to York with two passengers: his nephews Alistair (10 years old) and Brent (8 years old).

Start with some sumptuous views of York Minster, which is beyond heavenly.

Then wander about in the cathedral until we come upon the office of the Archbishop of York.

In the office stands Mocket along with his uncle (Ross Scroop) who is the Archbishop of York himself.

They are both pleased to meet again. There is a glad handshake.

Mocket *smiling* Uncle Ross! How is the Archbishop business treating you?

Ross pours sherries and hands one glass to Mocket, indicating that he should sit.

Ross Oh I chug along as always. Steady as a rock.

The business of acquiring drinks is over. Ross sits at his desk, facing Mocket. They will continue to sip their sherries during this conversation.

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very useful. The Frogs bizz.

Mocket is elated.

Mocket

Oh! Well done, sir!

Ross *frowns*

Didn't you tell me that you've brought along your nephews?

Mocket

Yes. The two sons of my eldest half-brother. Lionel Lygon-Sterling. You've met him, I think ...

I'm using his sons as models for the Royal Princes. They are 10 and 8. Delightful boys!

Ross

Whereabouts would they be?

Mocket

Charging around the Roman ruins in your crypt. Some dodderly old deacon has them in hand.

Ross nods.

Ross *quite serious*

Give you a tad of advice.

Only a beloved nephew (such as yourself) deserves such favour.

"Ardenne".

There's a French thug flopping about whose code name is "Ardenne".

You must not confront this man (in the physical sense). He is powerful, self-confident and immensely popular. The type who strikes first then asks the relevant questions later.

But you will be **forced** to trust Ardenne although he is not to be trusted.

Does that make sense?

Mocket *doubtful*

Not really ...

Ross *sighs*

Be on your guard, dearest Nevvie. Give credit to the unbelievable.

Can you do that?

Mocket Gotcha.

Ross *relaxed* So ... Where to now for you?

Mocket New Caledonia. Taking Lohr for a bit of a hol.

Ross *slyly* And there you'll discuss political matters with the keen brains of the Francophiles on that tropical paradise?

Mocket Correct. I mean to free those 12 British guys currently held at the pleasure of the *Cour de Cassation*.

Ross *pouts* Alright ... God speed, then. And stay safe.

Mocket Receives More Information about his Royal Quest
(from an unexpected quarter).

Mocket drives. His two nephews are strapped into seatbelts on the back seat.

The boys are oblivious to anything other than their mobile phones. They are playing some kind of complicated computer game.

Despite their diversion, the two boys are able to converse sensibly with Mocket.

Mocket *cheerful* You boys okay?

Alistair Yes thanks.

Brent T'rific.

Mocket I feel like treating you both to a feast at MacDonalds. Any takers?

The boys shout in the affirmative.

Mocket Okay! First one to spot a MacDonalds gets extra fries.

The following will appear on the screen.



The boys and Mocket sit inside a Yorkshire MacDonalds, gorging on food. The boys eat and talk. They scrabble for the food: there is plenty of it. And plenty of drinks. The boys speak very fast as if trying to outdo each other.

PROVIDE VISUAL FLASHBACKS TO AID THE PROGRESS OF THESE SPEECHES.

Mocket Are either of you lads au fait with the Princes in the Tower?

Brent Sure. It's a corker of a story!

They were moved out of the Tower, though. So, you should ask us about the Princes in Willson Cottage. In Kent.

Alistair King Edward the Fifth was very sick. **Very** sick. And the little brother refused to allow himself to be dressed. Bound to catch a nasty cold in the drafty Tower. Everyone was concerned (as you'd expect).

Brent They hadn't been seen about by the peeps because one was awfully poorly, and the other one was always in the nuddy.

Mocket *thoughtful* Many little lads find clothing annoying.

Alistair Yes. So, their uncle Richard (who was Duke of Gloucester) thought they might do better in a quaint little country cottage.

Brent In Kent.

Alistair Under the care of a dear bodwinks.

Brent Where no-one would see them.

Mocket *surprised* Really?

Alistair Yes. And then (to save bother) the Duke had himself crowned as King.

Brent Nobody thought that strange at all.

Alistair The odds and sods woke up one morning and found that instead of having a King Edward the Fifth (whom they never ever saw anyway), they now had a King Richard the Third. They all seemed okay with that. And on they went with their daily grind as if nothing had changed.

Brent He wasn't anywhere near half as horrible as people think he was.

Alistair He was always writing to the darling old bodwinks who looked after the brothers to find out if they were alright and doing their sums and so on.

Brent Studying their Atlas of the known world.

Alistair Learning French.

Brent And Painting and Latin.

Alistair And King Richard seemed very pleased with the replies except that Edward (the elder of the brothers) was so sick. He didn't like to hear *that* news.

Mocket *thoughtful* I see ...

Alistair Then along came Smelly-Boots Henry Tudor. He was sharp.

Brent Sharp!

Alistair The brothers had an elder sister called Elizabeth. And Smelly-Boots promised to marry her. But he dithered about (of course).

Brent As they do.

Mocket She was very young at that time.

Alistair At any rate, Smelly-Boots thought it might be jovial for him to visit Willson Cottage to see for himself. He found Richard Shrewsbury completely in the nuddy jigging about in the vegetable garden singing that he was now King because his elder brother was dead.

Smelly-Boots found the dead King swathed up in linen. The bodwinks had done that.

Brent The bodwinks were crying for their great sadness that the little King had died. That was because he was so sick that he perished without priest or shriving.

Alistair **And** they were sadly unable to put the little brother into some kind of clothing.

Mocket *musings* I see ...

Brent Smelly-Boots was crying too because he would have to rush this news to his fiancée (their poor sister). And she would be heart-broken.

Alistair Before you knew it (only ten days later) the naked Shrewsbury succumbed to a virulent influenza that swept through Kent. It carried him off too.

Brent That meant that King Richard had two bodies to dispose of. He knew in his heart of hearts that everyone would say that he had poisoned them or whatever. What to do? What to do?

Alistair But the matter was taken out of his hands. A grisly old retainer called Jupe (he was French-slash-Dutch and you pronounce it "Yoop" even though it's spelled "J-U-P-E") said he would fix it such that no-one would ever know.

Brent Jupe took the bodies (all swathed up as they were) onto a fishing smack at dead of night and when the smack was in the English Channel –

Alistair He chucked the bodies overboard. Just like that. He put weights on them first. Down into the briny they went. Just like that ...

Mocket *gobsmacked* That's ... That's totally amazing.

Brent That's absolutely what happened.

Alistair The bloke I mentioned (Jupe) went back to England – he wanted desperately to get a foot on the ladder by being known to be a friend of Henry Tudor.

Brent And you know that Henry Tudor became Henry the Seventh after he bested King Richard at Bosworth.

Alistair So, Jupe went to every inn he could find, pretended to be drunk and swore blind that it was King Richard who had done away with the boys.

Brent But Willson Cottage was not mentioned. He made out that it all happened in the Tower.

Alistair Consequently, Richard the Third unfairly received the blame.
There you have it! Any more questions?

Mocket shakes his head as he eats. He is trying to take it all in. Then Mocket remembers.

Mocket *alert* Yes! Wait! There is something ...

Any idea why the French are being so snarky just now?

Both boys give an almighty crack of laughter. Other patrons in the restaurant look around to see what the fuss is about.

Brent You don't know ***anything***, Uncle Alfred!

Alistair A mouldy old document has surfaced which claims that France owns England and Wales lock, stock and barrel.

END OF ACT I



ACT II

Gibbo and Donny Play Golf at a Swell Resort

Gibbo and Donny are film stars. They try to play golf at a very swanky golf course in Texas, but they are constantly in demand for autographs and selfies. They take it in their stride.

Throughout the following "swell resort" speeches, Gibbo and Donny are besieged by fans (mainly women and girls).

Just now, Donny is on a mobile phone call. He has moved away from Gibbo.

Donny *talking on phone* Nuh ... nuh ... nuh ... no ... nuh ... 'kay, see ya.

Gibbo Who was that?

Donny Jeparit.

Gibbo What did he want?

Donny He's in the usual lather. Told him to hang in there.

Gibbo *stroppey* No ya didn't! All you said was "no". He's not a fucking mind reader.

Donny We'll finish this round of golf then we'll fly off to rescue him.

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Gibbo *nasty* He's big enough and ugly enough to pull his own strings. I'd rather flatten him than rescue him.

Donny Come on. Whose shot is it?



Donny and Gibbo ride along in a golf cart. All encumbered by crowds of adoring fans, Gibbo and Donny try to make their way to the club house.

Gibbo What a rip off! I was going for the part of King Charles in that flick. But apparently some other stiff took *my* rôle from right under my nose.

And *now* we find out that Jeparit scored the lead rôle of Mocket. Bloody typical!

Donny *reasonable* Yeah but Jeparit has played Mocket before. So that was a given. And you don't look anything like King Charles whereas the guy who got that part is his doppelganger.

Where's Cooper?

Gibbo Well, he oughta be here chatting up women at the 19th hole. But he's not.

Some older female fans gush forward. They demand that Gibbo recite "his" famous line from "Impoverished and Poorly".

Gibbo *grins* This is serious stuff and if someone has to say it, it might as well be me.

More selfies, more autographs.

Now it is Donny's turn to be besieged.

Donny *flattered* Okay. You want me to do El Urraq from the pirate movie?

The fans scream enough to overwhelm him.

Donny *romantic* Now that my loins are bestirred to the height of manly glory, I

shall remove you to the divan. And thereon will you know manhood for the first time.

Gibbo is unimpressed.

Gibbo Come on Chuck Chunder. Can you book the flights on yer phone?

Donny Should be able to.



Gibbo and Donny in York, on the River Foss

Gibbo and Donny ply a skiff on the River Foss. They row steadily and in good rhythm.

Donny *joyial*

And now we cross to the Slash and Burn Quiz Show.

Gibbo: you are our first competitor. Here is your starter for 10.

Would you rather be here in this skiff breathing in the interesting ozone of the River Foss? Or back in Texas swinging a 9-iron with determination?

Gibbo ponders for a moment.

Gibbo

I'd rather be here. I'm not any good at golf.

Donny *disappointed*

Oh no ... Don't say that ... You're improving all the time.

Gibbo

I'd rather be in a sport where you bash the other bloke around. Rugby or footy or boxing.

Donny *contemplative*

You don't get to tackle anyone much when you are rowing ...

Gibbo's mood darkens.

Gibbo *grim-faced* You wanna bet?



Gibbo *grim-faced* There he is!

We see Ross (the Archbishop of York) in his full Archbishop's regalia: vestments, mitre, and crook. He is feeding the ducks. Of course, the man is really Cooper acting a part.

Donny *warning* That might not be him.

Gibbo *scoffs* 'Course it's him! The real Archbishop of Toe-Rag wouldn't be wearing his Monty Python kit to feed the wildlife. He'd be in a normal gent's suit with a white dog collar.

They row a little way along the river.

Gibbo *calls out rudely* Hey, Cooper! What the fuck are you doing?

Cooper *calls back* What the fuck does it look like?

Gibbo *calls out roundly* I'm gonna throw you in the river, you turd!

