

"The so beautiful artist and the stern rock-hopper ... "

The Ile de la Cite provides the superb locale for the French

TV Archaeology show "La Fouille Dig-Dig!".

The popular show will reach out to the English-speaking world with 6 special episodes.

Resident geologist Jason Gladstone finds that
resident artist Edwina Allendale shares his secret ...

This is the fourth in the "M'Coure" series, dated around 2003.

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Introduction

The birth of Paris. Our brief is to understand how the city of Paris grew from nothing to the mighty capital of Emperor Charlemagne.

The actor who plays Jason and the actress who plays Edwina will also front-up for other rôles as their “memories” of early Paris progress.

The climax of these dream events will be Gilles and Madeleyne who cement their love with marriage and a surfeit of honeysuckle.

Likewise, Jason and Edwina will magically be brought together with the birth of Paris (their baby).

The Rylance “Trader” Bradley actor will also assume various roles along the way whenever a large historic figure with great aptitude for horse management is required.

Murray GulGul (a central figure in the following film “Death of Nightjar”) will exorcise the overpowering past. No more dreams!

And all this occurs while filming English language episodes of the TV show “La Fouille Dig-Dig” on the Île De La Cité.



PRELUDE

Wichibah, In The North-East Corner Of South Australia

Music: some chords reminiscent of a shimmering heat haze, with some random Aboriginal-type sounds thrown in.

Murray GulGul has built a modest fire on a patch of ground in the midst of shady Australian native bushes and mulga. It is a very hot day. Murray sits cross-legged beside the fire, staring intently at a bunch of sticks and stones which lay in the dust before him. He prods and pokes at these with a stout stick. Every now and then, Murray mutters to himself, and even chuckles. Flies annoy him: he brushes these away absently.

Francis "Twitch" Allendale is standing beside Murray. He then squats down. Twitch is holding some objects wrapped in a tea towel.

Twitch So, a connection of mine (Neil Markinson) gave me your name.
That's why I'm here.

Twitch unwraps the tea towel and gives to Murray some human bones and some shards of pottery.

Twitch One of Europe's most famous archaeologists has permitted me to
transport these items to you for --

Murray shakes his head and pushes the shards away.

Murray *harsh* Nuh ... I don't do that stuff ... Just the bones I do. And it'll cost ya

a brick, mate. My standard price for Poms.

Murray does not look at Twitch, but rather concentrates on the objects on the ground before him. He fans these with a small eucalypt branch.

Twitch *confused* A brick? Do you mean a house-brick ... or ... ?

Murray laughs.

Murray What's yer name?

Twitch *embarrassed* It's really Francis. Francis Allendale. But I'm called "Twitch".

[Pause]

I know ... It's a bit ...

Murray Twitch, eh? A brick stands for a \$20 bill, Twitch. You can give that to me now.

The \$20 bill which Twitch presses into Murray's hand is crumpled up into a tight ball with no word of thanks. Murray ponders the bone items which Twitch has given to him for analysis.

Murray Them bits of clay pot: I don't do that stuff. We never had none of that ... White man only ... You'll have to see another bloke for that.

There's a guy over in New Zealand, in Napier that talks to bits of pot. He'll give you places, dates, and what was in these for breakfast. He's a genius: Wally Samuel. Drop my name in and you might even score a cuppa tea and half a scone. Never know yer luck ...

Twitch *nods* Fair enough.

How on Earth do you stand this climate, Murray? Shit, it's hot!

So, how are you going with the pieces? Do they make any sense?

Murray *weary* This'll take time, young Twitch.

Hot 'n' all as it is, mate, you go for a wander about while I have a chat to your bones. Do what Pommies do best: make a study of

somethin' useless.

Twitch *amused*

A detached, scholarly study, do you mean? A thesis on --

Murray

Them bushes over there, for instance. Go over there and see what yer can find ...

Murray laughs somewhat cruelly. Twitch, grinning, does as he is told.

TITLES & CAST LIST RUN THROUGH FROM HERE TO THE BREAK.

We watch Murray whispering, poking, fanning and moving the pieces about. Twitch can be seen in the background, examining the mulga bushes.

Then Murray calls Twitch to him. Twitch squats down beside Murray.

Murray *keen*

How are you connected to Neil Markinson? Close?

Twitch *has to consider*

Ooooooh ... Ahhhh ... Let's see ... My father's father's father was **his** father. There was a bit of a scandal there, I'm afraid. Neil's quite a lot younger than my grandfather: his half-brother.

Murray lovingly picks up a small piece of conglomerate rock.

Murray

I call this one "pudding stone", but there's lotsa different names for it.

Neil Markinson gave this to me years ago. He got it in some strange Dreamtime place, hidden away in England. He told me about it. Really strange. Strange mob of people there ...

D'you know about that?

Twitch

Yes ... Yes I do. My father was there with him. Just a little boy ... with a bow and arrow ...

Murray

Thing is, this stone has started talkin' to me very loud. Callin' out to me. It wants to do somethin' ...

I told Neil to get 'is brothers to me. This stone has brothers. I told him that just the other day.

But ... nothin' yet ...

You remind 'im.

Murray puts down the pudding stone, and then picks up a jawbone, which he turns over and over in his fingers.

Murray I'm not all that good with bones if they don't come from my own people.

But in this case, I got a clear message ...

This bloke told me plenty about 'imself.

Near as I can tell, he isn't a Pommie. But from somewhere nearby to England: Holland or France ... somewhere like that.

Twitch *impressed* Spot on, as it happens. That was dug up in Paris, France. That's incredible!

Murray continues to turn the bone over and over in his old fingers.

Murray Yeah. He was a good fighter. A warrior. He died fightin' as a young man. He was a good man. You'd want to have him beside you in a fight, and not against you. A good man.

Murray then picks up a small leg bone in his other hand.

Murray And this lady tells me that she was 'is missus. But she died a long time after he did. They were around at the same time as that fancy king that they had over there. Somebody called "Charles The Main", or some bloke like that.

Twitch *astounded* Charlemagne! Well I'll be damned!

Murray *shrugs*
indifferently I'm just repeatin' to you what the bones have told me.

Twitch Well, you've done an exceptional job. Thanks!

Murray And tell Neil I'm serious about the stones. I want the full set.
 There's somethink really strong about this one all of a sudden.
 And I don't like what it's sayin' to me.

We see Murray's hands as he lovingly fingers the small sample of conglomerate. Then, behind Murray's hands we see Twitch's hands as he collects his stuff from the ground.

🔪🔪🔪🔪🔪🔪🔪🔪🔪🔪🔪🔪🔪🔪🔪🔪🔪🔪 **Break** 🔪🔪🔪🔪🔪🔪🔪🔪🔪🔪🔪🔪🔪🔪🔪🔪🔪🔪

Later, Murray sits as before. The fire has died. Murray carefully gathers together the various twigs, sticks, leaves and pebbles laid out about him. He shoves them into a small hessian satchel. The last thing to be stowed is the sample of conglomerate.

Murray *mutters* Where are your brothers, eh?

Some other Australians wander up.

Male voice *to Murray* Yer comin'?

Murray Where?

Male voice That horse of Bart's is runnin' in the last at Flemington. I put some dosh on it for ya. Yer gonna go over to the pub with us and watch it?

Murray *confused* What? Is it Sat'day?

Male voice *laughing* 'Course it is. What'd ya think it was?

Murray *mutters* Aw ... One day's more or less the same as another to me.

Murray hauls himself to his feet and wanders off.

END OF PRELUDE



ACT I

I, Scene i: Flemington Racecourse, The Barrier At The 1400 Metre Start

It is the same summer's day in Melbourne. No music.

The starter is positioned on his stand at Flemington racecourse. He wears a light straw hat and shirt & tie. Several male voices are heard. There is a lot of noise from the jockeys and attendants.

We see a side view of the horses' heads as they are lined up in the stalls, along with the riders. A couple of barrier attendants are in shot as they lean forward.

Several jockeys *in agitation* Hold it! Hang on! Hold it! Wait! Wait! Hold it!

Barrier attendant Trader Bradley's head comes into shot right at the very front of the barrier stalls, close to the camera. Like the jockeys and other attendants, he is looking straight ahead. Trader reaches down and pats the neck of the nearest horse. Trader can be seen to shoosh the horse gently.

Starter *yelling* Yer ready? Clear!

There are a couple of shouts, and then the barriers ker-ching open with a crash.

Many of the jockeys yell out, sooling their mounts into high gear. The loudest sound is the thud of hooves as the race begins. That sound recedes. In the far background, the racecaller can be heard. The camera stays with the barrier attendants and starter. We see the ambulance take off on the roadway beside the track. And then the only noise is that of the attendants chatting as they pick up gear left behind by the riders. A few male laughs and coughs can be heard.

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A van pulls up. Most of the attendants climb into the van. We can hear skat voices.

Trader *to someone or other* Nah, I'll go back with you blokes on the rig.

🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗 **Break** 🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗🚗

The race is over. Trader climbs up onto the tractor which hauls the barrier stalls to their normal location. He lights a cigarette, and blows smoke out of his lips, allowing it to waft away behind the tractor. He looks upwards, seemingly concerned about some nebulous matter.

END OF SCENE

I, Scene ii: Flemington Racecourse, The Cannonaltar Bar

No music. The background noise will provide snippets of "tunes".

Although the last race in Melbourne is over, there are still races being broadcast from Perth, Toowoomba and Darwin. In the main bar at Flemington, race patrons are still gathered about the TAB windows, and watching the many TV screens scattered about. Trader leans against a bar, drinking a beer. He is on his own, in a brown study.

A very attractive young woman, well turned-out, stylish and smart, approaches Trader. This is Edwina Allendale. She gives him a pert smile, slapping her racebook down on the bar. Trader eyes her in a measuring way.

Edwina I have won \$1,822 from an initial kitty of \$200. How's that?

Trader takes another long sip of his beer, finishing with a special beer-drinkers lip-smack (sucking back the lips against the teeth).

Trader *evenly* Good work. Don't waste it.

Edwina *head to the side* "Brad Rylance" ... Couldn't you think up a classier *nom-de-guerre*?
I would have gone for something more in the Latin line.

[Waiting for recognition from Trader: it does not come]

You don't remember me, do you?

Trader *unmoved* Should I?

Edwina *grinning* Hockeydoodle-doo! Hockeydoodle-doo!

