

## **APOLOGY & EXPLANATION**

Normally, I leave all the explanations to another document (the Cast and Synopsis document). However, I am not following that method this time.

I shall begin by explaining why this movie is entitled "The Roman Legions" when clearly it is about a sinister bunch of reactionaries who run amok in the Northern Territory of Australia.

Then comes the script itself, within which I have included Plot Progression notes. This is one of those stories where the audience will be wondering what the hell is going on until a later reveal. Thus, I felt obliged to let the reader know the background behind certain scenes.

☪                      ☪                      ☪                      ☪                      ☪

We met one of our heroes in "Bowling for the Bong". The other hero will one day become that man's brother-in-law. This latter young man has an idiosyncrasy: he imagines that a warrior from Ancient Rome is beside him (and that the two men can converse) whenever he is overpowered by adversity.

The watchword is: "Superbia fortitudine". Pride in strength.

## **THE ROMAN LEGIONS**

I must explain why this movie is entitled "The Roman Legions".

Sometime ago, Tye Whitaker became really fascinated with the warriors of Ancient Rome.

He sets off every morning at sparrow's fart (rain or shine) to train himself as if he were a Roman warrior. What cannot be achieved in these morning sessions is covered in a nearby gym.

Thus, Tye has mastered javelin throwing, boxing, Greco-Roman wrestling, and weight-lifting. He works at parkour, hill climbing and swimming underwater (holding his breath).

---

© April 2024 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

However, he eschews bike riding as this was not a Roman occupation.

He can handle pain. He has become strong and fit.

In addition to this physical adoration of Ancient Rome, Tye studies Roman history whenever he can. He is not a Latin scholar. However, there are many Roman works that have been translated to English. Of special interest are the descriptions of battle against the Gauls from Julius Caesar himself.

Added to all that, Tye has joined a group of gamers-slash-reenactors who focus on the Ancients (Greek, Roman and Trojan). It is within this group (headed by the formidable Glauba) that Tye (armour-clad) has been introduced to fighting with a heavy iron sword.

Tye's character within this group is "Scipio Australis".



Tye's ability to take on the persona of "Scipio Australis" is the key element to the story. Whenever he is abused, attacked, put under pressure and/or demeaned by his captors, he is able to "block out" by becoming his version of Scipio Australis.

Thus (during this movie) we shall encounter military marches (complete with music) and other warrior activity.

We see Scipio Australis in action.



A jungle of pandana trees, rendered in enamel (digital effect).

## PROLOGUE

TYE'S ADVENTURE PART I beginning as dawn is about to break SUNDAY APRIL 7

*No music.*

In the corner of the screen:

CURRENT DATESTAMP Sunrise SUNDAY APRIL 7 2024

The Hell Hole, somewhere in the Northern Territory, Australia.

*The Hell Hole is situated in lush pandana jungle, Northern Territory.*

---

© April 2024 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

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

Here are 6 exterior grabs. Tye escapes the Hell Hole and drives off in the car while our timeline is set at SUNDAY APRIL 7. These grabs are fluid, quick, aesthetically pleasing. The darkness of night is turning to daylight as the sun rises.

- The surface of the dam is choppy as a huge dying crocodile thrashes about.
- We hear Tye speak in a very low, emotion-charged voice: “That was for Trev”.
- We see the glint of a machete in Tye’s hand.
- With the machete, Tye has already chopped a path for himself in the thick pandana jungle. Tye chucks the machete into the car wreck. He removes the branches and palm fronds he used to disguise this path.
- We see the outline of the car wreck as Tye removes the chocks he placed behind the wheels.
- Tye (grunting as silently as he can) pushes the car wreck along the path he has cleared.

A long way off Tye hotwires the car wreck. However, it still makes loads of noise as Tye takes off. We maintain our focus on the pandana jungle with the light increasing as the sun rises.

Vito *voice-off*                      What the hell was that? Did you hear it? Sounded like a gun being fired. Shit!

Mayne *voice-off*                      Shut up and go back to sleep. The arseholes around here shoot roos in the wee small hours. They go off **every** night. Pissed as newts. Forget it.

Vito *voice-off*                      Yeah. Righto. Yeah – that’ll be it ...

When Tye is driving, the CREDITS will roll through.

## **PLOT PROGRESSION**

In this way, Tye has escaped the Hell Hole, thinking that he is probably in Western Queensland.

Tye does not know (or care) what day it is. Therefore, no datestamp will be shown on the screen following our initial one (see above).

Then, Tye is wandering about in Darwin. He still wears the dirty fatigues issued by the AWUP drongoes. He has no watch, no phone and no wallet. Most of the time he pegs out on

the beach.

Interior scene: will only be when Tye drives the car wreck.

Exterior scenes: everything else. There are some "to-die-for" shots of Mindil Beach.

Tye's beard growth indicates the passing of time. He last shaved on Tuesday April 2. Tye will be in Darwin on Sunday afternoon (April 7): so go for 5 days' growth. Of course, that will change over the next few days.

Tye's adventure: Hell Hole to car to Darwin.

From what we discover later, Tye jumps into a rusted FB Holden very early on Sunday morning (April 7). With no money, he scrounges for food from rubbish bins and drinks water from garden taps. Having no phone and no money means that he is unable to phone home.

Tye's mindset.

We need to understand why Tye does not seek help in Darwin; why he is fearful of contacting the police. A flashback to his dealings with Bertha the crocodile will be shown plus he will converse in his head with the nebulous Scipio Australis. Tye is also tired, troppo and really does not care ...

## OPENING TITLES ROLL THROUGH

TYE'S ADVENTURE PART II beginning EARLY SUNDAY MORNING APRIL 7

*Tye drives along on the National Highway headed north. A large road sign indicates that Darwin is 20 kilometres away. We can see and hear that the stolen FB Holden car is on its last legs. Smoke billows out of the exhaust pipe.*

*Tye is grim-faced as he tears along. Even though it is so early on a Sunday morning, Tye is passed by many cars. Some hoons leer out of their passenger windows as they pass him. They yell out comic abuse. They hurl cans and rubbish at his car. Tye maintains a dour demeanour.*

---

© April 2024 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE



**Attack as Tye slaughters crocodile****FLASHBACK**

*For half-a-second, we (the audience) are shocked by the sudden lunging of Bertha the huge crocodile, jaws agape. She fairly leaps out of the murky dam water at the Hell Hole during the night. This is swift, scary and economical (in terms of film coverage). This whole flashback is expanded later.*

**END OF FLASHBACK**

*Tye voice-over*                      No! No! Not the cops! They'll ping me for killing an endangered animal. No ... I mean "protected" animal. Isn't it ... ?

*Tye backs away quickly, finding a hiding place. We watch the policemen pass him, ignorant that he is there.*

*When next seen, Tye is shoving discarded food into his mouth.*

*Tye comes to a huge sign complete with map of that part of Darwin to which he has strayed.*

*Tye voice-over*                      "You are here." Okay. Great. I'll head for Mindil Beach. Sounds ace. Tropical paradise. Got to lose myself there.

*Huge expansive music as Tye strolls through the beach-side tropical growth to step out onto Mindil Beach. Superb shots of the beach. Close-up of the wavelets lapping the sand. There are loads of people. Many lie about on the sand. Tye finds a spot.*

*Tye voice-over*                      My guess is that it's either Saturday or Sunday.

*Tye flops onto the sand and sleeps.*

TYE'S ADVENTURE PART II continuing EARLY MONDAY MORNING APRIL 8
---

*A teenage girl and her brother race each other along the beach. Their laughter and yelling wakes Tye. He stretches as he sits up on the sand.*

Teenage girl *excited*            How spazzo is that? Any other time I'd want to stay in bed until lunch but because we're on holidays I can't wait to wake up.

Teenage boy *happy*            Monday morning is usually "Oh shit I haven't finished my homework". I'd rather be here for the rest of my life. School is crap!

Teenage girl *laughs*            Don't let dad hear you say that!  
  
   Come on! Race you down to those rocks!

*The youngsters race off. Tye looks about. He is not the only person who has slept on the beach overnight.*

Tye *voice-over*                Got to ring dad. Speak to the old man. He and mum will be worried about me. Maybe ...  
  
   The clever money is on this being Monday morning (according to those kids). But before I lay hands on a mobile phone (Scipio old mate) – have to get some more tucker into me. The best in breakfast rejects coming up!

*Once again, Tye drenches his head under a tap whilst at the same time quenching his thirst.*

*There are many boutique cafes and restaurants serving breakfast. It is all outdoor, tropical and chic. Happy guests chatter. Tye knows that his best bet is to skirt around to the back of the cafes, where the bins will be. Tye dives on some left-over eggs, pancakes and bacon. He is startled by the voice of an old man beside him.*

Old man *whining*            Aw I was gonna have some of that!

Tye *pleasant*                 Here you are. I'll goes halvies with you.

*Tye shares his food with the old man who is grateful. Tye leaves quickly. He does not to be lumbered with looking after an old hobo.*

Tye *voice-over*

Get back to the beach. Stay hidden. Those bastards might have tailed you. They know where you are. Maybe they inserted a microchip in you that they can trace.

Scipio – stay with me my old mate. Stay with me. Get me through this ...

## **END OF PROLOGUE**

---

© April 2024 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

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



**Scene (1): Exterior carpark at Bligh Parade Police station  
(daylight)**

In the corner of the screen:

CURRENT DATESTAMP MONDAY APRIL 8 2024.

*Now for the actual movie itself. We start with Sergeant Jared Kerr (Jared) rocking up at the Bligh Parade police station.*

*Music: upbeat. No speaking heard until Jared moves indoors.*

*Jared parks up his car as advised by the lady at the gate.*

*Then he goes into the building (which is clearly marked as the Bligh Parade Police Station) through large glass doors.*

---

© April 2024 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

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

## Scene (2): Interior busy Bligh Parade Police station (daylight)

*Jared proceeds up to the very busy reception area.*

*Before he can organize in which room he is to meet with Max, Jared bumps into an old friend: Detective Sergeant Hoy Stewart (Hoy, plain clothes) who is leaving.*

Hoy *delighted*                      If that's not Tazzie Kerr, I'll bare my bum in Pitt Street!

*The two men laugh as they shake hands very warmly.*

Jared *laughing*                      Aussie! Aussie! Aussie! Hoy! Hoy! Hoy!

How the fuck are ya? How are they hanging?

Hoy                                      Aw ya know ... Long, loose and fulla joy.

What about yourself?

Jared                                      I'm sharp, mate. Sharp.

Hoy                                      What are ya doing in the Big Smoke?

*Jared points to the interior of the station.*

Jared                                      Got a meeting with a bloke from the Tax office. Max Strudwick.

Hoy                                      Oh yeah. Max is seeing you, is he?

Yeah, he's in there waiting for you. Someone fixed him up with a coffee.

Go in and they'll guide your wavering footsteps. The desk people will.

Jared                                      Ta. Nice to catch up with you, Hoy-Boy.

Hoy                                      Same Tazzie.

You look after yourself!

I'm on the same number. Ring me when you get a spare chance.

*The men warmly shake hands.*







have been --

Max *shakes head*

I already had suspicions. He confirmed them. And he was in the right place. No, I believe what he said.

This is for real. This is big time. Much bigger than the pissy show that you and I and all the gang worked on three years ago.

I can easily get you seconded onto this thing. And you'll stay in Eagleby. That's a given. However, you'll have access to all police data online and arouse no suspicions. It's perfect for me.

Jared

Yeah. I see ... What do you want from me?

Max

We might as well start by getting hold of the background – this AWUP setup. Who, what, where, how, and why ...

Jared

I should clear this with Tanya Antonio first.

Max

Who?

Jared

You remember: the chick who was in charge of the missing child (the little girl who ended up being murdered by the bikie). Tanya Antonio from Sydney Central.

*Max tries hard to remember, and then the penny drops.*

Max

Yeah, I remember her ...

But no! Please don't contact her until the very last nanosecond.

The less people --

*Jared happens to glance through the glass wall into the reception area. He sees Samantha Whitaker (Sammie). She is sitting on a long bench with other people as she fills out a requisite form.*

*Jared jumps to his feet. He tears to the window and is utterly mesmerized. We see (through the glass wall from the side of the reception area) Jared gloating.*

Jared *transfixed*

That girl! She's the most beautiful --

*Max stands. He sidles up to Jared.*

Max Do you know her?

Jared *transfixed* I've met her 8000 times in my dreams and here she is.

Max She's very good looking.

Jared *joking* I saw her first! Besides, you're married with children.

*Jared tears himself away as Max chuckles. The two men return to the desk as they speak.*

Max You and women! I hope this girl treats you better than the other one did. The one who forgot your name.

Jared The 24-carat bitch! No this one is an angel. I can tell ...

Let's wrap this up! We need to figure out where I will stand in all this and what I'll actually be doing.

Then I'm going to snatch that girl. Ride away with her on a fast horse.

Max *laughs* She'll be slung over the pommel I guess.

Jared You got it! Only I have my wheels parked outside. The car will have to substitute for the horse.

Come on! Let's get organized!

## **Scene (4): Interior reception area at Bligh Parade Police station (daylight)**

*Sammie is called up to the counter by middle-aged policewoman Joss. Joss is somewhat overweight and wearing her police constable's uniform.*

*Sammie looks concerned and uncertain. Joss tries to be re-assuring. Joss has a sheaf of A4 pages before her on the counter.*

*Both women are standing at the counter.*

*When Sammie mentions the photo of Tye, we recognize that this is the man we met in the Prologue (only now he has thick stubble).*

Joss Samantha Whitaker?

Sammie Yes, that's right.

Joss *smiles* Welcome Samantha. Call me Joss.

*[Reading]*

Of 15 Coralnight Road, Summersby, 2159?

Sammie Yes. That's me. Sammie.

Joss Says here that you're a veterinary surgeon.

I thought I'd seen you before! We took our corgi Sheela to see you a coupla months ago when we were staying with rellies in Parramatta. Small world!

Sammie *smiles warmly* Of course! Snap! Sheela. Yes, she had an inflamed skin irritation. Did the shampoo do the trick?

Joss Yes, it did. She hardly scratches at all now. Well done, you!

*Joss becomes serious again, concentrating on the papers.*

Joss *reading* And the missing person is your brother Tye Whitaker, who resides at the same address as you.

*[Looks up from the papers]*

Parents' house?

Sammie *nods* Yes. They've lived there forever. Since they got married. And there's an older brother, Clive. Three of us are vets: Dad, Clive and myself.

So – yeah, 5 of us live at Coralnight Road. Two parents, three kids.

*Joss nods.*

Joss *reading* Okay. Missing person: Tye Whitaker.

Date of Birth: 10<sup>th</sup> July 1999. Motor mechanic. Last seen on the

evening of Tuesday of last week (April 2) at his place of employment "Jewel Car Tuning and Repairs" in Summersby. He was returning home from there. Said "Good night" to everyone but not "Good-bye".

Height: 182 centimetres. That's close enough to 6 foot. (I'm from the old school and still relate to feet and inches).

Weight around 84 kilos which converts to about 185 pounds.

Hair brown, eyes hazel. No distinguishing scars. No tats.

You describe him here as physically fit and active.

*Sammie points* You can see there that I've provided a couple of recent photos.

Joss Mmmmm ...

And with the weathered hands of a mechanic, no doubt.

What was he wearing when last seen?

*Sammie* He had a uniform. A work outfit. You know, a company polo shirt, footy shorts, woollen socks, tradie-type boots. And probably a beaten-up black baseball cap. The blokes at Jewel confirmed that he didn't change into other clothes on that Tuesday afternoon ...

That magazine clipping is for an ad for Jewel. It shows a bloke in their polo shirt.

*Joss nods. Joss now looks straight at Sammie.*

Joss He's a bloke of 25. Gainfully employed. On a fairly good salary. He's got a car and probably a wallet full of cash or credit (if he still lives at home with mum and dad).

*Sammie* His car is still parked in our driveway.

*Joss shrugs* Maybe he's had a brain fade and decided to jump on a plane that's bound for a tropical island. Lizard Island ... or Hayman ...

who knows?

Sammie *insistent*

He would have told someone if he was doing that. Besides --

Joss

Now, Sammie ...

**You** need to tell me straight-up why you think your brother is actually **missing** and not off having a good time. Otherwise, I'll have to close this off.

*Sammie was ready for this question and now launches forth.*

Sammie

His keys (all his keys, even the front door key) have been plonked on his bedside table. His phone charger is lying on his bed. His mobile is with him (I believe) but not the charger. So his phone is now dead. I've tried it several times.

There's a rough old canvas bag that he never ever goes anywhere without. That's lying on the bed, empty. Mum checked his clothes and stuff ... Nothing is missing from his room.

He's just ... I dunno ... He's just vanished.

Oh! And he told me that he was off to meet someone about a writing project he's working on. Very excited he was.

Joss *musling aloud*

"A writing project". Hared off to meet someone ...

*[Pause]*

Was your mum not home when Mr Whitaker (that is, your brother) drove up and parked his car?

Sammie

At work.

*Joss takes a long breath.*

Joss

Basically, your brother is wearing his work gear with his mobile phone and wallet in his pocket. No keys. And no dilly bag full of his personal kit.

The very last people to see him on Tuesday evening were his

work mates. He drove home, dumped some stuff but did not take away any other stuff. Since he didn't drive off in his car, we have to assume that he was picked up by a taxi. Or by some other means. Perhaps he flexed off to the bus stop.

Any rate, he's gone off without leaving you or anyone else an SMS or that. Is all that correct?

Sammie                      Correct.

*Joss heaves a long sigh. She flicks her eyes over the paperwork, then pushes it aside.*

Joss                              Look!

I'd normally be inclined to pat you on the shoulder Sammie and send you off with some comforting words. "He'll come home when he's ready. Don't lose any sleep – he'll be alright".

However, a couple of the other officers and I were having a confab just yesterday. Noticed something weird ...

In NSW, we've got a dozen or so similar missing persons. Young men who've dropped everything to tear off into the night. It's a bit concerning actually. When you think about it.

Sammie                      It's just not like him not to --

*Joss turns towards her laptop, which is nearby.*

Joss                              Hang on a minnie. We came across another Parramatta dude. Maybe a connection ...

*Joss fiddles about on the laptop.*

Joss                              Alright. Does your brother know a Trevor Hinchcliffe, would you know?

Sammie *somewhat sour*      Yes. Trev is a mate of my brother's.

Joss                              You no like?

Sammie                      No. Me no like.



## Scene (5): Exterior steps leading up to the Bligh Parade Police station (daylight)

*Just as Sammie is about to leave the police station, Jared races to her. Sammie is surprised. Jared (out of breath, all smiles) reaches to shake her hand.*

Jared *smiles*                      Sergeant Jared Kerr from the Eagleby station. How are you going?

*Sammie shakes hands with Jared. It is clear that Sammie is a little wary of the police sergeant.*

Jared                                  I saw you and I ...  
Joss told me what you ...  
Listen!  
There's a coffee shop nearby. How's about I shout you a cappa?

*Sammie is confused as well as surprised. She is also very tired: emotionally drained. She hesitates then shrugs her shoulders.*

Sammie                              Yeah. Okay. I'm actually quite hungry.

## Scene (6): Interior of the Captain Bligh Café (daylight)

*Most of the tables in this café are occupied. So there will be a hum of background noise throughout along with very low modern music.*

*Jared and Sammie sit at a table as they eat French patisserie and sip cappuccinos.*

Jared                                  Tell me more about your brother. I promise to pull out all stops to find him. Ridgy-didge!