Cooper *calls back* Yeah? Come on then, Gibbo! Have a go!

Gibbo puts his back into the job of rowing. Donny tries valiantly to keep up with the strokes.

Gibbo scrambles out of the skiff as he quickly scales the bank. Within seconds Gibbo is slugging it out with Cooper. Gibbo wins. Using all his strength, Gibbo sends Cooper flying into the River Foss. When this is completed, Gibbo stands in gladiatorial pose: breathing heavily and looking dangerous.

Meanwhile, Cooper is dragged down in the River Foss by his water-logged vestments. His mitre sails off of its own accord. Cooper tries to ask for assistance but can only glub.

Donny *helpful* Come on, mate. You'll be right ... Grab hold of the side here.

Cooper coughs and splutters as Donny helps him to clamber onto the skiff.

Donny *grunting* There you go! Might be better if you strip out of the vestments.

Cooper takes a little time to recover. He coughs and fidgets. Then he catches sight of his mitre sailing down river.

Cooper *aggrieved* Look! Me hat's done a runner.

Donny *soothing* Your mitre. You can get another one from the Rent-a-Costume shop. I'm sure they have one in York.

The Archbishop costume is removed. Underneath, Cooper wears a t-shirt and footy shorts.

Gibbo *yells, insulting* You're a drongo – fair dinkum, Cooper! You're a ratbag drongo.

Cooper *yells back* No thanks to you!

Gibbo *yells, really angry* You handed all your research work over to that clown Jeparit. What's he gonna do for the rest of the picture? **Huh?** Loll about on a tropical beach wearing board shorts?

You're a drop kick, Cooper.

Cooper *yells, equally angry* What are ya blaming **me** for? Jeparit organized all that: King Charles throwing him a lifeline, the Arch of York handing over the fact-finding notes, the boys in Maccas spilling the beans on the missing royal kids – how is any of this **my** fault?

Gibbo *bitter, soto voce* I'll give the cunt a nice juicy spray when I catch up with him. Touch him up good and proper.

Cooper *yells, unable to hear Gibbo* Whaddya say?

Gibbo *yells, nasty* What's your precious flick called, anyway? "I Don't Give A Rat's"?

Cooper *yells back* You should know, you fucking moron. You're in it!

Gibbo is lost.

Gibbo *at sea* What? ... What?

Cooper intends to get in the last word.

Cooper *yells* Why don't you turn into a donkey, Gibbo and get onto yourself ... ride yourself backwards!

Gibbo has run out of steam. He simply looks mutinous.

Cooper *calmer now, to Donny* It's an action film, although it sounds a bit poofy. It's called "The PITT Games". Lots of fights. Battles. Horses and armour and stuff ...

You're in it too, Donny. You play a guy called Ardenne. I was only just this morning warning Jeparit about you ... That is, warning Mocket about Ardenne.

Donny and Cooper manage to reach the shore. Gibbo and Cooper glower at each other. However no further punches are thrown. In fact, Gibbo marches off.

Gibbo *parting shaft* I'm headed for the cathedral to take a piss in the font.

Donny *soothing* Don't worry about Gibbo. He auditioned for the King Charles part but missed out on a technicality.

Cooper *soto voce* What? That he can't act?

Donny Don't stir him up, now! The mood he's in ...

But you said that he got a guernsey anyway. What rôle did he snaffle?

Cooper Gibbo is Henry Tudor. You know ... he turns out later to be the father of King Henry VIII.

Donny *nods* He's a king, anyway.

Cooper It's a better rôle, by far. If he could just get his head out of his arse for five seconds ... The King Charles bloke ... Um ... As I recall it was Chuckie Maythew that scored that part ... Dead-ringer – you'd never know it wasn't him.

Hmm...

Anyhoot King Charles gives Jeparit a shirt-front in the beginning and then that's all. Whereas the Tudor bizzo is a much bigger stint. I dunno why he's pissed off ...

Donny You know what he's like.

Cooper *sour* Yeah? Well, I've just about had a skinful of Gibbo and his rangy moods.

Donny *laughs* We'll get him a root and then we'll see. What are the girls in York like? Any good?



We start in the foyer of the swankiest hotel in Noumea. There is an enormous fishpond (sea water) complete with maxima clams sporting vibrant, colourful mantles. Then we move outside and down to the beach.

Mocket/Jeparit and Lohr wear swimsuits as they lie about in luxury sunlounges (under beach umbrellas) on a pristine beach, Noumea. They sip extravagant cocktails. This is picture postcard glamour.

Into this idyllic scene troop Gibbo, Donny and Cooper. Their shadows fall on the lazing couple.

Mocket/Jeparit *polite* I'm sorry gentlemen but you're blocking our delightful tropical sunlight.

Gibbo *nasty* Yeah and you're giving my bum crack that annoying "buffed-with-glasspaper" sensation.

Cooper *to Jeparit* Shove over.

Donny and Gibbo share the spare lounge next to Jeparit. Cooper simply plonks himself down on Jeparit's lounge.

Jeparit *whining* Come on, guys! I'm in the middle of making a flick here.

Gibbo Time for a reality check, Jeparit old son. Put your hand down your boardies and grip whatever you find hanging around in there. Now grip it very, very tightly.

[Unctuous]

That will no doubt return you from the Land of Zero Out.

Cooper What Gibbo actually means is that we wanna know where the hell is this train wreck of yours going?

Jeparit I intend with iron determination to free those 12 British guys currently held at the pleasure of the *Cour de Cassation*.

Donny You've already said that.

Jeparit *surprised* Yeah but I said it to Uncle Ross. Now I'm saying it to youse.

Donny You mean you said it to Cooper?

Jeparit *nods* Same bloke.

Cooper also nods. His face is somewhat sad.

Cooper *sadly* Same bloke.

Donny See, here's how I thought it would be.

You (as Mocket) would be hunched over old tomes (centuries old) wearing white cotton gloves in the rare books room at the Ashmolean. Then scribbling your findings into a notebook (in pencil) while a uniformed member of the Corps de Commissionaires watches you with beady eyes.

Gibbo Or else buried away in a crypt somewhere squinting at microfiches.

Cooper Maybe interviewing crusty old professors. Tea and scones at the Halls of Residence.

Jeparit Right.

All with "something-is-about-to-happen" music building in the background ...

[Complete dismissal]

Nuh. Boring as hell.

Gibbo *shocked* But you gotta have veri ... veri ...

Cooper Veritas.

Gibbo Yeah. Right. That.

Jeparit There are 8,972 movies where some gunko flops around doing research in a solid (yet ornate) library. If you're interested, go and watch one of them.

Donny But you've cheated, Jep!

You've built us up with King Charles, the two tossers in the London hostelry and then the girlfriend.

Donny turns to Lohr, trying to smile. Lohr responds with supreme politeness.

Donny *to Lohr* Sorry to drag you into this, Darl.

Lohr *charming* That's alright. Hello.

This provides an awkward pause. However, Cooper will not be detoured.

Cooper Then you chuck us under a bus by tabling the whole rest-of-story just like that. Nothing left to do.

Gibbo Nothing left to research.

Donny Nothing left to film.

Jeparit Bullshit!

We have a whole swag of action things to do. Starting off with a

rescue.

I wanted to call that "The Dirty Dozen" but it's already been taken.

Gibbo *impressed* Oh, that was a **great** movie.

Cooper *emphatic* Ya can't watch that flick without having a bunch of blokes sitting around you, all as pissed as newts.

They all nod. Then Cooper frowns.

Cooper But ...

Are these British guys **real**, or are they just part of the movie?

Jeparit Real. Affirmative.

Cooper So why are they in gaol? In France?

Jeparit Because (like King Charles said) the French are being "iffy" right now and they are pulling strings.

Donny *worried* Is that ...

Is it genuine? That France owns England and Wales?

Jeparit Yeah.

Gibbo *worried* That sounds pretty serious.

Donny How'd that happen?

Jeparit speaks very fast as if this speech has been rehearsed.

Jeparit *very fast* The author died. She knew that she was going to do the big dirt dive, and so she got her affairs in order. When her daughters were wading through the sealed bag marked "DO NOT DESTROY THESE WHATEVER YOU DO" they found all this regal stuff. And there it was. An official doco proving that France owned (had **always** owned!) England and Wales.

Cooper *lost* Uh?

Jeparit At least since around 1480 – thereabouts.

Gibbo *confused* What author?

Jeparit **This** author. She. **Our** author. The widow of the Queensland truckie. Her. 73 years old and still going strong even without her right-hand man. The “mate”.

Cooper *at sea* But if she is **dead**, then ... You said that she was “still going strong”. I don’t get it.

Jeparit *insouciant* Her quack shook his head when he wrote her off. “You’re for it” he said. She took that on board, got her ducks in a row then fell off the perch as predicted by her doc.

Donny *frowns* But if she **died**, then who’s writing this shit?

Jeparit shrugs.

Jeparit Does it matter?

Anyhoot, her Uncle Les in Sydney had got it first. Then when he died it went to his brother Sid. And the author was **his** executor when he in turn died.

Gibbo *contemptuous* Aw! Balls! Sounds like rocking-horse poop to me.

Jeparit No mate – ridgy didge.

She was landed with 7 tonnes of historical stuff. Everyone with a pulse was chasing up Uncle Les’s daughters (thinking that **they** had this secret doco). Not realizing that it had floated on to the brother and then on to his niece (that is, the author, now deceased).

Donny *at sea* I’m really lost.

Jeparit Let’s just girdle our loins, chaps and move this thing along.

Jeparit stands, dusting himself off. This causes Cooper to have to rebalance himself on the lounge.

Jeparit *s/y* I have a plan. But I’ll have to double-up as Mocket.

A Promotion for Popular TV Show: Introducing Astor.



British actor ASTOR CLUNIE-PARKES is of African descent.

He is a tall, strong, rangy man with a magnificent male timbre to his voice.

He is best known to the British viewing public as the resident detective in his top-rating **UK:TV** show WOLVERTON (in which he plays the eponymous star FRANK WOLVERTON).

WOLVERTON is very testosterone charged: it is action-man, violent and fast-paced. A lot of Astor's work involves him whizzing about in the London skies in a helicopter.

Here to introduce us to actor Astor we see a TV promotion of the up-coming episode. The voice-over is performed (not by a male as expected) but by a sultry-voiced female who oozes sex appeal as she purrs her lines.

Exciting music (the Wolverton theme music) will blare out in the background.

The company UK:TV is airing the show. (I've used UK:TV before ... in "The Thread".)

Wolverton promo scene 1: on the tarmac.

As the helicopter blades stir up the air, Wolverton is about to leap into his chopper. Holding the grip rail, he shouts to someone off-screen.

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Wolverton *shouts* Tell Simon to get hold of Lord Crompton ASAP. I don't care how many of his Lordship's fingers he has to break! Just tell him to do it!

With that, Wolverton nimbly ascends into the pilot's seat. Then we watch the chopper take off.

Luscious voice-over Look up! That speck you see in the sky might well be the man with the hardest heart in all of London.

Wolverton promo scene 2: a super-glamorous bedroom.

