

MODULE (A)

Whittier Oval, Fortitude Valley near Brisbane.

AS MODULE (A) OPENS THE SCENE IS AS FOLLOWS:--

A Ladies Cricket match is in progress.

We have returned to the commentary box at Whittier Oval. A small crowd (mostly families) loll about on the grass (on rugs) with plenty of food and drink to hand.

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The three seats in the commentary box are currently occupied by Aintree and Moss (and their accoutrements). The men are busy delving into sheaths of papers of all descriptions. They are perplexed and worried.

The protagonists as we open the scene: AINTREE & MOSS.

Aintree Your thoughts?

Moss *murmurs* My thoughts? Oh, you mean my thoughts on our “theme de jour”.

No, I can't figure it out at all. I've lost the plot – ***literally!***

Aintree *sighs* I was totally positive that the Prequel would clarify everything. However, I'm now in an even deeper quagmire of muddle than when I started ...

Aysha, Laverna and Fliss enter the commentary box. The men freeze in non-action (being caught in the commentary box). And the ladies appear put-out at the male intrusion into their realm.

Fliss *piqued* What are you guys doing here?

Aysha *annoyed* This is our pitch, boys, so clear out.

Laverna *bossy* Come on! Shove over!

The men gather up their possessions as they are bundled (without ceremony) out of the commentary box. There is a lot of indistinguishable muttering along with the commentary of Fliss.

Fliss *miked-up* Good afternoon again from Whittier Oval in Fortitude Valley, Brisbane. We are just about ready to resume our exclusive coverage of the match: Brisbane Blues versus the Tazzie Tamars. It's the usual glorious day here. The heat is being dissipated by a sea breeze. A corker of a day! So, if you're in the vicinity, why not come on down for what I'm sure will be a top-notch afternoon of Women's cricket.

When the girls left the field for lunch ... *[voice fades out]*

Outside, the men try to recover their equilibrium.

Aintree *aggrieved* That was totally unnecessary.

Moss *equally aggrieved* I mean ... I wanted to belt those girls but can't bring myself to hit a female (for all that they deserved it).

Aysha exits the commentary box such that she can confront Aintree and Moss.

Aysha *to Aintree,*
heated You've got a bloody nerve! More front than Myer's Emporium, you! Telling us that you can't work out what this movie is all about when you are actually **playing** one of the parts in it. What a loser!

Moss *appalled,*
aggrieved Now just a minute!

Aysha You've just seen the Prequel. That tells us about the American divines and their search for the missing sword of the boy-king Edward VI.

Aintree Dagger, actually. It's a --

Aysha *speaking very fast* Dagger ... sword ... Whatever ...
Even though **you** know and **we** know what they **don't know** -- well, the whole *raison d'être* for the Brubacker dagger is to lure out Knots because otherwise there is no call for him to be wandering along all exposed for LD's men to nail him like they do.

Moss and Aintree
totally at sea What? Who?

Aysha South Africa. Actually -- Sydney but what the hey!

Moss and Aintree
totally at sea What?

Aysha These Yankee divines introduce us to Georgia's TV show about the Book of Common Prayer. When that screens in the US, Rozzo has

an epiphany to become a born-again Christian. He chucks in his job as a Chicago mobster, then goes on the run (because his erstwhile friends now hate him). There's loads of stuff about Edward VI who organized the Prayer Book, which is interesting and informative.

Okay. So then the Prequel grinds to a close.

With me so far?

But the start of the film showed Rozzo escaping from Chicago to eventually wind up here in Oz.

While on the run he meets Georgia (quite by chance) and needless to say they both fall heavily in love with each other. Only it's a bit complicated because at this time Rozzo is disguised as Ry Stockwell.

Moss impatient

Yeah we got that bit.

Aysha to Moss

And there's your hero Knots with his fellow hoods. We get tied-up (excuse the pun!) in working out how to recapture Rozzo. Blah, blah, blah ... on and on and on ... Male egos trotting around there!

Aintree grimly

Thank you. But the bit we can't make head nor tail of is --

Aysha

The rest of the movie (which we are about to witness if you two cretins could pull it together and get your ducks in a row) is pretty ballsy. Gang fights gang. There is murder and outrage. And the upshot of Rozzo finding his way about in Oz will blow you away. Includes the Governor-General if you can believe that.

And Georgia starts filming her "Popping Crease" TV show. Us three ladies are in it which is a mega buzz.

She's teaching cricket to the Yanks. Well ... to the Yankettes ...

[To Aintree]

Oh, and your fellow Holy man will be hot on the trail of the sword

– sorry “dagger”. (Which we have already sussed out – Wink!
Wink! Nod! Nod!)

[To Moss, accusative]

Hey! You’re probably playing the GG!

[Nasty sneer]

I’m sure that the Vice-Regal get-up will suit you admirably.

Trust you are both up with the action now. See ya!

Aysha quickly disappears into the commentary box. The men (displeased and mortally offended) watch her exit. Their male pride has taken a severe hammering.

Aintree tight-lipped I find that I heartily disapprove of girls playing cricket. They might damage themselves. Their brains could become addled under the hot sun.

Moss tight-lipped, nodding 100% agree.
And **what** (my dear old mate) is the quintessential method (in Oz) of expressing one’s disapproval?

Aintree and Moss (who have dumped their pile of paperwork on the ground) begin a slow hand clap. Most of the cricket patrons nearby look at them in wonder. The two men now barrack very, very loudly in a supreme example of male chauvinism. It seems incongruous that (although behaving like louts) these two men are well-dressed and well-presented.

Moss roars loudly **Have a bloody go!**

Aintree roars loudly **Stop pussy-footing around why don’tcha?**

Moss roars loudly **Woosy, woosy, woosy girls!**

Aintree roars loudly **Can’t bowl, can’t bat ...**

Moss roars loudly **Get back to the kitchen where you belong!**

Aysha reopens the door to the commentary box to glare angrily at Aintree and Moss. Play has paused as the cricketing ladies try to work out what is going on. Some of the men nearby appear to be about to confront Aintree and Moss (who hastily retreat, in short order).

As they disappear, it seems that Moss has one last insult to throw at the lady cricketers.

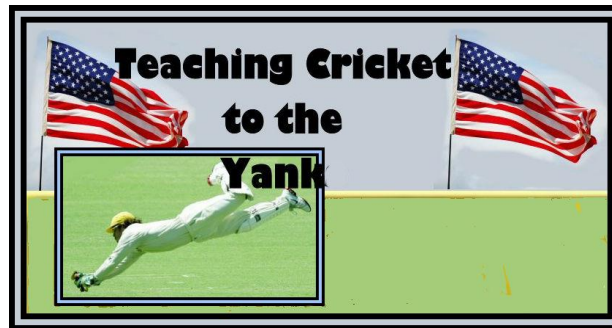
Breathless, he runs back to where he formerly stood and yells out at the top of his lungs.

Moss roars loudly ***Show us yer tits!***

With that passing shot, Moss races off at speed to join Aintree in making a hasty retreat from Whittier Oval.

MODULE (B)

Northcote (Victoria, Australia): Rozzo in Ozzo.



AS MODULE (B) OPENS THE SCENE IS AS FOLLOWS:--

NORTHCOTE, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA

The players in this scene are: Rozzo (speaking with an English accent and now known as Terry Ebley), Grunt, Biceps and Nordie.

Somehow, Rozzo has found accommodation with Nordie, taking up a couple of badly neglected rooms tacked onto Nordie's garage. The backyard is pretty bad: old cobblestones, a derelict aviary, piles of rotting timber, weeds abounding and an ancient cement trough (plumbed). The tap above this trough is a dirty old antique.

It is late afternoon. As the scene opens, Grunt is head down under this mouldy old

Biceps *to Rozzo* The GG. Is he a "Sir" or what?

Nordie *to Rozzo* What do ya call the Governor-General if you wanna be on the right tram?

Grunt *to Rozzo* How would I address the Governor-General if I was trying to bung on side?

They all look at Terry/Rozzo, as if (Terry being English) he would innately know. He does not have even a remote clue as to the correct answer. Eyes wide, Rozzo opens and shuts his mouth, utterly at sea.

Thankfully, Grunt has lost interest.

Grunt *shrugs* Okay ...

We were intending to muck around with a bat and ball in the park (not talk about Vice-Regal hijinks).

Let's get cracking before we lose the rest of the light.

Nordie *to Rozzo* You wanna come?

Rozzo Sure!

Nordie recalls an important matter.

Nordie *to Rozzo* Sorry. The gear's in the wardrobe in your room. Do ya mind if we go and rescue it?

Rozzo Sure! Go ahead!