*Sammie is very reluctant to explain. She looks around as if for inspiration.*

Jared                                  Come on! Fill me in on the story behind the story.

Sammie                              Okay. I'll go back to the very start.  
In England at one of the Oxford colleges, there is a gallery of



Sammie Yes. The third Duke of Beaufort. Henry Somerset. All got up in his over-the-top robes of office. And right there in the background is his poor slave with the gold dog collar. I tell you – I was as grossed-out as the English academic was.

Jared Yeah, well I agree that it's offensive. To modern people that is offensive. Yeah.

But I can't agree with removing the portrait from the gallery.

Sammie *shocked* You're joking, aren't you?

Jared *shakes head* Nah. I'm not joking.

See: it ***really happened*** therefore we all have to be able to see it. How can we learn from history if we are not allowed to see it? It's like those movies about the 1930's. Everyone lit up in those days. The Anti-Cancer peeps want the movie to be made without the entire cast smoking but that is going against the reality of the times.

You can't buck history. It happened.

Sammie I don't get that ...

Jared A few years ago, my mother went whoopsie because the local bank had a display of old monochrome photos of aboriginals. Some of the blokes were in the nuddy. In fact, a whole herd of ladies arked up and demanded that the photos come down. The bank manager's response was that these photos represented a genuine time in history that needed to be acknowledged.

However (as luck would have it) the ladies won out ...

In the end, the photos were removed because the elders of a nearby tribe went on about their culture not allowing deceased persons to be shown like that.

Sammie *triumphant*            There you are!

*Jared holds up his hand. They will only bicker if allowed to continue in that vein.*

Jared                                Can we cool it? For now?

Chuck it on the back-burner. Not the time, not the place.

We mustn't spoil this otherwise perfect day. Eh?

Let's agree to disagree. For now.

*Sammie pouts. Jared grins.*

Jared                                I want you to sign a peace treaty.

*Jared shoots his mobile phone across the table towards Sammie.*

Jared                                Type your phone number in there.

Sammie                              Why?

Jared                                Because if we fall in love it's a long way between Parramatta and Eagleby. My only hope --

Sammie *appalled*                ***If we fall in love!?***

Are you for real, Sergeant Kerr?

Jared                                Blood oath!

As soon as I saw you in the Bligh Parade station, I knew. That very second! Like I'd been brought to the ground by a flying rugby tackle. Bam!

*[Appears to be worried]*

Hey! You're not already in a relationship with some bloke, are you?

Sammie *blushes*                No. But that doesn't mean --

Jared                                Great! My question therefore would have to be: what's wrong with the guys in Parramatta to let a totally gorgeous lady like you

wander around unattached. They must be zonked.

Sammie Ouch! Haven't you read the list of 11 questions that you must **never** ask a single woman?

*Jared plays innocent. Sammie shakes her head and sighs. Then she types her details into the mobile phone before pushing it back towards Jared.*

Sammie There you are. My deets.

Maybe I found the local dudes in Parra to be attached already. I'm not a home-wrecker. Did you think of that?

Jared And then you met action-man Jared "Tazzie" Kerr who is single, ready to fall for a beautiful girl and wants to get cracking on that front immediately (if not sooner).

You know what?

Before I go back to work, we should share a long, meaningful kiss. See how we feel. And (to keep my mind off how much I love you) I'll work night and day on this bizzo with your missing brother. And his mate.

Sammie *diverted* To be brutally honest, I don't give a rat's about the mate (Trev Hinchcliffe). In fact, the longer he's missing, the better. But yeah! Find my brother.

Jared *hopeful* And you're okay with the kiss?

Sammie *reluctant* Oh ... I suppose so ...

Jared A real fair dinkum kiss, now. I won't be mucking around.

Sammie *sighs* Okay ... Yeah ... Alright ...

## Scene (7): Exterior of the Captain Bligh Café (daylight)

*Outside, Jared leads Sammie to a secluded spot. It is a tiny secluded oasis of palms and crotons. They go into a very passionate embrace. There is an awkward pause. Sammie looks about for inspiration. Jared stares at Sammie with a goofy smile on his face, drinking in her beauty.*

Jared *gentle, loving*

Am I going to stay single for long? Whadda ya reckon?

Sammie

Do you think that I'm going to marry you on the basis of that kiss? Let me tell you, Sergeant Kerr that beasts of every persuasion kiss and lick me in a very squelchy fashion every day, so ...

Jared *laughs*

That's a bit kinky!

*Sammie shrugs expansively.*

Sammie

I'm a vet.

Jared

Ah!

Righto. So how do I rate on the Richter Scale of kisses? Top score is 10.

Sammie *shy*

I guess you're about a 9.5.

Jared *pleased*

Woo hoo! Great! That's made my day.

Come on and I'll take you back to the cop shop. My car is there so I can chauffeur you around.

Sammie *shrugs*

Alright.

*The pair wander off, holding hands.*

*Then Sammie stops, remembering something.*

Sammie

Oh! Something you should know --

About the Roman comedy thingo ... My brother Tye is an absolute fruitcake about the Roman legions. He spends hours studying them ...

Just thought I must tell you that.

*Jared nods. Then they set off again. They are chatting but we are not privy to their conversation.*

## TYE'S ADVENTURE PART II continuing MONDAY EVENING APRIL 8

*More fabulous music as we watch the sun set on Monday evening. In Darwin the sun sets over the sea. This is breathtakingly beautiful.*



*Tye drinks it all in, as if he knows that he will land on his feet. We shall return to Tye's Darwin adventures later.*

*It is time for a flashback to find out why Tye is down and out in Darwin.*

---

© April 2024 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

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

**PLOT PROGRESSION prior to Scene (8).****The Australia Wake Up Party**

**FLASHBACK** IS LATE AT NIGHT WEDNESDAY APRIL 3.

There are no windows in the plane. We can hear the drone of the engines. We are aware that the plane is flying. It is very late at night, but we cannot tell that.

Metal bench seats (no cushions) stretch along either side (port and starboard).

Twelve people (all in combat fatigues) are seated in the plane. They all wear balaclavas: blue, black, grey or navy.

☪                      ☪                      ☪                      ☪                      ☪

Three of the passengers are not handcuffed. They are Muzzie Daylesford (whose codename is "Delta"). She is the only female. Muzzie is a large, powerful woman.

The second person not handcuffed is Mayne Mansfield (codename "Memphis"). We find out later that Mayne has some Russian heritage.

The colleague of Muzzie and Mayne is Vito Buchanon (codename "Vickt"). He holds a sock filled with sand and pebbles. Vito will use this filled sock as a means of punishment when the hostages become disruptive. Vito will stand, march to the offender, cosh him very hard (once only) then wordlessly return to his seat. You can imagine that he is up and down repeatedly in this way as the young men are very scared and restless (except for Tye). More information regarding Tye will be covered later. Importantly: we do not see Tye's face as it is shielded by his blue balaclava.

Both Mayne and Vito are average-sized men: lean and fit.

Whenever Muzzie, Mayne and Vito speak to each other, it is in a very clipped military style as if they are working in a drill.

☪                      ☪                      ☪                      ☪                      ☪

We hear about Trev but never meet him. Prior to this small plane even taking off, Trev had had a major meltdown. There was a scuffle and attack which left Trev mortally wounded. He actually died on the plane during its flight to the Northern Territory. His body has been

roughly wrapped in a blanket. It serves as a stark reminder to the others that disobedience has consequences.

☪                      ☪                      ☪                      ☪                      ☪

Thus, the remaining 9 passengers (including Tye) are young men. All are handcuffed behind them such that sitting on the hard bench is a nightmare. As indicated, some will call out. They will receive a coshing from Vito (across the face) with each such eruption. As expected, there will be groaning. One of the men indicates that he is about to be sick. He receives a coshing for this. He promptly vomits into his balaclava. The man next to him is disgusted and likewise receives a coshing.

Note that there is no verbal reprimand from Muzzie, Mayne or Vito: just Vito delivering a savage whack.

☪                      ☪                      ☪                      ☪                      ☪

It is during this plane trip that we meet Tye Whitaker. He is the only hostage to sit straight. Neither does he complain, groan nor make any noise. We (the audience) will gradually work out that this is Tye. It is confirmed once he escapes his captors and we meet him in the Bunkers at Darwin.

☪                      ☪                      ☪                      ☪                      ☪

To make this scene (and what follows) easier to follow, Tye will wear a light blue balaclava. Only one other guy will have such a balaclava: he will be small and chunky and will be ejected from the group early on.

☪                      ☪                      ☪                      ☪                      ☪

**IMPORTANT TO NOTE:** There are 8 actors in the Hell Hole flashbacks who are not seen as they always wear balaclavas. These 8 actors can be recycled in the Roman Legions scenes.

In the corner of the screen:

BACKTRACK TO WEDNESDAY APRIL 3

Somewhere over Central Australia.

**Scene (8): Interior small Army transport plane (night)**

Flying to the Hell Hole

**FLASHBACK**

*The movie director is now in charge to set up the action exactly as described.*

*It is important that:*

- *Tye is immobile and straight-backed.*
- *Vito gets up and down promptly, delivering the coshings in a uniform manner.*
- *The other 8 captives (excluding Tye) somehow fall foul of Vito and are whacked. Recall that one of them will vomit.*

*The noise of the engines overlays the scene. Trev's wrapped-up body will be visible.*

*The pilot leans back to mutter something to Muzzie. She nods.*

Muzzie *loudly*                      Landing in eight.

Mayne & Vito together        Roger that.

*Mayne stands. Without looking at Vito Mayne reaches towards him.*

Mayne *giving an order*        Sock.

*Vito puts the bashing sock into Mayne's hand. Mayne marches to stand in front of Tye.*

Mayne *menacing to Tye*      You! I haven't seen you being smacked yet. Are you a smartarse or are you just shit-scared?

*Tye does not respond. Mayne allows the motion of the plane to sway his body from side to side.*

*Mayne tightens his grip on the sand-filled sock.*

Mayne *menacing*                You in the blue face mask. I'm talking to you. Answer me. Tell me why you haven't been bashed-up yet by Victa.

*Again, Tye does not respond. Again, Mayne allows the motion of the plane to sway his body from side to side.*

Mayne *nasty*                    That man I executed as we were boarding the plane was a mate of yours. But you said nothing. Didn't even blink.

   That has to give me pause, eh?

   That has to make me think ... Yeah?

   What do you reckon?

*Again, Tye does not respond. Again, Mayne allows the motion of the plane to sway his body from side to side. Mayne lifts the sand-filled sock as if ready to strike.*

Mayne *really angry*            Talk to me! Cunt! I'm asking you a question. Answer me you motherfucking turd.

*Tye is immobile.*

*Mayne lashes out only once. His attack on Tye's left cheek has more force than the attacks of Vito.*

*Tye does not flinch.*

*Remember that both Mayne and Tye are in balaclavas. Mayne brings his face right up close to Tye's face. The camera closes right in.*

Mayne *whispers*                I'm watching.

   I'm on full alert, mate.

   Watching you.

   Watching **you**, mate.

   I just whacked you with a sock filled full of river sand and nice little pebbles.

   Next time it will be a rock in the sock. And you'll be deady-bones, mate.

   I'll feed you to my croc after she's finished disposing of your deceased mate. You can bet your balls on that, mate!

*The camera remains very, very close to Tye's face as we hear Mayne march off back to his seat. It is almost as if Mayne has lost the first round in his battle with Tye. Tye breaths steadily. His eyes remain focused straight ahead, as if sightless.*

Muzzie *voice off*                      Coming-in to land. Brace yourselves.

Mayne and Vito                      Roger that.  
together, *voices off*

*The camera gets so close to Tye that it seems to be inside his head.*

*Now Tye will think of Scipio Australis as if he were a real person with whom he can interact.*

*Tye's voice is very low and almost throbbing.*

Tye *voice-over*                      Stay with me, Scipio Australis. Keep me going Bro. Don't let  
these arseholes screw me up.

*The engine noise continues. It will segue beautifully into the martial music of the Roman legions  
which follows in the next scene.*

**END OF FLASHBACK**

## THE ROMAN LEGIONS I

*The role of Scipio Australis is played by the actor who plays Tye.*

### PLOT PROGRESSION: THE ROMAN LEGIONS PART I

#### Prior to Scene ix.

We are now in Tye's imagination as he talks himself out of feeling any physical effects arising from Mayne's brutality. He does this by referring back to Ancient times.

**Except for Sammie's photo of him, this is the first time we actually see Tye's face (in his guise as Scipio Australis).**

#### Scene (9): Exterior rough country in Gaul (daylight)

*A Roman military camp in Transalpine Gaul. This is wild wooded country, hard to traverse. Hostages in chains are under the control of several legionaries, among whom is Scipio Australis.*

*The following action will appear during Caesar's voice over. Note that Caesar always refers to himself in the third person.*

*As promised, we encounter a military march (complete with music: drums and French horns).*

*Roman legionaries are being drilled in this rough country.*

*The warriors wear the usual uniform complete with impressive armour.*

Caesar *voice over*

Caesar speaks.

Caesar relates to his eager audience many of his travails in Thither Gaul, including a villainous plot to remove Caesar from his command of the Legions of Rome.

Caesar left his prisoners under the aegis of Commander Marcus Questaris Biblius that Marcus might prevent a revolt there.

Caesar understood the battle tactics of the Gauls. These

barbarians could quickly manoeuvre their chariots and their cavalry horses to the cost of the well-drilled Roman legionaries. They could hide in the woods and forests for which Thither Gaul is famous.

But the soldiers of the seventh legion, having formed a testudo and thrown up a rampart against the Gallic fortification, took the place and drove these barbarians out of the woods, receiving only a few wounds. But Caesar forbade his men to pursue them in their flight any great distance; because he was ignorant of the nature of the ground.

It then befell Caesar to charge Marcus to interrogate those Gauls who feared Rome more than they feared the retribution of their own kind. And this Marcus did. He overcame the tendency of the Gaul towards treachery, lies and deceit. He comprehended how it was that the Gaul might strike an allegiance against the enemy only to sink the knife of enmity into the neck of his erstwhile friend.

*We focus on the huge tent in which we shall find Marcus. The entrance to the tent is well-guarded.*

Caesar *voice over*            Marcus served his Caesar well, and likewise Caesar appreciated Marcus well. Sometimes it became necessary to give protection to Caesar himself (and that from within). It came about that Roman citizens misbehaved in just such a duplicitous way as these heathen Gauls did. Caesar called upon such as Marcus to help him fight his traitorous enemies. And Marcus willingly obliged.

*A centurion signals for Scipio Australis to fall out. With a nod of his head, the centurion indicates that Scipio Australis should go to the nearby tent. It is a very, very large tent.*

*Scipio Australis gives a snappy Roman salute to the centurion, then strides off to the tent.*

*Scipio is stopped before entering by a guard who bars his entrance to the tent while checking his credentials.*

Guard Stand and explain how it is that you approach the tent of Marcus Questaris Biblius.

Scipio Australis I have been summoned. You know me by sight, I think.

Guard Are you Scipio Australis who dares to pass here?

Scipio Australis I am that soldier.

Guard Recite me your motto.

Scipio Australis It is this: "Superbia fortitudine". Pride in strength.

*The guard nods, standing back from the entrance to the tent. Scipio Australis nods, stepping into the tent.*

## Scene (10): Interior tent of Marcus Questaris Biblius (daylight)

*Within this tent stand Poublius Albinus, Cassetor Muneris, Corves Corvex and Vellus Quintax.*

*Marcus Questaris Biblius (Marcus) sits at his ease at a large board-like table. Before him are scattered various documents and maps, all rendered on goatskin.*

*Marcus has in his hand five straws. These are gathered in his hand in such a way that no man can know which is the short straw.*

Marcus Now that Scipio Australis joins us, we may proceed with the election.

*Marcus reaches his hand out (that is, the hand holding the straws).*

Marcus As your honour bears witness (Poublius Albinus) choose you!

*Poublius steps forward, nips one straw with his fingers then steps back concealing the straw in his palm.*

Marcus Likewise, Cassetor Muneris. Choose.

Cassetor *smiles* It is all my pleasure, Marcus Questaris Biblius.

*Cassetor steps forward, nips one straw with his fingers then steps back concealing the straw in his palm.*



Corves I want you to appreciate that when I prayed to Vejovis, it was that I **should** be the loser.

*Marcus looks up slowly from his maps. His smile is laced with despise.*

Marcus *sugar sweet* Go then and do my bidding.

*Corves salutes once more then strides out of the tent. Marcus stand abruptly, sending some of the documents flying.*

Marcus *angry* Imagine if you can! There is Magnorius Epephesus sent in all honour as an embassy of Rome and what do these people do? They chain him. Bring him to his knees before them. Can you see it? A citizen of Rome visiting them in good will and friendship subjected to this vile treatment. As if he were a felon escaping justice.

What sort of creatures are these?

I mean – they don't just backstab Rome, they backstab each other. Forever forming leagues of friends then reforming into leagues of foes. And **that** undone at some later date when the stars re-align ...

They are repugnant changelings, these Gauls.

Poublus Is Corves Corvex (then) the right man to send as peacemaker?

Marcus *shrugs* It matters not whom I sent ... Indicating with a large show of my intent is all that is required. Magnorius will be back in our arms before long.

*[Pause]*

Now go! All of you get back to your defensive walls and your siege engines. A report of our progress must be prepared for Caesar.

Ah! Not you, Scipio Australis. Stay back. Stay back.

*With great dignity and noble salutes, the other three soldiers exit the vast tent. Marcus watches them leave, then he rounds on Scipio.*

Marcus                                Did you note the absence of Horato Sieutonus Nunquiar from our election with reeds?

That was a deliberate act. I engineered it.

I am about to tell you ... This is a little dollop of interesting gossip ... That this Horato Sieutonus Nunquiar finances his nebulous schemes through his acquisition of diamonds out of Africa. And in so doing might be setting himself up as a challenger to Caesar.

I charge you Scipio Australis to watch him in the manner of a sharp-eyed hawk that seeks out its prey in the thickness of the natural undergrowth. Watch him! If you bear even the minutest suspicion of his designs upon Caesar, then you have my express permission to drag him to the hard earth, there to slay him in the most savage and brutal manner.

Scipio                                 This shall be done.

Marcus *grins*                        Do you know what it is?

It is your inflexible calm that draws me to you, Scipio. That and your wisdom. Your weighty counsel is all to me.

*Scipio smiles and slightly bows.*

Scipio                                 May I return to the on-going war, Marcus?

*Marcus sits. He fiddles about with his goatskin sheets. It is as if he has forgotten all about the presence of Scipio. Then he looks up as Scipio moves to leave.*

Marcus                                Yes ... No. Not yet ...

Add to your nobility by uncovering the ultimate source of the African diamonds. We'll cut Horato Sieutonus Nunquiar and his

ilk off at the knees.

*Music: grand, Roman-type fanfare music.*

**END OF THE ROMAN LEGIONS I**

---

© April 2024 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

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



But someone *did* ring in about Trev's disappearance. And that gave us our best lead.

Sammie *scornful*

Huh! That's a surprise.

Jared *laughs*

I knew you'd say that.

A bloke lent his car to Trev. We have the details about make, model, colour and number plate.

Bingo! It is recorded as having parked-up at the airport. No record of it leaving again, though.

Tomorrow a search will be made of the airport carpark to locate that vehicle.

Which all seems to indicate that they were flying somewhere.

Sammie

That makes sense. Flying off to meet the mystery person about their writing project.