Wolverton is stripped to the waist. In his strong arms he holds a divine woman (wearing a bath towel). They are in the midst of a passionate embrace. They pull apart. The woman pouts. Her voice is liquid gold.

Pouting woman Why do you have to fly off to Copenhagen, my darling?

Wolverton You know why. Because that's where I'll bust open the drug ring. And then crush the cartel - with my bare hands (if necessary).

Pouting woman Be careful my darling.

Wolverton *winsome smile* But of course.

The pair go back into their torrid embrace.

Luscious voice-over Wolverton ... that rock-hard man of steel can *sometimes* find time for the sweeter moments in life ...

Wolverton promo scene 3: at Buckingham Palace.

Wolverton is ushered into the Royal presence. We only see King Charles from behind. Wolverton bows. The camera homes in on a very close-up of Wolverton. His facial features are stern, rock-like as he delivers this speech.

Wolverton *steely* It comes to this Your Majesty: no stone will be left

unturned in the on-going fight to keep London safe.

You may count on me for that, Sir.

The following voice-over occurs as the camera backs right off.

Luscious voice-over And he always keeps the very *best* of company!

Wolverton promo: still of action man.

Our hero runs towards the camera which then captures a very dramatic still. Over this is superscribed: **WOLVERTON UK:TV Wednesday night at 9.00 pm.**

Luscious voice-over Frank Wolverton.

Keeping London safe.

Snuggle up with your favourite hero whom men admire ...
and woman adore ...



NOUMEA

And we return to Noumea where our five characters leave the loungers, trooping back to the nearby hotel. This is filmed in long shot.

If required, the following could be plastered on the screen. That's in case people were wondering.

Mocket did not learn a single useful thing in Noumea. The Francophiles there knew less about French matters than he did.

At least he and Lohr had a nice holiday.

The PITT Games: featuring Jonathon Hollymace (Take #1)

The following will appear on the screen.



Jeparit, Donny and Lohr stand about in a robust, stately old-world entrance hall. They admire the artwork hanging on the walls.

Then a firm tread is heard. This is RUTH HOLLYMACE, Jonathon's sister. She approaches the trio wreathed in smiles. Handshakes follow along with murmured names.

Ruth *bright* Good morning! I do hope I've not kept you waiting long?

Donny *smiles* Not at all, Miss Hollymace. It was sporting of you and your brother to meet with us.

Ruth The PITT Games? Do you know – my brother and I cannot for the life of us remember what he did to upset His Royal Highness (as he was then). It must be over 9 years ago now.

Do come and meet my brother.

And off they all toddle.



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They all sit about in a sumptuous drawing room. Jonathon is confined to a wheelchair. Rugs have been placed over his knees. Morning tea is served by an elderly maid as this all goes forward. There are sandwich points and cakes of various kinds. Everyone hoes in.

Jonathon Ruthy? Are you going to stay for this?

Ruth Yes, Jonathon. I'm very comfortable.

Jonathon It's just that you've heard it all a million times before.

Ruth While you're quacking on I can contemplate all the changes I wish to make to the garden.

There is a ripple of laughter from the guests.

Jonathon I shall begin, then.

 These words are found in the Holy Bible. Ecclesiastes 10 verse 16: "Woe to thee, o land, when thy king is a child".

RE-ENACTMENT (Take #1)

As Jonathon (voice-over) puts forward the points of the narrative (as he sees it) we see the tale unfold in sumptuous drama, starting with a visual family tree.

Here the part of Richard Duke of Gloucester (who then becomes King Richard III) is played by ASTOR CLUNIE-PARKES.

King Edward V is played by ALISTAIR LYGON-STERLING.

And his brother Richard Shrewsbury (Duke of York) is played by BRENT LYGON-STERLING.

The action will reflect what Jonathon describes. Subtle music will be heard.

NOTE: At some stage in the re-enactment a bay gelding (gloriously caparisoned) will appear, ridden by one or other of the re-enactors.

However, the whole effect will be completely ruined by Donny. Cut with a knife.

Jonathon voice-over You have to remember that the Wars of the Roses were the direct result of King Edward the Third having way too many

greedy children. They were so male-oriented in those far off days that anyone inheriting rank or lands through a female might count themselves at a loss thereby. The Salic Law ...

You want to know about the Princes in the Tower? Well, the absolute cause of all the villainy and dastardly deeds lies in the Roses: Lancaster and York.

Jonathon *voice-over*

In June of 1483 Richard Duke of Gloucester shut the two royal brothers (his nephews King and Duke) in the Tower of London (at that time a royal residence as well as a prison). Their crime was to exist as sons of a king. They had not transgressed by one inch the laws of the land. They were two innocents: frightened and betrayed.

☪ ☪ ☪ ☪ ☪

It was on the 9th of April 1483 that their father died. And in the second that the King gasped his last breath, his son Edward took on the mantle of King at the tender age of 12. His rule was to be undertaken with Uncle Richard as Protector of the Realm during this new King's minority.

☪ ☪ ☪ ☪ ☪

Others chose to guard the King, but they were summarily arrested by Richard and ultimately executed. To bolster the Crown (still swaying in uncertainty because of the Wars of the Roses), Uncle Richard seized the Crown. He made a bold, daring bid for utmost power. He forced his way onto the throne, cutting down any objections, protests or hindrances without a backward glance. To add to his infamy, King Richard then compassed the declaration of bastardy upon his dear little nephews.

Thereupon --

THE RE-ENACTMENT CRASHES TO A HALT

Back in Jonathon's drawing room, Donny stands up, speaking to someone off camera.

Donny *worried*

Hang on! Whoa, whoa, whoa there

You can't cast a black bloke as Richard the Third. He can't be the villain. That will upset the coloured audience. The black man has to be the hero.

Astor walks up to Donny. He remains entirely in character, complete with problem shoulder and limp.

Rose and Lohr take the interruption in their stride and have a make-up refresh, courtesy of a lady in a dustcoat. Jonathon drags himself from his wheelchair, stretches his legs and lights a pipe.

Astor *angry*

What would you know about it, motherfucker?

Female voice off

And you can't say "black bloke". You've now offended 50% of the crew. They are ready to down tools and walk off.

Donny looks about, lost.

Donny *confused*

Sorry ...

I didn't know ...

What do I say?

Astor

Call us people of African heritage or descent.

Female voice off

And don't refer to male or female. The word "bloke" has male connotations. "Guy" is now okay – it could be both. But best just say "humans".

It is clear that Donny finds this ridiculous. He looks about, gob-smacked.

Jeparit *stirring the pot*

He called me a "curry-muncher" when he first met me.

Donny *appalled*

No I didn't! I would never say that! That was Gibbo being a smartarse.

Astor glares at Donny who has now lost it.

Donny *waspish* Alright then!

 Are youse gonna lose your lollies if I call that animal there a gelding?

Female voice-off Gelding is fine.

Donny *rancid* Okay. It's a **bay** gelding. Are all the bay geldings gonna trot off the set in protest?

Jonathon *voice of reason* Can we all please strive for normality here?

Donny rounds on Jonathon.

Donny Why don't you take an eggcup full of bay gelding manure, stick it in your Comoy's pipe and smoke it? Tosser!

Astor You moron! I'm not working with this Aussie planker!

Remaining completely in character (that is, King Richard III), Astor shambles off.



Donny and Lohr sit in a garden (presumably belonging to Johathon's house). Neither can be heard.

Donny is self-conscious and brooding. Lohr is sympathetic and soothing.

From the house, Jeparit and Ruth watch them.

Ruth That lad needs to pull his head out of his botty.

Jeparit Agreed.

Ruth Otherwise, we don't have a movie.

Jeparit Granted. I understand that.

Ruth I mean he was breathtaking as Captain Frederick Wentworth in that reworking of Jane Austen's "Persuasion".

 Such a pity.

 I tell you what: I've worked a few times with Serge Nementov.

 Marvellous! Marvellous! That voice! All testosterone ...



Mocket *to himself*

How will that work?

[Fakes a thick Russian accent]

"Now is the Winter of our discontent

Made glorious Summer by this sun of York".

Mocket laughs at his own little joke. He wanders about, thinking deeply.

Mocket *to himself*

So much to work through ... And where to start? I feel like I'm swimming in jelly.

[Heavy sigh]

All I want to do is get the Brits home from France.

Why not simply concentrate on **that**, old boy.



TRIBUTE TO THE "DIRTY DOZEN"

In a nod to the "Dirty Dozen", we rehash the prisoner line-up scene from that

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marvellous movie. This will be accompanied by solo snare drum. It's probably been filmically trotted out 872 times before, but once more for the road, eh?

As our version of Major John Reisman (in 1967 this was Lee Marvin) strolls about (with back to the camera) looking at his bunch of no-hopers, the 9 men and 3 women will look back at the Major: dirty, surly, aggressive and dressed in prison clothes.

Mocket voice-over

Here stand His Majesty's 12 guests of the French legal system. What have they done? What put them in their loathsome thraldom?

They didn't murder or rape anyone.

These lads and lasses probably did no more than travel on the Metro without a ticket.

My own capital crime was to laugh out immoderately in a top Parisian eatery. One of the hapless waiters tripped on an extended leg. (Not mine, you must understand).

Couldn't help myself: cracked an ear-splitting guffaw.

Without a moment's pause I was summarily arrested for (what was it again?) -

"heinous and unmanly crimes against the State".

Jesus Christ!

The snare drum stops. The "Major" walks away and the prisoners relax. The three women head in one direction and the nine men in another. We hear scat words from the men: they speak in upper class English accents.

So do the women, as follows:

"We're in Paris so by rights we should be shopping".

"Super!"

"We must lure that divine prison guard to accompany us."

"Oh yes! Smashing!"

"The himbo with the cracking thighs?"

"Yes, him!"

"Right girls – showers and dress to kill."



Mocket *shrugs*

The charges were trumped-up, Sir.

King Charles *irritable*

I know they were trumped up! Good Heavens! There are about 12 other British blokes who've fallen foul of the Frogs.

Languishing in their most noisome prison cells.

Did you imagine (even remotely) that you were alone in this?

No! You ... You're not the only sausage. You just happened to be the most senior on the list.



Jeparit *to himself*

How to do it? The notes from Uncle Ross should have given me something to work on ...

We shall flashback to a day or two ago when Mocket and Lohr sat side by side in front of a glorious view, working through the tranche of notes handed over to Mocket by his Uncle Ross, the Archbishop of York.



Mocket is frustrated. He shoves bits of paper back into the Manilla folder in which he received them. Then he drops the Manilla folder into a nearby chair.

Mocket *frustrated* That old buffer found seven (***seven!***) different explanations for what happened to those poor boys. Every one of his magnificent seven is fodder for worms.

Lohr is busy reading documents from the other Manilla folder: the one regarding the French problem.

Lohr Yes. Leave that. I glanced through them ... Not up to snuff really.

Mocket *enumerating* Gypsies stole the boys ... They went off to join a pirate ship ... They were smuggled to Holland where they became blacksmiths ...

It's contemptible.

Lohr Almost as bad as your nephews and the supposed alien abduction theory.

Mocket *losing it* He even goes to the length of wanting to question a local girl in York who is supposed to be having visions. Good Lord!