Nordie and Grunt wander off to fetch the cricket gear: battered gloves, a couple of balls, wickets, bails, two bats, and some very dodgy pads.

Biceps *to Rozzo* What are ya? A batsman or a bowler?

Rozzo *uncomfortable* Ah ... Well ... I'm not really sure? A batsman, I guess.

Biceps *frowns* You're from England, right? Pommiland?

Rozzo *really squirming* Er ... well, as to that --

Grunt and Nordie carry the gear in two very battered old carry-bags. The four men set off at a medium-paced walk.

Biceps suspicious You're either a Pom or you're not. You must know whether you are or not ...

Rozzo takes the plunge. These three men (his co-workers) need to be told the truth. Rozzo squares himself. He maintains his English accent.

Rozzo So the truth is ... I've never played before. Never! Not once!

Baseball, yes. I love baseball. And I'm kinda good at it, I guess.
But never cricket.

Nordie amazed How come if you're English you dunno how to play cricket but you know all about baseball? That doesn't sound right ...

Biceps very suspicious What's goin' on?

Rozzo sighs. He now speaks in his normal American accent.

Rozzo American accent Listen up, guys! On the level: I'm not English at all.

The four men suddenly stop in the shade of a huge eucalypt. It is evident that Nordie, Grunt and Biceps are fascinated with this confession from Rozzo.

Rozzo I had to pretend to be, but ...

Okay. I guess that you're not gonna believe this but --

I'm from Chicago. Some tough guys are after me. Thugs. Hoods.
You know?

Anyways ...

So I high-tailed it outta there and went to South Africa. Then to
New Zealand. Then here. To Northcote in Victoria Australia.

[Expansive shrug]

And here I am (hoping that my trail has gone very cold by now).

Nordie, Biceps and Grunt look at each other, open-mouthed.



Flashback to when Rozzo appears in another guise as Greg Horton, English academic.

Greg departs Bram Fischer Airport with a halting, uncertain gait.

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Greg Horton is presented as a self-absorbed English academic. He clutches his battered copy of "Bleak House" as he stands about at the bus stop outside the Bram Fischer Airport in Bloemfontein.

Greg boards a large bus headed to Johannesburg.

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We catch several glimpses of Greg (pretending to read "Bleak House") as the bus on which he is a passenger covers kilometre after kilometre of superb scenery.

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On alighting at the bus stop in Johannesburg, Greg feigns delight upon spying Valda waiting for him. We hear snatches of conversation (in British accents) as the reunited couple toddle off.



Rozzo

I'm not even Terry Ebley.

My real name is Rozzo Dezario. Truth be told I've had a stack of names, a stack of personas to get me out of Chicago in one piece.

Those fellas don't mess around. I've been marked. And that means ...

[Rozzo makes a throat-slit gesture with attendant tongue click]

[Slight pause as Rozzo looks at each man in turn]

I'm truly sorry that I had to lie to you guys. Really, truly sorry ...

Grunt *appalled*

A marked man? Fair dinkum?

Nordie *whispers*

Like ... The mafia?

Biceps *appalled*

Are you a gangster, then?

Rozzo *nods slowly*

I was. Yeah. I was ...

Once again, the other three men look at each other. They are shocked, appalled and amazed.

Rozzo

To keep from blowing my cover it was decided that I'd pretend to be a cricket fanatic. They'll be looking for me under every bush as a baseball fan, because I am known to be mad on ...

So, if you guys can wise me up on **cricket**, I'd sure be grateful.

Grunt signals with a head movement that the hit-up is still on the cards. They all wander off together.

Rozzo feels it his duty to continue the explanation as they walk.

Rozzo

Look! A very beautiful lady on one of my plane trips pounded the rules of the game into me. So, I know what a maiden is, and what a duck is, and ... And like that.

Nordie *reasonable*

Rightio.

You can run around in the outfield and fetch the ball. While you do that, we can shout out to you what we're doing. That way you'll learn.

Rozzo

Thanks, guys! Dat's da best!

CURRENT SCENE: A PARK IN NORTHCOTE

Other people are enjoying the late afternoon. People walk dogs, ride skateboards, sit about on rugs and so on. It is very pleasant.

The scene opens with a kind of cricket clinic intended to help Rozzo.

We see Rozzo take up one of the bats in baseball stance. He is immediately corrected and shown the proper stance of a batsman.

There is a bit of unscripted byplay: hitting the ball, running between the wickets, and bowling. Lots of barracking and laughter and loads of fun.

Nordie I know you were a shortstop but now think "catcher".

Grunt All you baseball blokes wear gloves in the field, don'tcha? Well, that's not how it goes here. Only the wicket-keeper wears gloves for fielding. Right? D'ya understand? He wears leg pads and gloves. But he's the only one on the field that does that (apart from the batsmen).

Biceps Or "she".

Grunt *nods* Yeah, right. Or she. If it's girls playing.

CURRENT SCENE: A PARK IN NORTHCOTE

The crucial moment comes when the men show Rozzo how to squat down behind the wicket as a wicket-keeper. We will heavily invest in some meaningful music at this point.

Rozzo is electrifying as he leaps this way and that. We can see that Nordie, Grunt

and Biceps are blown away.

However the light is just about gone now, and the men gather the equipment to troop back to Nordie's house.



Nordie, Biceps, Grunt and Rozzo all walk along in the twilight, headed for home.

Biceps *blurts out* Fuckin' hell!

Grunt What?

Biceps First, he tells us that he's a Chicago gangster under a "shoot-to-kill" order and that he has to learn cricket pronto (to save 'imself).

I get that. There's a price on 'is head. I get it. I'm square with all that ...

Then when we show him the ropes, he does **that!** Several times, but!

Rozzo *amused* What did I do?

Nordie You took a few unbelievable catches that would put you straight into the Australian team, that's what you did.

Rozzo *frowns and shrugs* You told me to catch the ball, so I did that.

Grunt But you were awesome, mate! A muddy blarvel.

Rozzo It's just catching the ball. Seems funny to jump up from that squatting position, though.

Nordie stops walking. The others stop too.

Nordie You know what? I'm gonna speak about young Rozzo here to the local boys. What are they called? The "Northcote Nighthawks"

they are. Of course, I'll still call him Terry Ebley. Just in case ...

Grunt Tell 'em he's a more than half-decent batsman (if he can remember how to hold the bloody handle properly!) but he's a **genius** behind the wicket. The bloke they've got at the moment is a complete tosser. Useless as tits on a bull. They'll be thrilled to tip him out for our Terry.

Biceps But won't that blow his cover? You know ... the toughs who want to neck him?

Grunt *reasonable* You know what? He'll have his face covered by his helmet when he's batting. Right? And same when he's fielding behind the wicket as keeper. It's a no-brainer!

Biceps *impressed* Yeah that might work.

Nordie I don't think that they even know he's in Australia.
And as Terry said: they're looking for a shortstop anyway. They won't for one minute think "keeper".

Nordie turns to Rozzo.

Nordie *grand* Terry!

Rozzo *uncertain* Nordie!

Nordie *importantly* How would you like to try out for the job of keeper for the mighty Northcote Nighthawks XI?

MODULE (C)



In South Africa, LD is upset.

AS MODULE (C) OPENS THE SCENE IS AS FOLLOWS:--

Backstory: This is where the boys who work for Knots were torturing a plastic surgeon in South Africa. The accusation is that he knows where Rozzo is (having probably been requested to do some work on Rozzo's face.)

A Superb Restaurant (St Erth) in Johannesburg.

LD Aucamp is a very successful tough in Johannesburg.

Here he is dining at St Erth (a top restaurant) with his henchman and some assorted beautiful females. The ambience is superb.

They receive top service from the staff: a finger-click, a head-nod and they are instantly looked after in style.

These people are a story in themselves. The men (many of whom carry scars) are

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Des *sighs* That's just too bad then ...

LD turns towards Des. LD looks thoughtful.

LD It's more than unfortunate, Desmond. My biggest docketed problem is to have a brace or two of ruffians from out of Chicago running about on the loose in our hometown, whacking whomsoever they so choose ...

Our patch! Our turf! Our rules!

[Long sigh]

Out-of-town hoodlums shooting up **our** people. That's the major worry for me right there.

LD turns to Scrube.

LD *to Scrube* These Chicago boys ... Do they have a captain, do we know?

Scrube quickly moves over to LD such that he can once more whisper into his ear. LD nods. Scrube quickly steps back into his subservient stance.

LD Okay. Thanks, Scrube. Ever reliable.

Gentlemen: I happen to know that the captain who called for this outrage to be committed by his cronies is called Knots Salme.

There is a gasp from all at the table, including the ladies.