You used to love belting me with an indoor hockey stick and ruining anything which I held dear.

Trader frowns, and then the penny drops. He laughs, taking another sip of beer. Edwina reaches up to kiss his cheek, and he accepts the cousinly greeting with equanimity.

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

*The cousins have made themselves comfortable at a small table, out of the way, but still within the precinct of the drinking/betting set-up. Edwina has a Scotch and dry; Trader has a schooner of cold beer. They relax, drinking as they discuss family matters.*

Edwina *evenly* ... and of course, I suffered all the blame for the marriage break-up ... But it was inevitable from the beginning. He was abusive. Not physically: just in the way that he spoke to me. Zero respect. And according to popular belief, unless a man actually wallops a woman, then that's okay.

"Their marriage is a bit rocky, but once Edwina settles down to have littlies, all the cracks will smooth over". Like hell, they will!

Trader How long did the marriage last?

Edwina *airily* One whole year. My first anniversary present to him was to have sex with a doctor. He was/is the husband of one of the women I worked with. She doesn't know. Ugly bitch.

There I was, screaming for sympathy, understanding and most of all **love**, and he graciously obliged.

*Trader makes a face, raising his eyebrows.*

Trader Nice.

Edwina Apparently (so office gossip alleged) he had the hots for me for some time after meeting me at one of those office do's. Because I always flirt as if my pants were on fire at those events, just to break the tedium of having to discuss past legal cases. Boredom plus three!

Trader You must be a riot.

Edwina *nods vigorously* Oh, I am. "Was" ... I've quit, actually ...

At any road, Mum and Dad were so downcast, and everyone else (those who knew of my loss of marital virtue) was eying me askance (with such disdain) that I decided to follow our cousin Twitch to Australia. But I lost him in Adelaide.

Trader Strictly speaking, Twitch is not my cousin.

Edwina *fires up* He **is** your cousin, because **our** shared grandmother (Nanny Lene) was a cousin of **his** grandfather (the one who was suspected of all kinds of heinous crimes). I tried to explain it to you once, but you obviously weren't paying attention.

*Trader grins.*

Trader Your idea of "explaining" was to use wooden blocks and plastic dolls. You were weird, even then!

And besides, you're too late. Twitch's already taken himself off to New Zealand.

*Edwina displays surprise that Trader should know of Twitch's whereabouts. Trader grins wryly.*

Trader He stayed with me for half a night on his way to N.Z. His mobile alarm clock rang at about 3:30 in the wee hours of the morning.

He jumped into some clothes and off he ran. On flying out the door, he yelled something about a job working with his brother, Gary. I dunno.

*Edwina is annoyed that her kinfolk have all moved on without her.*

Edwina                    Garth, his name is: the eldest. You've met him. And the youngest is Geoff.

Garth has married **the** most obnoxious girl in the history of mankind. Alicia. Absolute toxic waste. The whole of that family are the same. Garth's in hell.

Trader *lost*                But --

Edwina                    I wonder what Garth wanted him for in such a rush?

So, dearest Francis "Twitch" Allendale had obligingly left Melbourne even before I'd landed ...

Oh, well, yes ... That's typical, isn't it? Just typical ...

But catching up with you was fun, so all is not lost.

Trader *non-committal*    It's a long way to come for a bit of fun, though ...

Edwina                    I'll simply continue on over the Tasman to --

*They are interrupted by a party of drunks arguing nearby. One of the girls is very trashy and bold. She behaves disgracefully. Trader stands in a confronting manner, such that the men and girls move off. Then Trader sits again, as if he has done his good deed for the day.*

Edwina                    So, how are you getting on? How's it all going with you?

Trader *shrugs*                Okay, I guess.

Edwina *frowning*            What about that dreadful trouble you had with your engineering company? I wondered --

Trader *closing down that conversation*    That's all being handled in my own sweet time. I'm just sitting back and watching them smile at their own cuteness before I make my move. Revenge is as sweet as flowing honey, I'm told.

Edwina *unconvinced* Oh ...

Trader *darkly* Something'll turn up. Meanwhile, I'll play this waiting game before I make those arseholes sweat.

Edwina *changing the subject* Molly and Dillon? Are they doing well?

Trader *shrugs* Yeah. Okay, I guess.

*Edwina makes an expansive gesture.*

Edwina What's the deal with the horses?

Trader *becoming enthusiastic on this subject* I always gravitate to them. No matter what I get myself involved in, if there's any equine component to it, then that's where I wind up.

Edwina *surprised* Horses? You? I always imagined you as more of a motor freak.

Trader There were always horses and ponies around the place when I was growing up.

Edwina *frowning* I've been dreaming of something to do with horses but I can't put my finger on it. Isn't that the most annoying thing? When you wake up not being able to recall your last dream? God, I hate that!

Trader *dismissive* Nah, I'm totally not interested in dreams.

END OF SCENE



Edwina in PALEOLITHIC Île De La Cité

*Music: The sounds of the scene are accompanied by a very soft muffled drum, creating a primitive rhythm.*

*The landscape is pristine, untouched and beautiful beyond words.*

*The Île De La Cité is untouched by humans. On the islands, there is scrubby brush, quite thick in parts, and many lovely trees.*

*Along the banks of the River Seine (around the island) grow wildflowers, small shrubs, weeds and creepers. Along the landward banks, wide marshy areas are prone to inundation during wet weather.*

*Various European birds and small mammals scutter about in the woods.*

Ponies.

*A small herd of ponies snuffle through the glorious woodland, which is situated on the landward side of the river. They toss their heads about.*

*Suddenly, the ponies are spooked. They buck and rear and take off at speed.*

*Wolves in a pack trot through the woodland. They quest the air and sniff. Then they too take off after the ponies.*

*The ponies arrive in a state of frightened alarm at the edge of the river. They swim across the water to the island (at the location of current-day Petit Pont). On the island, the ponies scatter, separated by the approaching wolves, which have also breasted the river.*

*After a couple of seconds, the terrified squealing of one of the ponies is heard, as the wolves attack it. The wolves feed avidly, fighting with each other over the carcass.*

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*On the island, four Palaeolithic men haul themselves out of the river as they mount the bank at the same narrow point (just where Petit Pont is now situated). They run towards the wolves: throwing stones at them, shouting and waving their arms about. The wolves soon leave the carcass with great reluctance. The men feast on what is left of the pony, hacking off collops of raw meat by using sharpened flints.*

*Back at the river, a large woman (the matriarch) assists the other women and older children to safely cross the watercourse. Some of the women carry bark slabs with them, in order to facilitate floating the tots and babies across the water as the women dogpaddle across. The matriarch appears to take charge of this exercise, ensuring that all those under her responsibility make it safely to the island. Once there, the women amble up to the feast.*

*The men are now sated, and the women can take what is left. A small naked curly-haired girl is handed a small chunk of bloody meat, which she eats as best she can.*

*One of the men kneels, chipping away at a large stone with a smaller stone, marking a pattern in relief. This is the famed male/female rock which we will encounter again later on.*



End DREAM Level #1 (Edwina)

**I, Scene iii:** The Bedroom, Room 36A, Dass Flaherty Hotel, Melbourne

*Music: very soft, romantic, orchestral. But it must be in the background.*

*Edwina and Trader, both naked, are entwined together as they sleep.*

*Edwina wakes with a horrific start, wriggling out of Trader's arms to dash to the bathroom. Once there, she slips into a complimentary bathrobe.*

*The camera moves about such that we get a distorted view of proceedings through several layers of glass, in the manner of a French movie.*

*With a very worried expression, Edwina seems to be scanning the mirror with mouth open, trying to find any cuts or ulcers there. Then she rinses out.*

*Trader wanders into the bathroom, having dragged on a pair of underpants. He takes Edwina from behind, caressing her breasts and kissing her neck.*

*Edwina is only thinking of herself. Groaning, Edwina spits several times into the basin. There is no blood to be seen.*

Edwina *aghast*                    I have to visit a doctor! This is terrible.

Trader *concerned*                Instead of flying out to New Zealand, or ... ?

Edwina                                No ... we'll still fly out. When we get there, we'll book into our hotel and **then** I'll tell them to send in the doctor.

Trader                                 Maybe you're too crook to --

Edwina *worried*                    There's nothing there! It felt like my mouth was clogged with blood. But there was nothing there!

Trader                                 So, when you see the doctor --

Edwina *alert*                        It was after another one of those dreams. About horses ... small ... ponies!

*Trader moves in to pull his cousin into his arms.*

Trader *kissing the girl*            Nar ... No talk about crappy old dreams, please. Remember? No likee. You see a shrink if you're worried about your dreams. Just

don't tell me.

*Edwina pulls away, to look up into Trader's face.*

Edwina *alert* And do you know what else? Wolves!

Traders *laughing* Werewolves, or -- ?

Edwina *even more alert* The wolves attacked the ponies! That's what the blood was from!  
One of the ponies.

*[Makes a ghastly face]*

Er-yuk! I had fresh pony blood in my mouth.

Could you taste the blood when you kissed me?

*Trader's head goes back on a roar of laughter. He has the same loud laugh as his father had. [Refer Jack Bradley in "The Old Silk Road".]*

Edwina No, seriously. Somebody ... a woman ... fed me some uncooked meat from the pony that the wolves had caught. I was wet from being dragged across a river to an island. When I say "dragged", I really mean "assisted".

Trader *interested in spite of himself* Are you a wolf, then?

Edwina *appalled* Oh, God, no! I'm a little girl. Starkers.

*Trader once more moves in, taking her in his arms and kissing her desperately.*

Trader That's how I like my girls: in the raw.

*They kiss very affectionately for some time.*

Edwina *shaken* We really shouldn't be doing this. We're cousins!

Trader It's not a big deal **unless** we try to have kids.

Edwina *accusing* But you're **married!** I'm sure Mum received a letter from your mum with some happy news in it. A few months ago. Some city in Italy.

Trader *rueful* Sienna.

Edwina Yes, that's right. You're married to a lady called "Sienna" but you're now having a casual fling with your close blood relative. That's shameless!

Trader You're married, too.

Edwina *trumping him* Divorced exactly one whole year.

*The light dims out.*

Trader *voice-over* Sienna turfed me out, and quite rightly so. It just wasn't working out. I reckon the problem is that I don't rate on the Richter scale of good husbandry.