Jared

Right! I've called in the records of recent phone calls from the mobile phones of both Tye and Trev. But that won't become available until tomorrow.

I'd like to work a lot faster than this ... I have to go on tiptoes here: I'm working on a different investigation with somebody else. Just have to try to knit the Tye info with their info. Needs a steady hand at the tiller.

Sammie

Right!

Ring me tomorrow then and give me an update. Good work so far, though. Well done!

Jared

Will you marry me?

Sammie *laughs*

You're getting warmer ...

## Scene (12): Exterior Muzzie's superb decking in lush tropical setting in posh Sydney suburb (night)

*Some really telling music. The shit has hit the fan. This is very late Monday night April 8.*

*Days ago, Muzzie left the shed/dam and is now back in Sydney. The timber decking at her house is very tropical and appealing. It is night. So her decking is ablaze with modern lighting. She sits there with a mug of coffee and a pile of magazines.*

*She is seen and heard speaking to Mayne on her mobile phone.*

Muzzie *concerned*

Slow down, Memphis. Slow down.

Say that all over again. So I can understand you this time.

*[Slight pause]*

What do you mean he got away? You said he was one of **us** now.

Shit! Shit! Shit!

I'll have to take that to the top brass.

*[Annoyed and angry]*

Thanks for nothing.

### **PLOT PROGRESSION** prior to Scene (13).

DATE STAMP: very early in the morning of Tuesday April 9.

The car that Tye and Trev used (leaving Summersby) might possibly be parked at the airport. A search for that car will be undertaken today Tuesday April 9.

Although Trev and Tye took their mobile phones with them, it has been possible for Jared to look at recent calls made or received.

Jared will undertake a video call from his desk based on one number that Trev called a few times: the occupants of Fairclough Cottage in a picturesque Adelaide suburb.

Tye and Trev were mooted to meet up with two unkempt old derelicts in an Adelaide suburb. All arranged by Trev on his mobile phone.

These old codgers are graduates (from many, many years ago). They are Glynn Rankin and Colm Fairclough.

### **Scene (13): Interior Jared's desk at the Eagleby Police station (early morning)**

*When Jared speaks to Glynn and Colm they are sprawled around a squalid table in a squalid living room. They are knocking back the wine. The discarded crockery and cutlery from several days is stacked around them. Blow flies buzz about everywhere.*

*Jared is not visible to us in this scene: it is only these two old blokes staring into our camera (as if talking to Jared via video link).*

Glynn *grand*                      Our work is all-encompassing. Not just theatricals or film-making. We tackle a broad range of forays into the field of entertainment.

Colm *grand*                      We are entrepreneurs. Rock bands, old-time dance orchestras, ballerinas, magicians ... You want, we get.

Jared *voice-off*                  Were you hired by Trevor –

Glynn *emphatic*                  This is all bona fide, legal consulting for the Arts.

Colm                                  Think of us as agents.

Glynn                                High-brow. Low-brow. We have even organized a wrestling match which was very well received.

Jared *voice off*                  Yeah. But I need to find out if either Trevor Hinchcliffe or Tye Whitaker visited you.

Glynn *miffed*                      No. Not.

Jared *voice off*                  But Trevor Hinchcliffe rang you, didn't he?

Colm *miffed*                      The gentleman of whom you speak rang me to book an appointment. That was for the Wednesday of last week. But as

per usual he did not show.

Glynn *very put out*

Unfortunately, it has become very predictable. If a young man in his twenties contacts us, arrangements are made. Flights apparently are booked, hotel rooms reserved. They are due to visit our dear little cottage from every corner of this large, lustrous land.

Then nothing. Not a sausage. No show.

Colm *still miffed*

No phone call to explain or provide an excuse or to apologize. Nothing! Diddly squat.

Glynn

And not a hope of receiving the funds that are due for all our arduous work. Their phones are invariably switched off.

Colm

Threats and demands all useless.

Glynn

Nothing left to do but cry into our tea.

Jared *voice off*

And what about your other clientele? No problems there?

Glynn

Exactly. If a lady or an older gent: everything is all smiles and sunshine.

Colm

We are handsomely reimbursed with our clients being extremely satisfied. Close the book.

Jared *voice off*

But not the young men?

Colm *very sour*

***Decidedly not!***

Jared *voice off*

Okey-doke.

You've helped me a huge amount. Thank you.

Colm *hint of smile*

Thank you, Sergeant.

Jared *voice off*

I'm going to hold my email address up to the screen. I want you to copy it down, please. You can send me a list of all the young guys who let you down. Over (say) the last 3 months.

Meanwhile I'll pull out all stops to ensure that you receive the

moneys owed.

*When Jared offers to retrieve the funds, the two men become interested. They can be seen to busily copy down the email address.*



Jared cracks on at the Eagleby Police Station

Now our camera focuses on Jared himself (and not his laptop screen).

The emails from Glynn and Colm arrive.

Jared runs his eyes over the list of names.

Just as Jared starts to make notes, his phone rings.

This is Sammie who tearfully advises that there was a bulletin on the news stating that Tye is suspected of being a mass murderer.

## **The Terrible News That Tye Whitaker is a Wanted Man**

The AWUP on the counterattack

Muzzie has rung those above her in the AWUP.

The AWUP heavies decide that they cannot let Tye get to the Press and blow their cover.

Tye has to be re-captured and immediately terminated.

The best way to do that is to declare him a wanted man. The police will pull out all stops to capture Tye as a mass murderer. The Armed forces will be on full alert.

Tye Whitaker is presented to the Australian public as a traitor to King and Country. He must be cut down on sight.

Jared *phone*                      Hello gorgeous! What do you –

*Sammie (desperately weeping) is on the phone to Jared.*

Sammie *crying, phone*        It said on the News that Tye is a mass murderer. "Shoot to kill" they said. Can you come here, please? I know it's a long way ...

Jared *phone* Aw sweetheart! I'll get there soon as I can.

Sammie *sobs* My family is devastated!

### **PLOT PROGRESSION**

With lightning speed, Jared must come up with an effective plan.

Short notes on this plan:--

**Point 1:** Jared will put Hoy on the case re the lists of names emailed by Glynn and Colm.

**Point 2:** Jared will set up a safe method for Tye to contact him (via the Whitaker family). This includes a visit to the Whitaker home in Coralnight Road.

**Point 3:** Tye will contact Jared and a rendezvous will be planned.

**Point 4:** Jared (with an extensive forward plan in mind) will collect Tye, give him false IDs, a police outfit to wear and drive off with Tye to his (Jared's) home.

The plan will have to be interrupted such that we can return to Tye in Darwin.

*Jared hangs up then immediately speed-dials another number. He types the emails mentioned in his next phone call as he speaks.*

Jared *phone* Hoy! It's Tazzie.

Listen mate I'm in a real urgent jam here. Are you still on the same email address?

Yes? Great!

I'm sending you over a couple of lists. These are the names of some dudes I'm interested in. If you want to staff this out that would be okay but it's ultra, ultra urgent.

Right! I need a match of the names on these lists with any bloke who has been reported as a missing person over say the last few months. Maybe not that long ... Not sure ...

Second up, I'm sending you another email containing the names

and addresses of two old codgers who might have a really strong lead for us. What I need is their bank deets. Not moneys going **out** but moneys coming **in**. And I'm looking for a particular thread here: anyone with connections to high-up military or police heavies. I'll tell you what my hunch is Hoy: that some general or major or somebody has hired these two old blokes to give them similar lists to what I'm sending to you.

And this is all top-secret with a bullet.

You're a legend! Thanks mate.

## **PLOT PROGRESSION**

### **Jared has to work very, very fast**

Music: racy, urgent music pounds out. Plenty of brass section and snare drums. It is low enough that Jared and Watt can be understood.

Every Australian state has its own police force. The problem for Jared is that he cannot be sure which persons in the various forces are "in" on the big deception.

And then there is the Australian police!

What Jared has to do is to find Tye before anyone else does.

This is hard as Tye is now a wanted man. Also, Jared is positive that everyone's phone will be tapped.

Jared remembers that one of the police who worked with him three years ago is a computer boffin. Jared can ask him to offer assistance under the aegis of the Max ATO diamond project. No-one must ever suspect that Jared is going to offer protection to a wanted murderer.

DATESTAMP: TUESDAY APRIL 9.

*Jared refers to his laptop, then repeats a phone number to himself. He dials the number on his mobile. (He will later claim that all these calls and so on were part of the Max/ATO/diamond project.)*

*Watt phone* Hello. You're speaking to Watt Dormond of Central IT. How may I help you?

*Jared phone* G'day, mate. It's Jared Kerr from the Eagleby station.

*Watt phone doubtful* Yes?

*Jared phone* About three years ago, you and some other people from Central came to the now-defunct Wallibong station. Out in the bush. Near Eagleby. Do you remember? The safe? The bikies? The dodgy sergeant?

*The penny drops.*

*Watt phone delighted* Oh yes! Sergeant Jared Kerr. Hi! Good to hear from you.

*Jared phone* Mate! I'm working with Max Strudwick from the ATO. There's been a flow-on from the diamonds case that Max was working on in conjunction with the Wallibong bizzo.

We need your assistance, if you can spare the time.

*Watt phone* Diamonds! Yeah I'll help you if I can. What do you need?

*Jared phone* Max and I desperately need a jigger such that if a phone line has been bugged or traced (or something like that) I can bypass it and actually answer the call. Talk to the caller without eavesdroppers hearing me or even knowing that I'm there.

The idea is that whoever is listening in will hear the "phone-not-answered" pulse. In reality I've answered the phone with the jigger and can talk to the party calling in (undisturbed).

Do you get what I want?

*Watt phone* Yeah sure. I've got exactly what you need.

*Jared phone* Bewdy!

What's the time now? 12:30. Okay I'll be there before 4. And if you need to give this a job number, I'll bring along Max's

paperwork.

Watt *phone*

Righto. See you then!

## Scene (14): Interior Jared's car as he drives (daylight)

*Jared is driving from Eagleby to Sydney Central. His mobile phone is secured in a phone-holder such that he may drive hands-free. We do not hear what Max responds but can guess from Jared's comments.*

Jared *phone*

Maxxie. It's Jared Kerr. Listen, mate. We desperately need a device that will intercept phone calls in case of eavesdroppers. I'm on my way to pick one up now. From Sydney Central. If anyone twigs you about this, please okay it. Will you do that?

*Listening pause.*

Jared *phone*

Well, we need one. I'm getting spooked that someone is hearing all my phone cons.

*Listening pause.*

Jared *phone*

Thanks mate. I'll let you know how it goes ...

**PLOT PROGRESSION****Interior of the Whitaker House in Coralnight Road, Summersby**

The music dies down.

Jared has driven to Parramatta: to the suburb of Summersby. He is with the Whitaker family: dad, mum, Clive and Sammie. They are very downbeat: such is their concern for missing Tye.

None of them know where Tye is. He could be anywhere in Australia, or even overseas.

DATESTAMP: Late afternoon TUESDAY APRIL 9.

**Scene (15): Interior Clive's bedroom at Coralnight Road (daylight)**

*Jared, Clive and Sammie have been checking out all the rooms.*

*Jared looks around in Clive's room.*

Jared                                 Yeah. We'll install it in here. You don't mind, do you Clive?

Clive                                    No. Of course not ... What will happen?

Jared *business-like*                 The heavy money is on the probability that this mob of traitors has tapped your phones. I would say for ***certain*** they have done that. Or will do so soon.

We'll hook all the mobiles up to yours, Clive. Divert them. And the landline ditto. So whoever rings up on any of your numbers, that call will be diverted here. This device that Watt provided then tinkers with the call. If it's being screened or tapped or ... like that ... you'll get to answer it without eavesdroppers. The villains just hear a not-answered. Good, huh?

I'll set the dinger very loud so you'll hear it throughout the house. Don't want you to have to camp out in here ...

*Clive nods.*

Clive Do I answer the calls?

Jared *nods* Yes. Answer. But your best bet is to keep the line clear ready for Tye to phone in.

*Jared marches back to the loungeroom accompanied by Clive and Sammie.*

Dad *very serious* My son is no murderer. I want you to know that, Sergeant Kerr.

*Jared indicates that he is aware of that with a thumbs up. Jared immediately takes control of the situation. He gives Clive a business card.*

Jared Here's the plan.

That card has the number for my disposable phone – what the peeps call a “burner phone”. No names, no pack-drill.

Tye's first move will be to contact one of you. Probably dad.

*Dad begins to ask questions, but Jared cuts him off. Jared turns to Clive.*

Jared *to Clive* Okay. Here's the deal.

Clive, you will answer that call from Tye and without saying anything else, give him the number on the card. I've converted it to alphabetics so it's easier to remember. Hang up on him no matter what he tries to say. You got that? He must (***absolutely must!!!***) phone me.

Then I'll organize a rendezvous point with him and go wherever that is to pick him up. Hopefully, he's not in Perth!

*Jared turns to the rest of the family.*

Jared *firmly* It is imperative that Clive and only Clive answers all phone calls.

No-one else on earth can know about Tye's call except for Tye, Clive and me. That way, when I charge off to collect Tye, nobody is casing me.

I'll take him immediately back to Eagleby and hide him there.



*Within seconds a scuffle breaks out. Tye jumps to his feet. He is already on the alert through his fear that the AWUP thugs will come after him. Even though he is not at his peak fitness, Tye easily takes on the pair of hoods, knocking out both of them with relative ease.*

*Tye now goes through their pockets. He clears out the cash (there is hardly any folding money) and credit cards most of which are stolen. Then (without a backward glance) he walks off.*

*Next, we see Tye at a handibank checking out which cards have not yet been cancelled. He flicks away several of the stolen credit cards. Left with three cards, Tye wanders off.*

*When we next catch up with Tye, the sun has set. Tye sits at a picnic table drinking a bottle of Coke and eating a take-away salad and fruit. He has picked up a mobile phone. We see Tye ripping the phone out of its container.*

*Tye voice-over*                      Lucky if I can remember my home phone number. Let's see now  
...

*Tye is ringing home right at the time when Jared is setting up the apparatus that he borrowed from Watt. So Tye receives a phone dead signal.*

*Tye voice-over*                      Not my day, Scip. Try again later.



## SPLIT SCREEN

DATESTAMP: Around midnight TUESDAY/WEDNESDAY APRIL 8/9

On the left side we have Clive and on the right side Tye.

### LEFT SCREEN:

Clive has left on a bedside light. He is blissfully and deeply sleeping.

A couple of coloured lights (on the device) flick on to be followed by a loud ringing. This

### RIGHT SCREEN:

The new moon is overhead. Tye sits on the sand of Mindil Beach. Other people wander around. Some of them are lovers, holding hands. Maybe honeymooners ...

Tye tries to ring home again. This time, the phone rings.

must sync with the RIGHT SCREEN (Tye calling him).	
Clive struggles to wake up. He does two things: he tries to answer the call and he tries to locate the card which Jared gave him.	Tye listens, then speaks "Hello? Hello? You there?"

Clive *thick from sleep, phone* Yeah. Just a minute ...

Tye *smiling, phone* Hey! It's me. Your baby brother.

Clive *phone* Be quiet and listen, will you? I'm giving you a phone number to ring. When I hang up, ring it. Do not fail. Repeat: **do not fail**.  
Are you ready?

Tye *doubtful* Sure ...

Clive *clearly* Zero then follows: H-A-N-X-E-S-J-O-T. Commit that to memory.  
Zero HANXESJOT. Zero HANXESJOT. H-A-N-X-E-S-J-O-T.

Clive ends the call. SPLIT SCREEN ENDS. Tye makes a face as if he cannot believe what just occurred.

Tye *doubtful* HANXESJOT. HANXESJOT. HANXESJOT.

Tye enters the code then makes the call. Jared answers. We hear his voice.

Jared *voice-off* Tye Whitaker! Christ! Am I glad to hear from you, mate. Are you okay?

*This last line will be repeated with Jared as the focus.*

**PLOT PROGRESSION prior to Scene (16).****Jared's Burner Phone Rings in the Middle of the Night**

Jared snores as he sleeps. The burner phone rings. Jared snaps awake immediately to answer the phone.

AROUND MIDNIGHT TUESDAY/WEDNESDAY APRIL 9/10

**Scene (16): Interior Jared's bedroom at Eagleby (night)**

Jared *phone*                      Tye Whitaker! Christ! Am I glad to hear from you, mate. Are you okay?

*We hear the quacking noise of a male speaking on the phone.*

Jared *phone*                      Sorry, mate. I'm Police Sergeant Jared Kerr. I'm engaged to your sister ... Long story ...

Listen, mate: do you know where you are? I mean --

*We hear the quacking noise of a male speaking on the phone.*

Jared *phone*                      Darwin! Shit, Darwin! Okay, okay ... Darwin ...

*We hear the quacking noise of a male speaking on the phone. However, Jared is thinking.*

Jared *phone*                      I'm going to get myself to the airport ... fly to Darwin ... Probably not until the morning ... Damn! Can't be helped, I suppose ...

Let's take control here! Alright.

Here's what we'll do! Stay out of sight whatever you do. Other than myself, it will be much safer if you do not speak to any police or Army guys. Do not ask anybody for help.

When you can, make your way to the World War II Bunkers. Apparently, they are one of the sights you must see when holidaying in Darwin. Get inside in the dark and I'll find you there. I'll have this mobile with me so ring every half hour or so from lunchtime onwards.

And drink plenty of water.

Yeah, I sound like your mum ... So what?

*We hear the quacking noise of a male speaking on the phone.*

Jared *phone*

What do I look like?

Well, I'm sort of just like you. About the same height and build, I guess.

Anyway, I've seen photos of you. And you'll recognize **me** because I'll be the bloke running towards you screaming: "Ma-a-a-a-ate!"

## **PLOT PROGRESSION**

### **Getting Jared From Eagleby to the Darwin Bunker**

It will be best if Jared wears his uniform as a police sergeant.

**Step 1:** there is a very early flight from Eagleby to Mount Isa. This has always been the case in order to get the miners in and out of Mount Isa.

The small plane sits on the tarmac at Mount Isa airport. Miners are seen to disembark.

Jared is seen disembarking at Mount Isa complete with some fishing gear (which the crew minded during the flight). He wears a black back-pack and carries Tye's canvas bag.

**Step 2:** there is another flight out of Mount Isa to Darwin.

So, Jared makes it to Darwin airport at around lunchtime. The burner phone rings. We see Jared talking on the phone but do not hear him. Back-pack and fishing gear are in evidence. So is Tye's canvas tote bag. Troops in fatigues wander about everywhere. They ignore Jared.

**Step 3:** Jared has caught a taxi to the Darwin police station.

Again, remember that we see the back-pack, fishing gear and Tye's canvas bag.

**Step 4:** Jared now arrives at the Bunkers. He pulls up in a modern 4-wheel drive which is

clearly part of the Darwin police fleet. As well as a huge "POLICE" sign on the side of the car, there is also a script: "Keeping the Territory Safe".

There is a sign (clearly visible) indicating that tours of the WWII Historic Bunkers take place throughout the day.

**Step 5:** Jared (inside the main Bunker) wanders about with other tourists. He carries Tye's dilapidated canvas tote bag. The other stuff has been left in the car. Jared's mobile phone rings. Again, Jared answers but we do not hear his words (although we see him nod a couple of times).