Lohr Sh! Sh! The material on France now. Your Uncle Ross has done some serious contemplation there. His most enticing theory is that money was running out. The Wars of the Roses had bled the country dry. Everyone was having a tilt at the throne – which implies having a force behind one (armed men, mounted with

weapons). All that cost money.

Your Uncle the Arch of York states (and very economically) that one of the Royal combatants used England and Wales as collateral in a dirty deal. What is called in waging parlance "a pledge".

Mocket That's not possible, is it?

Lohr He feels that they might have been playing at the ancient game of bones. Or something of that ilk.

I earnestly wish that I were able to look more closely at the newly discovered document.

It turned up in Queensland, Australia (of all places). What a bore!



END OF ACT II

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ACT III

A Promotion for Popular TV Show: Introducing Sergei.



This promotion is more low-key than the Wolverton barrage. Here Sergei Nementov works on two levels: he plays chess (brilliantly) and solves missing person issues. This is supposedly live and for real (but who knows?) He speaks with an obvious Russian accent. He now gives himself a pat on the back to advertise his show. Action will echo his speech.

Sergei voice-over

If you could just see the happy faces of the loved ones when reunited. And I do that. I reunite them.

I am renowned chess player Sergei Nementov. Legions of fans write to me and they ask the question “How do you find the loved ones, Sergei?”

The subject of “missing persons” is a grey area, no? Do they go because they *want* to go ... or are they held captive far from home?

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The desperate police and the heartbroken public rush to my door.

I am Sergei Nementov and I mend these desperate, broken hearts. That is what I do.

The PITT Gamers: featuring Jonathon Hollymace (Take #2)

RE-ENACTMENT (Take #2)

As Jonathon (voice-over) puts forward the points of the narrative (as he sees it) we see the tale unfold in sumptuous drama.

Here the part of Richard Duke of Gloucester (who then becomes King Richard III) is now played by SERGEI NEMENTOV.

King Edward V is played by ALISTAIR LYGON-STERLING.

And his brother Richard Shrewsbury (Duke of York) is played by BRENT LYGON-STERLING.

The action will reflect what Jonathon describes. Subtle music will be heard.

Jonathon "rhubarbs" until he finds the place where Donny kicked in. Then he continues.

Jonathon *voice-over*

Rah, rah, rah, blah, blah, blah ...

To add to his infamy, King Richard then compassed the declaration of bastardy upon his dear little nephews.

Thereupon the usurper felt that he had no choice but to remove any predecessors. This was the time of Machiavelli: it was politic and wise to clear the path of any hindrances to outright rule.

In the very late nineteenth century, Bishop Stubbs held that "Edward V ended his reign on the 25th June 1483 and with his brother Richard then disappears from authentic history. How long the boys lived in captivity and how they died is a matter on which legend and conjecture have been rife with no approach to certainty. Most men believed, and still believe, that they died a violent death by their uncle's order".

Those actors in the RE-ENACTMENT hold their last pose.

There is a long pause. Then the other cast members and crew applaud.

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The PITT Games: A 21st Birthday Party for Henry Tudor

In the searing Queensland heat, the author is pruning her acalyphas. In a very plummy accent, she talks to the camera as if she is alone. The irruption of Donny somewhat angers her.

The Author *whilst pruning*

Henry Tudor turned 21 on the 28th January 1478. At that time, he was more or less under guard in Brittany. In taking sides in the Wars, he was tarred with the Lancastrian brush (so that will explain his incarceration by the Yorkists). On that date in 1478, Elizabeth (his future wife) was 12, her brother Edward 8 and Shrewsbury 5.

[Big smile]

The kiddies decided to give Henry a coming-of-age party with their guest-of-honour in absentia.

Donny stalks in, stepping over the pruned acalypha branches.

Donny *concerned*

Who are you?

The Author

Fair suck of the sav, Donny. You know who I am! The author. The erstwhile mate of the Queensland Truckie.

Donny *aghast*

But you're dead!

The Author *cheesed off*

No I'm not.

Donny *forceful*

Yes you are. Your daughters went through all your stuff after you died and they found –

The Author *crabby*

Listen sweetheart – I'm not dead. Your confrere Jasprit (the one you know as "Jeparit") claimed that I was – but not true.

And I'll prove it. See what's in my hand? I have a very sturdy pair of secateurs in my hand so if you don't **piss off** immediately (and leave me to my soliloquy) I'll perform some artistic topiary

on your male bits.

Offended and shocked, Donny marches off. The Author gets in the last word as he strides manfully off.

The Author *calls after* Yeah! And I've been writing this crap since you were playing
Donny footy with the Tootgarook under 12s!



The Author *to camera* Dead he reckons!

I'll give him "dead" ...

[Immediate return to plummy accent]

Interestingly, Josephine Tey put history into perspective. They all believed I was dead because Jasprit Namipors spruiked it about that I was.

[More pruning then back to facing camera]

Tey wrote that if something is believable, then everyone will buy it (even if not true).

Isn't that fascinating? I think that we should develop that theme later on when we meet Sir Jordan Peel.

[More pruning then back to facing camera]

Now! Where was I ...

Rah, rah ... Oh yes! Got it! A party! And I'll play the old bodwinks who helps Elizabeth with the catering.

The 21st Birthday Party Where the Guest of Honour is Elsewhere

This scene is set in a bedroom in a country house. Elizabeth and bodwinks have organized a small table covered with a tablecloth. On the table are various treats such as would have been available in 1478. Note also that discarded brown paper and string lie about.

The Crowded London Pub (The Fairclough Inn) Revisited: The Biblioclasm
--

Gunner and Jack are constantly jostled by boisterous patrons as they drink pots of beer. Gunner is particularly put out: he has to speak very loudly to be heard.

- Gunner irate, very loud* Well, I sympathize with Sir Thomas More ... Burning all the offensive books.
- I searched out our paperback edition of "Daughter of Time" by that Tey woman (amongst the rubble that passes for a library in our shack). When I located it, I burned it. Ripped it to shreds, doused the paper in kerosine and set fire to it.
- Watched the dancing flames with immense satisfaction.
- Jack embarrassed* Do you know ... I found that novel to be a very entertaining read. Nice personalities.
- Gunner very worked up* Nobody but a complete dolt would venture such an opinion.
- And if my Child Bride should saunter out to purchase a replacement – that will go the very same way!
- I have ample kerosine and matches. Make a good job of it, too! So fiercely determined as I am. It's nonsense – **Nonsense!**
- Jack wondering* What do they call that when someone important burns all the questionable literature? A conflagration? Biblioclasm?
- Gunner jingoistic* It's called "noble, honourable and just". A funeral pyre dedicated to all things that are not British.
- Jack frowns* But Tey was English.
- Gunner impatient* Get it right, Jack. Inverness, Scotland. 1896.
- Jack squirms* Well ... British, then.
- Gunner tight-lipped* Your sense of the moment is beneath contempt. You know very well what I mean.

The following will appear on the screen.



The team are fishing on the River Thames.

Sir Jordan Peel, Jeparit and Lohr occupy Sir Jordan's compact cruiser boat. Sir Jordan is a devoted pipe smoker.

Donny and Cooper are back in a skiff similar to that which they rowed on the River Foss.

Gibbo stands in a punt.

Music plays: it is delightful piano music exactly suiting the scene.

As each person speaks, their words float across the river, enabling everyone to be in on the conversation.

Sir Jordan It's probably one of the best detective novels you'll ever read. "Daughter of Time".

Lohr Agree 100%, Sir Jordan.

Sir Jordan Ms Bunton. Let's hear from your sweet lips the background regarding Henry Tudor, starting with his mother.

Lohr Catherine of Valois was a French princess who married English King Henry V.

Sir Jordan Let's see now.

I assume that you gents are aware of the Hundred Years War?

Donny looks lost, Gibbo shrugs (uninterested) and Cooper squints into the sunlight. Sir Jordan is in his element.

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Cooper I wouldn't say that I lay awake at night pondering it.

Sir Jordan One of the players was Henry the Fifth.
Shakespeare immortalized him:
"Cry 'God for Harry, England and St George!'".

Gibbo *annoyed* Hey! Settle down, Sunshine. You'll frighten away all the fish.

Sir Jordan Sorry ... Got carried away.
Over to you, Ms Bunton.

Lohr Henry the Fifth's widow secretly married the Welsh aristocrat Owen Tudor.
Their son (born posthumously) was Henry Tudor.
Apart from being related to every poshie in Wales, Owen Tudor could not boast a close connection to the English royal houses (neither York nor Lancaster).

Gibbo *sparks up* That's who I'm supposed to be acting as: Henry Tudor.

Sir Jordan His grandmother was Margaret Beaufort – very, very distantly descended from a brace of English kings but that happened in the long-distant past.
[Takes a big breath for emphasis]
Thus (to paraphrase) Henry Tudor was closer related to the French crown than he ever was to the English one.

Cooper *whispers to Donny* Are there any fish in this water or are we just wasting our time?

Donny *whispers to Cooper* This is the famous River Thames. There's loads of fish.

Cooper *whispers to Donny* Well I guessed that it wasn't the Murrumbidgee ...

Sir Jordan Ms Tey's marvellous novel appeared at around the time your author was born: 1950 or thereabouts.

Tey's finding was that after Edward IV died (quite unexpectedly at the age of 40) –

Lohr Amongst his many faults he suffered from serious bulimia.

Sir Jordan Quite! Anyway, there was no-one with even a remote claim to the throne but Richard Duke of Gloucester. That is to say, Richard the Third.

Lohr The middle brother George was out of the way via attainder. The early trappings of what became *Titulus Regius* caused the little Princes to be declared illegitimate, so neither of them could accede to the throne.

It was King Richard or no one.

Sir Jordan To that effect, King Edward V did not ever exist. Never crowned, he remained Prince of Wales only.

Gibbo *mutinous* This is boring.

Sir Jordan Boring, is it? Then, answer me this: what put your character (Henry Tudor) on the throne?

Donny I know this one. He beat the shit out of Richard in battle.

Lohr Which makes him a usurper.

Sir Jordan He gained French support and of course Lancastrian support (since Richard was from the House of York).

No (all told) I like Josephine Tey's arguments very much. She makes a damned interesting, alluring case. (If her "facts" weren't actually bunkum).

Cooper *at sea* "Bunkum"? What's that when it's at home?

Jeparit Same as bullshit.

Sir Jordan They don't gel with what we know for sure: everyone (even those close to King Richard) supported Henry Tudor in his quest for the throne.

Lohr Added to which, he married the Princess Elizabeth (daughter of a King). That apparently was thought to add to his street cred.

Sir Jordan Sorry to say but this all means that you haven't moved very far from what you discovered with Jonathon and Ruth Hollymace.

Cooper *disappointed* Bugger!

4:30 am AT THE SOMERSET HOTEL YORK

The Somerset Hotel is close to the River Foss. In fact, over the lane is the park where Cooper (as the Archbishop of York) had been feeding the ducks. The four friends (Gibbo, Donny, Cooper and Jeparit) have rooms which overlook this park.