END OF SCENE

## **I, Scene iv:** The George Leviathan Inn, Napier

*No music.*

*The George Leviathan Inn is a back-packer hostel which has seen better days. The building is disreputable, run-down and noisome. Edwina picks her way up the narrow stairs with a look of distaste and foreboding on her face. And being a hot Summer's day does not help. Trader seems indifferent to the squalor and heat.*

*The clatter of Edwina's shoes and the thud of Trader's boots seem grotesquely magnified. They make their way along a dingy hallway until, just as they seem to reach their goal. Edwina refers again to a well-thumbed slip of paper.*

Edwina Um ... room 26. It's just along here. Not much farther ...

*As the pair approach the room in which Twitch is domiciled, the door swings open violently. Twitch, with a huge carry bag and an even larger backpack, launches into the passageway, almost colliding with his cousins. They all stand about in semi-shock. Trader recovers first.*

Trader *beaming* G'day, mate. Trader Bradley. We met at Uncle Roger's funeral.

Inappropriate cricket, so Eddie's mum reckoned.

*Twitch laughs as memories flood back. The two men shake hands enthusiastically. Edwina receives a peck on the lips and a brotherly pat on the shoulder.*

Twitch                      This is great! Trouble is ... I have to dash off to the airport. I managed to snaffle a flight on the 6:35 to Paris. Great bit of luck.

*Twitch looks from Trader to Edwina and back again.*

Twitch                      You weren't coming to see me, were you?

Edwina *smiling*            Of course we were!

Twitch *appalled*            Shit! I'm so sorry.

Edwina                      I flew from London to Adelaide to Melbourne, only to be moved-on to New Zealand. Now where?

*Twitch is genuinely aghast.*

Trader *placating*            It's okay. Don't kick yourself. You get going, if you have a plane to catch.

Twitch                      Yes, I'd better go. I've scored a sensational job on French TV. Have you heard of Professor August Godefroy?

*Trader and Edwina shake their heads. Trader seems pleased that he is not acquainted with the professor.*

Twitch                      Uh ...

Look, Eddie: I have your email address, and you have mine. Stay here in Napier: there's tons to do here. Lots of touristy things.

*[Thrilled]*

I've made the most exciting discoveries, about old bones and so on ... Marvellous!

*Twitch looks from one cousin to the other. He cocks his head to the side.*

Twitch *as an*                  Hey, are you two ... ?

*afterthought*

Trader immediately answers "Yes" at exactly the same time that Edwina responds with a very firm "No!"

Twitch *laughs*

Wow! Naughty, naughty!

Okay, I'm off. 'Bye now. See you in Paris, Eddie: if you can make it.

*Twitch hurriedly shakes hands with Trader, and then kisses Edwina's cheek. Twitch dashes off.*

Edwina *calls after him* Why Paris? What's wrong?

Twitch *calling back*

Nothing wrong ... I told you: TV show with Alicia, Garth and Geoff. We've all converged on the City Of Lights. Archaeology!

*They hear Twitch (heavy due to his baggage) thumping downstairs in a rush.*

Twitch *yells, almost out of earshot* I've landed a rôle: my big break!

*Edwina and Trader stand about, looking at each other.*

Trader

So whatya wanna do?

*Edwina gives a banshee howl of protest, throws up her arms, then storms off after Twitch, leaving Trader standing alone in the filthy passageway.*

END OF SCENE

## **I, Scene v:** An Entertainment Performed By The Girls At Thornbury

*The music is provided by the performance of George's daughter and William's five daughters.*

*In the sitting room at Thornbury, Gordon and Holly Pendlebury (now in their early 80s) sit in armchairs, beaming in utter delight. On either side of them (on kitchen chairs) sit George Pendlebury*

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*(50) and his wife Sarah (49), along with William (48) and Lisa Pendlebury (41). They all look extremely thrilled and amused by the show which is about to take place.*

*George's elder son Laurie (22 and alternatively known as Gordon Junior) leans against the wall, smiling in great amusement. His younger brother David (15 and otherwise bored to death) devotedly plays a computer game on a hand-held DS.*

*George and Sarah's only daughter Benita (18) walks in front of the audience, carrying a music stand. She sets up her music, then begins to play her flute. Benita is a talented flautist, playing a very merry introduction to a tune which will provide the musical accompaniment to the song and dance which William's five daughters have devised.*

|                                                                  |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>The Dolly Varden Dance Performed By The Pendlebury Girls.</p> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|

*Nothing seems to be happening. Benita glances sideways, then repeats the introduction. The audience is very mirthful and patient.*

*We can hear a great deal of whispering from the girls before little Courtney (4) finally steps out to stand near Benita. She wears a lovely Dolly Varden dress with extravagant bonnet (all made for her by her older sisters) and her cheeks are rouged. Courtney is utterly adorable. The audience applauds loudly, trying not to laugh. The little girl, blushing furiously, swings her shoulders about and looks too cute for words.*

*Then Leah (14) and twins Bethany and Louise (12) rush out to stand behind Courtney. They are all dressed in white and the brightest pink. They are very confident and obviously adore performing. To the flute accompaniment, they sing the following song. (When the boyfriend is mentioned, Simone (7) jumps out of hiding, proudly dressed as a garden gnome. She then prances about.)*

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p><i>Have you seen my pretty friend who wears a dashing bonnet:<br/>With ribbons flying in the breeze and lots of birdies on it?<br/>I met her boyfriend Nobby Gnome a-standing in our garden.<br/>She's such a lovely friend to me: her name is Dolly Varden.</i> <a href="#">[4]</a></p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|



Holly *anxious* Hello?

*In Paris, in a small bedsit, dimly lit, Sienna Bradley tries to speak on the phone. She is overcome with tears.*

Holly *via Sienna's handset* Hello? Hello? Are you there? Are you in some kind of danger?

*Sienna can hardly speak. She begins to sob.*

Holly *via Sienna's handset* Just take a couple of deep breaths and tell me what's wrong. I can't help you until --

*Sienna gasps loudly, then rushes into speech.*

Sienna *into the mouthpiece* I'm not doing very well at the moment. I need ... I need ...

Holly *via Sienna's handset* Just relax. I'll help you as much as I can. Just relax.

Sienna *into the mouthpiece* I'm sorry to bother you, I really am. But I can't go to my parents because my brother's been injured in a plane crash. And Trader's parents are in Australia. And I can't find Trader ... I'm in a bit of a jam, really ...

*Back in Thornbury, Holly listens intently.*

Holly *into the mouthpiece* Trader? Do you mean Trader Bradley?  
[Pause]

Look! You must just sit tight and we'll get to you. What's the address, my dear?

[Pause]

No! It's no trouble. Honestly. What address? One of us will leave for Paris immediately.

*Holly grabs a biro and some paper and begins to write. Lisa has come to stand beside Holly.*

Holly *into the* That's quite clear. Now you must not worry about a thing. Go back

*mouthpiece* to bed and the next knock on the door that you hear will be one of my family.

*Holly hangs up the phone and looks directly at Lisa.*

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

In the Parisian bedsit, Sienna remains seated, weeping with bitterness and sense of tragedy. A knock is heard at the door. Sienna stops sobbing and looks up, surprised. A key turns in the lock. The door opens a crack, and an elderly woman peeps into the room.

Madame Lachiene *Petite?* How do you get on? Will your parents come for you, no?

Sienna (with huge effort) masters herself.

Sienna Yes, do come in Madame Lachiene. Some members of my husband's family are on their way here to rescue me. So all is well.

The older woman is apparently pleased.

Madame Lachiene *Eh, bien!* It is not good for you to be alone and friendless. Your family will help you. *Eh bien!*

END OF SCENE

| |
|---|
| Edwina DREAM Level #2: NEOLITHIC Île De La Cité |
|---|



Music: rattle, drums and flute. A very earthy, primitive tune.

The Île De La Cité now contains a smattering of rough tents. These were simply constructed by means of leaning two strong branches into the fork of a third branch, thus forming a raised tripod. Over the branches, animal skins have been draped and tied in position. A few boats float on the river: they are tethered to stumps which proliferate along both banks of the Seine River. The boats are made of tarred bark, or are leather currachs. The tribesmen and their kin wear sleeved tunics made of animal skins.

Seven men and boys wade about in the river, spearing fish. From the bank, four women use primitive fish nets (having the appearance of lacrosse racquets) to scoop up crustaceans. Every so often, one of the men will slap a fish he has caught up onto the bank, calling out encouragement to his fellows, and smiling widely. Little children collect the fish for cooking.

A large fire smoulders nearby. Over its heat, a rudimentary wooden trivet has been constructed. Several girls, expectant women and women with small children assist each other to impale the fish on long pointed sticks, such that the fish can cook over the smouldering coals. As the fish are cooked, the females lay the cooked flesh on bark mats. The people of this small tribe feed in a desultory manner (shoving the food into their mouths with their fingers), as if they are already sated on the river's bounty. The shellfish sizzle amongst the coals.

One of the pregnant women feeds fish to a small curly-haired girl who is peevishly crying. The woman instructs the child to hold out her hand such that the fish can be placed thereon, and thus the child is being taught how to feed herself.

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

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A curious religious ceremony takes place as the sun sets. The fire has been stoked, and now roars. One of the men waves a huge leafy branch over the flames, and then fans the river with same. This man calls to the other tribe members. One by one, the people of the tribe come solemnly to the riverbank in order to cast some votive object which they had held dear into the water. Lastly comes the curly-haired little girl, who goes forward alone to drop a primitive carved wooden doll into the water. All the members of the tribe nod in approbation of this sacrifice. They then turn towards the setting sun. At the moment when the sun is deemed to have set, the tribal leader "priest" chucks the leafy branch into the river.

Along the southern riverbank (what is now the Left Bank of Paris), a number of mounted tribesmen approach. In their rear can be seen two wagons, women, children and dogs. The women lead haltered cows, sheep and donkeys.

End DREAM Level #2 (Edwina)

End Birth of Paris DREAM

I, Scene vi: An Emirates Airbus Travelling From Auckland To Paris

No music. The camera is in close-up.

Edwina wakes suddenly. She has been sitting in an aircraft seat, fast asleep. On waking, she sniffs her hands and evidences a bad taste in her mouth.

Edwina wriggles about, stretching, and the camera backs off. Count Christophe (a middle-aged Swiss nobleman) reads quietly beside her. Several times, the Count glances in Edwina's direction. Edwina gropes about in the seat back for her water bottle, takes a sip, then leans back in her seat.