DATE: WEDNESDAY APRIL 10

## Scene (17): Interior inside the World War II Bunkers in Darwin (daylight)

*Jared continues to wander about pretending to be a tourist. Then Tye slips out of the shadows. Tye also has a very savage bruise on his left cheek from Mayne's attack on him in the plane. Tye (unshaven) is grey, gaunt.*

Tye <i>grins</i>	This is a fucking hole. Can we go now?
Jared	Hang on! What about your mate Trev? Where is he?
Tye <i>matter-of-fact</i>	Dead. They executed him almost at the start. He got antsy; they weren't in the mood for antsy. Whack!
Jared	I see ... Sorry ...
	Follow me! Before I came to collect you, I snaffled a cop car. The local lads were keen-plus-ten to assist a brother from Eagleby station whose sob-story was too credible to refuse. But we need to stop at the Gents first. Change of clothes.
	<i>Jared hands to Tye Tye's own battered canvas bag. The two men head towards the Gents.</i>
Tye <i>surprised</i>	My carry bag!
Jared <i>serious</i>	Listen! Take off those fatigues and put them straight into the

bag. We're going to run some tests on them. May be needed as evidence of your innocence.

Quick! Go and change.

*Tye matter-of-fact* They fed everybody else to their pet croc. Put a machete through her skull before I left.

*Jared tries to take that in. He ushers Tye into the Gents. As there is no-one else inside the Gents, Tye strips off his clothes (which Jared bags) as he whips the police tracksuit on. Both men realize that Jared forgot clean underpants for Tye.*

Jared Just go commando for now. No-one but me gives a toss.

*Tye matter-of-fact* Like I said, they killed me mate Trev before we even got started on their crazy orienteering thing ...

Jared Tell me all about it in the car. It's a helluva long drive to Eagleby. And we can't risk being overheard in this place.

## Scene (18): Interior in the bush (daylight)

### **APPLY THE HAIR DYE TO HAIR AND BEARD (TYE)**

Quick unscripted scene: Jared (driving) pulls over into some bushland where Jared applies the hair dye to Tye: both hair and beard. A towel is draped over Tye's shoulders.

## Scene (19): Interior of Darwin police car driven by Jared (daylight)

*Jared drives. The noise of the police radio has driven them mad, so Jared has turned it off.*

*Jared spots that Tye is staring unseeing out of the passenger window. We see Jared glance several times at Tye.*

Jared *concerned* Listen, mate. You must be buggered with all this carry on. Why

doncha try and catch some zeds.

*There follows a long pause. Jared shifts about in the driver's seat, uncertain of what to do.*

*Eventually Tye utters a long "Mmmmm". But Tye still stares out of the window.*

Jared                                   Have a nap. You can trust my driving. I'm not gonna smash us up. We have a heap of Ks ahead of us, mate.

Tye *low voice*                       You're a lousy hairdresser.

*Jared is cheered to hear that Tye is not comatose.*

Jared *grins*                           What? Lousy for a copper or lousy overall?

*Tye does not respond. There follows a long pause. Just as Jared tries to elicit conversation, Tye goes back to Rome.*

Tye                                       I'm okay. Sleep with my eyes open. I'm still alive (I think) ...

*To get into Scene (20), we will need to have Tye reference the past to his imagined alias Scipio Australis. So our car drifts along a little.*

Tye *voice-over*                       Where did it all start? When did I first get hooked on Ancient Rome ... And met you Scip?

## THE ROMAN LEGIONS II

### PLOT PROGRESSION prior to Scene (20).

I wanted Scipio Australis to be right in the thick of it: atop a timber structure roaring commands to the men. But that was scuppered when Marcus Questaris Biblius gave him his mission (re the diamonds).

Genius workaround. We'll flashback to Tye as a member of the Parramatta group which specializes in re-enactments, role-playing and gaming.

Gaming! Tye will play a computer game such that we can see Scipio as a gutsy commander, roaring instructions to his men in the height of battle with the Gauls.

We place the computerized Scipio onto a Roman sailboat ready for Roman Legions III.

### PLOT PROGRESSION: PARRAMATTA ROLE-PLAYERS & GAMERS

My son-in-law is a very active and keen gamer. I have based the Parramatta group on his buddies. To that end, we'll have a flashback to the group of 6 young men, following their dream of Ancient Rome.

Tye will reminisce as he remembers the fun he had taking on the role of Scipio Australis.

## FLASHBACK

### Scene (20): Interior Blinkie Degroote's gamers' room (daylight)

*We begin with the closed door.*

*An old female hand knocks firmly on the door.*

Disembodied female      Do you boys want any cake?

voice

*There is an audible babble of male voices coming from the other side of the door. Then an answer is forthcoming.*

Disembodied male voice      What sort of cake have you got?

Disembodied female voice      Butterscotch apple crumble cake and a few slices (left over) of blueberry butter slice.

*There is an audible babble of male voices coming from the other side of the door. Then an answer is forthcoming.*

Disembodied male voice      Hang on.

*The door is opened just far enough for the cakes (on large plates) to be passed through. Male hands take the plates of cake unseen.*

Disembodied male voice      Thanks, mum.

*The door is closed. We (the audience) now pass through the solid door. It is possible (once we are inside) that we wish we hadn't entered! The word "squalor" springs to mind. We shall hear again from Caesar (briefly) as we mosey around the room (described in detail below).*

Caesar *voice-over*              When our men had speedily taken up arms and had ascended the rampart, and sending out some Spanish horse on one side, had proved conquerors in a cavalry action, the enemy (these barbarians of Gaul), despairing of success, drew off their troops from the assault. Then they shouted, according to their custom, that some of our men should go forward to a conference, alleging that they had some things which they desired to say respecting the common interest, by which they trusted their disputes could be removed.

Caesar was unmoved by these entreaties. Caesar stood firm against their sharp resolve. Firm like a rock which weathers not in sun, storm and wind.

*I almost need to write "War and Peace" to describe Blinkie's gamers' room. It is a huge lounge room at the front of Blinkie's house. That is, his mother's house. Blinkie has commandeered this large room which has masses of solid bookshelves. Here are the salient points:*

- *Dominant in the room is a huge wall-mounted plasma screen (“the weather wall”) which has been hooked up to an old PC. It is looping the rain radar (Sydney 64K) as is featured on [www.bom.gov.au](http://www.bom.gov.au). At this time there is a massive storm rolling in towards Parramatta.*
- *There are many old posters attached to the walls and bookcases dedicated to the Parramatta Eels.*
- *There are several desks and assorted tables scattered about, cheek-by-jowl.*
- *There are many more chairs than are needed. Most are piled high with impedimenta.*
- *There are many more PCs, laptops and tablets than are required. Wires and cables fill the room as if they were part of an expansive, wonky spider’s web.*
- *Models of Roman siege engines are seen scattered randomly about, mostly on the bookshelves.*
- *Roman weaponry and armour can be seen everywhere.*
- *Piles of magazines, folders and other papers are scattered about or piled on the floor.*
- *Everything is very, very dusty.*
- *Every surface (including the floor) is littered with fluff, lost lollies, discarded food wrappers and empty plastic soft drink bottles and cans.*
- *The gamers (most of whom wear headphones) work away diligently on their own project.*
- *The noise is sporadic: usually shouted excitement or shouted disgust.*

*It is vital that we focus on Tye who is busy scoffing a large wedge of cake. He is evidently enjoying his computer-generated slash-and-bash war game. It features Ancient Romans. His CGI hero closely resembles himself and Scipio.*

*We watch COMPUTER-GENERATED WAR SCENES.*

*Scipio (stationed atop a timber barricade) leaps about with amazing dexterity. His handling of all manner of Roman weaponry is awesome. With some sort of mystical power at his command, Scipio zaps any Gaul who manages to scale the barricade. There will be arrows raining down, flame-throwers, and savage Gauls. The Gauls concentrate on cavalry and chariots.*

*The only audible sounds from the warriors are the usual: “Oof!”, “Biff!”, “Daaaah!” and roaring.*

*We shall try to add as much comedy as we can: gags, gaffes and naughtiness.*

*We must also include Caesar waving negligently to adoring crowds as he strolls among them.*

*The scene must end with Scipio Australis jumping from a great height to land unscathed in a Roman sailboat. The sailboat heads out into the Mediterranean Sea with Scipio at the bow. He is windswept and looks virile.*

Tye *voice over*

And Scipio Australis chunders off to outer Woop Woop so that he can wipe out Caesar's enemies.

Nice work, Scip!

**END OF THE ROMAN LEGIONS II**

**Scene (21): Interior of Darwin police car driven by Jared (daylight)**

*Like Jared's own car, this one has a nifty stand for a mobile phone such that the driver is hands free.*

*Jared presses a couple of keys on his burner phone. The ringing sound is heard.*

*Hoy speaker phone*                      Detective Sergeant Hoy Stewart speaking.

*Jared phone*                              Hoy! It's Tazzie Kerr.

How'd you go?

*Hoy speaker phone*                      Yeah, you were right on the money. Out of 13 blokes on your list, 10 of them are recorded as missing persons.

*Jared phone*                              That was just what I thought.

And the other matter?

*Hoy speaker phone*                      One and only one name cropped up. General Michael Albert, retired. Very high up in a weirdo group: the Australia Wake-Up Party.

*Jared joyous*                              Bingo! Maxxie mentioned that mob when he gave me the briefing on this stuff I'm working on.

Aw! You are a jucking fenius, my man. Well done, bro!

*Hoy speaker phone*                      Glad to be of help.

*Jared*    I'm sort of ... Are you able to give Maxxie a call and make sure he knows all about that? I'm following up something a little bit off centre that might be of use ... Tell you more later.

*Jared ends the call, looking extremely pleased. He glances left. Tye is sleeping soundly.*

THEY DRIVE OUT OF DARWIN AT 15:00 ON WEDNESDAY APRIL 10

**PLOT PROGRESSION prior to Scene (22).****Further News On Tye Whitaker: Wanted Man**

Two journalists are about to discuss the horrible events that are unfolding on a TV magazine program. They are Lewis (male) and Ally (female).

But prior to going on camera they fall into a very heated debate. So that they won't be shooshed, the pair shut themselves in a sound-proof booth to slug it out verbally.

Once they sort themselves out, this magazine program is aired at prime time on Wednesday April 10.

**Scene (22): Interior television studio with sound-proof booth.**

*Ally and Lewis (two highly-strung journalists) are about to speak in front of camera whilst they are interviewed by unseen Derek. However, they have taken refuge in a backstage sound-proof booth such that they can air their disagreement before going on air.*

Inside the sound-proof booth

Lewis *firmly* Whitaker has escaped his captors. He must have hot-wired an old unregistered car wreck (he is a mechanic, after all) that's been found and cleared out --

Ally *shocked* Just a minute! A car that he drove was **found**? Is that for real?

Lewis *nods* Breaking news. This dude has dumped his escape pod (unlocked). In Darwin. And fingerprints matching his were found all over it. **Including** on the recently-sharpened machete he had simply chucked on the back seat.

*Lewis allows that to sink in.*

Lewis But the good news (for supporters like you) is that the blood appears to be reptilian rather than human. Looks like this guy had to save himself from a snake attack or whatever while he got away.

*The camera backs away. We lose the sound but can still see the two occupants thrashing it out.*

### Outside the sound-proof booth

*Still backstage, we see the silhouettes (as viewed from behind) of two men. Both are evidently backstage guys, as evidenced by earphones around their necks. They watch Lewis and Ally arguing in the booth.*

Male #1 *concerned* Christ! They're on in 3.

What are these two bluing about?

Male #2 Ally sees it as a stitch-up. This Whitaker dude that everyone is gunning for is innocent (she says).

Male #1 And Lewis wants to string him up. Yeah, I get that.

Male #2 Whitaker has no history of mental disease, no cautions or warnings, and no police record of **any** kind. Lives at home with his family most of whom are vets: you know – veterinary surgeons.

Male #1 *sarcastic* Yeah. A real boy scout.

Male #2 She's probably right. I mean – He is not a member of any political party or subversive group. He does not **ever** attend protest rallies. You would describe him as straight down the middle.

Male #1 They better hurry up and sort it out. We'll have to get Derek to fudge while we drag them in front of the camera.

### Inside the sound-proof booth

Ally All the people who know Whitaker in Summersby swear that he is a pleasant, sensible bloke. He plays footy for the local team, he plays cricket and often joins in to play 10-pin bowling. Spends a great deal of time on his fitness. Loves to keep fit. Loves sport.

Nobody (not one person) can believe that this young bloke who is a popular local boy could *possibly* have anything to do with this outrage. Not one!

Lewis

But: what about his membership of that group of Parramatta gamers? They re-enact the exploits of the Ancient Romans. Swords, battles, violence – he is hooked on that testosterone-charged mayhem. Exactly what you'd expect from –

### Outside the sound-proof booth

Male #2 Ally is hammering "conspiracy theory".

Male #1 *scornful* How did she arrive at that?

Male #2 She's noted a definite spike in the number of missing persons, mainly men aged in the 22 to 36 age bracket. This Whitaker bloke can't possibly be behind anything so huge. She reckons. All master-minded by some big wig in the Army. She reckons.

*Male #1 marches swiftly to the sound-proof booth and knocks several times on the glass. Ally and Lewis look at Male #1 in surprise. He makes urgent signals to them to come out of the booth immediately. They signal that they are nearly finished and continue with the debate.*

### Inside the sound-proof booth

Ally Where are all these "no-show" young guys? What happened to them? Have they been pressganged into manning a rogue army by a deranged monster with close contacts to senior Police and Army officials? Is that what has happened?

Lewis *snorts his disdain* They've all shot-through to Central Australia: the mines. Get a grip!

Ally *worked up* No Lewis!

This smells distinctly of totalitarian state ... Of dictatorship ... As if we live in a third world country (where leaders are assassinated rather than die of old age) -- I want to know who it was -- name me some names -- I want to know *who* set this manhunt in motion. And why were suspicions raised? That's where our discussion ought to be headed.

Lewis

Have you been smoking mung beans? Next you'll be telling me that the aliens have landed from Mars.

Ally *urgent*

Suppose (just for a moment) that there is a mad scientist out there (like the Nazis had) who experiments on humans. What if Whitaker and his colleagues were pressganged into becoming unwilling guinea pigs in these unbelievable tests? These vile, unethical tests?

You cannot risk that that news will break. Instantly your rogue research comes under microscopic review from on high if it does.

Lewis *scornful*

Aw! Come on!

Ally

Listen! If Whitaker tells his story to the media, the jig is up (as they say) for them. What better way to ambush Whitaker than to act in this visceral way: point the finger of blame at him. They've got to stop him. So they instigate a nation-wide manhunt for this innocent man. Bung on a shoot-to-kill such that he can never ever tell his story (the true story) to --

*Male #1 reefs open the door of the booth and makes to drag them out. Lewis and Ally clam up, quickly leaving the booth.*

Ally *whispers to Lewis*

Let's listen to what he has to say about all this. Without prejudice.

**PLOT PROGRESSION & TIMINGS prior to Scene (23).****The Escape: The Long Roadtrip From Darwin To Eagleby**

Around 4000 Kilometres in total.

**Section 1: Darwin to south of Tennant Creek.**

Just under 1000 Km. Jared drives while Tye sleeps and eats.

Jared stops at a servo north of Tennant Creek to purchase food and bottled drinks. He also picks up men's underpants, toothbrushes, a baseball cap and a couple of pairs of cheap sunglasses.

Amongst Jared's fake IDs, bibs and bobs there is also a very old wallet of Clive's – it is filled with some believable plastic cards. But no drivers licence.

**ROADBLOCK at TENNANT CREEK**

As they leave Tennant Creek a large sign is visible. It indicates that a police roadblock is stationed about 1 Km along the highway. The roadblock is opposite a resting bay, complete with toilets.

Roadblock music: we want to convey a sense of nervousness. The music will help set up that mood.

When all the chatter to-and-fro is over, Jared is instructed to catch some shut-eye (under the aegis of the watchful roadblock police). Jared drives over to the parking bay where both men sleep for about 6 hours.

Departure from Darwin: 15:00 Wednesday April 10.

Arrival at the Tennant Creek roadblock: 01:00 Thursday April 11.

They remain at the roadblock for about 6 hours (sleeping).

Departure from Tennant Creek roadblock: 07:15 Thursday April 11.

## Scene (23): Interior of Darwin police car driven by Jared (night)

*The borrowed police car slithers to a stop.*

Jared *sotto voce* Try to look tired and weather-beaten. Let me do all the talking.

Tye *nods* Tired and weather-beaten? I can do that.

Jared *sotto voce* There's a police badge in your track suit pants pocket. All done up to mimic you. Your police name is Terry Naylor. Got it?

## Scene (24): Exterior Tennant Creek roadblock (night)

*We can just make out (in minimum light) that beneath the huge POLICE sign on the side of the car, there is a message that reads: "Keeping the Territory Safe".*

*As Jared leaves the car, a patrol officer strolls over. They shake hands. Jared retrieves his police badge, showing it to the patrolman. This is met with a dismissive nod.*

Jared *pleasant* G'day. I'm Sergeant Jared Kerr from Eagleby along with my colleague Constable Terry Naylor. Er ... this motor is a loaner from the kind folk at the Darwin station.

*The patrolman nods again. He walks purposefully to the front of the car where he notes the registration number. He types this into his phone and waits a couple of seconds. Then he nods once more. Jared's planning seems to have paid off.*

Patrolman Yep. All good.

Jared *chuckles* Jeez! This roadblock reminds me straight away of the state border roadblocks that we had to navigate during COVID-19. Do you remember that?

Patrolman Yeah, it does resemble that ...

*But now the patrolman focuses on Tye. The music helps build the feeling of nervousness. Jared signals to Tye to wind down the window. The patrolman approaches Tye.*

Patrolman G'day mate. Can I take a glimpse at your badge, please?

*Both Jared and Tye try to stay calm. But this is way out of Tye's sphere.*

Tye *evenly* My badge?

Jared *chuckles* Sorry about my partner. He's been on bivouac at Kakadu. Training course. Flogged him to death. Wrestled the crocs. What a hero!

*Jared and the patrolman laugh. Tye tries to join in, but his laugh is weak and forced.*

Jared *making a joke of the situation* It's in your left trouser pocket, Tezzer. Along with your chewy.

*Jared rolls his eyes and shakes his head as Tye reefs the made-up badge from his pocket, glances at it, then hands it over.*

Tye *half-laugh* Sorry ... I'm still half asleep ...

*The patrolman glances at the police badge then hands it back without any fuss.*

Patrolman So youse two have motored down from Darwin, I take it? Did you take a break yet?

*Jared looks contrite.*

Patrolman *stern* Well, you've gotta take a break. I don't want your dozy side-kick doing any of the driving, either. Not in his state.

Drive over to the other side of the road. That truckies' parking bay there. There's a convenience building you might need. Youse two can take a very long nap.

Don't worry. We'll be here for a while. We'll keep an eye on you in case of trouble.

Jared *cheerful* Thanks mate. Have a good night.











Jared *surprised* Trust Hoy? Shit yeah! Trust him with my life. Why do you ask?

Tye It started out that there were two male minders (Memphis and Victa). But then four other guys rocked up in a Land Rover Wolf. They were there to oversee the orienteering events. I guess the minders could not keep an eye on 9 blokes when the handcuffs came off ... But these dudes didn't stay for long. Maybe a couple of days? They carted Titswobble off with them (thank God!)

*Tye shifts about. He takes a long slug of water from a bottle near his seat.*

Tye *keen* You know what you should do? You should ring up your mate Hoy and get him to find that Wolf. Check out its mileage readout. If you can work on that, you'll be able to place where the Hell Hole was.

Jared *frowns* What d'ya mean?