LD Knots Salme (as we all recall) is something of a legend in Chicago among the illegal fraternity. But I'm the head cheese here in Joh'burg. And there is not room enough for two.

[With importance]

You all are aware of that and now these hoods need to be made aware of that likewise.

LD delivers his signature clenched fist punch into the air.

LD *softly* Boys, deal with it.

There is a general scrape back of the men's chairs as they speedily leave the table. Jackets are put back on, wives are quickly kissed and so on.

LD's henchmen We're onto it ...

together as they head out We got it ...

Leave it in our capables, Boss ...

You can leave it to us, LD ...

LD thinks as the ladies who remain at the table rattle on (giggling and talking).

LD turns to Scrube. LD uses his head to indicate that Scrube should approach him. Scrube quickly does so but remains standing.

LD *softly so that only Scrube can hear him* Has the violated doctor been able to utter any speech since the unwise and unseemly attack upon his person?

Scrube *very softly* Certainly. The police interviewed him, but only for a few minutes. He passes out and comes to again intermittently.

LD And he said?

Scrube These Chicago toughs were researching the possibility that one of their former allies (this man now being the highest on their hitlist) might have had some facial work performed by Dr Kee Lon. With a view to altering his appearance.

[Long pause]

Dr Kee Lon was very distressed. He has not ever heard of the gentleman who was thought to have come under his knife. Knew nothing of him. Nothing at all.

It seems that the Chicago dudes were drawing a bow at a venture, LD.

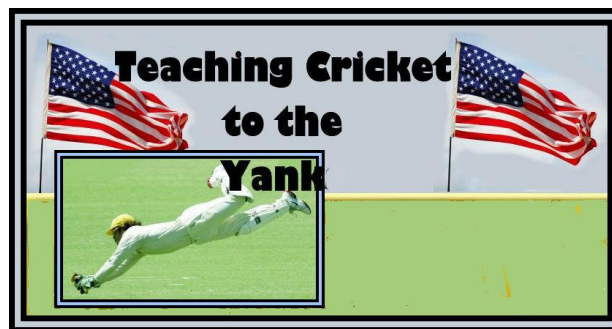
LD is very thoughtful. He drums his heavily ringed fingers on the table.

LD *musings*

So it would seem ... So it would seem ...

MODULE (D)

Northcote where an audition is planned for Rozzo with the Nighthawks.



AS MODULE (D) OPENS THE SCENE IS AS FOLLOWS:--

We are now in the club rooms of the Northcote Nighthawks.

The scene on the ground (cricketers warming up for their practice) must EXACTLY mirror the scene where Edward VI watches the lads.

Nordie and Grunt are in conversation with Joe Hall, who is an official for the Nighthawks.

The protagonists: NORDIE, GRUNT, & JOE.

Nordie *effusive*

Joe! I've never seen anything like it. This bloke rocks up, and says

he needs to learn cricket. Or wants to learn cricket. Some half-whacked story or other ...

Which meant explaining things to `im but he picked it up real quick.

Then we gave him a turn as keeper and he blew us away. I mean – we were totally blown away, mate!

Grunt

He was unreal.

Joe *shrugs*

Okay. Send him along and we'll take a look at `im.

MODULE (E)

The baseball team in New Zealand. Razor's dodgy ticker gives up.

AS MODULE (E) OPENS THE SCENE IS AS FOLLOWS:--

Mo'aooni Savea is a member of the mixed sex Auckland baseball club known as "The All Or Nothing" club.

Of the nine players, two are females of Maori descent. They are burly girls! Everyone else is male: either of Maori descent or European descent.

The nine players meet in the centre of the field to perform a haka before the game.

Their opponents will also perform a haka. Mo'aooni runs up late for the "All Or Nothing" formation.

Their haka runs smoothly. The other side muck up their haka. They have a preponderance of overweight females who are busy giggling and slapping each other instead of concentrating on the haka.

Then (as play begins) a woman screams several times off camera. Suddenly, heads turn.

[Recall that the photograph of Rozzo which Razor shows to Mo'aooni will be of Rozzo before his transformation to Ry.]

All people in this scene have strong New Zealand accents.

The protagonists: MO'AOONI, NOUGAT, & RUSS.

Nougat in dug-out *to Mo'aooni* There you go! Some random woman has obviously wandered into the shower and seen a random bloke starkers.

Mo'aooni *nods wisely* Yeah. That'll be it, eh.

Nougat *snickers* Unintentionally or otherwise ...

Mo'aooni *laughs* Yeah, mate. For sure!

The game retains its drawing power.

Mo'aooni remains in the dug-out, enthralled in the game. Russ Bennett taps Mo'aooni on the shoulder.

Russ Some woman just now went into our dressing-room and she reckons that there's a stiff in there.

Nougat gives an immoderate crack of laughter as he interrupts Russ.

Nougat *vastly amused* Wha'd I tell ya? The pervs are on the loose.

Russ *patient* When I say "stiff" I mean "body", Nougat. **Dead** body ...

[To Mo'aooni]

Mo! Main man!

You were the last to leave the dressing-room. D'you know what

that's all about?

Mo'aooni *nods eagerly* Yeah. A random bloke (but he wasn't even close to dead) tried to belt me up just before the haka. That's why I was a bit late, eh.

Russ *ever patient* The cops have been called. Can you tear yourself away for a couple of mins and fill them in on what happened?

Mo'aooni *worried* What about my spot?

Russ *patiently* Someone else can take your spot. We're not exactly playing for sheep stations ...

Mo'aooni *whispers* Not a girl, but!

Russ *smiles* Sure thing! I will respect your sensibilities, Mo. But you'd better hop up and talk to the cops. Just explain what happened. Don't embroider it. Okay?

Mo'aooni *nods* Sure thing, bro.



Police with Russ and Mo'aooni. The Officer is studying the photo of Rozzo which Razor had produced. The Officer shrugs, then pockets the photo.

Russ This is Mo'aooni Savea. I'll hand over to him.

Mo'aooni takes a very long breath. He speaks quickly once he gets wound up.

Mo'aooni Yeah, so this bloke stops me just when I'm ready to run out and join the haka, eh. He goes "Do you know an American baseballer called Rozzo Something? Is he here?" Then I go "No. Never heard of him, eh". Then he shoves a photo of this Rozzo dude in my face and I go "Sorry, mate. I don't know this dude, eh".

And then this bloke gets real nasty and starts pushing me. Like a standover merchant or that. So I told him to fuck off (excuse my French). And then he looks like he's gonna slug me, eh. But I got

Mo'aooni *equally*
amazed

I reckon so. Yeah!

MODULE (F)

Gator and Zats are whacked by LD's boys [chapter i].

AS MODULE (F) OPENS THE SCENE IS AS FOLLOWS:--

Boarding lounge at Bram Fischer Airport, Bloemfontein. Zats and Gator sit apart from possible eavesdroppers.

The protagonists: GATOR, & ZATS.

Zats *whining tone*

What the heck is goin' on here? Just tell me that!

Gator

What?

Zats

Well, I been thinking ...

We flew out here to South Africa in Knots's private Lear jet. We came here in style. Real first class! Everything was laid on for us on silver platters. Gold cutlery, no less!

But now (to get back to Chicago) we're gonna be rubbin' shoulders with all the other cattle in cattle class on a junk-heap aeroplane just like anybody else. What gives?

Gator First off, we ain't goin' back to Chicago.

Zats We ain't?

Gator No, we ain't. Look at your boarding pass, for Chrissake!

Our next country-of-origin is to be Sydney, Australia. With Razor in New Zealand, we two (you and me Zats) are headed for the Land Down Under.

Zats And second off?

Gator Mmmm?

Zats You said "First off". That kinda implies that you are gonna follow with a "second off".

Gator Yeah. Okay.

My second point would be that we failed in our mission. Therefore, we are being paid a lesson. A kinda slap on the hand. We been placed on the ground floor in the nitrogen cycle. Because we failed.

Zats Did Knots do that?

Gator *nods* Knots. Right.

Zats But how come we look like we failed? Our guy simply wasn't here in South Africa so we go look for him somewheres else.

Gator That's not how Knots's mind works, Zats. His mind don't function just that way ...

He down-grades our transport and accommodation and so on because we failed. And if we fail in Down Under, then our next trip will be on a freight consignment or we might even be fed to the sharks.

Whatever Knots feels like ...

Zats *grumbling* Well, I don't --

Gator *forceful*

Listen to me and listen good! None of us realized for a moment what kind of a guy Dezario ever was! None of us! Not for a minute!

We just watched Rozzo go about his business and we saw that he always done good. However, now that he's gone, Knots wants him back. Wants him back **bad**. And dead with it.