A female steward nearby chats in French with some passengers, letting us (the audience) understand that this is a flight to France. Some mirth and laughter surround this chatter.

Edwina shifts about in her seat, looking concerned about something. Count Christophe touches Edwina's arm, and coughs slightly. When the Count speaks, he has glorious deep voice, with mellifluous tones, and a heavy French accent.

Count Christophe *Pardon ... I am unable to translate into French this rather cryptic phrase. Would you be able to assist me, if you would be so kind?*

Edwina stirs herself. The gentleman holds the book out such that she can read, indicating the vexing passage with his forefinger.

Edwina *reads* *"Beware the wrath of a patient man!"*

Ah! My French is not that good, but I might be able to get the meaning across en Anglais.

The Count nods encouragingly.

Count Christophe If you would, I should be so grateful. I am quite puzzled ...
urbane

Edwina A man who bides his time ... A man who has suffered some wrong which he must avenge ... He's coldly waiting for the right moment to strike -- *le moment juste* – He will probably act with vicious certainty and clinical thoroughness. He has planned his revenge so carefully, so darkly, you see.

Count Christophe Ah! You would say then that in the *other* case, the hot-head acts with blood in his eyes, in a mad thoughtless way, and thus he risks overlooking potential threats. *Eh bien!* The patient man overlooks nothing. I see ...

You know, it is so amusing. I thought that this phrase dealt with a sick person lying in a hospital bed.

Edwina *smiling* "Patient"? Why, yes ... English is a very funny language. I can see why you were confused.

There is a silence. Count Christophe pretends to read and Edwina continues to wear a somewhat haunted expression. The Count closes his book.

Count Christophe You will soon be in one of the most beautiful cities of the world. Yet you show to that world such a pensive face ...

Edwina *suddenly* Tell me something. Do I have bad breath? Do I smell like I've been eating fish?

The gentleman needs no encouragement to lean very close to Edwina smelling her neck.

Count Christophe *very softly* You are utterly lovely and perfectly scented. There is no hint of fish, *Mademoiselle*.

Look! I am naturally unaware of your plans whilst you visit Paris, but you are more than welcome to visit my chalet in the canton of Neuchâtel. Just the matter of a train-ride across an international border ... I should so like to paint you in oils.

Edwina is not at all shocked nor put out by the Count's suggestion.

Edwina *blithely* Of course! A seductive nude! Jot down your address and ... Um ...

Count Christophe It was so very hot in New Zealand, and when we land, it will be cold, *froid*. No? But in front of my fire at my chalet, on my bearskin rug, you would be toasty warm and would look so enchantingly. My brush would fly over the canvas!

The Count leans closer to Edwina and kisses her softly on her neck. Edwina snorts her disbelief in the turn of events.

Edwina *scoffing* You're married, aren't you? Why am I suddenly a magnet for married men?

Count Christophe *Ah, Cherie!* You captivate every mortal man, married or not.

🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭 **Break** 🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭

At Orly Airport, Edwina and the Count walk about: collecting luggage, sipping wine in a dimly lit bar, sometimes kissing in a very secret way. We see the Count lightly touching Edwina's skin: running the backs of his fingers along her bare arms. The Count is obviously very taken with Edwina.

Then we see Edwina, alone, boarding a taxi. The driver is loading her luggage into the boot.

Edwina *far-off voice* *Hôtel Belvedere, s'il vous plait.*

END OF SCENE

I, Scene vii: Lisa Visits Sienna At Her Parisian Bedsit At Night

No music. The television set will provide background.

A taxi (identical to that hired by Edwina in scene (vi)) pulls up in the narrow Parisian street, outside the building wherein Sienna resides. Lisa steps out with an overnight bag. Lisa pays the driver.

On arriving at the front door, she rings a bell. The door is opened to her by Madame Lachiene. We overhear a few French words and then Lisa is warmly admitted.

🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭 **Break** 🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭

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Madame Lachiene leads the way up the stairs, with Lisa just behind her. Madame Lachiene knocks at the door. Then she opens the door.

With the camera just behind Sienna (seated on her bed), we see the concierge and Lisa looking in through the now open door. The television is on.

Madame Lachiene *Alors! Votre tante est arrivée.*
beaming

Sienna goes to stand, but Lisa forestalls her, waving to indicate that Sienna should stay seated.

Madame Lachiene *Quelle surprise, uh?*

Lisa turns to the concierge, who seems set on remaining with the English ladies. Lisa intimates that she is about to close the door and wishes the concierge to be on the other side.

Lisa *firmly* *Merci, Madame. We'll be fine now. Bon nuit!*

Somewhat reluctantly, the concierge leaves, and Lisa closes the door.

END OF SCENE

END OF ACT I



II, Scene i: Wichibah, North-East Corner Of South Australia

Along with being hot, there is a harsh wind which bears sand and dirt (almost a dust storm).

Again, as previously, Murray GulGul sits cross-legged on the ground beside a paltry little fire, and in front of a collection of rubble (which lies about in the dirt). And as previously, Murray prods and pokes the collection of articles with a stout stick.

Neil Markinson squats beside Murray.

Neil *frowning* You're serious about those missing stones, aren't you?

Murray Yeah. I said I was.

Neil *thoughtful* They were illegally exported from Australia in the 1930's by the cricketer Albert Pitch, weren't they? I'm sure we can stir somebody up in the Indigenous Department about that and insist upon their return to Australia. For Heaven's sake! They're moulding away in some forgotten drawer in some moth-eaten museum in Britain, and no-one the wiser.

This might need a bit of heavy-handedness.

Murray Whatever it takes. Them stones are tryin' to have a yak with me, and I need them close enough to hear `em.

Neil *decided* I'll get my nephews Toby and Laurie onto it.

Before he rises from his squatting position, Neil lays a friendly hand on Murray's shoulder in a gesture of good will.

END OF SCENE

II, Scene ii: Lisa Visits Sienna At Her Parisian Bedsit (Continued From ACT I)

Lisa and Sienna are alone, as Madame Lachiene has been effectively evicted. Lisa quickly moves towards the bed, sitting beside the young woman.

Lisa Hello. I'm Lisa Pendlebury. We spoke on the phone yesterday.
Last evening.

I'm so sorry for all the brouhaha in the background: my daughters
were entertaining Nanna and Pa.

[Smiles and sighs]

So ... How are you getting on?

Sienna *grateful* I'm so terribly sorry to put you to all this --

Lisa takes Sienna's hands.

Lisa No, no! Nanna Holly Pendlebury is 80 now, so we thought it best
that one of her daughters-in-law should fly to your aid. My eldest
daughter is all of 14, so she'll help her father to look after the
other girls.

Sienna turns towards the television. A rather over-bright and noisy introduction to a television show is seen and heard, along with cartoon representations of the four main presenters. Sienna points to the television set.

La Fouille Dig-Dig!

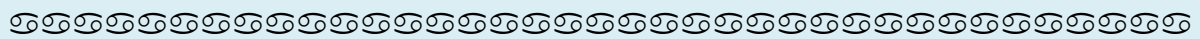
The cast of **“La Fouille Dig-Dig!”** is as follows:

Professor August Godefroy [A large bearded man in middle age, who wears a battered cloth cap, a well-worn hacking jacket complete with leather elbow patches and battered moleskin trousers. He speaks in a booming, deep voice and his roaring laugh is utterly infectious.]

Marie-Claude Lorinet [An ultra-thin woman in middle age. She has a geometric bob, and wears a non-descript singlet dress over which she wears an aged denim jacket.]

Trincon Lorinet [The son of Marie-Claude is very tall and very slim. His hair is a complete bird’s nest of blonde straw, and he dresses as if a matelot.]

Bissot Pagnol [A shortish, but thick-set muscleman in his mid-30s, who wears skimpy shorts and singlet (in all weather). His arms are covered in tattoos, and both ears are pierced. He is somewhat annoying: he persistently giggles, constantly flicking his head around to look into the camera as if his input to the show is of paramount importance.]



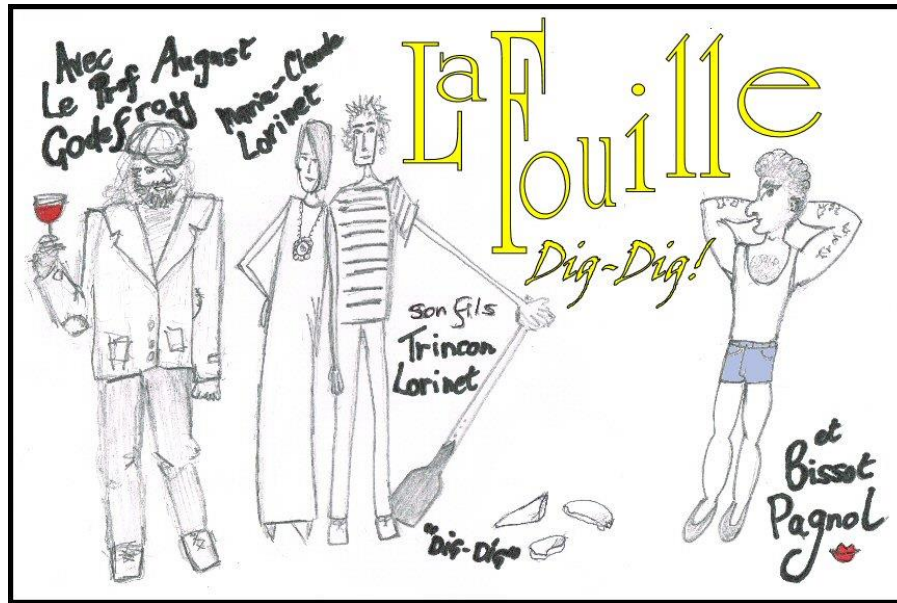
The concept of the show is to emulate the successful format of the long-running UK show “Time Team”, but with more emphasis on humour and less of the instructive content. In fact, the show is almost inane, but popular with French audiences as a comedy vehicle.

The jokes centre on making inappropriate and smutty comments on the various archaeological finds, on the visible assets of the many young women busy digging on hands and knees, on Bissot’s bum-crack, and on the amount of wine consumed after yesterday’s dig.

Marie-Claude has a waspish sense of humour: she throws stinging barbs into every conversation, putting other people down but never at her own expense.

What Sienna will explain to Lisa is that this French show is being parcelled up and sold to UK television such that the presenters will still display archaeological finds from France, however the presenters will speak in English. Sienna’s connection will be explained: she is one of the English backroom “boys” assisting the production crew with any English matters.