Donny is awake but looks as if he has had a bad night. He is dressed in t-shirt, footy shorts and towelling dressing gown. Using the room's facilities, he makes a coffee. The kettle boils. Thus he is able to finish the job. Also Donny snaffles the free biscuits wrapped in cellophane. He rips open the packets eating each biscuit whole.

There is a light knock on the door. Donny is indifferent.

Donny *gloomy* Yeah. Come in. Door's open.

Cooper enters the room. He is dressed in a similar manner to Donny: in sleeping attire.

Cooper Why's yer door open?

Donny I'm waiting for the tooth fairy.

Come in. Make yourself at home.

Cooper Tooth fairy?

Donny *snarky* Yeah. Hoping I can get a root. Maybe the tooth fairy is randy.
Who knows?

Cooper It's just after half-past four in the morning. Can't you sleep
either?

Donny *flatly* What's it look like? Do you want a cuppa?

Cooper Yeah ... If there's one going. Have you got any of those free
bikkies left?

Donny Nuh. I devoured the very last one just as you banged on my
door.

Donny hands Cooper a cup of coffee.

Cooper Bugger! I ate all mine – soon as I hit the room. And now I'm starving. I could eat the donglers off a low-flying duck.

Donny wanders over to his bedside table, picks up a thin folder then passes this to Cooper.

Donny *sighs* Room service. Pick out something you'd like and they'll whip it up for you.

Cooper *gloomy* Not at 4:30 in the am they won't. Unless they charge like wounded bulls.

Donny Go on! Live it up, mate. You're a multi-millionaire. So pay the afterhours surcharge. It'll only be 25 bucks or something.

Cooper sighs heavily as he flips open the folder to investigate the room service menu.

Cooper "25 bucks or something" ... What does that translate to in British coin of the realm?

Okay. Let's take a decko at this menu here ...

Suddenly the door swings open violently as Gibbo (in tracksuit) tears into the room. He is closely followed by Jeparit. Gibbo races to the window, staring out in disbelief.

Gibbo *very excited* Look! What the fuck's that?

The four men gather at the window.

As this scene progresses, more and more light will appear as the sun rises.

At this moment the first signs of dawn can be seen on the horizon. Otherwise, it is quite dark.

The point of interest is the park on the opposite side of the lane. Something large moves across the grass in that park.

Donny *doubtful* It might be a machine or –

Cooper *astounded* No mate. It's a bloke riding a horse.

Music: theme music is heard. This music approaches a fanfare but does not quite get there.



The horse rears, catching some early light. The four on-lookers gasp.

Ardenne (dressed as a Black Knight) is mounted on a black stallion. The steed sidles and fidgets about on the park grass, rearing up then tossing its head moodily.

Gibbo astounded

Fuck a duck! Come on!



The rôle of Ardenne will be played by the same actor who plays Astor. Like Mocket/Jeparit, Astor will slip

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seamlessly in and out of the Ardenne

rôle.

Ardenne's steed continues to sidle and fidget as the four friends rush up. Ardenne lifts his visor, as he removes his gauntlets.

Cooper *awe-struck* Fair suck of the sauce bottle. Who are you?

Ardenne *proudly* I am the famed sword-for-hire Ardenne. The Frenchman that men fear. The French lover that females crave.

Ardenne's steed continues to sidle and fidget as the four friends stare at Ardenne, gob-smacked.

Donny *ticked off* Ardenne? I was supposed to get the guernsey for that part.

Ardenne *nasty* You'll have to suck it up. As the man said: "Tough titties".

Donny and Ardenne stare at each other in ill-suppressed anger.

Donny *gasps* It's you! The black –

Ardenne *coldly to Donny* I've got a good mind to plant my fist in your moosh.

You're the Aussie planker who lost me my Richard Three character.

[Mocking Donny]

"Black guys can't play villains".

Gibbo fires up in support of his friend.

Gibbo *angry* There's four of us, mate, and only one of you. If you want to smack anyone you can start with me.

Ardenne turns his attention to Gibbo.

Ardenne *nasty* That's all we need! Another scummy convict from the Colonies to lower our –

Gibbo waits no longer. He savagely drags Ardenne from his mount. The horse bolts off to the river's edge where it will graze until summoned. Ardenne no more, he reverts to Astor.

Gibbo is in full throttle as he attempts to wrestle with Astor.

Astor quickly untangles himself from Gibbo's grasp then punches him in the jaw, knocking him out. It is a very efficient, clean right cross. Donny, Jeparit and Cooper groan making faces to indicate pain.

Gibbo is out cold.

Donny *shocked* Look! You've fucking killed him!

Astor *shocked* God! I fucking hope not!

Jeparit aghast You bastard! You've KO'ed our friend. Fuck ya!

Gibbo slowly comes to with the assistance of Donny and Cooper, who now hover over him. The music simply fades out.

Astor stands (unmoving). Likewise, Jeparit (anxious) is rooted to the spot.

Donny *relieved* Jeez, Gib. What are ya so ropey for? I could've handled him.

Gibbo manages to sit up. However, he is under the impression that he is still with the sex worker.

Gibbo *groggy, confused* Where's the tart gone? ... Ooooo ... My head ...

Jeparit Which tart?

Gibbo *confused* The one I was rooting. Corker. Ouch!

Jeparit *worried* What? Is he non compos?

Cooper turns to Jeparit who is at sea. Jeparit shrugs broadly. He was not present when Ross was feeding the ducks.

Cooper *explaining to* You know how antsy he gets.

Jeparit We thought that if he rooted some tart or other, he wouldn't be so cagey.

Gibbo *groggy* Where is she? She's alright. Can't understand a frigging word she says, but.

Donny Is she foreign?

Gibbo *sighs* Nuh. English. Just can't understand her. Corker her name is. Ow!

Donny Thick dialect?

Gibbo *doubtful* Might be ... No, she does that "Ye Olde" speak. Like Chaucer, I think. I dunno.

Where is she?

Gibbo gingerly touches his jaw.

Astor *apologetic* I'm most frightfully sorry.

Donny waves to Astor in dismissal.

Donny *eager* Hang on! What is she dressed like?

Gibbo *matter of fact* Nothing. In the nuddy. Starkers.

Cooper *quickly* Did she have nice tits? I mean **does** she have nice tits?

Gibbo *nods* Yeah. Very nice.

Donny *keen* No. That's immaterial. I think that if she speaks in "Ye Olde" then maybe she's somehow historical ... You know ... Tied up in all this. Maybe we should find out ...

Astor now hovers as Gibbo is dragged to his feet. Gibbo supports himself by holding Donny's shoulder. Gibbo continues to feel his jaw.

Astor Sorry I slugged you, mate.

Cooper That's fine. We could use that wicked right-cross of yours at the Sydney Southside Gym. You could front-up as the main event. Get you a trainer –

Astor *to Donny* Don't know my own strength sometimes. Not a good idea to egg me on as he did ...

Would you like me to investigate?

Donny Investigate what?

Jeparit *shouting loudly* Are you serious? This movie is dedicated to Henry Tudor – not to Richard the Third! Get it right, man!

Ardenne laughs. Donny hands Ardenne the girl's name and address. Ardenne nods as he prepares to canter off. Jeparit (hit with a brain-wave) races up, grabbing the steed's reins.



Jeparit *to Ardenne* Listen buddy.

I might need a loan of your Wolverton chopper. When you find out about the girl – come back will you. We have 9 good men and 3 good women to break out of French prisons.

Ardenne takes that in his stride. He nods.

Ardenne *salutes* 'Kay. See you soon!

Jeparit whips around to face Donny. Jeparit is like a bloodhound on the trail.

Jeparit *urgent* Don! Who's the guy who got the guernsey for King Charlie?

Donny *confused* What are ya talking about?

Jeparit *very urgent* Gibbo auditioned for the King Charles bizzo but he missed out because the guy who scored that rôle was his doppelganger. Who? Which guy? Do you know his name?

Donny *thinking* Yeah ... He's ah ... Hang on ...

[Clicks his fingers as he recalls the name]

Chuckie Maythew.

Jeparit grabs Donny by both shoulders.

Jeparit Bewdy! Chuckie Maythew. Do you know where he hangs out?

Donny Yeah. He's a punter. He'll be in the Sportsman's Bar at The Fairclough.

Jeparit is rearing to go. He throws a quick instruction to Donny as he hares off.

Jeparit *shouts* Get hold of a really high-quality CD of "God Save The King" that I can play from Astor's chopper. Super important! And some King's Guards uniforms for ... let me see ... for 6 blokes.

Our theme music crescendos here.

Mocket Seeks Chuckie Maythew at The Fairclough Inn.

The rôle of Chuckie Maythew will be played by the same actor who plays King Charles.

Mocket rushes into the Sportsman's Bar then stops. His eyes flick about.

Mocket *to himself* A punter ... Bloke looking like King Charles would disguise himself as –

Just then, Sergei Nementov spots Mocket. Sergei has been in a voluble argument with another sports fan. Sergei quickly excuses himself to pounce on Mocket just as Mocket thinks that he has hunted down his quarry. Sergei speaks with a very strong Russian accent. His voice is deep, powerful.

Sergei *overjoyed* Is it really you? I had lost track.

Sergei shakes Mocket's hand very strongly.

Mocket *distracted* How are you? Nice to see you again. Excuse me a moment, won't you?

Mocket tries to extract himself from Sergei's attention, without success.

Sergei *serious* I have to tell much to you. For your so important research. These missing persons ... These missing Princes ...

Mocket is desperate to escape. He hauls himself free with a brief word of apology. Then he hurtles over to where Chuckie sits. Chuckie has disguised himself as best he can as he closely reads the form guide.

Mocket Mr Maythew? Hi! I'm Lord Alfred Alberey. Could you please spare me a moment? It's quite important actually.

Chuckie is surprised whereas Sergei is not to be put off.

Sergei You would do well to listen to my words of speech, Mr Mocket. I know! This is my life! For 12 or perhaps even 13 years –

Mocket Sorry, old toot but I absolutely have to –

Sergei I have experienced every shade of relief, anger, and tempestuous despair in the –

Mocket Mr Maythew! I need you to costume up as the Sov. King Charles. King Charles Three. Lots of moolah ... I mean money. Bags of it. You'll be flown –

Sergei I implore you to listen! You must hear me!

Mocket grabs hold of Chuckie's arm to literally drag him outside.

Mocket to Sergei, full of authority I will hear you out, Mr Nementov but first **this!**

Mocket disappears out of the Sportsman's Bar taking a super-surprised Chuckie with him.



Mocket and Sergei sit at a table in the Sportsman's Bar, drinking top shelf liquor.

Mocket Go on!

Sergei *sincere* I tell you truly, now. The people who knew and loved the little Princes did not behave as if these children were murdered. They did not. There is not one vestige of that.

Mocket And why do you think that?

Sergei Me! I know! Almost 13 years of experience I have.

Mocket So you –

Sergei But look at the other side. These folks who loved the Princes and knew them from birth – they did not consider them to be missing. The community realized and accepted where they were. Not hidden away. No. In those far-off times, the Tower of

London was a royal domicile as well as a prison. That is a fact.

Mocket

What became of them? Answer me that.

Sergei *sad, teary*

Mortality rates among the people were high in those days. And more so for the children.