But R.D. has turned out to be an ultra-slippery customer. And we don't know for sure where he is. Not for positive certain.

I mean we thought that a sure bet was the plastic surgeon here in Johannesburg, but that idea fell through. All of our contacts here are shruggin' their shoulders about him. He's gone. He's disappeared. Christ only knows what happens to us if we don't dig up R.D. in Australia.

Ah, me!

There is a long pause where both men fidget, sigh and look about.

Gator

We're gonna be boarding soon. I'm gonna go take a leak.

Zats

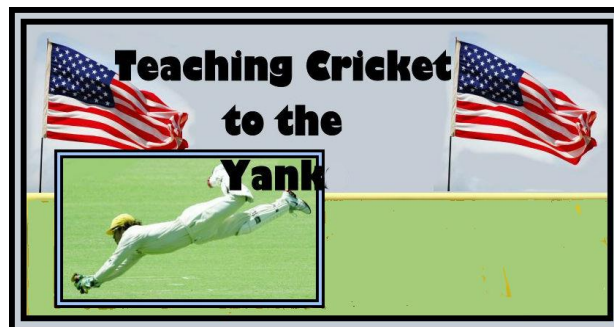
Yeah. Okay. You do that.



Just remember this: “Wicket-keepers are born – not made.”

MODULE (G)

The Australian Cricket Academy, Canberra. Revisit the Australian cricket heavies.



AS MODULE (G) OPENS THE SCENE IS AS FOLLOWS:--

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Here we revisit our opening scene with the ad for cricket.

The screen is black.

Then coloured sparks emanate from the centre of the screen.

This is the exciting, dramatic start to a very in-your-face commercial for the TV cricket coverage.

Music: brass, tympany, snare drums. Very military and "go-to-war" music.

What we have here is a very up-market boardroom, complete with giant plasma screen. And because we are at the headquarters of Australian Cricket, what we have is a video loop continually playing this cricket ad.

Amanda, Nunzio and Nathan troop into the boardroom. They sit down such that they face the big screen. Nunzio uses his mobile phone.

The protagonists: AMANDA NUTALL, NUNZIO FABRES, NATHAN SMITH-PARKER.

Nunzio *into mobile phone* Yeah. We're all here. Run it.

The ad grinds to a sudden halt. Our camera is now pointed at the astonished faces of the three cricket heavies as they watch the Rozzo footage. We hear some background noise: people gasping for breath. The three cricket heavies are absorbed in what they see.

Nathan *scornful* Aw! Someone's doctored this footage, for sure!

Amanda Joe Hall from the Nighthawks **swears** that it's the real deal.

From the last couple of days, so it's hot off the press.

Joe got his sister to edit it together in one grab, but she didn't

monkey around with it. Joe swears it's on the level. Ridgy-didge!

Nathan *totally disbelieving* You're joking! That's gotta be faked! Nobody does that. Just nobody ...

Nunzio *into mobile phone* Yeah. We're pretty gob-smacked, too. Can you run that one by us again, please?

This time, our camera rolls around 180 degrees such that we (the movie audience) can see what the heavies are seeing.

THE VIDEOS OF ROZZO IN HIS ROLE AS WICKET-KEEPER for the Northcote Nighthawks have been edited and amalgamated into one video (just the highlights only).

The videos were captured on mobile phones.

What we see is stunning. Rozzo (dressed in the usual white cricket gear) is taking brilliant catch after brilliant catch. He smashes the wickets by throwing the ball from a distance. He is blowing away everyone on the field and in the small crowd.

The video stops. Our camera focuses once again on the three heavies. They are unable to say anything. Their eyes are popping as they look at each other for explanation or inspiration.

Nunzio *into mobile phone* Again, please!



The three cricket heavies are no longer watching the Rozzo video. They are now in deep discussion.

Nunzio We don't have a wicket-keeper that isn't either on his way to the clink or lying in a hospital wing or sitting around in a sports clinic having his back massaged.

Now, two months ago, I would have said that Australia's fielding side would be the best in the world. But today we represent the

proverbial leaky ship.

Amanda Joe Hall reckons that this Terry Ebley guy can't bowl. He admits that. But they saw him whacking the ball around (batting) – got a peculiar stance, Joe reckons. A bit like a baseball player, or something ... Hit a few fours and a couple of sixes. Anyhow, no worries on the batting front ...

But you saw that! What he can do behind the stumps. That was sheer magic!

Nunzio Let's face it squarely: we have no choice. Without a decent keeper, we sink like a stone. It's that simple.

Now with Deeping about to be incarcerated at His Majesty's pleasure (and all the other shit that's going on) we have to make a bold move here that will both fill the gap made by Deeping's departure **and** somehow divert the public from our heartbreak, despair and pain (et cetera et cetera).

Nathan All these recent injuries are focused on our crop of keepers (for some strange reason). What we have (bottom line) is a complete inability to field a full and competent Australian XI.

Now here we have (presented to us on a platter) an unknown whizz-kid that we can build up in the media. Have everyone gushing to find out what this bloke Ebley can do.

Nunzio *sighs* There's nothing else for it.

Everyone at the board table seems to be deep in thought.

Nunzio And they're **sure** that he can wield the willow?

Amanda *nods* Joe reckons he's full of confidence with the bat. What did he say? That's right! Joe goes something like "he's facing the full heat of the furnace without flinching".

Nunzio *snorts* Bit poetic for Hallsy!

Amanda One of their quicks gave him a workout at full throttle. This dude Ebley just popped the ball around the oval wherever he liked. Apparently.

Nunzio *with finality* Okay so that answers my question.
If this bloke is as good as he's being touted, then we gotta see him in action. Simple as that.

They all stand. They gather their respective papers.

Amanda Okay. Our next step is to get on a plane and fly down to Melbourne. Then we grab a taxi to Northcote. Or we could catch a tram.

Nunzio *jovial* Aw, please – don't try to be funny. Keep it nice!

Amanda *to Nunzio* Give Joe a tinkle and tell him we're on our way.

MODULE (H)**Gator and Zats are whacked by LD's boys [chapter ii].****AS MODULE (H) OPENS THE SCENE IS AS FOLLOWS:--**

Boarding lounge at Bram Fischer Airport, Bloemfontein. Zats sits apart from possible eavesdroppers. Zats grumbles to himself as he cranes his neck to look about for Gator.

The protagonist: ZATS IS ALONE.

Zats to himself How long does it take to empty your bladder?

Zats stands, obviously impatient. A garbled overhead announcement leaves him very annoyed.

Zats to himself Come on, man! We gotta board the airplane now. They're callin' us on board!

Zats moves towards the nearest Gents toilet. Prior to arriving there, one of LD's gang (dressed as an airport official) steps forward, broadly smiling.

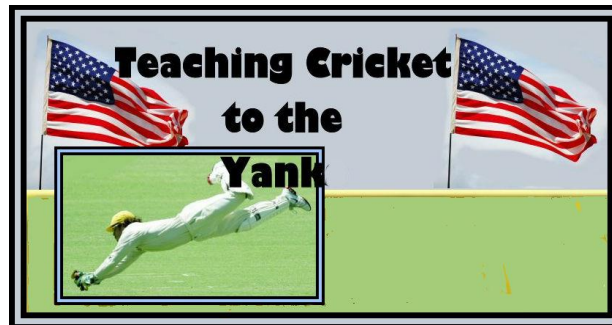
Fake official Would you step this way, please? You and your friend have had your tickets bumped up. You are both due to board your plane now via the VIP gangway.

Zats appears to be very pleased with the arrangement. He is ushered around the back of the concourse, where the dead body of Gator lies in a crumpled heap. Before Zats can take this in (and before he feels himself to be in any danger) the fake official kills Zats with a single bullet which "snits" out of the silencer of a small calibre piece.

Promptly and seamlessly, a man disguised as just another uniformed airport worker rocks up with a covered garbage trolley. Effortlessly, the two men lift the lifeless bodies of Zats and Gator into the trolley. It is quickly wheeled off.

MODULE (I)

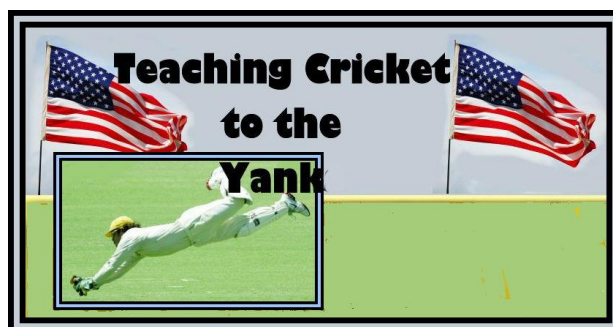
Nordie's loungeroom where Rozzo undergoes a "how-to-behave-on-the-hallowed-turf" clinic.