It is this television show which has drawn the Allendale boys and their various hangers-on to Paris.



- Sienna We don't have this show in the UK yet ... Have you heard of it?
- Lisa *surprised* Er ... No ... I don't think so.
- Sienna *smirking* It's such a crock, but a positive money-spinner. If I can get my act together, and put in a few hours ...
- I'm sorry. I should introduce myself. I'm Trader Bradley's wife, Sienna.
- Lisa *laughing* Yes, I'd gathered that.
- Sienna We're no longer together. He was a nice boyfriend, but a lousy husband.
- Sienna *shrugs her shoulders.*
- Lisa That sometimes happens.
- Sienna *chuckles* Yes. And what also happens is that the woman chucks the husband out, throwing his kit and kitbag out of the first-storey window and launching a few choice words after his disappearing form, only to find out that she's pregnant.
- Lisa *gasps. Sienna nods sadly.*

Sienna So, I find myself alone in Paris: pregnant and frightened.

 I don't want Trader to come back into my life. I honestly don't want that.

 But I'm scared of being a single mother in a foreign country.

Lisa Of course. And ... you said something about your parents?

Sienna My parents were not very supportive anyway. They had three daughters who never seemed to rate much with them and one son. The son (my brother Brandon) is idolized. But he's been waltzing around several African countries, only to suffer ghastly injuries when his small plane crashed into a mountain-side. So the parents have rushed to be at his side.

 God! I sound like such a bitch.

Lisa grasps Sienna's hands tightly.

Lisa No you don't!

Sienna *nearly crying* I mean, of **course** they want to help nurse my brother. He is very badly injured. The chances are he could die. They want to bring him back to England, but he's too critical to be moved.

Lisa *wisely* The upshot being that you're not able to contact them for any assistance.

Looking down at her hands, Sienna nods sadly.

Sienna My two sisters are cuckoos – I simply can't ask for anything sensible from either of them. And I've thrown out my husband ...

 I've managed to snaffle some very well-paying work on **that** –

[Points to the television set]

 ... on that silly archaeology show. It's a marvellous chance. They're planning on English-language episodes. And I'll be a sort of liaison officer with British media people. Just marvellous. But I

can't pull it off without someone propping me up. I've simply lost all my confidence.

Lisa *frowning*

Isn't Alicia Allendale involved in this production? What's her maiden name? Gladstone! She married Garth Allendale, who is a family connection of my husband William. Could not she help you?

Sienna *carefully*

What do you think of her? Do you like her?

Lisa

Well, I hardly know her. She's a go-getter ... upwardly mobile ...

Sienna *confidential*

She's one of the consultants running the show, and her *raison d'être* is to malign the Bradley family, along with the Allendales (into which family she has married). She is really poisonous. Receiving her gracious assistance would be like the fox caressing the chicken.

Lisa breathes in sharply, slapping her own thighs.

Lisa *decisive*

Right! When do you start?

Sienna *blinking*

First thing Monday morning.

Lisa

Good! I'll stay with you, and we'll go together on Monday morning. If Alicia dares to upset you, I'll have a strong word to Garth and bring her to order.

Do they know that you're expecting a baby?

Sienna *appalled*

No way!

Lisa *satisfied*

Good! And in the meantime, I'll send out feelers to find Trader. You don't need to be his partner if the marriage is over, but you know, he **does** need to be told that he's to become a father. That's his right, since the child was conceived during wedlock.

Sienna makes a face and then shrugs her agreement.

END OF SCENE

II, Scene iii: Edwina's Bedroom In The Hôtel Belvedere, Paris Night

Music: Sad romantic.

We find Edwina and Count Christophe in a very ardent embrace at the door of Edwina's hotel room. She is dressed in a black peignoir, and he is dressed all in grey, as would a Continental gentleman who is ready to board a bus or train. The Count kisses Edwina's neck, her chest and then her lips. His hands slide over the soft material of the peignoir.

Count Christophe I really am a Swiss count, you know. I wasn't just claiming my
smiling wickedly nobility in order to get into your bed.

Edwina I never doubted you for a second. Only a bona fide European
nobleman could please a woman as you do ...

The Count is very impressed by the flattery. He kisses Edwina as if his life depends upon it.

Count Christophe I must possess you! Run with me to Neuchâtel to become my
whispers mistress. I shall worship you with jewels and splendour. Ah,
Cherie!

Edwina pushes the man away from her, shaking her head.

Edwina No. My answer must be "no". There's some urgent matters I must
deal with here in Paris.

Good-night, Count.

There is a wistful sadness in the farewell. The Count kisses Edwina's fingers.

Count Christophe Keep the black silk robe. It will always remind you of me.

Edwina pushes her lips tight shut. She watches the nobleman slide out of the bedroom. The door closes, and Edwina moves slowly towards the bathroom. She stands before the huge vanity mirror, staring at her face.

Edwina *to her* Mirror, mirror on the wall. Who is the most slut-faced idiot of all?
reflection The doctor, the cousin, the Count ...

END OF SCENE

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II, Scene iv: Filming Part Of The TV Show For The British Audience

Trincon Lorinet (wearing his trademark navy and white hooped jersey and battered chinos) appears to have been rubbing his palms together. His elbows are raised, and his hands are pressed together. Trincon beams into the camera. In the background, we can see the usual litter and activity of an archaeological excavation.

When Trincon speaks, he has a strong French accent.

Trincon *smiling broadly* *Bonjour!* I'm Trincon Lorinet.

'Allo to all of our new British friends who are watching our **very** first English-language episode of "La Fouille Dig-Dig!"

We are ver' proud to present over the next six episodes our archaeological excavations in Paris to our lovely UK audience. We would speak to you in Welsh or Gaelic if only we could but ... *ça ça!*

Trincon laughs immoderately at his little joke.

Trincon *moving about* Okay! We have been given the express permission to dig in several locations on the Île de la Cité. That is the island in the River Seine where the great cathedral Notre Dame stands ...

The camera swings around to show the Notre Dame in the background.

Trincon ... and also lots of other great buildings of historical interest. It's the centre of Paris! And over the next many weeks, it will become the centre of our world.

And we have a wonderful team of the highly respected professionals at our command.

Well, let's meet them!

Trincon quickly locates Professor Godefroy lying on his back on a bench, cloth cap over his face and large arms crossed over even larger chest. In a corner of the screen, a professional studio portrait of Godefroy is displayed, as we need to be able to recognize his alter ego.

Trincon *laughing* Professor August Godefroy is just now having a nap following a deep and meaningful evening making love to a large bottle of Bordeaux. His English is truly impeccable and he is one of the foremost archaeologists in Europe.

Next, Trincon sidles up to a tall skinny woman (his mother) who is sorting small pieces of pottery on a trestle table.

Trincon This is my Mother: Marie-Claude Lorinet, who is perhaps the most glamorous of all our team. But her English is pathetic. So (luckily for us), she will just nod from the corner. Won't you, *ma mère?*

Marie-Claude pretends a girlish shyness as Trincon kisses her cheek.

Then, Trincon looks down into a shallow pit, with hands on hips. He is evidently vastly amused. Below him, feverishly working on hands and knees is Bissot Pagnol. His tiny shorts cause him to reveal a large bum-crack. We hear pre-recorded wolf-whistles and see a cartoon arrow pointing to Bissot's bum.

Trincon And Bissot Pagnol. We rag him shamelessly about his amazing physique and his enormous crack. But perhaps I shouldn't mention that in front of our so fastidious UK audience.

Again, Trincon laughs immoderately at his little joke.

Trincon *brightly* *Bonjour, Bissot!*

Bissot looks up from his labours, pretending to be surprised at being introduced in this way to the television audience.

Bissot Ah! *Bonjour* to you, *mon cher* Trincon.

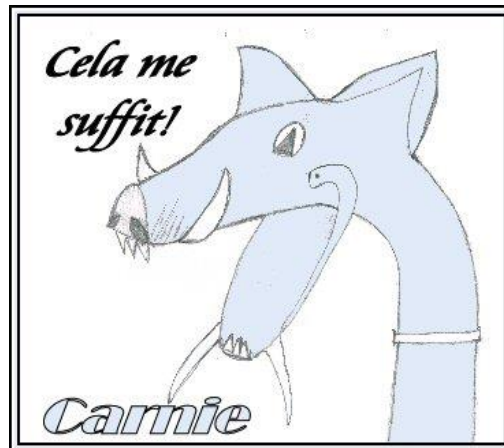
And bonjour l'Angleterre! Bonjour la Grande Bretagne!

Bissot clambers quickly out of the ditch to stand beside Trincon. They shadow-box and playfully cuff each other, laughing for no reason. Then they smile broadly, arms about each other's shoulders, beaming at the camera.

Trincon And of course, we can't forget the so beautiful Diggettes, who help us to find the archaeological treasures. Along with our smart-

talking mascot Carnie.

The camera swings around to film the young women who assist at the digs. They wear scoop-necked summery tops such that their cleavages show clearly. Once again, we hear pre-taped wolf-whistles and see the cartoon arrow come into play in a juvenile effort at titillation. As well, there is a cartoon carnyx which appears from time-to-time, emitting gratuitous comments or trying to add didactic content.



Trincon, rubbing his hands together with enthusiasm, smiles broadly at the camera.

Trincon *beaming*

Now you have met us all, you lovely British audience. And we promise you that our happy little family will entertain and enlighten you over the next weeks.

So ... Sit back and enjoy *La Fouille Dig-Dig!*

END OF SCENE

II, Scene v: The "Happy Family" Gets Drunk and Fights

The Queensland Truckie's grasp of French is nugatory. So rather than thumbing through Harrap's and making a bad fist of it, he has adopted a workaround.

Where the French and English characters speak in French, English subtitles will appear.

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This will be indicated in blue text

On other occasions, the French actors will speak in Franglish, which will be presented in normal black type.

Some of the English characters (for instance, Garth and Trader) have little French, and so require assistance with translating their English thoughts into French.

Jason Gladstone and his friend/brother-in-law Garth Allendale are standing about in a popular Parisian wine bar. They listen to a discussion (in French) just now being led by Marie-Claude Lorinet. The subject matter is way over their heads, so they simply drink beer and nod in a desultory manner.