Lord Alberey ... I believe that they died just because they could no longer live. They became sick. And they died.

There is an urn in Westminster Abbey containing bones. They were ordered to be placed in the urn by the King Charles before this one. "We have a pretty witty King". Him.

One day, our own King Charles will allow DNA testing to be undertaken on these bones.

Then we shall prove that I am right.



THE RESCUE OF 12 PRISONERS

CODENAME: OPERATION TEARAPART

GETTING ACCESS TO THE FRENCH PRESIDENT

PLOT PROGRESSION: HOW THE PRISONER RESCUE WILL UNFOLD #1

It is a weekday – late evening. We see inside the craft.

Astor will pilot his “Frank Wolverton” helicopter.

The helicopter has been flown to York (for Astor’s convenience) and there the team will board. Somehow Mocket has talked his acquaintances from the Fairclough Inn into joining the adventure.

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ROLLCALL:

ASTOR, MOCKET, CHUCKIE, DONNY, GIBBO, COOPER, SERGEI, JACK, GUNNER.

COSTUMES:

Astor has dressed in his work clobber (for his WOLVERTON rôle).

Mocket is dressed in military fatigues.

Chuckie is in his King Charles kit.

The other six men are disguised as the personal guards of King Charles.

MOOD:

Astor and Mocket are brisk, business like. Clearly Mocket is mentally planning.

Chuckie Maythew (as King Charles) appears to be extremely nervous.

Sergei, Jack and Gunner are immensely pleased with themselves: even excited.

Gibbo, Cooper and Donny (as usual) take everything in their stride.

Mocket will direct OPERATION TEARAPART from a central point (that is from the roof of a tall building in Paris).

The destination is Paris. The helicopter takes off.

The helicopter lands in Paris at the airport. Mocket is seen to leave the helicopter then run across the tarmac. Then the helicopter again takes off.

The helicopter now approaches the gardens of the Palace d'Accord in Paris. This is a very high security establishment. As the helicopter approaches for landing, a stream of spotlights is trained on it. A squad of high-level French military personnel take up combat positions. Astor is given a warning (in French-English) via loud-speaker.



Warning voice

Pilot of British craft H-FUB12. You are warned not to land in these areas. *Vous et votre équipage* have not the permission to land *ici*.

Allez! Allez!

As the helicopter lands, warning shots are fired close to the craft. Astor switches on a loud broadcast of "God Save The King" (which begins with a massive drumroll). The French warning (droning on) is drowned out by the British national anthem.

Donny takes the helicopter microphone, speaking with a very plummy British accent over the top of "God Save The King" and the French warning.

Donny *microphone,*
plummy

His Majesty King Charles the Third is about to alight this craft. His Majesty and his six Palace Guards must enter the *Palace d'Accord* without let or hindrance. Urgent and vital discussions will take place thereby.

God save The King!

Inside the helicopter, Donny switches off the microphone.

Donny *to all*

Okay guys. Very serious. Look masculine and taut. Chuckie: be the King, man! It's what you do best.

Astor has landed. The helicopter doors swing open. Gibbo and Cooper jump athletically down from the helicopter. The steps are passed to them from within. Gibbo and Cooper set everything up and stand to attention. "God Save The King" still blares out as Chuckie descends the steps, followed by Jack, Gunner, Sergei and Donny.

The imposters get away with the deception. Chuckie puts over a perfect King Charles as he smiles and nods to the armed Frenchmen on the lawn. The French troops are stunned. They have no idea what to do. Chuckie simply strolls to the Palace d'Accord accompanied by his retinue of six guards.

Astor trots down the steps of the helicopter. He looks about. Our camera picks out two of the French soldiers. Soldier #1 is astounded. He nudges the man next to him.

Soldier #1 *Cet homme ici: c'est Wolverton.*

Soldier #2 Uh?

Soldier #1 *"Wolverton". Le pilot. La télévision. Cet homme s'appelle
"Wolverton".*



PLOT PROGRESSION: HOW THE PRISONER RESCUE WILL UNFOLD #2

At first the French cabinet are overwhelmed. King Charles in their midst!

They accept everything at face value:

Yes King Charles agrees that an irrefutable document was found which gives England and Wales to France.

Yes King Charles will recompense France in monetary form for this "inconvenience".

However, the King is waiting for matters to "unravel" at home prior to finalizing the payment.

In the meantime, King Charles insists that the 12 British prisoners held by the French be released immediately.

The French ministers (gathered at the Palace d'Accord) agree.



Above is a still from "Day of the Jackal" 1973 to give the right "feel" for Le Grand Salon.

The Ministers Are Gathered for Their Routine Meeting
in Le Grand Salon, Palace d'Accord

The doors of Le Grand Salon are flung open. Four of the King Charles retinue step inside, standing to attention. King Charles wanders in, smiling. The other two members of the retinue follow.

Flunky voice-off, grand Messieurs les Ministres: je vous présente Le Roi!

With great presence of mind, the French ministers stand. This is all very awkward. The two ladies who are present make curtseys.

King Charles Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. I am riveted with despair that I should be forced to gatecrash in this lamentable fashion, however it is imperative that I meet with *Madame La Présidente*.

There is a moment of doubt and indecision as the ministers glance from one to the other. Finally, a rather stout gentleman nominates himself as the assignee. He steps forward and (in a very dignified manner) bows very low.

The Assignee *Votre Majesté. Er ... A votre plaisir ... er ... follow ... please ...*

The Assignee walks briskly from the room. The seven men in the King's party follow as best they can. This leaves the remainder of the occupants of Le Grand Salon to look about them in complete amazement.



We return to Le Grand Salon. Coffee and delicious cakes have been served in the absence of The Assignee. Three of the ministers are gathered at a large window, looking down at the lawn on which stands the WOLVERTON helicopter. One of these gentlemen is a Colonel in command of the Armed forces.

A flunky opens the door such that the Assignee may enter. The door shuts behind him. The Assignee looks at the other ministers in turn as they look at him. The Assignee holds up a sheet of paper.

The Assignee They want our immediate agreement. No discussions. No debates. We are ordered to agree.

Colonel *officious* With **what** are we to agree?

The Assignee waves the paper.

The Assignee You have doubtless heard about the magic document which hands England and Wales to us. The King asks for more time. In his words this is bound up in the fable of the little Princes who were murdered in the Tower of London.

A Minister *appalled* What the devil?

The Assignee It is apparently some old British folk tale which gets tossed about and bandied about at fashionable London cocktail parties.

Another Minister No! You don't say!

Yes Another Minister *Quelle pastiche!*

The Assignee His Majesty asks for more time ... time to allow matters to "unravel" (as he puts it). *Madame La Présidente* nods to this. She wants our agreement. Do we agree?

The occupants of Le Grand Salon look from one to the other and then shrug. They all respond "Oui".

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The Assignee takes a fountain pen from his pocket and marks off the paper in his hand. He restores the pen to his pocket.

The Assignee Good!

Next point is that the twelve British prisoners whom we arrested on the flimsiest of evidence (just because they came from the wrong side of *La Manche*) must be released into the custody of King Charles.

Colonel *sharp* **Nine** prisoners it was. The English King evidently cannot count.

There follows a titter of laughter.

The Assignee *sneering* No Sir. The figure is twelve, three of whom are women. So: nine men and three women. Twelve. I **can** count, *moi-même*.

The Colonel makes a loud snort.

Colonel *witty* Ah! I did not include the females in my reckoning. Pardon. But my understanding is that they are enjoying themselves so much at our expense, not wishing to return to the flatness of their stultifying British shores.

Another titter of laughter.

The Assignee My colleagues: our President instructs that two suitable Army vehicles (each with driver) be made available to transport the prisoners from Paris to Calais. From there they will board LeShuttle and on to Folkstone. The intention is that the King's Palace guards already here will manage the undertaking. That is, of course, if the good Colonel agrees.

Every eye in the room focuses on the Colonel. Still at his station by the window the Colonel rocks back and forward in thought. Then he shrugs as he nods.

Colonel Why not? Yes, I agree. I agree wholeheartedly with the agreement. That is to say – I agree to agree.

The other ministers were only waiting for the Colonel. They all respond "Oui". Once again, the Assignee extracts his pen, marks the document, restores the pen and then looks about the room.

The Assignee *Bien. Merci.* Our work in this affair is done.

The Assignee (full of importance) leaves the room.

Colonel *waspish* And so the task falls to **me** to allocate the necessary transports.
Ah! C'est la guerre ...

THE RESCUE OF 12 PRISONERS

CODENAME: "OPERATION TEARAPART"

FROM PARIS TO CALAIS

THE RACE TO GET BACK TO ENGLAND UNSCATHED

Scene: the gardens of the Palace d'Accord, Paris.

Two French army vehicles are supplied with drivers. Both are Renault TRM4000s – camouflaged. They pull up near Astor's WOLVERTON helicopter.

TRM4000#1: Gibbo joins the French driver in the front seat. Donny climbs into the rear.

TRM4000#2: Gunner joins the French driver in the front seat. Sergei climbs into the rear.

Meanwhile we see Astor race back to the helicopter, starting the rotors immediately.

We see Chuckie (still pretending to be King Charles) along with Cooper and Jack trot

back to the helicopter. King Charles ascends the steps up into the helicopter. He gives the obligatory wave as he steps inside. Jack and Cooper trot up the steps behind the King, then struggle to pull the steps up into the helicopter. Fortunately, a couple of French soldiers assist them. Then (when the helpful soldiers are clear) the helicopter takes off.

THE RACE TO GET THE PRISONERS AWAY PART I

Scene: the roof of the very tall Longèvres Building, Paris.

Night. Mocket trains binoculars on the gates of the prison where the males are incarcerated.

Our camera becomes Mocket's binoculars.

Our two TRM4000s pull up. The gates open.

Mocket seems absurdly pleased.

Mocket *hopeful* Good. Something's up.

Six armed guards saunter out of the prison gates.

Behind them trail nine men in casual clothes. They wander along in the Parisian night, discussing various affairs in the manner of young University students.

Mocket *to himself* Come along now, lads. Move it along! We might be racing against time before the Frogs discover the persiflage.

With lazy indifference the nine males board either of the two TRM4000s. Gibbo ensures the closure of the back gate (TRM4000 #1) and Gunner closes the other. Gibbo and Gunner are back on board their respective vehicles. And off they go.

Mocket *sighs* And now for the three ladies.

Mocket remains in his vantage point but turns about. Again, he lifts the binoculars to

ACT IV**THE RESCUE OF 12 PRISONERS
CODENAME: "OPERATION TEARAPART"
FROM PARIS TO CALAIS (continued)**

Outside Le Grand Salon the French ministers are on their way home. A loud running footfall is heard in the impressive hallway. The stragglers turn in amazement. One of their number (breathless) jogs up. He is in a state of fearful alarm.

French minister *aghast* My Lady President has just now contacted the Buckingham Palace by telephone. She did this (as an International courtesy) to advise those at the Palace that His Majesty had just now flown out of Paris bound for *Londres*.

However, this top-level conversation reveals that the King and Queen of the United Kingdom are even now dining in state with a deputation of German scientists who are in London to attend the Multilateral Scientific Think Tank (of 2024).