AS MODULE (I) OPENS THE SCENE IS AS FOLLOWS:--

We are stationed in Nordie's loungeroom behind the TV screen such that we watch the viewers (as they are focused on the TV). The sound from the TV is indistinct. It appears to be of a cricket commentary. The excitement level of the commentators will rise and fall as appropriate to the script.

The protagonists: NUNZIO, JOE, GRUNT, NORDIE, BICEPS and ROZZO.



Until advised Rozzo plays the part of Englishman Terry (complete with his English accent).

Nunzio *annoyed*

I know it's bloody two years old.

Biceps

Can't we get something more up to date?

Nunzio *really annoyed*

Look! This is just to show Terry what goes on amongst the fielders. Alright?!? He's a newbie -- he might learn something.

Biceps *to Rozzo*

Mate! Them slips fielders standing together are the recognized batsmen. Them blokes out near the boundary are the out-field. They are the recognized bowlers having a spell.

Rozzo nods to reassure the others.

Nordie

He knows what a bowler is. And he knows that an over is 6 balls delivered. And he gets that the umpire is the same bloke as a referee.

Biceps *nods*

Yeah. He knows all that shit.

Grunt

But you are you. Special.

The keeper doesn't go anywhere but behind the stump that's under attack from the bowler. Behind the batsman.

Rozzo nods to reassure the others.

Nunzio *nods*

You are unique. So --

Joe *interrupting* Don't forget! When you're going for a catch that's dropping from the sky, sing out "Mine!" so no other bloke gets in your way. And for God's sake take that catch. Don't muck it up.

Biceps *arked up* Jeez! He knows that from baseball.

Grunt Yeah. They do that in baseball all the time.

[To Rozzo]

Doncha?

Rozzo nods his agreement.

Rozzo All the time, mate. All the time.

[Speaks directly to Joe.]

Me drop a catch? Don't make me laugh!

Joe *waspish* I laugh (mate) every time I remind myself that you're a Pom who never ever played cricket. That's gotta go in the Guinness Book of Records for sure!

A ripple of chuckling breaks out. However Nunzio starts again. He takes a deep breath.

Nunzio As I was saying: you are unique. So when you watch this stuff, try to concentrate just on what the keeper does – how he interacts with the other fieldsmen.

Joe *points at TV* Okay! The over is finished. So **that** umpire moves sideways out to square leg and the **other** umpire moves into his pozzie behind the stumps.

Nordie *warning* The non-attacking stumps.

Rozzo nods to reassure the others.

Joe Yeah right. Everyone switches around.

And meanwhile the fielders chuck the ball around amongst themselves. You know – keep each other on their toes.

Rozzo nods to reassure the others.

Nordie Every over you get a new bowler. Or one that's had a rest for the intervening over. You get it?

Joe They sort of work in pairs. One bowls from the northern end and then he's followed by the bloke bowling from the southern end.

Like that.

Biceps If he's a quick ya stand back. If he's a spin ya come forward. And watch out for the ball going haywire as it reaches your mitts.

Rozzo nods to reassure the others.

Nunzio *excited* See that? See that? The keeper goes up with the bowler for the appeal. The bowler shouts out "Howzat?" really loud and you rush about looking confident.

Rozzo nods to reassure the others.

Nordie That's gonna be the hardest for you, Tezza. The bizzo about the appeal is gonna do your head in.

Joe That's why we're watching this replay.

Nunzio *worried* Does he know how the runout works?

Grunt *nods* Yeah, yeah ... We covered that. He's on top of that.

Nunzio *frowns* And what to do it he hits a ton? You know – take off your helmet and kiss the Australian Coat of Arms? Salute the crowd with your bat. Does he get that?

Biceps *scornful* He's never gonna score a century! Not the way he holds the bloody bat.

Joe *aggressive* He might! Why not?

Rozzo nods to reassure the others.

Nunzio And each player has a nickname which you will use when you sing out to them.

Now Rozzo frowns his confusion over the lingo.

Rozzo *perplexed* "Sing?" You mentioned singing before. Please explain.

Biceps He means call out. Or yodel. It's what Aussies say ...

Nordie By-play.

Joe *nods* By-play.



Our camera in Nordie's loungeroom remains as before (facing the blokes).

All the men have fallen asleep on or in various items of furniture.

The cricket replay soldiers on unwatched. It is now a tribute to the famous tied Test at the Gabba in 1960/61. We hear snatches of the commentary amidst the heavy breathing and snoring of the men.



Suddenly, Rozzo wakes with a start. He is perplexed. He has now forgotten to pretend to be an Englishman and speaks with his customary Chicago accent.

Rozzo *shouts* Shit! Shit! Fuck! Shit!

The sudden commotion causes the men to awaken.

Joe *groggy from sleep* What?

Rozzo dives for his mobile phone.

Rozzo *alarmed, shouting* I have to call Chapel Ambry and tell her that I'm not **me** anymore.

The men stand as they wake up. Rozzo stops himself from making the call.

Rozzo *to himself, really worried* Who was I when I met her? Was I Greg the English boffin? No! No! I was ... I was Ty Stockbridge. No! No! Ry Stockbridge cabinetmaker. That's the guy she kissed with all that built-up passion. That's the guy who gave her my ring.

Ry Stockbridge.

Pleased to have recalled the details, Rozzo dials Georgia's number via recall.

Nordie *concerned* Who are ya ringing?

Rozzo My beautiful girl who taught me about cricket on the plane ride from Chicago to ... to somewhere ...

The phone call is answered. Beaming with delight, Rozzo moves off to speak privately to Georgia.

There is general consternation among the men.

Nunzio *confused* Why is Tezza speaking in an American accent like that?

Grunt *matter-of-fact* Because he's really a bloke from Chicago.

Grunt turns to Nordie.

Grunt *frowning* She won't recognize him but – will she? Like that was the idea wasn't it? When he's batting he'll have on his helmet and same when he's keeping. She won't recognize him and neither will the hoods. That's what I thought.

Joe *worried, aghast* Hoods? What hoods?

Nunzio *aghast* What hoods?

Biceps *matter-of-fact* The guys from the mob are after him. "Shoot-to-kill". His real name isn't Terry Ebley: it's Rozzo Dozzo or somethin'.

Nunzio really arks up.

Nunzio *appalled*

Wait a minute! Wait a –

Nordie *pleading*It's not just **anybody** that's after him. It's that bloke Knots that everyone is getting their Y-fronts in a tizzy about. He's the bloke that's ordered the "shoot-to ..."Nunzio *appalled*

Wait a minute, will ya?

Rozzo or Terry or whatever the fuck his name is ...

*[Really heavy emphasis here]*He's about to be capped as the new Australian wicket-keeper. But **now** you're telling me that this bloke is in fact a gangster from Chicago?*Grunt, Nordie and Biceps seem to take the outburst in their stride.*Nunzio *shouting*

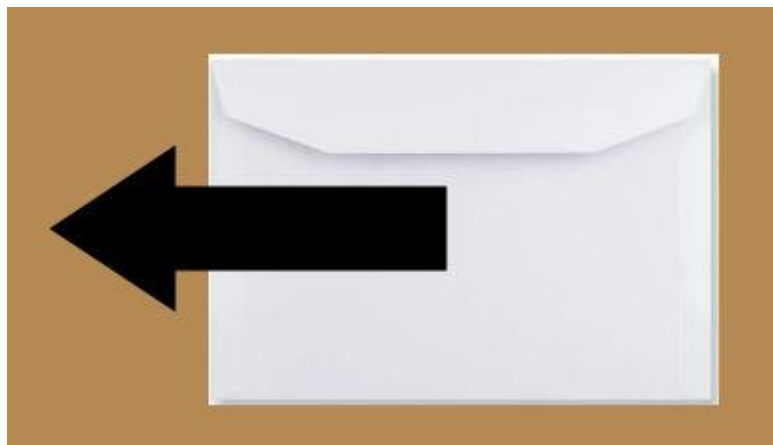
Is that what you blokes are fucking saying?

Grunt

Yeah. His background is with baseball. (Which you can understand when you check out his batting stance).

Biceps *musing*

I seem to remember that he played short stop ... I think that's right ...

This is the first that Nunzio and Joe have heard of Rozzo's Chicago connection. They shout at the other men who shout back. A real melee develops with Rozzo in the background trying to converse on his mobile phone with Georgia.**THE SCREEN FREEZES.**

Now Aintree and Moss weigh-in.