The camera takes away the focus from the brothers-in-law to focus past them. Bissot and August stand behind Jason and Garth. They drink wine and take part in a highly animated and at times acrimonious discussion. The subject matter is a scholarly disagreement over the significance of a small piece of pottery discovered in the "wrong" layer of a recent archaeological dig.

The camera focus returns to Jason and Garth. Madame Lorinet sips her wine.

Garth to Jason Ask her where her son is. I don't see him here.

The following speeches in blue are spoken in French with English subtitles.

Jason **My dear Marie-Claude: where is your son, Trincon? I thought that this might be a perfect opportunity for us to become better acquainted with --**

Marie-Claude answers coldly and displays neither embarrassment nor disapproval.

Marie-Claude **My son Trincon is at his apartment (in his bed) making love to several of the digging girls.**

Jason and Garth glance at each other, trying not to smile.

Marie-Claude **What silly chicks they are! Down on their hands and knees in the dirt and mud just to get their pretty faces on television. One can just imagine their mothers, can't one? "Look! There is Jolie: that is her pretty bosom." Such a waste of space! And then to be dug themselves by my son.**

Do they think that by bonking him they will gain wide acclaim or be handed the *Sept d'Or*? Ah! Foolish! Foolish!

Marie-Claude swigs down her wine. Jason is wide-eyed at her last speech. Garth only managed to comprehend a few words.

Marie-Claude

I maintain my dignity. You won't find *me* fossicking in the pits. I never ever soil my hands. If the eventuality arises when I am needed to appear to be doing so, then one of the digging girls doubles for me. As you see, my hands are beautifully manicured. When they are featured on the small screen, with all my jewellery and rings on show, the effect is one of sophistication and polish. That's as it should be.

The ardent discussion between Bissot and August now boils over into red-faced rage, confrontation and physicality. Marie-Claude glances behind her, to peek at the disputation, and then she shrugs with expressive moue. The two men (Bissot and August) shout in spitting rage, pushing at each other. Bissot douses August with what remains of his drink, which causes August to explode. The older man (August) takes Bissot by the throat, tossing his opponent about to the danger of people seated nearby. Bissot is a strong, well-muscled specimen (although not tall) and so this activity puts the spectators in real peril.

Jason and Garth intervene, bravely pulling the combatants apart. The two Englishmen call out for calm and common sense. Jason requires all his strength to restrain August, who tries to pull away, and continues to shout offensively at Bissot. Garth takes Bissot in hand, spiriting him out of the bar in haste.

Marie-Claude appears to be unaffected by this outrageous display of temperament. She calls out after Garth.

Marie-Claude giving wise advice

Take that poodle home, won't you? He has drunk more wine than his pumped-up torso might handle.

The professor (released from Jason's grip) has turned away from the startled onlookers and leans on the bar, moody and overwhelmed by his anger. When Jason approaches to offer assistance, August

waves him away, rudely. Jason turns towards Marie-Claude. She also waves Jason away, but with coldly polite attention.

Marie-Claude *lacking emotion*

No, you go after your friend. Tuck Bissot into his cosy bed and give him his cuddly bear to hug. I'll deal with the professor. Go on! Goodnight to you and to your brother-in-law.

Jason hesitates, and then reaches for his wallet. He slaps some notes onto the bar, just where Marie-Claude stands. The woman accepts this action without surprise. Lazily she scrapes the notes into her elegant fingers as Jason tears off after Garth and Bissot.

END OF SCENE

II, Scene vi: Dropping Bissot Off At His Flat

Bissot lives in an arty Left Bank apartment. We see the three men (Bissot, Garth and Jason) walking smartly along the tree-lined Parisian streets, all with hands dug deep in their pockets. Bissot suddenly stops.

The following speeches in blue are spoken in French with English subtitles.

Bissot *shame-faced* It's here. My place. It's here.

I nearly passed it by, such was my distraction.

Jason and Garth stop in their tracks, turning back to look at Bissot. He appears to be utterly ashamed of his earlier behaviour at the bar.

Bissot

I hope that you are able to forgive me, gentlemen. That damned professor gets under my skin, of course, just because he can. If I say "Frankish", then he'll say "Gothic". Quite a nasty, argumentative curmudgeon, you'd say.

Jason steps forward to pat Bissot on the arm.

Jason *kindly*

You get to bed and sleep. Forget all about the fracas. We have a lot of hard work tomorrow. Important for you to rest now. Goodnight!

Bissot nods. Without speaking, Bissot warmly shakes Jason's hand, and gives an airy salute to Garth, who responds in kind. Then Bissot scampers up the stairs to the door of his block of flats, and out of sight.

The two Englishmen stand about, not knowing what to do next. Then they laugh and saunter off. We cannot hear their conversation.

END OF SCENE

II, Scene vii: Another Night, A Small Music Room At *Les Salles d'Hippolyte*

Alicia Gladstone does not use her married name (which is Allendale).

In this scene she gives us an idea of why both Edwina and Sienna believe that her husband Garth is in Hell.

Les Salles d'Hippolyte is an ultra-modern venue wherein obscure musical offerings are performed by the avant-garde of the Parisian music scene. Here, in a dimly lit room, the patrons sit in modern, stylish straight-back chairs, which are scattered about amid round glass coffee tables and large brick pillars. Four serious young musicians scrape-away at a difficult string quartet composed by Bela Bartok.

The clientele is very sophisticated, smooth, cultured and engrossed. Except (that is) for Garth Allendale who is bored shitless, and his friend (and brother-in-law) Jason Gladstone who is clearly impatient to leave. Alicia sits between her brother and her husband: she is poised in that she looks to have been posed artistically by some unnamed artiste.

Alicia looks about in a haughty Gallic manner (despite the fact that she is British). She smiles slightly and gives a finger-wave to a very anorexic girl who wears her long blonde plait wound about her small head.

Garth follows his wife's gaze. He mouths "Who?" Alicia, in a patronising way, leans towards Garth.

Alicia *low voice* That's Tizia Mermet. She's dancing Swanilde at *L'Academie* in the shadow of our own *danseur-noble* Vickers Clair-Derwent.

Garth makes a gesture to indicate that he is now no more the wiser. Jason leans towards the other two but speaks a touch too loudly.

Jason You say "our" ... Isn't he a Scot, after all?

Alicia *slightly put-out* British, then ... At least not Gallic. That's alright, isn't it? He's the quintessential Dr Coppelius ...

[Shrugs, looks smug]

His wily interpretation of the befuddled doll-maker is legendary.

Garth looks about. Something he sees in the gloom captures his attention.

Garth *whispers* Those geezers over there are chomping on shrimp cocktails! Whom do I have to savage to score some of them? I ask you **that, mes amis.**

Alicia rolls her eyes. She does not miss any opportunity to put her husband down. Jason chuckles good-naturedly.

From behind Jason, and to the side, a very thin, elderly, beaky gentleman leans across to tap Jason's shoulder sharply with his program. Jason whips his head around. As he resumes his seat, the elderly Frenchman indicates with a withering look that Jason and his companions should remain silent.

Jason *blushes* *Mes regrets ... M'excuse ...*

The trio sit still until the piece soon finishes. The quartet have continued to play with passion: sincere and riveted. Alicia and Garth give the piece lukewarm applause, whereas Jason hardly claps.

Alicia Did you not approve?

Jason *shrugs* I'm more of a Mozart fan.

Alicia smiles, tapping her brother's knee.

Alicia And my husband (widely celebrated as a doyen of refined culture) will label it "Bollocks" and that will be the end of it.

Jason chuckles. Alicia looks about her, appearing to be well above her company.

People rise from their seats to stretch their legs. There is a murmur of voices.

Break

The trio (Alicia, Jason and Garth) are seen to fight their way through crowds of patrons surging around the long bar situated on the balcony. Somehow, the two men have managed to snaffle food and drinks. Alicia glides along in the manner of an empress whilst her husband and brother seem to stroll along in her wake.

The trio find a vacant area next to a long couch backed against a huge picture window. Alicia lowers her elegant frame onto the couch. The men stand. Jason offers to his sister a selection from his own plate. She waves it away.

Alicia *languid* Was it last week? No, the week before ... "Salome" at the *Palace d'Accord*. Quite adequate as productions go. Aesthetic sets. The lighting was special. But why, oh why stage a major work from the repertoire in that filthy hole? It's Dickensian!

Jason "Dickensian"? In Paris?

Alicia delivers a sweep of her arm.

Alicia This is more my style: clear, minimalist. Airy, expressive, light and clear of all clutter. Georges Climnstore.

Garth *confused* Uh?

Alicia *kindly* The designer. The architect.

Jason He won the *Prize Arabesque*: the only French-born ever to do it. Is that right, Sis?

Alicia *queenly smile* Correct.

Garth *being funny* I knew that!

Alicia strokes a highly polished timber beam nearby. She seems to be in contemplative mood.

Alicia Speaking of "knowing" ... Did I hear on the gossip grapevine that both of you had to step-in to separate the fighting French quite recently?

Garth *Oui.*

Alicia Why did you?

Garth *shrugs* It's what you do.

Jason There were several ladies in the immediate vicinity. Our thoughts were directed towards protecting them.

Alicia There are some who find the ardour and passion of the French quite alluring. I'm not one of them. I'm appalled (to say the very least) ... a pub brawl?

Jason Pagnol is easily offended by Godefroy, whereas the latter takes every possible chance on offer to goad Pagnol. Madame Lorinet passes their battles off as everyday occurrences.

Alicia stares at her brother as if awaiting further excuses. Jason cannot be bothered.

Jason *steely* We jumped-in and separated the combatants. So what?

Alicia and Jason continue to stare at each other. Garth has returned to his constant agenda.

Garth I'm famished. More grub, anyone?

Before anyone can answer, Garth wafts away. Alicia watches her husband. Then she looks back at her brother, sighs and laughs.

Jason *measuringly* You're not really suited to married life, are you?

Alicia *without embarrassment* Not in the slightest.

Jason I trust that you are not, or are not **about** to, betray your sacred marriage vows?

Alicia *smiling* Not at all, dear. I merely flirt heavily. How old-fashioned and sweet is that?

Jason Who? Do I know him?

Alicia Probably not ... His name is Antoine Allery. No connection with this farcical bone-and-shard show in which we're both involved. Thank God!

Jason *levelly* Hmph! I'm Garth's closest friend. You know that. And I'll find it extraordinarily difficult to take your side against his if it comes down to that point.

Alicia It won't. I'll be faithful to the last.