Tye *very eager* In the Northern Territory there might be any number of sheds with attendant dams. They'll be dotted all over the place. But with the mileage read-out from that Wolf and using that as a radius from (say) Darwin, you'll be able to pinpoint the site from Google Earth or similar. Piece of cake!

Jared *doubtful* And then what?

Tye Put a diver in the dam to drag out the remains of Bertha the croc. Or even better, drain the dam and look for human remains. You can match up any body parts with DNA. Snap!

I know its repulsive but it's a bloody good idea.

Jared *frowns* But ...

Yeah, I see where you're going.

Only how will Hoy know which Land Rover Wolf to check out?

Tye *matter-of-fact* The Wolf has a registration number NT-RR23.

Jared *really surprised* Um ... where did that come from?

Tye *shrugs* I'm a mechanic. I see a car and I remember its rego.

[Pause]

Ring your mate. You can tell him that an independent witness saw that car with 4 blokes in it and it looked suspicious.

Jared I won't say that but ... Okay! I'll call him now.

### **PLOT PROGRESSION & TIMINGS prior to Scene (27).**

#### **The Escape: The Long Roadtrip From Darwin To Eagleby**

Around 4000 Kilometres in total.

#### **Section 3: Marla to Coober Pedy.**

234 Km.

Comfort stop at Marla, then Tye drives while Jared naps.

Then another roadblock sign is seen as they enter Coober Pedy.

Tye wakes Jared up. They are both nervous.

Music: once more, we want to convey a sense of nervousness. The music will help set up that mood.

The female cop on the roadblock (Casey) gives them a big scare. But it is all okay. Tye will drive on from the Coober Pedy roadblock and Jared will return to his nap.

Departure from Marla: 16:30 Thursday April 11.

Arrival at Coober Pedy roadblock: 19:15 Thursday April 11.

### **Scene (27): Interior of Darwin police car driven by Tye (night)**



## Scene (28): Exterior at Coober Pedy roadblock (night)

*As Jared leaves the car, a very attractive female patrol officer (Constable Casey Evers) strolls over.*

*They shake hands. Again, Jared flashes his police badge. Casey is very chipper and affable.*

Casey *friendly*                      Good evening, gents. Welcome to South Australia. I'm Constable Casey Evers.

Jared *pleasant*                      Hello. Yeah. It's good to be here.  
  
We are two officers making their way at a slow crawl back to Eagleby police station. Sergeant Jared Kerr and my colleague at the wheel is Constable Terry Naylor.

Casey                                  Uh-huh. We got word from up the line in Tennant Creek that you'd show up. You made good time, then? Didn't you stop at the Alice?

Jared                                  Bypassed it. Another time, eh?

*Casey nods. She walks swiftly to the driver side door to check Tye who has his Terry Naylor police badge ready for inspection. Casey seems okay with that. However, she does not move away from the car door. Jared freezes.*

*Since Casey is speaking to the right side of Tye, she has to lean forward (taking his jaw in her hand) to view the left side of his face. Tye retains his sang-froid. Casey's face is very close to Tye's.*

Casey *concerned*                      The boys in Tennant Creek said that you might need some help. How's your face? That injury looks pretty bad. All swollen up.

*Tye rubs a hand over his thick stubble.*

Tye *rueful*                              I dunno ... Dying to have a Dad'n'Dave and a hot shower.

Casey *concerned*                      We were told that you'd been on a boot camp in Kakadu. How did that go?

Tye *nods*                                Yeah. It was good ... Learned a lot ...

Casey                                  You didn't really get that black eye from going 12 rounds with a

croc, did you? What sort of activities did you get up to?

Tye *smiles*

Physical kind of ... You know ... Crawling on our stomachs and climbing ropes ... Hard yakka ...

Casey *snorts*

Huh! Crawling on your stomach is easy for a man. Think how much more difficult for us girls.

Just a minnie.

*Casey stares at Tye. Maybe she recognizes him from the wanted man photos? She strides off towards the mobile office. Tye watches her. Jared strolls up (looking as casual as possible) and rocks back and forward on the balls of his feet. Jared pretends unconcern. However, his eyes flash.*

Jared *worried*

What's the go? What is she doing?

Tye *worried*

I'm not sure. Who knows?

*[Very low whisper]*

She is super suspicious. I think we're goners ...

*The "something-is-about-to-happen" music kicks in big time. Both Jared and Tye try to stay calm. With his arms crossed over his chest, Jared rocks back and forth on the balls of his feet as if impatient to get going again. We seem to be mesmerized by the light emanating from the open door of the mobile police office. The music builds. Then after what seems an eternity, Casey smartly strides back. She is all smiles. Through the driver window she hands to Tye a small tube of salve. The music stops.*

Casey *bright*

There you are! A sample tube of Rawlinson's. Best thing for you. Smear some on the left side of your face and you'll soon be as right as rain. Try not to sleep on your left side (if you can help it).

Tye *surprised*

Thank you!

Jared

That's great! Thanks. We'd better let you get back to it ...

*Jared hops back into the passenger seat with a profound sense of relief.*

## Scene (29): Interior of Darwin police car driven by Tye (night)

*The two men wave farewell to Casey who hurries off to help with the backlog of people in the long queue. Tye drives off.*

Jared *relieved*                      Jeez! I almost lost my load when she trotted off like that. I thought she was going for a blood sample kit or something.

Tye *relieved*                        I wondered if she had noticed that the colour of my whiskers was phoney. Women are onto stuff like that straight away. Yeah! Imagined myself handcuffed again. Christ!

*The two men reluctantly laugh.*

Jared                                  How are you coping with the driving?

Tye *brightens*                      Good. Yeah. This is a nice vehicle. Beautiful traction. I'm watching the fuel consumption. Seems pretty economical. I might have to buy one for myself.

Jared                                  Goodoh.

Stay on this A87: the National Highway. At the Wadlata Outback Centre we can grab a meal, then I'll take the wheel again. Now listen. Just in case you're interested, when we leave Wadlata, we turn East on the Goyder Highway B64. Through to Mildura then on to Mungo.

Tye                                      We should ring Dad on your pay-as-you-go phone.

Jared                                  Yeah. We'll do that. Let `em know you're alright.

**PLOT PROGRESSION & TIMINGS prior to Scene (30).****The Escape: The Long Roadtrip From Darwin To Eagleby**

Around 4000 Kilometres in total.

**Section 4: Coober Pedy to Wadlata Outback Centre**

540 Km. Tye continues to drive and Jared dozes beside him.

They stop at the servo at Wadlata, where a large dark man unlocks the door and lets Jared enter the shop (after Jared rings the buzzer). Jared is quizzed by the servo owner (female) about this man-hunt bizzo. Jared is calm and gives all the right answers.

Departure from Coober Pedy roadblock: 19:30 Thursday April 11.

Arrival Wadlata Outback Centre: 01:00 Friday April 12.

**Scene (30): Interior service station at Wadlata Outback Centre (night)**

*The large dark man who let Jared into the shop hangs around, watching and listening. He nods at the appropriate moments.*

Female servo owner      Aw Jeez! You'll be after that crazy madman who killed all those poor blokes? Aw it makes you sick.

Jared                              We're part of a search party. A truckie rang in a possible sighting of the wanted man east of Mungo. That's where we'll head now.

Female servo owner      Bloody hell! Be careful, now, love. And you make sure you catch him.

*Jared (with a carry bag of food and drink) gives a mock salute.*

Jared                              Will do.

**PLOT PROGRESSION & TIMINGS prior to Scene (31).****The Escape: The Long Roadtrip From Darwin To Eagleby**

Around 4000 Kilometres in total.

**Section 5: Wadlata Outback Centre to Mungo.**

657 Km. Jared drives.

Tye starts to give Jared bullet points about all that happened at the Hell Hole.

Tye becomes totally absorbed in his Roman legions imagination.

Jared often glances at Tye: a little worried.

Departure from Wadlata Outback Centre: 01:30 Friday April 12.

Arrival at Mungo: 09:00 Friday April 12.

**Scene (31): Interior of Darwin police car driven by Jared (night)**

*We watch as Tye stares out of the passenger window. We see a flashback of the scenes he describes in the following speeches.*

*Once again, director's call here.*

**FLASHBACK**

*Tye voice-over musing aloud*

When we started out, the handcuffs were at the back. You know ... behind our backs. Bloody nuisance that was.

But once we reached the shed, they switched them all around to the front. I suppose so that we could piss and that. The 4 other soldiers turned up in the Land Rover Wolf. I told you about them. Everyone had balaclavas and everyone was in camo. Even the bird who was in charge of us. Delta they called her. She was a big, strapping dame that one!



Tye *voice-over musing*  
*aloud*

I suppose they were trying to sort out which of us could go the distance and which could not.

It started with boxing. Bare knuckle boxing with no mouthguards and no groin guards in a jerry-built dirt ring. Delta told us the rules: genuine Marquis of Queensbury (she reckoned). No below the belt, no biting, no hitting behind the head, no kicking.

There was only 9 of us because they'd already executed Trev. So that meant an odd number. What they did was to pitch 2 by 4 pairs together (not counting me). The first 2 blokes were hopeless and ended up on the ground in a heap. They immediately got the "loser" badges. The next 2 blokes argued with each other about cheating so they were also both branded as losers. All the losers got pinned with a big red badge.

The winner of the third match was alright, I guess. He got a greeny-blue badge. And the winner of match number 4 was pretty good. At any rate they gave these blokes (the two winners, like) about 10 minutes to rest and then each of them had to fight me.

*We see that the losers are huddled together, all wearing big red signs (like badges) and all back in the handcuffs.*

Tye *voice-over musing*  
*aloud*

The first guy I fought (much bigger than me but outta shape) was an easy beat. I sent him to the floor with two punches. One right into the body. Then (when he doubled-over from that slammer) the other punch came up under his chin. A lovely clean upper cut. Full force. He went down like a sack of potatoes.

They didn't give me a rest. Guess I didn't need one ...

The next bloke was hauled into the ring. He was antsy: like a duck jumping around on a hotplate. I came up to him (stalking

him) and jabbed him 6 times. His eyes rolled then down he went. Lay there groaning.

Neither of those two guys touched me. Not once.

*Tye boldly walks up to Mayne exposing his wrists in order for Mayne to re-cuff him.*

*Tye voice-over musing  
aloud*

Things changed after that. The male minders that I was accustomed to (Memphis and Victa) kind of buddied up with me.

More trials followed the boxing. There was wrestling which I enjoyed. And hill-climbing. They had to transport us a few kilometres away for that ... To find somewhere that wasn't flat.

I ran like fuck. When we got to the top of the hill, Memphis and Victa and I sat around waiting for the others.

The view from up there made me think we were in Queensland. Western Queensland, maybe.

They chatted with me (Victa and Memphis), like we were comrades at arms.

~ ~

*Tye voice-over musing  
aloud*

Best of all was the kangaroo hunt. We had all made spears ourselves from wood that we gathered. Each man had a pointy flint to lash onto the spear tip. Memphis and Victa showed me how to line up the roo so as to take into account where it **would** be when the spear hit – not where it was now. Memphis (that was his code name – not his real name) ... Memphis let slip that he had a fair whack of Cossack blood in him. A Russian would you believe?!

Anyway, that was real magic to bring down an animal that way. You'd never think of going out with a shotgun again. Jeez that was good!

~ ~

Tye *voice-over musing*  
*aloud*

By now there were only three survivors. The extra minders went away again, taking Delta with them. I think she was pissed off because the other two (Memphis and Victa) were happier in our company than they were in hers.

One of the survivors (I think he said his name was Pete) reckoned that he was rooting Delta every night and that's why she left. Doesn't ring true to me ...

The other survivor (Dave?) reckoned that he was spying on Victa and saw him shoot the losers and then throw them in the dam for the croc to finish off. Bertha? Is that what they called the croc? I can't remember ... something like that ...



Tye *voice-over musing*  
*aloud*

But I was too busy being a rat to root Delta or perve on the croc. When I could safely manage it I hacked around in the thick bush. There was tons of rubbish lying around: old car parts, general trash ... Found a rusted old Holden FB sedan. Had a look at it. Thought I could get it to run. Hot-wire it ... you know ...

Found a jerry can and some petrol. Put better tyres on it.

I told you that I slashed old Bertha with a machete?

Well, I then made my getaway in the FB. Jeez! That was one rough ride! Suspension shot to buggery.

No-one had a clue, mate. Maybe they didn't even know that that old rust-bucket was even there. Wouldn't surprise me ... All they did was look for me (I guess) and wonder where I was.

I made it to the Highway and headed north. Sunrise, but still loads of traffic ... Road trains and touring buses. Saw a sign pointing to Darwin. Fucking hell! I was in the Northern Territory. Not Queensland at all ...



## THE ROMAN LEGIONS III

### **PLOT PROGRESSION prior to Scene (32)**

When we last saw Scipio (the CGI action man!) he was standing proud and heroic in the bow of a Roman sailboat. That was way back in Scene (20).

This following phase of our movie could become woolly. Let's not let it get woolly ...

#### **UNSCRIPTED ACTION:--**

Step 1: Scipio morphs from the CGI version of himself to the "real thing" (that is in human form). He is windswept and utterly masculine (at the bow) as his Roman sailboat arrives somewhere on the North African coast. Details? Nuh. Make up a name: Phyllida.

Step 2: Scipio barely lands on shore when he is into fighting. He is attacked from all sides by five dagger-wielding desperados. With sword and shield Scipio accounts for these five men, leaving them lying about. Terrific heroic action.

#### **NEXT ACTION SCRIPTED BELOW IN SCENE (32):--**

In a crowded taberna in Phyllida, Scipio drinks with a huge Gaul (Blenore). There is a short conversation here (scripted below). Scipio hires Blenore to be his bodyguard.

Then Leet enters Scipio's life, as detailed below.

Also, as a bit of comic relief, there are monkey races where sifaka lemurs race against each other.

*Recall that this is Tye's imagination here so it can be as wonky as we want!*

## Scene (32): Interior crowded taberna in Phyllida (North Africa) (evening)

*Scipio leans against a bar. He has obtained a wet cloth from the bar servant. With this he wipes over his face and arms. His drinking partner is Blenore: a huge Gaul who has converted to Roman ways.*

Scipio                                    Do you require a pledge?

Blenore *dull*                            Nuh.

Scipio                                    And you'll serve me without question?

Blenore *shrugs*                        Sure.

Scipio                                    And watch over me as I sleep?

Blenore *dull*                            Blood oath.

## Scene (33): Interior a very mean room at an inn (night)

*Scipio sleeps peacefully. His comrade Blenore (who sits on a stool) guards him. Leet steals into the room as Blenore whistles happily. Without pause, Leet strikes. There is an almighty crash as Blenore groans and falls to the rush-covered floor.*

*Silence. Leet watches Scipio warily. Leet creeps over to Scipio and is poised to strike. Scipio was not asleep: the noise of Blenore's murder woke him but Scipio gave no indication of this. As Leet lunges forward, Scipio deftly and cleverly counters his move. A second later, it is Leet who is at the mercy of Scipio, who has wrenched Leet's dagger from his hand.*

Leet *begging*                            Please make it quick! Make it clean!

*Scipio is on all fours, pinning down the murderer.*

Scipio *menacing*                        Who am I? What am I called?

Leet *whimpering*                        You are ... You are called Scipio Australis. Known to all by your motto: "Superbia fortitudine".

*Scipio considers this. Then Scipio moves away such that he is able to sit on Blenore's stool. Relieved, Leet sits on the floor, rubbing his wrists which Scipio had gripped so strongly.*

Scipio                                   And who hired you to murder me?

Leet                                    Abriges Dortmonde paid me up for the deed. His boss ordered him to get it done.

*Scipio nods.*

Scipio                                   Abriges Dortmonde ... I understand that he is a Gaul from the Helvitii tribe who has converted to Rome. That I follow. But I cannot fathom that there is a man who flies **over** him in rank. Who? Who is that man?

Leet *laughs*                           No man. It is the woman Aequin. She has many in her toils.

Scipio *surprised*                    Because her beauty is unrivalled?

*Leet laughs again, shaking his head.*

Leet                                    I would not use the words "beauty" and "Aequin" together in the same breath. Her mirror can never be her friend ... It is her **power** that drives men to fear and love her.

*Scipio picks up some straw from the floor of the room. He twists the straw in his fingers as he ponders what Leet has told him.*

Leet                                    By "power" I don't mean that she is strong as a man is strong. Rather, at her whim are thousands of soldiers who serve her regardless of any other consideration. That means that she goes about unchallenged.

*Scipio looks up.*

Scipio                                   How does she pay the men?

Leet                                    With diamonds. Her diamond mines provide the loot. With the diamonds, she buys currency and with the currency she pays the men. Thus, they do her bidding. They are all mercenaries, loyal to no tribe, no country, no people.

Scipio                                   Just to her?



Scipio *nods*                      Bewdy.

*Leet is immensely happy at this turn of events. Scipio returns Leet's dagger to him. Leet sets about to quickly achieve the bona fide (that is, the amputated finger that bears Scipio's ring.) As he speaks, Leet wraps the severed finger in a scarf.*

Leet                                      Forgive me for observing that you are very dulcet. Your gory bodyguard let you down owing to the fact that I killed him. Then I attempted the same on you. Yet you take all this woe in your stride. Yesterday's sunshine ...

*Scipio shrugs, indifferent.*

Scipio                                    What use a bodyguard who guards not the body?  
  
However, I know that you will not attempt to slay me again. My boss is Marcus Questaris Biblius. **His** boss is Gaius Julius Caesar.

Leet                                      Yes. Abriges comprehends where you are in the pecking order and told me so.

Scipio                                    Then you are a very brave man. I honour you.  
  
When you have redeemed your dirty payment from Abriges, you shall cross the Mediterranean to make your way to Thither Gaul. You will find Biblius and you will tell him of my death in these words: "Scipio Australis died a hero. A brave man. Never before the like flew on the back of the eagle of Rome."

Leet *doubtful*                          That there is a very long speech. I won't remember it and I'll mess it up.

Scipio                                    Tsk! It is already written out for you on a slip of vellum for you to hand to Biblius. Make sure that you take it back from him (for future use) once he has viewed it.

Leet                                      All that accomplished, where shall I meet you?

Scipio                                    There is a taberna ...

*Leet nods. He is about to leave. Scipio's hand grabs Leet's upper arm. Leet yelps in pain. When Scipio speaks, it is with menace in his voice.*

**Scipio** *low, threatening* Don't think of ratting on me, Leet. I will be able to describe you minutely if I need to – you have a collection of interesting tattoos on your person. They are all etched into my memory (which is ever unfailing). They shall serve to identify you if that need should arise.

**Leet** I have no intention of ratting on you. I jump to the voice of he who pays the most. So long as you keep the funds coming in, I shall always be loyal to you.