Aintree *voice-over,* What the hell are you doing?
angry

Moss *voice-over,* Why me?
surprised

Aintree *voice-over,* How could you allow such an appalling outrage to occur?
angry

Moss *voice-over,* It's nothin' to do with me, mate!
defensive
Mate! This isn't new data we're pawing over here. You knew this since way back when we met the cricket girls.

Aintree *voice-over,* You know what?!?
angry
This is even more diabolical than the Toby Deeping fiasco!
I'm ringing the Governor-General. He can sort it out.

Moss *voice-over* Well ... You can try ...
But the person to hack into over this debacle is the fucking author
I would have said!

Aintree *voice-over,* Exactly! I plan to put her tits through the wringer!
angry



The Author *voice-off* Hey! Why am I all of a sudden being dragged into this picture?

Aintree *voice-off* Because you set Australian Cricket up for a humiliating --

The Author *voice-off* I absolutely, totally refuse to have anything to do with this crap.

Where's the Director?

[Yells]

Brian! **Brian!**



Rowson *voice-over* Not sure that we can do anything from Boston, old Cock. But we ought to make a push.

Brown (in voice-over) makes some noises in his throat.

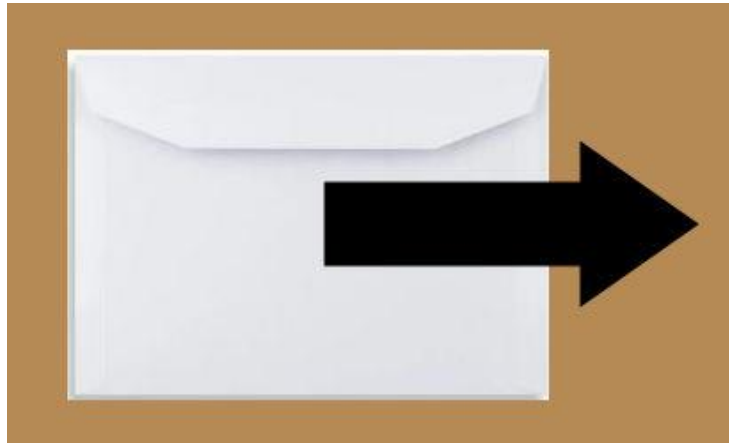
Rowson *voice-over* It's that damned author's fault, Brown. She's given everyone the run-around. Ought to be stopped.

Brown *voice-over, sotto voce* I could really go for that idea of the mammary squish.

What the Brits call a "mangle". That's what we need. It wrings out the clothes. Well (old fruit) what we ought to do (given half a chance) is to commit the Truckie's widow to the mangle. Sort her out. Put her droopy old titties through the mangle. Sort her out.

[Discernible pause.]

That's what Napoleon would have done ...



The Author is now very, very angry.

The Author *voice-off* This is fair dinkum an absolute stitch-up.

Several male voices,
off Shut up, will ya!

The Author *voice-off* And you may as well know that litigation will follow without pause if I don't get to sing using my own voice. I won't allow myself to be dubbed when I sing.

Rowson *voice-off* What's she talking about? This isn't a singing picture, is it?

Brown *voice-off*,
sounding confused I don't really know ... Not sure ...

Several male voices,
off Come on! Move along will ya Darl? We wanna hear what Knots has to say ...

The Author *voice-off* I still possess a bloody fine coloratura and I can still reach the very highest notes of the register.

Brown *voice-off* She'll be 75 come the Winter. Does anyone **honestly** expect her to sing? Or to do **anything** in fact?

The Author *voice-off*,
screaming I'll rip your bloody balls out if anyone tries to fuck around with my singing voice!

There is a long silence.

- Rowson *voice-off* I thought that perhaps we could get a leg-up by asking those beautiful cricket ladies what to do. What do you think?
- Brown *voice-off* No, no! Best not ...
- Rowson *voice-off* Some chappies have just now suggested the bloke from Chicago. Should we apply to him?
- Brown *voice-off* Mmmmm ... Might be worth a try ...



THE FROZEN SCREEN BECOMES A FADE-OUT.

- Knots *voice-over* My colleague Stiffs did some deep-dive research for me on this Brubacker dagger. There was the original (of course) unique. One only. My off-sider is following leads on that one: where it might be stashed away at this corner of time.

As well as that, there are known to be 5 high-standard copies floating around.

[Telling pause]

You'd better sit down, Your Eminence.

One of the good copies of the Brubacker dagger was purchased in 1968 by the very man who is now Bishop of the Roman Catholic church in New York. I speak of Bishop Eric Dalton no less.

We hear a faint muffle of sound.

Knots *voice-over*

Has he not ever mentioned to your Serene Excellence that this is the case? If he never sold that artefact on (and I believe most earnestly this to be the case) then he still has it. Did he not tell you that at the beginning of your quest?

I guess he never said ...

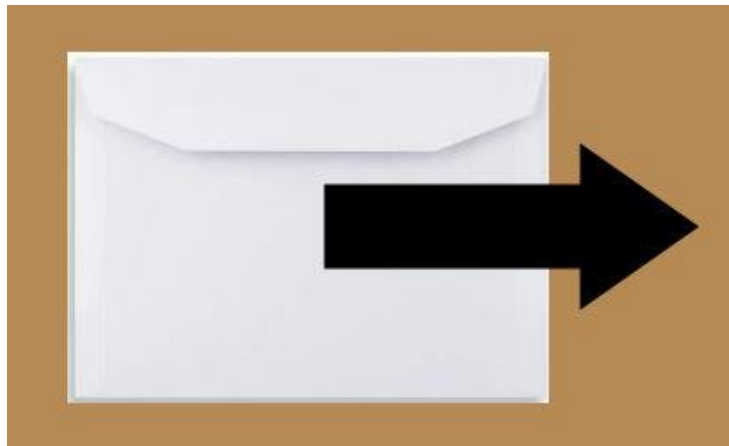
Right?

Does he know it's a fake? Or does he think he has in his possession the real deal?

I better go ask him.

[Pause]

Yeah. I'll go ask him.



Rowson *voice-off*

Better not bother Mr Salme, now that I think of it.

Brown *voice-off*

Why?

Rowson *voice-off*

Well this keeper business is in some measure a disguise. To keep the Chicago king-pin chappie from rubbing him out.

Brown *voice-off*

Oh, of course! Yes, quite right! Don't go ahead with that idea of applying to Knots. Give the game away.

Anyway Aintree and Moss seem to have the matter in hand. Let's leave them to it.

MODULE (J)

Chicago: How Knots reacts to the deaths of his henchmen.

AS MODULE (J) OPENS THE SCENE IS AS FOLLOWS:--

Chicago: the crummy office of Knots Salme.

Jemmy bursts in on Knots who is shouting into his mobile phone.

When he has finished speaking, Knots turns to Jemmy with a lift of his brow.

The protagonists: KNOTS, & JEMMY

Knots *into phone* Yeah that interests me plenty. Sydney ... Australia ... "The Art Gondwana". That's where I'll find it. Okay, thanks. Great work!

Knots completes his phone call as he swings around to face Jemmy (who has quietly entered the room).

Knots *reflective* Hopefully my upcoming trip to Sydney can tie up all the loose ends. I sure hope so!

Knots frowns at Jemmy who is ashen-faced.

Knots *businesslike* You got news for me? Give me your news pronto.

Jemmy hands over a messenger-delivered small package. Knots rips this open. Knots scans the typed document inside the package.

What is indicated in the document (the official deaths of Razor, Gator and Zats) causes Knots to swing through various emotions. The actor can work this through unscripted (until advised).

Dead, your Majesty. Dead, my lords and gentlemen. Dead, right reverends and wrong reverends of every order. Dead, men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day.

-BLEAK HOUSE, CHAPTER XLVII, 'JO'S WILL'

Knots will recite the above when he hears of the deaths of his henchmen.

Firstly, Knots is angry and disbelieving.

Then he crumples and sobs.

All this time, Jemmy watches. He tries to do something to comfort Knots. But he is powerless.

Jemmy very concerned Knots! ... I ...

Knots unable to understand My boys! My boys!

Tears stream down the face of Knots as the camera closes in.

Knots low-voiced Dead, your Majesty.
Dead, my lords and gentlemen.
Dead, right reverends and wrong reverends of every order.
Dead, men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day.

Knots nods sadly as tears continue to gather and fall.

Jemmy How come you know that speech?

Knots low snarl I know plenty ...

MODULE (K)

The new Australian wicket keeper's batting stance raises comment.

AS MODULE (K) OPENS THE SCENE IS AS FOLLOWS:--

Televised broadcast of a top level cricket match.