Jason is not convinced. He looks at his sister through half-closed eyes. She meets his gaze steadily. So Jason decides that it's safer to change the conversation.

Jason So ... How's my niece?

Alicia *ironic* She's with Garth's parents. Being spoiled rotten, I suspect.
Nana Maria dotes on Lily-Mae. A little girl to dress in pink lace after three grubby boys is like so much manna from Heaven. No?

Garth wanders up and before anything else can go forward, Jason takes his departure.

Jason I've had enough Bartok for one evening. I'll see you both at "the office" tomorrow.

Both Alicia and Garth seem surprised by Jason's abrupt departure. We see Jason quickly running down a carpeted flight of stairs in Les Salles d'Hippolyte.

END OF SCENE

II, Scene viii: Jason In His Crappy Room

Jason has rushed home and now makes himself an instant coffee in his bedsit. His quarters are unattractive, untidy and depressing. Jason simply accepts the temporary accommodation with as good a grace as possible.

As he fiddles about making the coffee, Jason flicks his eyes over a couple of letters. These he commits to the overfull rubbish bin.

☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺ **Break** ☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺

Music: a lone flute played in the mournful manner of a pan pipe.

Jason sleeps deeply. He lies in his single bed with just a sheet over him. Even though there is little light in the room, we can still make out that the room is very substandard.

The music rises, snapping off as the flash-back [time travel] occurs.

END OF SCENE

Jason DREAM Level #1: PALEOLITHIC Île De La Cité



The primitive island has not changed since the wolf/pony episode of ACT I. It is a lovely wilderness on the River Seine.

A small boy who is naked stands near the edge of the river, on the island, and pisses into the river. Then he runs up the bank. A naked man grabs the boy, tucking him under his arm and walking off with him.

The man laughs delightedly as the lad squirms violently and yells to be freed (just obvious noises: there is no common language at this time). The man knuckles the boy's head as he (the man) strides along, roaring with laughter.

End DREAM Level #1 (Jason)

II, Scene viii [Revisited]: Jason In His Room

Jason is now sitting on the side of his bed, head in hands. It is night.

The camera backs away, out of the room.

END OF SCENE

II, Scene ix: The Apartment Occupied By Francis "Twitch" Allendale

Music: Bright Parisian music, like something out of "An American In Paris".

The window of this apartment is open, and we can both hear and see the traffic on the busy Parisian street below.

Twitch is packing a backpack with all manner of computer gear. Edwina is working at a laptop, which is connected to a stylish printer. Rather than banging-away at the keyboard, she is manipulating a mouse on a 3-D mousepad.

Twitch continuing to pack

How good is this?

I mean, here we have a more than half-decent – nay, let's call it a "delightful" flat on Paris's racy, decadent Left Bank. Apart from my young brother, my two fellows in the flat are French actors, who are never at home. Don't ask where they are; it's better for you not to know. The fifth bed **was** to have been taken by Jason Gladstone, but he wanted to be on his own and so this spare bed now becomes available to Ms Edwina Allendale.

Edwina not looking away from her work

Jason Gladstone? Isn't he Alicia's brother? Your Garth's brother-in-law?

Twitch

Yep, that's right! They've been buddies for years and years. Do you know Jason?

Edwina does not answer: she quickly shakes her head. Then she prints out an A3 sheet from her printer. Twitch leaves-off his packing and comes over to the printer. He picks up the A3 sheet and displays impressed admiration.

Twitch Is it okay if I have this? You can print off another, can't you?

Edwina Of course. Why? What do you want it for?

Twitch I'll show this to the arkies over at "Dig-Dig". They might give you a gig on the show. You could draw scenes depicting the various historical periods which pop-up. There used to be a man who did that ... don't know what's happened to him. Anyway ...

Edwina They'd want a real artist for --

Twitch *eyes blazing* No! Don't sell yourself short. This stuff is really good. It would fit into the show ... Tell you what, I'll put in a strong word on your behalf.

[Edwina shows no response]

Come on! You have this amazing hidden talent. Let me show them this. And knock-out some more, will you? We may as well have all the family making some lolly out of this knees-up as not.

Edwina shrugs.

Twitch *enthusiastic* There is **so** much cash being splurged about, Eddie. You would not believe it! And anyone even remotely British is being snapped up for the backroom. I mean it! They're **insane!**

Edwina *sarcastic* And I'd be on the payroll with the gaunt Alicia Gladstone. How utterly divine!

Twitch dons his heavy backpack. He holds the rolled-up sheet of A3 in his hand.

Edwina continues to work diligently.

Twitch She's not so bad. Not really ...

Alright. Toorah, then. I'm off to "the office".

Edwina plonks herself down on the closest bed to Lisa's chair. Suddenly, Edwina smacks her hand over her mouth.

Edwina Oh, poop! I know what's happened ... you've asked for "Trader Bradley", haven't you? But he's rebranded himself "Brad Rylance". (You know, after all that engineering kerfuffle, which was no fault of his own, of course).

Lisa *thunderstruck* Oh ... How silly! The man asked me if his name was Brad – they had a Brad and I said "No". What a nuisance!

Edwina Don't worry. I'll give you his direct number.

Twitch looks up from the tea-making exercise.

Twitch I meant to quiz you on that, Eddie. How is it that Trader went back to his usual activities? Why not swan-off to Paris, as you did? After all, you two are an item now, in the "Bed-Friends" category.

Lisa is appalled, and Edwina is cheesed-off.

Edwina *sarcastic* Oh, great! Thanks, Cuz. Let's not tell anyone else about that, shall we?

Lisa *agog* You haven't been sleeping with your cousin, have you?

Edwina *ashamed* Well lately, there's not many men I haven't slept with. You'll not tell Mum, will you?

Twitch *pretending to be put-out* You haven't slept with me! I call that grossly unfair: favouring one family member above another.

Edwina *airily* You are a mere mortal. Trader is the earth, sky, water and fire all rolled into one. I could not possibly have sex with you, Twitch. Our friendship means too much to me.

Twitch (chuckling in agreement) presents cups of tea to both ladies. They thank him.

Twitch Better be on my way, ladies. Cheerio! Oh, Lisa. Are you hanging around, or --

Lisa Not for too long. I have one man and a family of five girls to run. I'll give Edwina all the details of my plans. And we'll definitely have a slap-up dinner before I go back to England.

Twitch nods, kisses the cheeks of both ladies and then tears off, banging the door loudly as he goes. The bright "American In Paris" music fades out.

Now that they are alone, the two females appear to relax. Edwina stands, and moves back to her laptop. She begins to reprint one of her coloured drawings.

Lisa *sadly* Edwina ... You dumped your husband in a very nasty way, and then you dumped your job. And now you're having an affair with your cousin ...

Edwina Not to mention a Swiss count I picked-up on the plane from N. Z.
Lisa makes a "Tsk!" noise, then sighs loudly.

Edwina Lisa, don't give Trader another thought. That's officially over. For now, at least ... Whilst I'm in Paris and he's in Melbourne, anyway.

Lisa Darling, he's married. His wife works with Geoff and Twitch and --

Edwina **Was** married ... she chucked him out, so I'm told ...

Lisa is unsure whether she should reveal to Edwina Sienna's secret and decides against it.

Lisa Yes, but ...

The printer spits out the large A3 sheet. We watch it closely as it evolves on the tray. The drawing is of the primitive scene which was the subject of both Edwina's and Jason's first dream.

Edwina That's the least of our worries, Lisa. Remember how we all congratulated ourselves when the business of William and Roger was at an end. "No more flipping back to the past", we said. Well ...

[Edwina hands the A3 sheet to Lisa]

Twitch is going to try and land me a job on that ghastly French TV show as a historical illustrator. I think he sees me wafting about in

the background, or sitting at my ease, sketching possible scenarios as they arise. Using my imagination ...

[Pause]

I didn't need my imagination for that one. I drew from memory.

END OF SCENE

END OF ACT II

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ACT III

III, Scene i: Segler's Landing

On the lawn, the five daughters of Lisa and William caper about. The game involves long ribbons and dance steps. Benita Pendlebury assists with the delighted Lily-Mae (for whom the girls are performing). Toby Allendale looks out from the picture window in the sitting room and takes in the scene. Lily-Mae (being Garth's daughter) is thereby Toby and Maria's granddaughter. In spite of himself, Toby smiles fondly upon the frolic. Maria joins him.

Toby What on Earth are they doing?

Maria The smart money is on "playing", but I could stand some minor correction.

Toby *fielding the sarcasm* Oh, ha, ha!

Maria They are entertaining your little grandchild.

[Pause]

Don't they look utterly enchanting? Why couldn't we have had a girl?

Toby For my part I don't begrudge our sons. They might not have been "picture perfect" as these lovely creatures cavorting on our lawn, but they are fine, steady young men. I'm not sorry at all.

Toby puts his arm around Maria's shoulders. She rests her head on his chest.

Maria *thoughtful* Poor dear William was promised sons by the Duke of Buckingham. And look! Five girls ... That's so utterly sad ...

Toby *bracing* He wouldn't swap his girls for a cartload of boys. It doesn't matter these days **what** you have. Any boy or girl can become Prime Minister.

Toby becomes business-like.

Toby *brisk* Rightio! I've received a memo over the wires from Neil Markinson. He's hot on the trail of the Albert Pitch mystic stones. I'll have to drag Laurie's expertise into this venture: he has contacts, authority and a glib tongue.

Maria *frowns* The stones? The M'Coure stones? Oh, I know precisely where they are.

Toby Yes, the Connaught Museum.
They'll put up a monster struggle to keep them, but right is might. They belong to the indigenous people of Australia. No-one gave permission for them to be housed in Britain at all. We'll get them ... but it might prove to be a protracted struggle.

Toby leaves the window for the telephone. He makes the call to his brother Laurence.

END OF SCENE

III, Scene ii: Jason Gladstone Appears As Guest Geologist On “La Feuille Dig-Dig”

The Dig-Dig camera is rolling, along with its concomitant phalanx of filmic hangers-on. In the midst of a lovely, shaded garden on Île De La Cité, Jason Gladstone is delivering (in English) an entertaining overview of the geological conditions pertaining to the Île De La Cité and to Paris in general. Trincon Lorinet stands beside him. Jason speaks to the camera, but also to Trincon (who nods solemnly). Jason speaks confidently, without nervousness.