*Scipio makes a low purring sound. He chucks a small leather bag containing silver coins to Leet, who catches it. Then Scipio passes to Leet a small roll of vellum (on which the death message was already inscribed).*

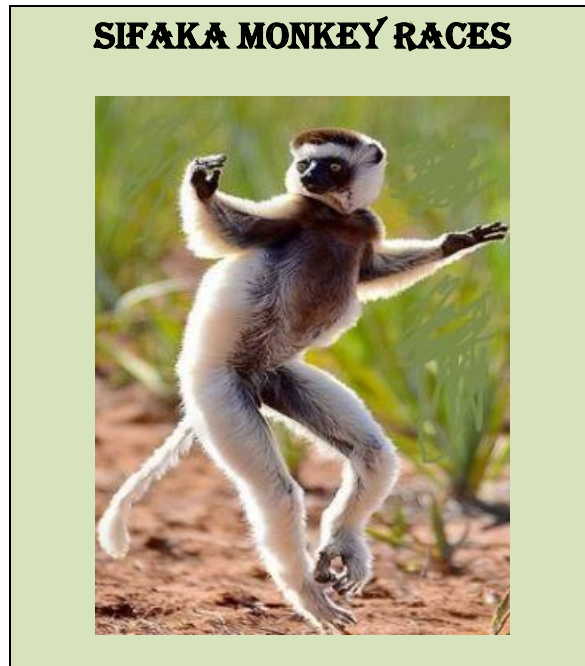
**Scipio** That is reasonable. Spoken as a true mercenary. Go then!

*Leet checks out the number and weight of the coins. He nods to Scipio, then leaves.*

*Scipio turns his attention to the dead body of Blenore, now minus one finger. He stares at the body, then shrugs.*

**Scipio** I want to bury you with all honours. I do! Honest!  
But I really can't be bothered ...

## Scene (34): Exterior Sifaka monkey races (daylight)



### **The Sifaka Monkey Races, Phyllida.**

This will have to be computer-generated, but to be rendered as close as possible to true-to-life. This scene has to have an Ancient Roman feel about it: people gather about watching these Sifaka lemurs jumping around. One of these lemurs will reach a finishing line. He (all the competitors are male) will leap about for joy as human handlers rush forward to collect their race candidates.

Further along, Horato will describe to Aequin the nature of the racing.

Horato and his cronies appear: laughing, drinking, reliving the highs and lows of the last race.

## Scene (35): Exterior showing the grandeur of the 7<sup>th</sup> legion (daylight)

*The scene drags backwards to reposition in Transalpine Gaul, where Caesar is.*

*Do this like Google Earth: close-up then zoom out. Reposition, then zoom in.*

*Not just the usual drums and French horns – this time we shall have an almighty bellow from full symphony orchestra. Mighty, triumphant.*

*Our view is of the 7<sup>th</sup> Legion. They are majestic, awe-inspiring.*

Caesar *voice over*

Caesar's business completed, he yearned to return to his legions.

These affairs being announced to Caesar in Italy, at the time when he understood that matters in the city had been reduced to a more tranquil state, he set out for Transalpine Gaul. After he had arrived there, he was greatly at a loss to know by what means he could reach his army. For if he should summon the legions into the province, he was aware that on their march they would have to fight in his absence; he foresaw too that if he himself should endeavour to reach the army, he would act injudiciously, in trusting his safety even to those who seemed to be tranquilized.

Caesar had learned (during these Belgic campaigns) to lay trust in no man, save those he knew to be his brothers at arms.

**END OF THE ROMAN LEGIONS III**

**PLOT PROGRESSION & TIMINGS prior to Scene (36)****The Escape: The Long Roadtrip From Darwin To Eagleby**

Around 4000 Kilometres in total.

**Section 6: Mungo to Eagleby**

670 Km. Tye takes the driver's seat. There is another comfort stop.

Jared is very concerned for Tye who seems to be lost in his own little world. However, Jared is so fatigued that he sleeps regardless.

Departure from Mungo: 09:00 Friday April 12.

Arrival at Eagleby: 16:30 Friday April 12.

**Scene (36): Interior of Darwin police car driven by Tye (daylight)**

*Tye drives.*

Jared

From what you said, you are pretty well trained-up.

*Tye proudly*

Blood oath! Strangely enough, most of the sports I work hard at were tested when I was abducted. Lucky, eh?

Javelin throwing, boxing, Greco-Roman wrestling, and weight-lifting. I work at parkour, hill climbing and swimming underwater (holding my breath).

That's right!

There was going to be a final challenge. But we never got to it.

I would be taken to some place or other where I would have to escape from an underwater cave. No-one had ever got that far previously. Therefore nothing was set up. Sounded like pie-in-the-sky but ... Who knows?

Jared

Not bike riding? That's very popular as a sport.

*Tye sets his lips hard.*

*Tye determined* Not bicycles. The Ancient Romans did not have bicycles.

Jared Yeah. They didn't have automobiles, either. And here you are: a mechanic.

*Jared senses that Tye has now clammed up. He leaves it. Nevertheless, Jared frowns as he glances towards Tye.*

## Scene (37): Exterior in the bush (daylight)

*The two men have just urinated in the bush. They return to the car. Tye stops in the action of opening the driver door. Jared (on the passenger's side) also stops. He looks at Tye with eyebrows raised.*

*Tye thoughtful* People die all the time, don't they? And the grieving process for those who loved them (cared about them and that) is assisted by burial. A proper Christian burial. Dignified.

How cheery is it gonna be when I have to tell the rellies of those nine other blokes that their loved ones can't be buried or that because Bertha ate them up?

*Jared reasonable* You'll get to that bit after you've had counselling. After what you've been through you'll need --

Tye No I mean ...

Think about how ancient the practice of burying your dead is. Whenever you have to read History at school somewhere along the way they describe the reverence of how that particular society dealt with their deadies.

I'll betcha none of those societies fed their bodies to a croc.

Jared Idi Amin? Didn't he go along those lines with his enemies? I think it was Idi ...



**PLOT PROGRESSION prior to scene (39)****THE REACTION FROM AWUP**

General Michael Albert (retired) is never seen. But he is heard.

Here General Albert reveals to us (the audience) that he is quickly losing control of his Australia Wake Up party.

**Scene (39): Interior of an office focusing on huge map of Australia (daylight)**

*We only hear the voices: of General Albert and other AWUP officers. General Albert has a very deep, resounding voice.*

*As he speaks in voice-off, we see a large map of Australia.*

*The camera zooms in (very slowly) to focus on Darwin.*

General Albert *voice-off* This is the greatest cock-up of all known history. Recruit Whitaker **must** be found. I don't want to hear excuses. He's out there somewhere so **find** him.

*There is a rumble of male voices. But the words are indistinguishable.*

General Albert *voice-off* Gentlemen! Please!

Close your eyes for five seconds and imagine the story this man will tell on (say) "Sixty Minutes". Hmm? Can't you just see it?

*Again, there is a rumble of male voices. But the words are indistinguishable.*

General Albert *voice-off* Some eager volunteer is going to have to fly out to this Godforsaken place where the shed is, where the foetid lake is and dredge up what remains of that vicious reptile. Can you even imagine how damning that will be for our cause if some maniac gets hold of the body of that beast and an autopsy reveals the several undigested bits of our latest batch of recruits?

*Pause.*

General Albert *voice-off*      Have I spoken in a foreign tongue, then? What is it? Why do you all look at each other in that way?

Male #1 *voice-off*              General Albert: the lake is being drained, sir. Even now. Special officers from Brisbane and Darwin have been there since yesterday afternoon. They have a couple of Government pathologists ready to test any human remains they find.

*Pause.*

Male #2 *voice-off*              We thought you knew, sir. We understood that that's what this meeting was about ...

## **PLOT PROGRESSION & TIMING prior to Scene (40)**

### **The Escape: The Long Roadtrip from Darwin to Eagleby**

Around 4000 Kilometres in total.

#### **Section 7: Arrival at Jared's House**

Tye drives. After the long drive, Tye feels unable to drag himself out of the car.

Jared scoots off to unlock the front door to his house only to find that Constable Casey Evers (of the Coober Pedy roadblock) is sitting on his front porch.

Arrival at Eagleby: 16:30 Friday April 12.

## **Scene (40): Interior of Darwin police car driven by Tye (evening)**

*When they arrive at Jared's rented house, Jared will give directions, but Tye will remain in the driver's seat as he is cramped.*

Jared *happy*                      Ten minutes more and we're home and hosed! You get to have your own bedroom but we have to share the bathroom and

dunny.

Tye That's great. Thanks.

*[Pause]*

I meant to ask ... What was the sob-story?

*Jared is very surprised by that question. He looks perplexed. His lips move but there is no sound emitted. Tye glances at him.*

Tye The very first moments when I met you (in the Bunkers) you told me about how you'd conned the cops in Darwin to loan you the car. It involved a sob story.

*Jared frowns deeply, trying to remember. Then he snaps his fingers.*

Jared *light-bulb moment* Uh ... I told the Darwin boys that we had to fish before the womenfolk told us not to. Long journey ... wanted to cast a line when we got the chance ... You know ...

Tye Bit weak. I would have thought of something much classier than that.

Jared *pretending to be miffed* I thought that you approved of my above-average planning! Anyhow – you weren't in a position to "think of something classier" because you were right there on the top of the 10 most wanted list.

*Jared relaxes.*

Jared Hey! While I think of it ...  
You gotta write all that down. All the stuff you babbled on about in the car. Get it down on paper. When you are cleared of all culpability, you can tell the world your story.

Tye No. The first thing I'll do when I'm cleared of all culpability is to get in touch with that beautiful bit of womanhood who wanted to beat me up in Coober Pedy.

Bro! She took my face in her hand and that was it. Hit for six, mate. Hit for six.

## Scene (41): Exterior carport of Jared's house and on to the front porch and front door (evening)

*The Darwin police car comes to a stop under the carport.*

Tye *appreciative*                      This is alright!

Jared                                      Yeah. It's alright. It's a renter. Another bloke was supposed to share but he shot through to take up a cushy position in Sydney. Harbour views. But the rent's not too bad so what do I care ...

*Jared swings himself out of the car.*

Jared                                      Will just unlock the door and we're done. Hot shower, hot coffee ...

Tye *rueful*                                I can't move. I'm stuck to the seat: I've been in it so long.

*Jared heads for the front door. He whistles happily. Then he pulls up short, frozen.*

*Casey (in her uniform) is sitting on the front porch on a chair she has filched from the garden.*

Casey *affable*                            Hi! You took your time.

*There is no answer. Jared is unable to do more than "Ahhhhh".*

Casey                                      Can you unlock your door, please? I need to use your lav.

Jared                                      I think we all do.

*Jared unlocks the door.*



I mean, I knew straight away who you were. That hair colour!  
Did you get a drunk in a blindfold to rinse it through for you?  
God awful!

Jared *abashed and  
contrite*

I did it. My idea. And the Kakadu bivouac ... That was my idea too.

Casey

Well you'd better not have bothered. It all stood out like a neon light.

Tye *nods wisely*

I was ultra-confident that you'd spot the dodgy hair colour.

Casey *nods.*

Casey

At any rate, I didn't tell anyone.

You see, I'd been doing some deep diving on you Mr Whitaker (on the web). None of this massacre could possibly have been laid at your door. Did you hear that the investigators have come up with loads of missing people (all young men) who dropped off the radar way long ago? I mean, you were working at Jewel Auto every day in Parramatta when most of the guys went missing. How could you possibly have murdered any of them?

*[Pause]*

Still ... No-one is going to believe you, so there you are.

*Casey changes tack. Now she starts on Jared.*

Casey to Jared

Unlike you (crawling along the highway in your borrowed wheels) I flew from Pedy to Eagleby. Took a cab directly to your station to check up on you, Sergeant. Your co-workers have been busting a gut rounding up cattle rustlers and sheep rustlers and God knows what in your absence. Meanwhile you and the assassin merrily chugged along the various highways.

Jared *nods*

Catching rustlers, were they? The Nainsook brothers. That'd be right.

Casey *to Jared*

"Tazzie"? Nice handle.

You're expected back at the desk, by the way, Tazzie.

Don't worry. I'll take care of the borrowed wheels. I'll get that rig back to Darwin. You can leave that to me. And I'll stay here on 24-hour watch to mind your fugitive from justice.

Tye *evenly*

That's very sporting of you.

Casey

Okay! Long day. I'm off to clean my teeth then sleep like the dead. I'll take the couch. No! I insist.

*Jared and Tye stare at Casey's departing figure. Then they turn to each other.*

Tye *softly*

I realize that you saw her first but it was in fact **my** face that she touched way back there in Coober Pedy.

Jared *syrupe smooth*

Held your manly jaw so lovingly ...

*Casey swiftly returns. She snuggles up on the couch without any obvious effort. Her eyes are closed.*

Casey

You both desperately need showers. Just thought I'd mention it

...

Night night.

*Both men stare at Casey. Then they turn again to face each other.*

*Tye raises his eyebrows as he points to his chest. "She's mine" he mouths emphatically.*

*With an expansive shrug, Jared counters. "I'm in love with your sister", he mouths.*

## THE ROMAN LEGIONS IV

*Here we pick up exactly as we left off at the end of "The Roman Legions III" with the grand music and the even grander layout of the 7<sup>th</sup> Legion.*

### Scene (45): Exterior rough country in Gaul (daylight)

*We return to the huge tent of Marcus Questaris Biblius just as Leet walks up.*

*Leet is stopped before entering by a guard who bars his entrance to the tent while checking his credentials. Leet holds the roll of vellum out for the guard to see. But it is ignored. The guard looks deeply at Leet's face.*

Guard                                    You are a stranger. The way is barred to you. State your concerns here or I throw you in the river.

Leet                                        I am sent by Scipio Australis to visit upon the noble Marcus Questaris Biblius that I may present to him most unwanted and grave news.

Guard                                    Recite me the motto of Scipio Australis.

Leet                                        "Superbia fortitudine".

Guard                                    Enter then.

*The guard stands back from the entrance to the tent. Leet quickly slips into the tent followed by the guard.*

### Scene (46): Interior tent of Marcus Questaris Biblius (daylight)

*Marcus is stationed at his usual large board-like table. As before he studies various documents and maps, all rendered on goatskin. He is uninterested in the arrival of Leet.*

Guard *sonorous*                        Marcus Questaris Biblius. This wretched creature here comes in good stead sent by Scipio Australis bearing most unwanted and

grave news.

Marcus Well?

Leet *from memory* "Scipio Australis died a hero. A brave man. Never before the like flew on the back of the eagle of Rome."

*Leet hands out the rolled vellum for Marcus, who looks deeply and gravely at Leet. Marcus then glances over the vellum sheet before re-rolling it. He hands it back to Leet. Marcus (with a nod of his head) dismisses the guard. He also signals to various slaves who hang about that they too should vacate the tent. Now Marcus is alone with Leet.*

Marcus Tell me (without preamble or hesitation) all that you are able.

Be brief.

Be concise.

But leave out nothing that Marcus Questaris Biblius must hear.

Leet Biblius is right to mistrust Horato Sieutonus Nunquiar. For Nunquiar's clear design is to topple Gaius Julius Caesar in order that he might grasp Rome to himself.

To achieve this end, Nunquiar has allied himself to an African woman who is queen-ruler over many warriors of fortune. Nunquiar will lead these African legions to challenge the might of Caesar.

My master and friend (Scipio Australis) seeks to purloin the cache of diamonds with which these soldiers are remunerated, thereby cutting off the source of funds used to pay for these mercenaries. I saw him last in the sea-city of Phyllida.

*Marcus rises from his chair to wander about the tent. Then he stops in front of Leet.*

Marcus I understand. Thank you. I shall ensure that you are fed before you return to Phyllida. To your friend ...

Tell me: does Scipio pay you handsomely?

Leet Correct.

Marcus *sly* And yet you are his friend ... ?

I was unaware that friendship could be bought.

Leet Indeed it can. Think if Marcus Questaris Biblius were not the great leader, were not at Caesar's side as he now is. Imagine that Biblius were a tramp living off the discarded refuse of others: how many friends could he count then?

*Marcus stares at Leet. We are not sure (from his expression) if he is angry, amused or simply thoughtful.*

Leet I trust that I have not offended you?

Marcus *chuckles* No. Indeed not. No wonder that Scipio has befriended you. Your drollery is unique, as is your native wisdom.

Go! Go fill your stomach with all the good viands that Roman hospitality is famed for. Even in this Transalpine military camp we are well provisioned.

*Leet is escorted out by the guard as the various slaves filter back into the tent. Marcus calls after him.*

Marcus And give my fondest greetings to your dead friend!

## Scene (47): Exterior Scipio is disabled (daylight)

*There is a rocky precipice at the coast of Phyllida. Within the precipice is a blow-hole.*

*A group of dignitaries watch as Scipio (knocked out) is lowered on ropes into a deep cavern via the blowhole. Aequin does not know Scipio Australis. Horato does.*

Aequin *triumphant* Now cut the rope!

*A slave takes an almighty swing with his sword. This severs the rope, allowing the unconscious Scipio Australis to fall to the floor of the cave. Aequin claps delightedly. Then she sees Horato wandering up. They stroll off together, chatting amiably.*

Aequin                               Where have you been? You've missed all the fun. A snaky felon is worsted.

Horato                               I am bereft that I was not at your side to savour the thrill of your victory, my lovely Aequin.

One of my cronies dragged me off to the races. The monkey races.

Aequin                               I've heard that the populace has become tired of racing horses and camels. Monkeys now! That must be the answer.

*Horato offers Aequin his arm. She happily takes it.*

Horato                               These are more correctly known as sifakas. They prance or dance rather than run. But fast! They only race the males, you know. You will find the lure most extraordinary: a harem of female sifakas (all got excited by their animal doctor) awaits the winner of each race.

I tell you I would have won a packet, except that at the last stride my selection ("Long Leg Len") decided to tear the eyes out of that animal running second. In this way the third became the winner. Fucked the females like a stallion he did! We all watched, howling ourselves silly with the contrariness of it all.

Furthermore, the also-rans drifted off with their tongues hanging out. Such an enjoyment!

Aequin                               But now you must return to more mundane matters, in that I have captured a rogue in the act of filching my diamonds and have sent him off to the gods in all due ceremony.

Horato                               Mmmmm ... And what have you been up to, my Queen?

*Aequin pouting*                       You're not listening ... I have dispensed righteous justice. That man was caught in the act of denuding my diamond cache (as I said). His punishment is torture. The Hole of Hell.

Horato Do we know who he is?

Aequin No. I've no idea. A warrior is my guess, judging by his accoutrements. He neither begged nor pleaded for life. Thus (inevitably) we chucked him into the Hole of Hell. There the villain dies a most horrible death.

Horato Yes, the blowhole. The only drawback is that we cannot see his final agonies therein. Our ears must play their part. Perhaps a blood-curdling scream or two?

Aequin *chuckles* I wish that I were sweet and not so heartless. And yet his armour, shield and sword shall add much depth to my trophy collection. You may find a suitable spot for them in the treasure room. It is by far my favourite chamber. Hang them up for me, Horato. Will you do that?

Horato By all means.

*Horato turns slightly, noting that a slave is following along in their wake. This slave struggles to carry the shield, sword and breast-plate belonging to Scipio. Horato turns back to Aequin, smiling.*

Horato By all means, Madame ... It will be my very pleasure ... And then I shall wage war on Caesar (with your blessing).

Aequin *chuckles* When you are not too busy watching monkeys making love.

*Aequin and Horato laugh delightedly.*

## Scene (48): Interior Horato in Aequin's trophy room (daylight)

*Horato strolls into Aequin's trophy room. He is smug, self-contented. His favourite male slave follows him. He is also smug, satisfied.*

*Horato checks up on the trophies (ex Scipio) that the slaves mounted on his command and then makes a dreadful discovery. Horato gasps in real horror. He grips the arm of the attendant slave.*

Horato *shocked* Zeus! Shield and sword ... This is the breast-plate of Scipio

Australis! But ...