- Cricket commentator #1 This is certainly a fine batting performance by Ebley.
- Cricket commentator #2 He oozes confidence. Nothing that these South African bowlers can dish up seems to faze him.
- Cricket commentator #1 This is remarkable. Truly remarkable. To have notched up this score of 77 runs in such a short time in the middle is very impressive.
- Cricket commentator #2 But I would sincerely relish a discussion on Ebley's batting stance. It's almost unlike a batsman's stance.
- Cricket commentator #1 His team-mates have mentioned a history in baseball.
- Cricket commentator #2 Well whatever his background, I have to applaud him. His strength, his sureness, his keen eye ... This from a man who keeps wicket like a god and then he can show us this!

Cricket commentator Amazing!

#1



Cricket commentator And there's his first ever century for Australia. Ebley raises his bat.
#1 He kisses the Australian Coat of Arms on his helmet. That was a
 very, very fine knock in spite of the unorthodox batting stance.

Wonderful scene of Rozzo acknowledging the plaudits of the crowd.

KEY SCENE

An absolute key scene in this whole movie is this one.

At Sydney airport, a giant screen shows the cricket game that we have
 been watching.

There are close-ups of Rozzo whacking the ball about to some purpose.
Both the crowd (as heard on the TV coverage) and the many onlookers
 at the airport (who are filling in time whilst awaiting their flights) are
 enthralled as they express delight in Rozzo's work.

We hear loud "oohs" and "ahs" as he hits a couple of sixes.

In the very foreground, with their backs to the TV coverage stand Knots
 and three of his remaining henchmen (Stiffs, Aitch and Jemmy).

They are completely unaware of what is taking place on-screen.

The very man they are seeking is right there behind them (larger than life!) on the big screen. And they are oblivious.

We live the moment when Rozzo hits his ton. There is an enormous roar from the crowd including those watching the TV screen at the airport.

The four Chicagoans flip around to look at the cricket action on the TV screen.

They shrug their shoulders and lose interest. They still have not twigged ...

MODULE (L)

Northcote: rocking the boat.

AS MODULE (L) OPENS THE SCENE IS AS FOLLOWS:--

A bench at the Northcote oval (home of the Nighthawks XI).

Under a gum tree there is a wooden park bench. Joe sits on this bench with two dour-faced people (male & female) seated on either side of him.

Grumbling Woman

There's no record in England of any player named Terry Ebley. I checked.

- Nothing. No-one. It's like he just appeared out of thin air.
- Joe *at a loss* Well maybe he ... I dunno ...
- Grumbling Man We just don't think he's fair dinkum ...
- Joe Why's that?
- Grumbling Man *shrugs* I dunno ... it feels like he's a Yank. Not English at all.
- Grumbling Woman They were talking about someone's kid and Terry goes on about changing diapers. Diapers! We don't say "diapers", we say "nappies".
- Grumbling Man And then he was going on about "Fall" when we would say "Autumn". English people always say "Autumn", don't they?
- Grumbling Woman And you know what? He never knew what "clobber" was. You know ... instead of saying "clothes" you'd say "clobber" if you was English, wouldn'tcha? All those Brit TV shows – they **always** say "clobber".
- [Shakes head]*
- He didn't have a clue.
- Grumbling Man I just bet he spells "colour" without the "u".



Scene: the backyard of Nordie's house in Northcote.

Biceps, Grunt and Nordie stand about dressed in their usual work clothes. With them is Rozzo wearing the Australian cricket uniform.

- Nordie It's Joe. He's getting "please explains" about you. They're getting suspicious.
- Rozzo About what?
- Grunt That you aren't English. That you might be American. Scary, huh?

Brown *frowning* Eh?

Rowson Sensible question ...

Simply asking you to be more specific.

“Cromwell played cricket”. That could stand for Tom (servant of Henry VIII) or the boss of England for a few years in the 17th century (Ollie).

Brown Right! Er ... Ollie. When he was 18 years of age (or thereabouts) Oliver Cromwell is mentioned in some battered old documents as having been both a cricketer and a footballer. Fact!

[Laughs]

Wearing one of those Ironside helmets, no doubt!

Rowson *smug* I’m a distant rellie of W.G. Grace, as it happens. Father of cricket. That’s ridgy-didge.

MODULE (M)

Sydney. A superb day. Knots strolls about until he spies an up-market shop which specializes in Aboriginal artwork and crafts.

AS MODULE (M) OPENS THE SCENE IS AS FOLLOWS:--

It is a beautiful day in Sydney.

Knots is enthralled by the Aboriginal artworks. He is utterly spellbound. One of LD’s thugs (disguised as a shop assistant) steps around then guns down Knots.

Neat – quick – simple – effortless.

As Knots dies noisily and messily, the gunman whips himself out of the shop. Aintree and Moss arrive just in time to witness the death-throes of Knots. Knots has been hit. He staggers, looking at the blood on his clothing. He tries to speak but cannot. Knots falls to the floor, limp. He rolls such that he is on his back. Moss and Aintree rush up. Aintree is appalled whereas Moss is disbelieving and absolutely gutted.

The protagonists: KNOTS, GUNMAN, AINTREE & MOSS.

Moss *utter despair* No! No! No! No! No! No!

Ghastly, weepy music starts to play. Moss crouches over the dying body of Knots. Moss weeps unrestrainedly. From time to time, Knots reaches out to Moss in a weak, sickly way. Aintree (concerned and distressed) stands nearby.

Distracted, Moss looks up.

Moss *shouts* Can we turn that syrupy, corn-fed, drippy, saccharine, mawkish, candy-cane, sugar-sweet music **off**, please?

The music stops abruptly.

Disembodied male What – did you swallow a Thesaurus did ya – Prick!
voice

Moss snarls then goes back into character. Moss grips the hand of Knots. Aintree gives a stage cough.

Aintree *whispers loudly* What is required here is a fitting death scene. Say a few words of farewell to your hero.

Moss *tenderly* Knots, can you say what I say?

Knots *weakly* I'll say anything as you say, sir, for I knows it's good.

Moss Our Father.

Knots *weakly* Our Father. Yes, that's very good, sir.

Moss Which art in Heaven.

Knots *very weak* Art in Heaven – is the light a-comin', sir?

Moss chokes on a sob. He tries to collect himself.

Moss It is close at hand. Hallowed be thy name.

Knots *nearing his end* Hallowed be ... thy ...

Knots dies. Moss (still squatting next to Knots) releases the hand of Knots. Then Moss drops his head, with shoulders shaking on suppressed sobs.

Aintree *leaning forward* I'll be your prompt, shall I? The next line being: "The light is come upon the dark benighted way. Dead!"

Moss *choking on sobs* I'm not doing anymore!

Aintree straightens, looking somewhat put out.

Aintree *accusative* You absolute, utter prat!

You reefed that straight out of Dickens. "Bleak House". You know, I never took you for a plagiarist.

And anyhow, Knots Salme would never have called you "sir". He would have labelled you "punk" or something equally Clint Eastwoodesque.

Moss *stricken* Shut up! I'm going off to the dunny to wash off these unmanly tears under the cold tap.

Moss stands, shaking out his neck and shoulders as if to loosen tight muscles.

Aintree *surprised* It's alright for a man to cry.

Okay. Here's the skinny.

I was married to the Queensland Truckie for nearly 53 years. He cried when his mother passed away. He cried when Collingwood won the Flag in 1990. (In fact, on that occasion he had to be physically assisted to get to bed.) He cried when Collingwood won the 2010 Grand Final. And

bitter tears were shed upon the death of a couple of our many dogs: namely Jackie and Harry.

After every one of these fits of crying the Queensland Truckie apologized for his seeming unmanliness.

When Collingwood won the Flag in 2023 the Queensland Truckie had already “done the big dirt-dive”. So, I cried on his behalf.

Here, Moss encapsulates this “masculinity”.

Moss rounds on Aintree.

Moss emotional

No! it's not! The only time it's okay for a man to cry is when his Mum dies, or a favourite dog dies (or has to be put down) or his team has just won the Grand Final. **Or** lost the Grand Final.

Tears are justified (nay! **Mandatory!**) in any of those situations.

Other than that, it's a sign of utter weakness.

Moss has a grim, determined look on his face. He begins to march off. Aintree calls after him.

Aintree

Jeez, Moss ... I'm just trying to comfort you (in a masculine way, of course).

Moss stops to turn on his heel. Moss makes a last, triumphant stand.

Moss proudly

If all the blokes in Australia go woosy, I'll be the last man standing.



MODULE (N)

AS MODULE (N) OPENS THE SCENE IS AS FOLLOWS:--

“The Popping Crease”

Part of Georgia’s TV show (which introduces American females to the sport of cricket) is now being filmed at the MCG. So we can see a small contingent of TV people, equipment and hangers-on. They mill around the pitch. Assisting Georgia will be Fliss, Aysha and Laverna.