So to speak -- the King Charles was not here at all! He was ***never*** here this evening. We were royally duped.

The ministers react appropriately with outraged shock.

Other ministers *shocked* An imposter? We have been hoodwinked.

French minister *nods* So it would seem.

Other ministers *shocked* Our prisoners!

The Colonel has left. One of the ministers must bring him back. One of the female ministers turns to the flunky.

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Minister *urgent* Quick you! Go to the carpark and stop the Colonel. Explain that there has been an almighty glitch. He must return to La Grand Salon with all haste.

The Carpark of the Officials. Night.

Just as the Colonel is unlocking his Astin Martin the breathless flunky runs to him.

Flunky *breathless* Monsieur Le Colonel – there is the brouhaha. Please go back, Sir.

Colonel *appalled* What on earth has happened?

Flunky The most God-awful mess, Sir. Please! Return to the salon immediately. His Majesty was a fake.

Colonel *angry* Yes! It smelled of chicanery from the very –
Come on then – lead the way!

The Colonel and the flunky run off. As he leaves, the Colonel delivers his speech which wafts into the night air.

Colonel *voice fading* There might yet be war from this night's work.

THE RACE TO GET THE PRISONERS AWAY PART II

THE FOLLOWING WILL INCLUDE MUCH ACTION AND EXCITEMENT.

Much of the action will be added to by revisiting Gunner ***after*** the event such that they can share their emotions. Jack interpolates.

IN BRIEF: The French send a slew of military vehicles to apprehend the two TRM4000s loaned to the British. Our guys overpower the drivers then take command of the loaned vehicles. There is a high-speed chase from Paris to Calais. With maximum excitement and thrill the loaners board LeShuttle.

It is normally a 3-hour drive from Paris to Calais.

BUT FIRST we have to collect Mocket from the roof of the Longèvres Building.

Scene: The Roof of the Very Tall Longèvres Building, Paris.

Night.

The WOLVERTON helicopter lands on the roof. Mocket clammers inside (assisted by Jack and Cooper). Chuckie is sweating following his mammoth task in facing the French President as King Charles.

The helicopter takes off. Each occupant wears headphones. They speak to each other using scratchy, disembodied "helicopter speak".

Mocket *breathless*

All good?

Cooper *worried*

No mate. We've been sprung.

Jack

They rang the Palace. That is the French Prez phoned Buck House. It's all gone to pot, I'm afraid.

Mocket

That was always going to happen. That was the weak link in my chain.

Have the others been advised? They'll be on the road to Calais by now.

Astor

Affirmative. Gibbo and Gunner have mobile phones. Thank God! My advice to the lads was that they overpower the drivers and take control. And gun the vehicles. Gun 'em hard!

Mocket *grim-faced*

It's up to them now. Gibbo, Gunner, Donny and Sergei.

Astor

Serge will surprise you. He's a loose cannon and has a lot of tricks up his sleeve.

Mocket

Let's hope so.

exhaust.

The Crowded London Pub (The Fairclough Inn) Revisited: Our Heroes Part II

[A later recap used here for clarity and amusement]

Gunner (absurdly happy) continues to enthral his audience.

Gunner Had to use mime. Let the driver know that I wanted a slash. He obligingly pulled over. Here was my chance!

Drinker Where was our Jack while all this was going on?

Jack I was up in the air in the bally chopper trying to keep poor Chuckie from chucking. He was all done in after his royal masterstroke, poor bloke.

Laughter.

Jack I'm telling you that the pilot really was the bloke from "Wolverton". The man himself. We're besties now. But Gunner must continue ...

Gunner Right!

Then I went round to the driver's door. They drive on the wrong side of the road, you know.

Anyway, in my best schoolboy French I suggested that something or other was amiss with the vehicle (you know) and he sprang out to investigate. Silly dolt had left the engine running! So then I leapt in to follow my instructions. Let me tell you that I put my foot down – right to the floor! They ate my dust, those Frogs.

Applause and laughter. Cries of "Well done!"

From the air we see the car chase. It is night. The headlights will add to the drama of the chase. Four French Army vehicles are in pursuit of the TRM4000s which are

DYNAMICS OF THE CAR CHASE

Remember that it is still night.

It appears that Gibbo is a “neck-or-nothing” driver. He plants his foot hard on the accelerator giving no quarter to the other drivers as he weaves in and out of the traffic. Soon, the road signs indicate that Calais is looming ever closer.

Once again, we watch the second TRM4000 (driven by Gunner). The 4 French Army vehicles in pursuit suffer a barrage of rifle shots and Molotov cocktails.

The high-speed chase still knocks the passengers in the back about quite a lot. One male has buddied up with a female such that they spend most of the trip to Calais in a passionate embrace.

We can see Sergei (teeth clenched) yelling to Gunner that he must increase the speed. However, Sergei’s plan eventually pays off. The pursuit cars are so close that Sergei can pick off the tyres with his rifle. Before the pursuit cars have a chance to return fire the Molotov cocktails have done their work. Mayhem!

TRM4000 #2 arrives at the LeShuttle terminal at Calais where they quickly board just as LeShuttle prepares to take off.

We hear a triumphant shout of “Hooray!” from various passengers on LeShuttle.

At Folkestone a party of British troops commandeer the two French vehicles. Gibbo, Donny, Gunner and Sergei (along with the 12 prisoners) are transferred to a Police bus. We hear Gunner and Sergei (frothing with thrill) discuss the journey prior to the Police officers boarding the bus.

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Gunner *voice-over* That's completely sold me. I'll write off immediately to join a speed car club.

Sergei *voice-over* My new hobby will be clay pigeon shooting. Of course I am no stranger to firearms, but the exhilaration was unique.

After a slight pause, Sergei calls out (voice-over).

Sergei *calls out, voice-over* Tell me now: were any of you prisoner people actually innocent?
over

No-one answers.

Gunner *voice-over* Oh dear ...

The following will appear on the screen.



Vernon and his wife live in a very stylish mansion. It has been modernized and revamped such that it is palatial.

Vernon and Mocket stand at a superb picture window watching what is going on on the pristine lawn. There (along with the butler who is coaching them) are Gibbo and Cooper learning to play croquet. They seem to be having loads of fun.

Rather than a train set, Vernon has vintage cars whizzing around a track. This model car installation is very large, stretching from room to room. Donny is fascinated, spending his visit to Vernon playing with the car set. Thus, he comes and goes from the conversation in a timely manner.

Mocket musing I visited Jack and Gunner at the Fairclough Inn. They were able to provide fond memories of you, Mr Grey.

Vernon Vernon, please.

Yes, they were entranced by my colour parade conundrum.

Now tell me. You don't have anything like an aristocracy in Australia? Is that so?

Donny re-enters the conversation.

Donny nods So long as you drive a snazzy car, go on annual overseas holidays on cruise ships, have an MCG or SCG membership and own shares in a decent racehorse – you're made in Oz.

Mocket One's heritage does not enter the discussion, even though one's forebears might have been convicts.

Vernon *nods* Whereas in Mother England one must be noble: part of the aristocracy in order to avoid being a muggins.

Did you know that Cardinal Wolsey's father was a butcher? Think how he must have been taunted as he steeple-jacked his way to the top ...

Which segues nicely into my PITT findings. Especially my findings in relation to the woman who married King Edward the Fourth. Elizabeth Woodville.

Donny *excited* A De Soto! You have a De Soto! Brutal!

Vernon Here you have a parvenu family (the Woodvilles) – vast in number, rapacious, grasping and despised. So off goes the "sun of York" and weds his beauty when he was in fact already committed to another.

Elizabeth Woodville ...

Up bobs the first draft of *Titulus Regius* which officially declares all her children as bastards (unable to claim the Crown). And this from her brother-in-law. She is the Queen Dowager. She is the widow of a King of England.

Mocket Excuse me, Vernon.

[Calls out]

Donny! You may need to hear this ...

[To Vernon]

Sorry. He's a petrol head. Go on!

Vernon My PITT project swiftly centred on her: on Elizabeth Woodville.

Tell me: if two of your sons had been taken to live in the Tower

of London by their wicked uncle and you were banned from ever seeing them, wouldn't you take some sort of action?

Mocket But was she still alive then? I mean ... hadn't she popped the twig by this time?

Vernon sadly shakes his head.

Vernon Queen Dowager Elizabeth of the House of York died just after her grandson Henry the Eighth was born in 1491. Around the time that Columbus touched down in America in 1492.

It is probable that she was a victim of the plague ...

Donny cannot take his mind off the car set.

Donny *excited* This is ace! I've gotta get one of these.

Vernon Does she scream from the rooftops that her sons were dead at the hands of her brother-in-law?

In a way – yes! Queen Dowager Elizabeth makes a bold treaty with the mother of Henry Tudor, throwing in her lot with him.

But then in a way – no! Time passed. Richard and Elizabeth were reconciled and she returned to Court. So here we have a woman bereft kissing the hand of the monster who compassed the murder of her sons. Is that even remotely possible?

Mocket What are you trying to imply? I think I know – but tell me anyway.

Vernon If Richard killed her sons, she does not act appropriately. They may not have been murdered. They might have just died.

Mocket That's the theory put forward by my nephews. At least for King Edward the Fifth. His health gave out and he died. Both Richard the Third and Henry Tudor wept for the young lad.

RE-ENACTMENT: RHYS AP THOMAS UNDER THE MULLOCK BRIDGE

It is dark and windy. Several Welsh soldiers huddle under Mullock Bridge. Their leader is Rhys ap Thomas. The men are alert, wary.

We hear the heavy sound of cavalry overhead, crossing the bridge. Rhys and the soldiers look up.

Rhys *whispers loudly* Tudor! That man will win back to the Lancastrians the Crown.

The men nod and continue to huddle under the bridge.

The sound of the cavalry fades off.

Rhys I would never in God's hearing make an oath that I did not keep. And so I have not betrayed God's trust.

With these words I swore allegiance to our King Richard:

"Whoever ill-affected to the state, shall dare to land in those parts of Wales where I have any employment under your majesty, must resolve with himself to make his entrance and irruption over my belly."

[Wide grin]

You bear me my witness, gentlemen. Tudor came into my Wales over my belly as I awaited him under Mullock Bridge. And Amen to that.

The soldiers laugh, slapping Rhys on the shoulders as they all trudge off.



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The horses trot off towards a part of the meadow which is busy with actors, horses, stuntmen and crew. Both Ardenne and Henry remove their right gauntlet. They are close enough that they can shake hands and do so.

Ardenne *grandly* God be with you, Tudor. God speed you to your worthy fate.

Henry Aye! May this day forever --

Astor *under-voice* Don't forget your mouthguard!

Gibbo *under-voice* Oh yeah – Shit! Thanks! And have a good day, mate.

Astor Toorah!

BATTLES

Bosworth Field.

Battle, battle, battle, battle, battle.

Armoured cavalymen on horse: swords, mace and chain, battle-axes.

Armoured foot-soldiers: pikes, spears, bow-and arrow, daggers, swords.