*Horato is appalled. He stares (open-mouthed) at Scipio's ring which Horato now wears on his own finger. He turns away from the trophy wall, his eyes darting here and there. The slave does not know what action to take. He hovers. Horato grabs the upper arms of the slave, as if to save himself.*

Horato *appalled*

I have relaxed my guard ... Thinking him dead ... Abriges  
Dortmonde ... the severed finger ... Scipio's ring!

And yet, he may be dead for all I know upon being dumped into  
that blowhole. Could that be it?

Slave *reasonable*

Perhaps this is a mix-up. Perhaps **another** warrior (on Scipio's  
death) purloined his armour and weapons. That has happened  
before ...

Horato

Do you think that is what occurred? But --

No! I cannot risk it. I must assure myself that he is now a corpse  
or have him escape from that rocky sea prison then come after  
me with all the might of Caesar at his side.

*[Grits teeth]*

He is the only man who can do it – escape from the Hell Hole  
unscathed. His magic! The devil magic Scipio has at his  
command!

I feel in my very bones that he lives ... ***That man lives!***

*Horato quickly steps forward then stops himself. He swings his body around such that he is looking  
up at the trophies. Horato is trying to nut out a plan.*

Horato *to himself*

Wait! Scipio is unarmed for here are his weapons.

He is safely ensconced in that blowhole, knocked senseless.  
Then that is when I strike.

*[Snaps out of his malaise]*

Have the slaves lower me into the cave!

*Slave trying to help* Do not go yourself. I shall slay the warrior on your behalf.

*Horato desperate* Your kind offer overwhelms me, but it is Horato Sieutonus Nunquiar that must act here. The task falls to me alone.

Yes! Yes! But the rope that binds me to the upper levels must remain intact (that I may be pulled up to safety when the deed is completed). That is what you must do: faithfully protect me as I dangle from the ropes.

*Horato and his slave stare at each other. Then the slave rushes from the trophy room, calling loudly for his fellow slaves.*

*Slave shouting* Hi there! Bring to Nunquiar his slaves at once!

#### **PLOT PROGRESSION prior to Scene (49).**

All that Horato wants from this risky exercise is to assure himself that Scipio Australis is indeed dead.

If and when he finds the body, he can safely wage war on Caesar.

The sea cave is narrow, rocky and dangerous. It is dark and scary. There are ledges surrounding the corridor where the geyser blows up such that a person could watch the action at close quarters. This is where Horato searches for Scipio's body.

A flaming torch is dropped into the hole. Horato waves the flaming torch about. He becomes ever more scared as the geyser shoots water up out of the blow hole. This occurs every five minutes. At those times, Horato must brace himself against the rocky wall of the cave.

There are small creatures (bright, iridescent) that buzz past him. And Horato is unable to locate Scipio's body.

Horato's favoured slave is lowered into the hole.

## Scene (49): Interior the Hell Hole cave (dark)

*We are in the Hell Hole. Above we can see that it is windy, rainy. Horaro is lowered into the blowhole by his servants. His more favoured slave has a burning torch protected from the weather under a seal skin. This is chucked downwards within the reach of Horato.*

Slave *calls down*                      How do you prosper, oh most noble master?

*Horato is distracted as he looks about for the body.*

Horato *vague*                          Yes ... Yes ...

Slave *calls down*                      Shall I come down to assist you?

Horato                                      Not yet. Stay where you are for now.

*Horato steps forward. A swarm of bright, buzzing creatures flies past him. He yells out in fright.*

Horato *to himself*                      Zeus protect me! This evil place ...

Two possibilities present themselves. Either serves. Scipio Australis (knocked out by Aequin's slaves and still non compos mentis) has been washed out to sea or --

Slave *calls down*                      Master! Do not fear. I shall come to you.

*Scipio lunges forward from his dark hiding place just as the geyser erupts. He is armed only with the ropes that are still tied to him. We see that Scipio's eyes are bright with anger, his teeth hard clenched. Taking Horato from behind, Scipio strangles Horato (who struggles wildly). Scipio finishes Horato's speech for him as Horato's limp form finally droops and drops.*

Scipio *breathless*                      Or he waits in the gloom to seek vengeance.

Horato *with last breath*              Please! I beg you ... Spare me ... Spare me ...

Scipio *snarls*                              Whimpering sod! My plebeian friend Leet showed more pluck than you in the face of death. Die bravely as a Roman, not as a stuck pig.

*Horato whimpers as he dies. Tears stream down his cheeks as he lies resistless on the cold rock floor of the cave.*

*We see (in the background) the slave being lowered on ropes.*

*Scipio retrieves Horato's dagger. Scipio plunges the dagger into Horato's heart. Camera is close up to Scipio. Scipio's voice resonates through the cave. This is a reference to an opening scene.*

Scipio *very grim*                      That was for Caesar.

*Then Scipio quickly severs the finger that bears his own ring. Blood oozes from the finger and from the hand from which it was removed. Scipio wrenches the ring free, chucks away the severed finger, then places the ring back on his own hand. Scipio kisses the ring.*

*The slave reaches Scipio, then throws himself on him. There is a very exciting struggle. Scipio wins. The slave's body lies draped over the body of Horato.*

*Now Scipio makes a quick dash to grab the ropes which should have been used to raise the slave out of the blow hole. However, the other slaves (realizing that something is horribly amiss) drop the ropes as they run away, shrieking. Still in the cave, we do not see that activity: we hear the shrieking, and we note the ropes falling into the cave. Scipio grimaces in disappointment.*

### **Scipio and the Great Escape**

Using the dagger filched from Horato's body, Scipio cuts himself loose from the ropes which still bind him. Then he fastens the dagger to his belt.

We hear the rumble of the geyser working itself up. Scipio is seen to brace himself against the rocky walls of the cave. The geyser surges up the blow hole.

Scipio counts down from 4 to 1 and then (taking an almighty breath) he dives into the retreating geyser. By this method Scipio will be dragged by the seaward current out of the cave.

☪                      ☪                      ☪                      ☪                      ☪

The camera is a long way back, under the water. In a most magnificent shot, Scipio is seen to be torpedoed out of the blowhole (at its underwater entrance) then swim upwards towards the surface.

☪                      ☪                      ☪                      ☪                      ☪

As Scipio swims, we hear the same full symphony orchestra playing the same sensational music as heard in Scene (35). Then the music dies down to a lull as Scipio hits the air, gasping for breath.

## Scene (50): Interior Scipio in Aequin's trophy room (evening)

*Scipio stands in the treasure room just where Horato had stood. On hearing the sound of approaching feet (running) Scipio braces himself, dagger in hand. It is Leet. Leet is overjoyed to find Scipio alive and well. He jumps up onto Scipio (careful of the dagger) as if a triumphant soccer player. Scipio stows his dagger once more.*

Leet *excited*                      Scipio Australis! As I live and breathe! My gods informed me that you had survived the unthinkable. No-one ever escapes the Hell Hole ... It has never been compassed until **you** were victorious.

*The two men hug. Then Scipio motions to the trophy wall.*

Scipio                              Stand guard while I retrieve my belongings.

Leet                                 Oh! There is no need for a guard. All the servants and slaves of the dishonourable Aequin have run off. Aequin's grief for the presumed loss of her paramour defies all the powers that the gods can devise. If you stand very still and breath lightly, you might even hear her weeping and moaning as she wrestles her despair.

*The two men quickly remove Scipio's shield, sword and armour from the wall.*

Scipio                              My interest in that hag would not even weigh down a gnat. If I could be bothered, I'd shove my dagger into her scrawny neck.

Leet *grins*                         Anyhow, of guards there are none.

Scipio *eager*                      Then I must try once more to filch her diamonds. Come! Give me your assistance, Leet.



as may be.

Scipio Good work! Once we are returned to Italy and surrendered up these diamonds to the Senate, I shall beat a path back to Transalpine Gaul to fight once more beside Caesar.

Leet Do you not wish to have a holiday?

Scipio My blood lusts after battle. I live only to fight the Gallic tribes that they should leave Rome to be Roman and remain safely secluded in their own forests. To return to the legion is my dream. Come along with me! A Romanised Gaul should prove entirely useful.

Leet *frowns* I'd rather not ...

Scipio You would make a deal of gold. We are well paid in the legions.

Leet Alright ...

I shall come with you to be a legionary. Only for your sake. But not for the money (you understand).

No, I made a bucket of coinage here in Phyllida whilst awaiting your safe delivery from the jaws of death.

Scipio *interested* Oh?

Leet *nods* They have these monkeys that race. My boy outpaced the field when the leader and second began to squabble. My wager rewarded me twelvefold.

Scipio Monkeys, now? You must tell be about it ...

## A MASSIVE ALL-IN BRAWL

Scipio Australis and Leet are set upon by a troop of warriors who remain loyal to Abriges Dortmonde.

Scipio and Leet are mightily outnumbered.

However, the "cavalry arrives just in time".

We have not yet met Magnorius Epephesus. He and other comrades have been sent by Marcus to assist Scipio Australis in Phyllida. Poublius Albinus, Cassetor Munerus, and Vellus Quintax fight alongside Scipio and Leet as they battle with any weapons to hand.

Loads of action and excitement as the trolley of diamonds shoots this way and that across the screen. There is thrilling byplay reminiscent of the original computerized game played by Tye at Blinkie's home. Along with the action, the music will pump along.

Of course our boys vanquish the enemy. They celebrate by raising their fists as they shout "For Caesar! For Caesar!"

**END OF THE ROMAN LEGIONS IV**

## Scene (52): Interior bedroom where Tye sleeps (night)

*The room is unlit. Tye sleeps badly. He yells loudly as he tosses about.*

*When Casey and Jared erupt into the room (both looking concerned), Tye seems to be off his head.*

*Jared flicks the light on. Tye gasps loudly, not seeming to understand where he is.*

*Tye all at sea*

Where is Caesar? Where is the General?

I have to protect Caesar from the Gaullish brutes who ... Who ...

Where am I?

I was with the Legion ...

*Jared to Casey*

He has this survival technique. Blocks out the here-and-now by reverting to an Ancient Roman dude. Bit weird ... but if it works

...

*Tye looks about him for inspiration, for answers.*

*Casey goes to him, calming and cooing. She sits on the bed.*

*Tye settles. He stares at Casey, stroking and touching her.*

*Tye confused*

Am I a Roman legionary or what ... ?

*Casey softly*

Bad dream. Just relax while I rub your back.

*The stroking and petting continues.*

*Then Tye pulls Casey to him such that he can kiss her very fervently. Casey responds with equal fervour.*

*Jared is (as the French would have it) "de trop". He backs away.*

*Jared*

Right! I'll leave you two to sort it out. I'll be in the master bedroom if anyone wants me. Or not. Whatever ...

*A thought occurs to Jared. He stops in the doorway.*

*Jared thoughtful*

Of course, the Roman Legions don't help a bloke as much as a warm body does.

## Scene (53): Interior Jared's shed (daylight)

*Point to note: Jared is from Tasmania. When he mentions "footy" it will be AFL footy. Tye is an NRL man (as the old posters in the gaming room made clear). So "footy" to Tye is NRL footy.*

*Our camera is inside the dark shed.*

*Jared swings open the door of the shed allowing light to enter the shed.*

*Jared's shed is a mess. However, it contains quite a nice selection of exercise equipment. Jared is proud of his shed. Tye looks at the contents of Jared's shed with disdain.*

*Tye unimpressed*                      You call this a shed? Is this all you've got? An exercise bike and weights?

I'd rather go to a gym, thanks. Get a proper workout.

*Jared arcs up*                              Hey! You can't leave the house, bro.

This is it. This is all you'll need. Plus what you're getting in the sack with Casey. Best exercise there is, mate.

Look! I've got some gloves that will probably fit you. A speed ball over there. We might be able to dig up a skipping rope.

I promise to completely pad up and you can try to punch the shit out of me. What more could a bloke want?

*Tye wistful*                                You know – this being hedged-in ... It's crap.

I want to pull on my runners and knock-off 12 Ks without even raising a decent sweat.

Run the length of the field with the footy tucked under my arm.

*Jared equally wistful*                      Yeah. Me too. Footy ... Kick a few goals ... And bowl some leg breaks.

*The two men are sad as they look about. Casey peeps in at the door to the shed.*

*Casey*                                        Are you two bonding?

Jared *sighs* Yeah. Sort of ...

Tye *weary* As much as a bloke who likes aerial ping-pong can bond with a dyed-in-the-wool NRL fan.

## **PLOT PROGRESSION prior to Scene (54)**

### **THE ENGAGEMENT PARTY**

Jared contacted Clive to advise of the safe return of his brother. It was quickly decided that the Whitaker family (mum, dad, Sammie and Clive) would get dressed up then travel from Parramatta to Eagleby (nearly 4 hours' drive) on Sunday April 14. They were tasked with bringing food and drinks.

Jared's folks (parents and sister) will leave their Willow Bend home in Tasmania to drive to Hobart then fly to Eagleby via Melbourne. They will also be arriving on Sunday April 14.

Furthermore, Max has driven from Sydney with wife and child (Elton) to catch up with Jared as well as to discuss the case.

Casey, Tye and Jared are busy on Saturday planning the party. Tye and Casey sneak time to kiss and cuddle. Jared mockingly chastises them. Casey and Tye share Tye's bed on Saturday night.

When the Whitaker family arrive the next day, Jared gets his turn to kiss and cuddle Sammie.

### **VITAL SCENE**

Max, Tye, Casey and Jared meet in the laundry for discussions when who should rock up but Jared's boss Senior Sergeant Paul Casson.

What we (the audience) see of the party itself (taking place in the lounge room) is very brief but enjoyable. There will be upbeat music playing during these brief skat scenes.

**DATESTAMP: SUNDAY APRIL 14**



**QUICK BULLET POINTS FOR THE ENGAGEMENT PARTY**

- Tye has shaved. The left side of his face has calmed down slightly.
- Casey, Tye and Jared are busy in the kitchen.
- Tye and Casey snatch a chance to pash on.
- The house is full of family members.
- Max, his pregnant wife and Elton are made very welcome.
- Elton proves a great hit with everyone (watched fondly by his parents).
- Casey, Sammie and Jared's sister seem to hit it off very well. They can be seen admiring Sammie's engagement ring.
- Tables and benches are covered with food. Beer, wine and soft drink provided.

**Scene (54): Interior Jared's bedroom (daylight)**

*Now it is Jared's turn to pash on with Sammie.*

*Jared and Sammie find a private spot (his bedroom). The noise of the party can be heard in the background. Jared is admiring Sammie's engagement ring. Jared pretends to be a miser.*

Jared *frowns*                      How much was that?

*Sammie proudly flashes her left hand about.*

Sammie                              I forked out \$1,500 for this baby.

Jared                                  Jeez ...

Give me your bank deets so I can fix you up.

\$1,500? Whew!

Sammie                              Oh, come on! Engagement rings are usually much more ecksy than this. Anyway, I like it.

*Jared and Sammie share a long kiss.*

Sammie *laughs*                      Besides, you told me to buy a ring. I was certain sure that you wouldn't want me wearing anything dodgy.

Jared *very sincere* We don't have to be **really** engaged. You don't have to feel obliged or that. I just thought of this as an opportunity for you and your folks to see Tye. You know – without raising any suspicions.

There's no way you should feel obligated to stick with it. We can gently slip out if later if you're not sure.

Sammie *loving* No, I'm happy. You're a good prospect. I reckon you might be a keeper ...

*Another long, searching kiss.*

Sammie But back to Tye -- He looks dreadful! That wound!

Jared Look, Sammie – your brother has been through hell. Complete hell.

Sammie *teary* Yeah, I know. But you rescued him. I can't thank you enough.

Jared *warning* We're not over the speed hump yet. At any moment some prick will make the connection between me, the borrowed car, and your family travelling here ...

In fact, I'm going to drag Max aside and try to nut out a plan here and now.

## Scene (55): Interior Jared's laundry (daylight)

*Tye, Jared, Casey, and Max are grouped together in the laundry.*

*Cans of beer lie about in the large laundry sink, covered in ice. Party goers will wander in and out to grab drinks.*

*Then Paul opens the flywire door which connects the laundry to the back yard (near where the Hills Hoist is). Paul is Senior Sergeant Paul Casson (Jared's boss). He is dressed casually.*

*Everyone freezes.*

Paul *genial* Here you all are. Look at that! Partying with the “person of deep interest” himself: large as life. I might have known ...

Ah! Maxxie! How are you going, mate? Long time no see.

*Paul and Max shake hands warmly. The occupants of the laundry all relax again.*

Max Er ... Constable Casey Evers from the South Australian police force, this is Senior Sergeant Paul Casson from Eagleby. That is, Jared’s boss.

*Paul is very appreciative as he shakes hands with Casey. She smiles winningly.*

Max And Paul: this is Tye Whitaker of Summersby near Parramatta. A reputable motor mechanic who --

*Paul and Tye share a strong handshake.*

Paul *nods sagely but joking* Yeah, you look like a crim now that I study you more closely. I’m itching to throw you in the clink. But lucky for you there’s no more room in our cells currently such is the breadth and depth of our latest crime spree here in fun-loving Eagleby.

What happened to the side of your face, mate?

Casey He was on the wrong end of a sock filled with sand.

*Paul takes a can of beer from the laundry sink, rips open the ring-pull then takes a long swig.*

Paul *nods* Yeah, that’ll do it.

*Paul finishes the beer. He makes a good job of scrunching up the can.*

Paul *to Tye* Come outside in the garden, mate. I want to hear your side of the story. Uninterrupted and completely without prejudice.

*Except for Paul, everyone is bewildered. Paul holds open the laundry door. Tye (looking extremely dubious) exits. Paul remains where he is, holding the laundry door open. He smiles kindly to Casey.*

Paul *gentle* You come, too, Casey. You can make sure that I play fair with your fiancé.

Casey *startled* He's not my fiancé!

Paul *confused* They told me that this was an engagement party. And let me tell you that the would-be mass murderer was looking at you as if you **are** his fiancée.

*[Smiles]*

Your fiancé-to-be then ...

*Casey grins as she shrugs. Tye, Casey and Paul wander off into the garden. We do not follow them as we already know what Tye will say. The occupants of the laundry now number two: Max and Jared.*

Max *a bit lost* Well ... Suppose we should mix and mingle until they come back. Yeah?

*Jared nods. The two men leave the laundry.*



*Now the laundry is filled again with eager beavers: keen to plot an action plan.*

*As soon as Paul spots Jared, Paul wags a finger at him.*

Paul *explodes* You are a complete tosser, Tazzie Kerr! All you had to do was to phone me and let me know what you were up to. I've nearly gone and put my foot in it. That's all!

Jared I tried to contact you but the sheep rustlers had you in a headlock.

Paul *disgusted* Aw, the bloody Nainsook gang. Total bludgers! One says one thing and then another brother rocks up to say something completely different. And then a third one sticks his oar in ... I'd be running around in circles if Clarrie Tozer hadn't taken one for the team.

Jared *chuckles* Clarrie Tozer!  
The very first time I met Clarrie, he banged his hand down on

the desk at the old Wallibong station and reckoned that "the rams are king out here, young man. And don't forget it!"

Legend!

Paul *nods*

The ever-reliable Clarrie Tozer had caught them on video (from his mobile). Clarrie's been a pain in my side since day one, but he's redeemed himself now.

Jared

And what about you putting your foot in it? What's the go there?

Paul *explodes*

Ahhhh ...

That bloody car you filched from the Darwin police. Questions have been asked from on high. Lucky for you that Casey dropped into the station on her way here. I put two and two together before I turned into a regular bucket-mouth ...

Meant to ask: what's happening with that car?