In this session, Georgia teaches bowling in such a way as to take advantage of the pitch’s “wear-and-tear”.

The protagonists: GEORGIA, FLISS, AYSHA & LAVORNA.

Filming of the “Popping Crease” has commenced. Rozzo spots her. He is evidently overjoyed.

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As Rozzo vaults easily over the fence (sprinting madly towards Georgia) he calls out “Chapel Ambrey”!

Georgia on camera The fast bowler investigates the pitch for imperfections and cracks. She will aim her delivery to take maximal use of these cracks. The science is that the ball will shy up in an uncertain, irregular way causing the batswoman to either miss her shot altogether or sky the ball unwittingly to a fielder. Either way serves: she is out!

Georgia steps out of shot. Now Fliss, Laverna and Aysha squat down to point out the deterioration in the pitch. They will demonstrate how a fast bowler can force the ball to “kick-up” when bowled at the imperfections. The batswoman will have a difficult job playing that ball. All this is filmed.

Meanwhile Rozzo has Georgia in his sights. To everyone’s surprise, Rozzo takes Georgia in his arms to kiss her fervently, hungrily.

The “Popping Crease” team laugh and grin. Our camera draws right back.

MODULE (O)

CURRENT SCENE: NORTHCOTE, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA

The arrival of the entourage of Australia’s Governor-General, Mark Davidson.

Two impressive Rolls-Royce cars come to a stop outside Nordie’s house in Northcote. Both cars are chauffeur-driven. The cars bear insignia flags. Let’s throw in a police motorcycle escort as well.

The chauffeurs open the passenger doors such that the occupants may alight the vehicles. These well-dressed passengers are: Mark Davidson, and the three cricket heavies (Amanda, Nunzio, and Nathan).

These four passengers look about them. A few random, skat words are uttered as they wander up to the front door.

Mark Davidson is played by the same actor who plays Moss.

THE BACKYARD OF NORDIE'S HOUSE

The players in this scene are: Grunt, Rozzo, Mark Davidson, Amanda, Nunzio, and Nathan.

As previously noted, Nordie's backyard is pretty bad: old cobblestones, piles of rotting timber, weeds abounding and an ancient cement trough (plumbed). The tap above the trough is a dirty old antique.

However, the derelict aviary has been smartened up and now holds 6 speckled hens. A very pleasant garden has been installed there, complete with a garden setting.

It is morning. As the scene opens, Grunt (dirty and sweaty in his usual worker's gear) is head down under the mouldy old tap, wetting his hair. Grunt flicks his head back, such that a spray of water fans out. He then combs that thatch of greying hair.

A loud knocking is heard (coming from Nordie's front yard).

Amanda calling from distance Hello? Is anyone home?

Grunt calling back Yeah! I'm round the back ... come round and I'll let yuz in.

The four visitors amble about in the direction of Grunt's calling. Grunt looks displeased.

Grunt unwelcoming Aw ... Are youse Seventh Day Adventurists or that? Cause if you

are I don't wanna talk to you. So you can all piss off.

Nunzio *amused*

No. That won't be necessary.

I'd like to introduce His Excellency Mark Davidson who is Australia's Governor-General.

I'm Nunzio Fabres from the Australian Cricket Academy in Canberra. This lady is Amanda Nutall who works alongside me. As does Nathan Smith-Parker here.

You must be Mr Nordstrum.

Hands are shaken, but Grunt is in a complete fog of disbelief.

Grunt *floundering*

What the -- ?

Mark Davidson

I would like to have a brief chat with Terry if that's possible.

Grunt is totally befuddled. He gapes, staring from one person to another as if lost.

Nunzio

Mr Nordstrum, is Terry inside? Could you ask him to join us out here, please?

Grunt *all at sea*

I'm not Nordie. I'm Grunt the C --

Aw ... Jeez ... Fuck a duck! Sorry ... um ... sir ... er ... Your Worships ...

[Grunt now pulls it together]

Hang on!

By the way ... he is really Rozzo Something-or-other from the States. He's an ex-mobster or some crazy thing ...

Hang on!

Grunt swings around, jogging towards the back door.

Grunt *calls out*

Hey Yankie boy!

The GG is here along with a couple of blokes and a lady.

Rozzo appears. He squints into the sun. Rozzo's physicality impresses the cricket heavies. Mark Davidson smiles. Once again, there are introductions and handshakes.

Mark Davidson looks about. Then he points in the direction of the hen house.

Mark Davidson Looks like the most private spot here would be next to the chook-house. What do you say?

Rozzo Sure. Do you want a cup of tea or coffee? Maybe something stronger?

Mark Davidson looks doubtful. He quickly glances at his watch. Rozzo understands.

Rozzo *laughs* Nordie (who owns this place) dismantled the yardarm so that we could safely drink alcohol **wherever** the Sun might be in the sky.

Mark Davidson *laughs* Good man!

Rozzo *calls to Grunt* Mate, can you dig out that bottle of cognac and a coupla glasses? Thanks mate.

Grunt and the heavies from the ACA move towards the back door of Nordie's house. We can hear Grunt offering them a cold beer, or a cup of tea/coffee.

Mark Davidson Surely you can afford something a bit classier than Northcote?

Rozzo Maybe ... But this is safe and I'm with friends. These guys who live here gave me my first game of cricket.

Mark Davidson I see.

Shall I call you Terry?



CURRENT SCENE: NEXT TO NORDIE'S HEN HOUSE

This is a scene with long speeches.

Rozzo has previously set up a plasma screen in the hen house such that he can watch US gridiron when he feels like it.

To counteract the boredom factor, that plasma screen will be in full view (along with the hens) whilst Mark Davidson presents his plan to Rozzo.

Both men sit (relaxed) on garden chairs with glasses of cognac in hand. They will sip the cognac as and when they feel like it.

Mark Davidson

As an American you might not be aware of what a Governor-General does. Basically, I represent King Charles III in Australia. There's a bucketful of obligations which I have to the Crown ... but there are also moments when I simply use my own discretion (such that I won't get my hand smacked).

Anyway (to cut to the chase) this is just such a time. Your case is one of those situations that I won't be referring back to Buckingham Palace.

Rozzo nods.

Mark Davidson

Terry, your rôle as the current Australian wicket-keeper is extremely important. Not only important to myself but also to the people of our nation. They've taken you to their hearts.

Therefore, your job as keeper will be protected at all costs. I could do nothing to subvert the course of justice in regard to the misdemeanours of your predecessor Toby Deeping. That was way beyond my authority. He was bloody good; but I believe that you

just about outshine him.

Now to fix things up regarding your shady past as Rozzo Dezario. As Dezario, you were never actually **charged** with anything illegal (so far as I can see).

However, the official USA line will probably be a deposition for you to be repatriated. Extradition orders. Something like that. That's where I step in. I'm offering you an "out".

Rozzo *nods*

I'm interested.

Mark Davidson

Good!

You will change your name officially to Terence (Terry) Ebley. You will apply for Australian Citizenship. I'll take care of those matters through my private staff, including a valid Australian passport and all other necessary papers. Fast-track. No worries!

You'll hear from me when I'm ready for you to fly up to Canberra to have afternoon tea with me (so that you can pick up all the bizz).

Now, on another matter ...

The word on the street is that you and the Honourable Georgia Paicecott are an item. That works in your favour since she has indicated to me that she'd like to spend more time with you. Lucky lad!

Rozzo *pleased but surprised*

That's amazing. I ... I don't know what to say, actually ..

Mark Davidson

Thus, during the Australian summer, your work will be with the team, squatting like a frog behind the stumps. At other times, Miss Paicecott would like you to join her on her many travels.

Done deal?

Rozzo seems to be deliberating. Mark Davidson prompts him.

Mark Davidson How does that sound?

Rozzo Yeah. Okay. Sir. Let's go with it. And thank you.

The two men shake hands. They stand, then amble towards the house. Moss and Aintree will give the closing commentary as we continue watch the hens and plasma TV with Rozzo and Mark Davidson wandering off out of view.

Moss *voice-over* That cricket girl thought that I'd wind up as the GG. How'd I do?

Aintree *voice-over* Yeah. You were good.

Moss *voice-over* Lot of words to learn. I wanted to mention that now that poor Knots is deadie-bones, there is no longer a price on Rozzo's head. But the crew reckoned that that was a given, so don't bother ...
The punters would figure that out for themselves.

Aintree *voice-over* Right. Good call.

Moss *voice-over, eager* Did I come across as Vice-Regal? Did I?

Aintree *voice-over* Yeah. I can't pick whether your Knots death scene beat that one, though ... Can't decide ... Maybe a tie ...

END OF MOVIE