BREAK

Astor and Henry have dismounted under a tree. Cavalymen mind their steeds and serving men hover about. Astor and Henry share a goblet of wine as they gnaw hungrily on chicken drumsticks. Both men sweat profusely. It seems that we have found the two men in robust discussion.

Henry I am of habit a cautious man in fiscal affairs. God help me! But most of my war funds were frittered away on defending myself from that wretched Perkin Warbeck. Times out of mind I had to fend him off.

Ardenne Whatever your gelt was used for, this army of yours (here and now) must be paid honestly. Or these troops will return to their ploughs.

Henry *angry* God rot! The swine even **looks** like the boy from the Tower.

Ardenne Henry. You need money. I have money.

Henry And what must stand as thy surety?

Ardenne Sign over to me your two countries.

Henry *surprised* And is this all?

Both men laugh immoderately.

Ardenne When you take your rightful throne (as you shall do this day end) all the wealth of Britain will be at your beck and call. And I'll swap back to you your pledge for my gold returned to me.

Henry *suspicious* What will be your cut from this?

Ardenne *syropy* The pleasure of your company, dear chap.

[Turns to the lackeys]

 Fetch Your Future Majesty a quill and parchment. Quick now!

Henry Verily! A man of decision!

Ardenne England and Wales. Do not mention me by name: call me "France".

Henry is tickled by that and loughs loudly. He calls to the lackeys.

Henry Sir Waldron Stanton fights at my side. Fetch him hither. He is schooled in Law. He will get this little binding document of mine up right and tight.

The camera pulls away such that we watch the business carried out under the tree from afar.

Lohr *voice-over* The business was duly completed.

 To continue his fight against the Yorkist forces, Henry urgently

required cold, hard cash.

Henry Tudor put up as collateral England and Wales in exchange for Ardenne's loot. The written promise was passed quickly from Ardenne to his trusted lieutenant.

It has been widely rumoured that it was Rhys ap Thomas (he of Mullock Bridge) who sent King Richard to his maker with the death blow in Henry Tudor's cause. That put Tudor on the throne as King Henry the Seventh.

It was York's Francis Lovell who slew Ardenne on Bosworth Field.

The promissory note thus slipped into History.

You need a firm, confident voice from the Past.

Mocket Sorry Ma'am but I have to go. I'm falling asleep here.



Later Mocket is asleep in bed beside Lohr.



We return to the testament of Sergei (the expert in Missing Persons).

This actual speech is a garbled flashback, as would be the case for someone sleeping.

Mocket You tout yourself as an expert in this field – Missing Persons.

What became of the Princes in the Tower? Answer me that.

Sergei *sad, teary* Mortality rates among the people were high in those days. And more so for the children.

Lord Albercy ... I believe that they died just because they could no longer live. They became sick. And they died.



Mocket tosses about in bed, disturbing Lohr's sleep.



We return to the meal at MacDonalds where Mocket treated his two nephews.

This actual speech is a garbled flashback, as would be the case for someone sleeping.

Brent Corker of a story! Absolute corker!

Alistair Willson Cottage in Kent. That's where they both died of natural causes.

Not murdered upon the order of Richard the Third.

Not murdered upon the order of Henry Tudor.

They just died by God's hand.

Brent Uncle Alfred you should be quizzing the bodwinks about this – not us!



Mocket continues to toss about in bed, disturbing Lohr's sleep.



We return to the Zoom call which occurred (Mocket and Author) just prior to Mocket falling asleep.

This actual speech is a garbled flashback, as would be the case for someone sleeping.

Author Compelling indications do not exist. There are no living witnesses. There are no written accounts from the time that can be credited.

Word of mouth only. Garbled half-remembered yarns passed down from generation to generation.

Mocket, you need something tangible ... A piece of proof ...



Suddenly Mocket shoots up in bed, fixated on something that the Author said.

Mocket *loudly* There were no witnesses! But what about Corker? Did she see it?
Or ...

The bodwinks ... Corker ...

I have to call Astor. He interviewed the girl. Old English. "Ye Olde" speak, as Gibbo called it.

Lohr *groggy* Well not now. He won't thank you for calling him in the middle of
the night, for God's sake. Phone him in the morning like a normal
person.

Mocket Right! Don't let me forget.

A Promotion for Popular TV Show: Revisiting Astor as "Wolverton".



[When Mocket phones Astor the latter will be leaving the set. We shall watch this first and then Astor will receive the call.]

Exciting music (the Wolverton theme music) will blare out in the background. The luscious female voice is as before.

Wolverton promo scene 1: on the tarmac.

As the helicopter blades stir up the air, Wolverton is about to leap into his chopper. Holding the grip rail, he shouts to someone off-screen.

Wolverton shouts Fifty million big ones, Simon. Let me get my hands on the brute who took out Mr Leibner and I'll be a very rich man.

With that, Wolverton nimbly ascends into the pilot's seat. Then we watch the chopper take off.

Luscious voice-over Look up! That speck you see in the sky might well be the

man with the hardest heart in all of London.

Wolverton promo scene 2: a super-glamorous bedroom.

Wolverton is stripped to the waist. In his strong arms he holds a divine woman (wearing a peacock blue sarong). They are in the midst of a passionate embrace. They pull apart. The woman pouts. Her voice is liquid gold.

Pouting woman Why do you have to fly off to Johannesburg, my darling?

Wolverton I realize that it's short notice, but the fingerprints don't match. I think I know who it is trying to run rings around me - but I'll need proof.

Pouting woman Be careful my darling. I love you so.

Wolverton *winsome smile* I love you too. And I'll be careful. For you.

The pair go back into their torrid embrace.

Luscious voice-over Wolverton ... that rock-hard man of steel can *sometimes* find time for the sweeter moments in life ...

Wolverton promo scene 3: at Buckingham Palace.

Wolverton is ushered into the Royal presence. We only see King Charles from behind. Wolverton bows. The camera homes in on a very close-up of Wolverton. His facial features are stern, rock-like as he delivers this speech.

Wolverton *steely* It comes to this Your Majesty: no stone will be left unturned in the on-going fight to keep London safe.

You may count on me for that, Sir. Every time.

The following voice-over occurs as the camera backs right off.

Luscious voice-over And he always keeps the very *best* of company!

Wolverton promo: still of action man.

Our hero runs towards the camera which then captures a very dramatic still. Over this is superscribed: WOLVERTON UK:TV Wednesday night at 9.00 pm.

Luscious voice-over Frank Wolverton.

Keeping London safe.

Snuggle up with your favourite hero whom men admire ...
and woman adore ...



Astor strides back to his dressing room.

Astor sweats profusely as he answers his mobile phone. We guess that it is Mocket who is phoning him.

Astor mobile phone Hello? Oh yes. How are you getting on? Really? Alright then – I'll whip off an email. Give me a few moments then ...

And in the meantime, I'll phone you a photo I took of the coin in the scrubber's collection.

Text me your email address. Back to you soon ...

wouldn't be an angel – go in my stead, would you?

King Charles Summons Mocket to the Palace.

However, Lohr Takes His Place.

The door opens. The Equerry enters and bows, followed by Lohr.

Equerry Ms Bunton, Your Majesty.

Lohr curtseys deeply. Then (wreathed in smiles) she goes to King Charles for a kiss on both cheeks.

King Charles *delighted* Well this is a most pleasant surprise! Two visits in one week.
People will talk, my dear.

Sit down, sit down. I must say that I'd rather **you** visit me than Lord Alberey. He has that infernal habit of put one off one's game. My swans and so forth ...

They sit.

Lohr Your Majesty. Mocket was of the opinion that I should be the bearer of our glad tidings.

King Charles Oh? He was afraid to face me (no doubt) after that daring Palace d'Accord stunt.

Lohr The business with France has been all tied up. Sir you will be required to do no more than place \$1.2 million francs at the disposal of the French government. That is the sum calculated (on today's reckoning) to equate to the moneys which Henry Tudor borrowed from a French gentleman in order to finance his (that is Tudor's) putsch. The Frenchman died during the fateful battle leaving the promissory note floating about only to be found just recently in a pile of rubble in Queensland Australia.

King Charles *overjoyed* Splendid! That bloody document has led me to many sleepless

nights. Well done, my dear!

Lohr None of this would have been possible without Your Majesty's initiating the project. Your stern words to Mocket brought about his valiant efforts. This is all your doing, Sir in motivating him.

King Charles Excellent! I shall Garter him.

Lohr nods once, smiling serenely.

Lohr The PITT Games have been won. That is to say the remaining competitors have agreed to a tie. The most likely fate of the Princes in the Tower is that they simply died. A Dutch national known to History as "Jupe" may have thought to win Henry Tudor's undying gratitude by hurrying along the deaths of the Princes. The outcome was unexpected: King Richard wept (for he loved his nephews) and Tudor wept (in sorrow for his future wife – their sister Elizabeth).

King Charles Are you politely asking me to wind up the Games?

Lohr Yes please Sir. Nothing more will be gained by discussing the matter further.

King Charles *pleased* Alright. That sounds fair.

Lohr The 12 British prisoners (unwitting guests of France: the 9 men and 3 ladies) have been heroically rescued by Mocket. By Lord Alberey Sir. He came up with a dare-devil scheme which delivered the prisoners safe and sound back onto British soil. All sentences commuted, all passports returned to them.

King Charles I'm overwhelmed. Truly! This is a memorable day.

Lohr Sir the "prisoners-that-were" are waiting to meet you in the courtyard.

King Charles Oh, splendid! I'll make a note to elevate Mocket to the Garter – Knight of the Garter. He'll like that ...

King Charles and Lohr stand.

DIRTY DOZEN TRIBUTE REVISITED

In a further nod to the "Dirty Dozen", we rehash the prisoner line-up scene from that movie. Again, this will be accompanied by solo snare drum. We are in the grounds of Buckingham Palace this time.



King Charles strolls about (back to the camera) looking at this bunch of no-hopers, the 9 men and 3 women will look back at the King with contempt. They are dirty, surly, aggressive and dressed in prison clothes.

Lohr wanders along with the King, introducing him to the hicks in a charming manner. King Charles looks extremely uncomfortable, decidedly unhappy.

The camera backs off.

END OF ACT IV

END OF MOVIE

The text of Astor's email (reproduced for clarity):

Dear Lord Albercy,

Herein please find a summary of my interview with the girl known as "Corker".

The Princes called the servants who looked after them in Kent "the bodwinks".

When King Richard Crookback called at Willson Cottage he merely nodded as he left.

However when Henry Tudor called at Willson Cottage to check that all was going well, he handed to the bodwinks the coin.

(Hope you received the photo let me know of any probs).

They kept that coin. Handed it down from one generation to the next.

And the same story went with it: that both Richard and Henry cared about the kids. REALLY cared.

The bodwinks swore this to be true.

Corker works as a prostitute as no other work offers.

Will remedy that.

Her family were in some weird sect. They continue to speak in a bastard English which time has forgotten.

Your friend calls it "Ye Olde".

To my way of thinking it is just as genuine as the tacky souvenir shops in Stratford-on-Avon.

I do hope that this clarifies.

You were warned by the Archbishop not to trust me. Perhaps the boot is on the other foot there.

Yours truly, Astor Clunie-Parkes.

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