Casey

Don't worry. I'll handle all that.

Paul *warning*

Well you just better not! Not yet, anyhow. That jalopy will be crawling with his DNA.

Casey *frowns*

Why would they look for Tye's DNA in Jared's loaner?

Paul *firmly*

You can't do **anything** until this matter is totally cleared up. Everything that Jared is involved in (related to Tye, that is) will be instantly suspicious.

*[Changes tack]*

Now! If this is a bloody engagement party, then who the fuck has got engaged if it's not Casey spliced to the Darwin Ripper?

Jared *laughs*

That'll be me. I'm the lucky man. I'll go and get my intended for you to meet. Tye's sister, actually ...

Paul

Really? Yeah, well leave her there. It's about bloody time I said hello to the folks while I grab some tucker.



*[Theatrical]*

"Australia was once a marvellous country. Let's be marvellous again!"

*People come and go for drinks. These are doled out as Paul continues.*

Paul Bottom line: they want to find good, strong, capable men. Australian men who have the old Australian bush spirit.

"Roll up your sleeves, boys and let's lick this big, brown country into shape."

In their eyes, a man is only a real man if he's chopping three tons of wood with an axe handed down to him by his dad. That's their mojo right there.

Casey *waspish* Huge gender imbalance with that manifesto, Senior Sergeant.

Paul Abso-bloody-lutely! However, they've talked themselves into believing it.

What they've been doing (I reckon) is to run boot camps exactly as Tye described to me just now. They want to weed out the 60% who can't make it, leaving the 40% that **will** make it. The two old farts in Adelaide who were sending lists of likely lads through to the AWUP were not alone. Other organizations were doing the same thing.

The trick was to get the young men out of their homes, out of their towns and into an airport. That made loading them onto Army transport planes easy.

Jared What Tye described to me makes sense, if you look at it that way. Snatch the guys and force them to take part in orienteering exercises. At the end of the day, they'll keep these solid blokes alive and dispose of the duds. Literally!

Max *appalled* I don't think that any of us realized the scope of what we are up

against.

Tye *with feeling*

Too right we didn't ...

Paul *to Tye*

You had some interesting info on the one woman and two men who minded you all, Tye. Well, good old Senior Sergeant Casson has snaffled the hot goss on who and what the female is. Which means we might be able to push forward.

Jared *snarky*

Do you want us to applaud you now or later?

Paul

Shut up and listen!

Now, I know just such a large tyrannical woman. Straight away when she was described to me I twigged. An Army type named Muzzie Daylesford. Know her quite well (unfortunately). Code name "Delta". Think she was an Army captain ... ?

Having identified her will almost certainly lead to the breakthrough we need. Get her to talk. She talks and the entire AWUP apparatus crashes to the ground. Therefore, I offer to fall on my sword. I volunteer (right here, right now) to go to Muzzie for a heart-to-heart. Get her sworn confession.

Max

Hoy let me in on some juicy information. Evidence. The woman might buckle.

Jared

Go on. Tell us.

Tye

No wait! Let me have a stab ... Muzzie and Pete (one of the captives) were getting it off. They had a spot in that shed where they could be a bit comfortable ... a pretend bed. Muzzie took her gloves off. (Well ... she took **everything** off!) In the heat of coitus, in her throes of passion she has left her fingerprints in that shed as she gripped until her knuckles went white. And the boys and girls from the pathologist's team have nailed her based on that.

Correctomundo?

Max *nods* Not nailed her yet. But that's only a matter of matching her prints on the database.

Paul Correctomundo! That totally puts her at the scene of the crime. Slam, dunk. One confession coming right up!

Jared *appalled* Imagine coming undone because of an orgasm!

Tye There were two male side-kicks as well: Memphis and Victa. Do you know who they might be?

Max Well ... One of them.

The commando (who might possibly be of some sort of Russian persuasion) with a penchant for belting people with interesting socks might well prove to be Mayne Mansfield. He is a crazy guy: literally off his cruet. Liable to lose it at the slightest speed-hump. Anything can set him off.

Tye *nods wisely* You've just described Memphis.

Paul He did that to your face, didn't he?

Tye *nods. He tightens his hold on Casey.*

Paul The other man ... Victa. It might well turn out that he is a recent recruit who's been put to good use.

Nah. Leave him out of the equation at this time. Let's just concentrate on Muzzie and Mayne.

Alright. We nail them. That gives us the names of those above them. And with that the whole rotten shebang crumbles like stale cake.

Max Hopefully with that we also solve the diamonds racket which appears to be financing these AWUP crimes.

Paul *satisfied* Yep. All done and dusted.

Jared *accusingly* I love the way Paul Casson marches in and takes over at the 11<sup>th</sup> hour. What a hero!

Paul Yeah well you and Tye and Maxxie and Hoy-boy collected all the threads, didn't yuz? But youse did nothing with them. Diddly squat!

You lot are about as organized as a galah in a thunderstorm.

No ... now it's up to Tall Paul to weave those threads that you collected into a nice warm blanket. Big hero, me!

## Scene (58): Interior Max's office at the ATO (daylight, Monday April 15 2024)

*We only hear the voice of General Albert. He has a very deep, resounding voice.*

*He has phoned Max who talks to the General at his ATO office.*

General Albert *voice-off* Mr Strudwick, I have no idea at all why the Australian Taxation Office should busy itself with the activities of my Australia Wake Up Party. Frankly I'm at a loss to understand.

Max General Albert I can explain my --

General Albert *voice-off* You've dragged Detective Inspector Hoy Stewart away from his proper work. You've harassed decent citizens most improperly. You and your cronies are trying to steer this magnificent country into the gutter with your baseless accusations.

It stops now young man. It stops now!

*Max is stunned.*

Max Sir, if you will let --

General Albert *voice-off* And will you be marching with medals on your chest on ANZAC Day, young man? Hmmm? Will you be --

*Max really over it*                    General Albert! I am in possession of a tranche of data pointing the finger of blame directly at the AWUP (of which organization you are the head honcho) – blame for the disappearance and murder of some 50 young Australian men. I shall not rest for one second until you and your henchmen are paraded before the public as the perpetrators of a scheme so elaborate and far-reaching that --

*General Albert voice-off blustering*                    You'll hear from my lawyers! I'll get you turfed out of the ATO on your arse for wasting taxpayers money. Draining dams and bringing-in droves of suspect scientists --

*Max threatening and nasty*                                I am in the process of obtaining the sworn testimony of ex-Captain Muzzie Daylesford and of Mr Mayne Mansfield (when he is finally located). I shall not rest until I have their statements at my disposal. They were your hirelings. In following **your** orders, they were fully aware of what was intended.

The fatigues worn by Mr Whitaker when incarcerated by you people have been closely examined. They have been found to be part of a job lot of military items ordered by and paid for by one of your very own subordinates.

Furthermore, I have DNA evidence that long predates the arrival of Mr Tye Whitaker on the murder scene. He is no more the murderer of his fellow hostages than I am.

You bring on your lawyers, General. I very much look forward to --

*General Albert slams down the phone.*

*Max closes the call, looking very smug. Then his expression darkens. He quickly makes another phone call.*

*Max phone*                                I've got a really bad feeling, Taz. Yes. Get one of your people to go to wherever it is that Muzzie Thingo lives. Daylesford, that's

right. She's a prime candidate for assassination. Yes. Thanks, Taz.

## Scene (59): Exterior Muzzie's decking set in a thick tropical garden in posh Sydney suburb (daylight Monday 15 April)

*This is a very attractive setting. Muzzie is sitting at her table which is situated on timber decking. Paul stands about as he tries to persuade Muzzie to go inside.*

*Remember that we have seen Muzzie's face when she called Mayne very late Monday night April 8.*

Muzzie *defiant* I like to sit out on the decking.

Paul *shakes head* Too dangerous. Sitting duck if a hitman is lurking about.

Muzzie *snorts* Rubbish! No-one is going to slug me.

Paul *forceful* Come on! **Please!** You can't --

*Then we hear a "FFFFFFFT" sound.*

*Instantly, Muzzie slumps to the deck: shot dead by a marksman who is hiding in the tropical wilderness garden. Paul flicks his head around as he goes for his revolver. We see the marksman crouching in the bushes about to slug Paul.*

*Paul stands frozen for a split-second in the act of pulling his pistol from its holster.*

*Then we hear another "FFFFFFFT" sound. Paul reacts as if he has been shot.*

*The hitman screams, groans and thrashes about in the undergrowth. He grips his upper left leg in a frenzied way. Paul is completely uninjured.*

*Jared pushes aside stray branches such that he is able to look up at the balcony.*

Jared Y'okay? All good?

Paul I am now.

Jared Bewdy! Time check 10:14 in the am. Make a note of that time please Sarge.

*Jared pulls the shooter onto his stomach such that he is able to be handcuffed behind. Jared whips on the cuffs then begins to search through the shooter's pockets for identification. Meanwhile the shooter displays both maddening pain and a desire to abscond. The shooter fights desperately against his captivity. Also, at this time, Paul pulls out his mobile phone to call for an ambulance. The sound of a police car arriving is heard.*

*Now Hoy pushes his way through the undergrowth. The noise of the shooter screaming along with Hoy's arrival means that we can hardly make out what Paul is saying on his phone. Two police constables have accompanied Hoy. They are about to haul the offender (still yelling) away. Hoy stops them with a hand gesture.*

Hoy *to Jared*                      Wait up, guys!

*[To Jared]*

Who's this?

Jared *shrugs*                      Dunno. Can't find any ID.

Hoy *keen*                              Could this be the missing Mayne Mansfield?

Jared *shrugs again*                Dunno. Could be ...

Oh, by the way – this bloke took out Muzzie Daylesford. Her body is up there on the decking. He was then about to make me an orphan (by whacking my boss) only I got there first.

*By now Paul has descended the steps.*

Paul                                      The ambos are on their way.

G'day Hoy. Nice timing there.

Yeah, I was just advising Ms Daylesford most strenuously that she needed to get off the decking (where she was a sitting duck for an assassin) – you know, go inside and stay out of sight sort of thing -- when --

Hoy *to Jared*                      Okay. So this guy murdered the woman and was then in the act of murdering Senior Sergeant Casson when you disabled him.

That right?

Jared *nods*

Yes. Shoot to maim.

Hoy

Goodoh. One less dead body to deal with. Good work, Taz.

Paul *annoyed*

Our best lead gunned down by an insurgent. Bloody hell!

Hoy

Right. Take a photo of this shooter Paul and whizz it over to Whitaker so that he can identify him. Might be Mayne Mansfield.

Jared *argumentative*

And what is Tye gonna say? He never saw Mayne's face because it was always concealed under a balaclava. Get a grip!

*Hoy thinks a moment then shrugs. He indicates to the policemen that they should remove the offender.*

Hoy

Alright ... Alright ... Alright ...

Let the ambos sort him out. He'll most likely begin his incarceration in hospital (youse two are to watch him like hawks). Then when he is released from hospital, take him straight to Bligh Parade. Lock him up. I'll sort out all the various charges when I get back there.

And mention to the ambos that we have a body on the decking.

Jared *brainwave*

Hey! Forensics! The deceased female may still have Pete's DNA in her twat – sorry, that should be "vagina". Sorry to offend.

Hoy *confused*

What are you talking about?

Jared

Tye mentioned a bloke called Pete (who later provided a snack for Bertha the croc) ... That he might have been rooting – sorry! – having intimate relations with Delta-slash-Muzzie.

It's what they do with rape victims: check the vagina for any residual DNA.

Hoy

*[To the ambulance people]*

Can you make a note for the pathologist to check that out,

please?

*[To Jared]*

I was going to say: "Keep it nice!" but you might be onto something valuable. So long as Pete was her last sexual partner, we might be in with a chance. Worth a try ...

Paul *distressed*

I'm gutted. Jeez! Gutted! My best lead who was gonna take us straight to the Promised Land snuffed out. And me nearly joining her in the celestial choir.

Makes yer think ...

*The policemen respond. Hoy now takes an almighty breath.*

Hoy *with decision*

This stops here.

I shall advise Max to take the appropriate action. Right now! We can't afford to get any more people killed.

I know that with Muzzie shot we lose our best chance, but ...

We shall press on regardless, I guess.

The New South Wales Chief of Police is standing by to make a statement. All he needs is the go-ahead from Max. He gets that now. The AWUP people will all be rounded up. The best we can go for is a Royal Commission presided over by a top KC. If we go down that path, these various AWUP arseholes will face the unambiguous might of the Commissioner. No escape. Let's hope he swings the axe on them. Good and proper!

*Hoy ascends the decking steps as he phones Max to give the go-ahead.*

Paul *musings*

I heard a bloke on one of those Discovery shows reckon that Watergate could never have happened if the US of A had had a Royal Commission like we Aussies do.

Jared *smirks*

I'm too young to know what Watergate is. Care-factor zero.

*Paul smiles. He places a hand on one of Jared's shoulders.*

Paul *sincerely* Thank you. For what you did. That was bloody good. Thanks!

Jared *snarky* As long as you don't expect me to type-up a 20-page report on what I was doing tailing you without permission. Except that Maxxie called me so I suppose that's permission enough.

*Paul waves that aside.*

Paul And as long as you don't expect a man-hug from me. I'm not into man-hugs. If I hug anybody it is either a child or a woman. Or a dog.

*Jared feigns disappointment.*

Jared *acerbic* Tsk! Here I was expecting at least a tonguey!

Paul *laughing* Come here!

*Jared gets a very big man-hug anyway. Both men laugh delightedly as they slap each other's backs and shoulders.*

## **Scene (60): Interior An airy Sydney eatery (daylight Saturday 20 April)**

*A long table in a hotel. Loads of food, drink and merriment.*

*Jared and Sammie sit side-by-side, as do Tye and Casey. Interestingly, Clive seems to be hitting it off with Jared's sister Elise. Also at the table are Paul and his family, along with Max and his family.*

Tye You know what? This whole thing started because a member of the aristocracy ... No! An academic of very high standing in merry old England found a certain painting indelicate and disturbing.

Casey *surprised* Really?

Tye Yep. And my mate Trev and I (God rest your soul, Trev boy) put



## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Page	Scene	Date	Explanation
3	PROLOGUE	SUN 7/4/24	Tye escapes Hell Hole in car  Tye makes it to Darwin then dumps the car then heads for Mindil Beach
8	PROLOGUE	MON 8/4/24	Tye scrounges food and water
OPENING TITLES ROLL THROUGH			
10	(1) to (7)	MON 8/4/24	Bligh Parade, Sammie, café
29	(8)	Flashback  WED 3/4/24	Flashback: Getting to Hell Hole in plane
ROMAN LEGIONS I. Pages 34 to 39, scenes (9) and (10)			
41	(11)	MON 8/4/24	Jared works
43	(12)	MON 8/4/24	Muzzie: the shit has hit the fan
44	(13)	TUES 9/4/24	Jared interviews Colm and Glynn via laptop video call  News breaks that Tye is a wanted man  Jared must come up with a plan  Jared contacts Watt Dormond re the apparatus  Jared drives to Sydney Central to pick up jigger and contacts Max to cover his arse
50	(14)	TUES 9/4/24	Jared covers his arse (re Max)
51	(15)	TUES/WED 9/4/24 into 10/4/24	This long scene is all about setting up the phone in Clive's bedroom  Tye makes the call to Clive, then calls Jared
54	(16)	WED 10/4/24	Jared speaks to Tye, realizing that he will have to fly

© April 2024 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

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

			to Darwin and meet up with Tye in the Bunkers
57	(17)	WED 10/4/24	Organizing Tye in the Bunkers to facilitate the escape
59	(18)	WED 10/4/24	In the bush Jared applies the dye to Tye's hair and beard
59	(19)	WED 10/4/24	Jared encourages Tye to sleep but Tye is about to go off with the Legion again
ROMAN LEGIONS II. Pages 61 to 64, scenes (20)			
65	(21)	WED 10/4/24	They are on their way with Jared calling Hoy to catch up on the news
66	(22)	WED 10/4/24	The two journalists: Lewis and Ally
70	(23) & (24)	THUR 11/4/24	<b>The Escape: The Long Roadtrip From Darwin To Eagleby</b> <b>Section 1: Darwin to south of Tennant Creek.</b> The Tennant Creek police roadblock
73	(25)	THUR 11/4/24	Tye is slapped in the face with the news that <b>he</b> is the culprit for whom the police are seeking
75	(26)	THUR 11/4/24	<b>The Escape: The Long Roadtrip From Darwin To Eagleby</b> <b>Section 2: Tennant Creek to Marla.</b> There is another flashback which Tye delivers in the police car Tye puts forward his idea to ring Hoy (re the Land Rover Wolf)
79	(27) & (28)	THUR 11/4/24	<b>The Escape: The Long Roadtrip From Darwin To Eagleby</b> <b>Section 3: Marla to Coober Pedy.</b> There is another roadblock that is manned by Casey
83	(29)	THUR 11/4/24	Relief that they made it past Casey

84	(30)	THUR 11/4/24	<b>The Escape: The Long Roadtrip From Darwin To Eagleby</b> <b>Section 4: Coober Pedy to Wadlata Outback Centre</b>
85	(31)	FRI 12/4/24	<b>The Escape: The Long Roadtrip From Darwin To Eagleby</b> <b>Section 5: Wadlata Outback Centre to Mungo.</b>
Tye's flashback of his time in the Hell Hole. Tye describes the orienteering exercises. That sets Tye off again.			
ROMAN LEGIONS III. Pages 90 to 97, scenes (32) to (35)			
98	(36)	FRI 12/4/24	<b>The Escape: The Long Roadtrip From Darwin To Eagleby</b> <b>Section 6: Mungo to Eagleby</b> Tye describes his fitness regime
99	(37)	FRI 12/4/24	Tye contemplates death without burial
100	(38)	FRI 12/4/24	Tye drives, and describes Stumpy's underwater test that did not eventuate
101	(39)	FRI 12/4/24	General Albert & the reaction from AWUP
102	(40)	FRI 12/4/24	Tye drives towards Jared's house in Eagleby
104	(41)	FRI 12/4/24	Finding Casey waiting at front door
105	(42), (43) & (44)	FRI 12/4/24	Jared, Tye & Casey discuss Tye's deception
ROMAN LEGIONS IV. Pages 108 to 120, scenes (45) to (51)			
121	(52)	SAT 13/4/24	Tye's bedroom – recovering from his dream about the Romans
122	(53)	SAT 13/4/24	Jared's shed where the sports equipment is stored
123	(54)	SUN 14/4/24	Engagement party for Sammie and Jared
125	(55)	SUN 14/4/24	Jared's laundry
129	(56)	SUN 14/4/24	Jared's lounge room

© April 2024 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

129	(57)	SUN 14/4/24	Jared's laundry
133	(58)	MON 15/4/24	General Albert rings Max
135	(59)	MON 15/4/24	End of drama, shootout.
139	(60)	SAT 20/4/24	Sydney eatery – the celebration that it is over
140	~	~	End of movie

**“De Bello Gallico on the wars in Gaul”, by Julius Caesar.**

I have copied into the script some tranches from this work.

When required, I changed Caesar's words slightly to maintain plot flow and to give continuity. I remember that I depended heavily on the work when writing “Tribulates” some years back.

This work by Caesar (in English) is a good read. Caesar talks of himself in the third person. He describes action coldly, deliberately ... I could not present this work without dipping into Caesar's Gallic opus once again. Pages: 32, 33, 60 & 95.



© April 2024 Property of QUEENSLAND TRUCKIE'S MATE

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