Jason

I suppose that the best place to start, Trincon, is Cornwall, strangely enough. I've always been attracted by the uncanny resemblance between the geological conformation of Paris with that of Cornwall.

This part of France (where Paris stands) is in the geological domain known as the “Paris Basin”. Hardly touched by the many glaciations experienced in Northern Europe, Paris was once submerged under the Tethys Sea. So we might expect there to be marine shales and oceanic sediments cropping up.

Our sedimentary rocks (our clays, chalks and limestones) will no doubt exhibit broken shells and fossils of sea-going creatures. There will be acres of conglomerate rock (such as drew most of my fellows into the study of geology in the first place as wide-eyed children). Plus sandstone in abundance.

As our archaeologists dig into the Île De La Cité, the geological layering will reveal its time-scale. And I'll develop these themes with you over the next few weeks. But what we have here now in 2002 (in geological terms) is a gentle countryside of plain and plateaux, dominated by the River Seine.

Trincon

Yes, Jason. That's what fascinates. This lovely, convenient island in the River Seine provided a most suitable environment for the primitive man to visit. They came to fish.

And we would recognize all these breeds: pike, roach, perch,

trout, tench ... And something a bit different if the appetite so persuaded: the occasional otter, weasel or stoat ... even rats. But there were also so many birds --

🎬 **Break** 🎬

In the shade of a marquee, Marie-Claude stands with folded arms watching her son being filmed with Jason Gladstone. Beside her, Twitch stands, also restfully watching the filming. Seated is August Godefroy. He is applying stage makeup, watching himself in a lighted mirror.

The following speeches in blue are spoken in French with English subtitles.

August *nodding towards Jason*

Who is this?

Marie-Claude

My dear August! You must know that this young man is the British geologist: the brother of that Alice-girl who struts about with her nose in the air.

Twitch *without rancour*

And thus the brother-in-law of my elder brother, in fact.

Marie-Claude *uninterested*

Ah!

August smirks at the possible discomfiture of Marie-Claude. But there is none.

August

Ah!

Marie-Claude

That young man is hot. He'll receive more fan mail than all the rest of us put together: you'll see. The men will respect him as a sound, reasonable scholar; the women will adore his rugged good looks and dependable physique.

Twitch *making conversation*

Do you get much fan mail, then, Madame Lorinet?

Marie-Claude **Of course. But only from sensible people who adore archaeology. Not from the kind of gutter-rats who plague Bissot Pagnol. Nor the idiots who drunkenly pursue you, Godefroy. My fans are conformable, right-minded men and women. They understand that I am considered a goddess amongst the fraternity.**

August *winking at Twitch* With a high proportion of gravediggers in that count, you understand.

Marie-Claude **What is that that you say there?**
suspicious

August *masking the joke* **I'm merely supporting your premise that you have many devoted fans who love to wield a spade or trowel.**

Marie-Claude **Yes. Of course ...**

Twitch and August share a quiet smile and wink at Marie-Claude's expense.

August *to Twitch* Oh, and about the sketches. Yes, they are just what is needed. And quite appropriate to find such a gifted artist at this time, with Louis wandering off to the States as he has done.

I'd like to meet the young lady. Your cousin, no? Is she lovely?

Twitch *nodding* Very. Yes, very lovely. A superb English rose.

August And not a stick insect, like this one ...

[Indicating Marie-Claude]

A well-rounded shape, has she?

Twitch *grinning* Very shapely in all the right places, Sir.

August And the daughter of the so-esteemed Professor Malcolm Buxton?

Twitch His granddaughter. Yes.

August *decisive and pleased* Good! Her credentials are excellent. If she is photogenic and disposed to dress attractively (from the male perspective), then

we'll bring her on board.

You know (my dear Francis) that it was through my youthful devouring of Professor Buxton's many tomes that I first fell in love with the digging game. And now to hire his granddaughter ...

END OF SCENE

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Jason DREAM Level #2: NEOLITHIC Île De La Cité

This is a re-write of Edwina's dream, but this for Jason. When he wakes, he is in the wine bar, being shaken by Garth. Another fight has ensued. This time, August versus Trincon. Groggily, Jason will stagger to his feet and join in the task of separating the combatants.

"Jason's" tribe is on the bank of the river, watching "Edwina's" tribe, and fishing in a more advanced way, with hooks made of bone, and line made of goat sinew (or similar).

Music: Again, a rattle, drums and flute. A very earthy, primitive tune is heard.

The people of the Île De La Cité gather on one riverbank in order to observe the advance of a tribe from the South. The terrain through which this new tribe marches is boggy and swampy. They move further inland, but still progress in a westerly direction, towards that part of the Left bank which is closest to the island.

Just like the islanders, these tribesmen and their kin wear sleeved tunics made of animal skins. Six men cast their hooked lines into the river, immediately catching fish. Meanwhile, the women and children hastily construct tent shelters which are very similar to those of the island people. The older boys light a fire. These people have tethered animals to care for. They completely ignore the islanders, who shout out curses at them in a very rudimentary language. It appears that the newcomers are more advanced than the people of the island.

Around the fire, the older boys dance and shout: jumping high in the air, throwing sticks about and generally letting off steam. A couple of them wrestle a third boy. This strenuous exercise only ends when all the boys are breathless and sore from their efforts. They laugh at the sport nevertheless.

On the island, some of the boys try to emulate the physicality of the mock-combat; but they do not in any way impress the newcomers.

[We will return to this scene again, both with Edwina's memories of it, and with Jason's. More detail of the events occurring on the island will be described.]

At this stage, neither Jason nor Edwina has realized that the island they are envisaging is the Île De La Cité.

End DREAM Level #2 (Jason)

III, Scene iii: The French Presenters Get Drunk and Fight Again

The crowded wine bar is again the scene of a convivial evening which goes wrong when August picks a fight, this time with Trincon.

The scene opens as August and Trincon shout obscenities at each other in French, in relation to August telling Trincon that he is little better than a male whore. August snipes at Trincon on all fronts: his over-worked libido, his lack of scholastic genius, his pathetic face which the TV camera makes worse, his slut of a mother, and so on. So Trincon is firing back that August is a drunken has-been (or "never-was") with archaeological credits of dubious worth. And Trincon closes by accusing August (who prides himself on his exactitude) of being a sloppy hack who lacks scientific method.

So now the men wrestle about, screaming at each other and grimacing with the effort of fighting.

Garth shakes Jason in order to wake him.

Garth encouraging *Come on, Bro. Another punch-up. We need your brawn.*

Jason tries to wake-up, but he is drowsy. Garth abandons him, leaping gallantly into the fray in order to pull August away from Trincon. Jason drags himself to his feet, evidencing a lot of pain in his back and sides. Then Jason too stumbles forward into the melee, pushing himself between the combatants at great personal danger.

END OF SCENE

III, Scene iv: The Anticipation Regarding Derni Curfages

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The Incident Room. A long trestle table is laden with archaeological finds. Many people sort these or sift through them. Alicia walks in, armed with clipboard. She is accompanied by Crystal Orlop, her English assistant.

Alicia reaches out absently to pick up a skull. She is looking at this object with some interest when Marie-Claude snatches back the skull, replacing it in its position amongst the folds of a dark velvet cloth. Marie-Claude gives to Alicia a withering glance of scorn. Alicia simply moves on (admiring the finds) without seeming to notice the evil look.

Alicia to Crystal

The re-enactment scenes will be shot wherever and whenever we can. I've organized an actor for the horse riding. But he's an absolute dweeb. We'll have to pad out his shoulders. Of course, I **asked** for a big, strong, macho actor – but that's just asking for too much!

Derni Curfages is providing the horses. Absolutely superb beasts who'll fall down dead on command.

[Here she picks up a piece of Frankish jewellery]

Oooh! this is nice!

He's a drunken baboon from Alsace. Nothing can be done with him. Don't even **think** of casting him (even though he looks every inch the part): he'll have to be kept right out of the way. And don't upset him or let anyone else upset him. He has priors in the wrecking-ball department

Crystal wide-eyed

Gotcha!

Alicia briskly leaves the Incident Room, with Crystal close at heel.

END OF SCENE

Edwina DREAM Level #3: Bronze Age Gauls On The Île De La Cité



With the Palaeolithic and Neolithic tribes, the location of the dig on the island will tend to remain around about the current position of the Petit Pont.

Now we are in the Bronze Age, and the Gauls have dug a Celtic fogou in the location of the famous crypts of Notre Dame Cathedral. Both Edwina and Jason will recognize this fogou from their visions.

The Celts liked to hide their religious cells underground in the form of rock-lined fogous, which are simply man-made cellars or souterrains.

Two Celtic men (dressed in rough-spun tunics) scabble about in the darkness of a fogou. Then flambeaux are passed down to them.

We can now see that the men are unable to stand at full height: they are forced to stoop.

Dyn *jovial* Well, as you can see, this is a crouching fogou. We tried to dig lower but the river met our feet ... it seeped in. But this is still good.

CheHoth *nods* This is very peaceful. I feel the contentment of the gods here. You've really done very well in settling here.

Dyn The gods have been utterly kind, and with only a rare sacrifice required.

We have food in abundance. Fish: all types of fish. And otters ... their pelts are superb. Fowl. Loads of poultry. There's more than

enough food to set up a grand table.

We receive so many visitors such as yourself and your tribe ...
That's how we keep up with the news ... otherwise, we'd be in a
cultural backwater.

CheHoth Which gods do you favour here?

Dyn Oh, we get them all, one way or another through the folk who
come here to fish, trade and barter. You and other members of
your clan will no doubt put us onto another useful deity or two ...
We favour water gods mainly (as you'd imagine). And a couple of
exotics have muscled in. The women go for them, of course.

The two men solemnly run their palms over the walls of the fogou.

Then Dyn calls up.

Dyn Hi there! Take these torches, will you? We're coming out.

*Rhoned's mother (with Rhoned at her side) receives a flaming torch from another person whose hand
appears from under the ground. And then she passes that torch to another woman. Rhoned's mother
reaches for the second torch.*

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

*The men have escaped the claustrophobic fogou and now survey the surroundings closer to the river
(such that the Left Bank is the opposite bank).*

Dyn The bay stallion is a beautiful beast. I'll take him off your hands if
he's for trade.

*The men wander over to the stallion, in order to inspect it more closely. They continue to pat and
stroke the horse throughout the conversation.*

CheHoth Excellent back. Ride you over any terrain and shows no fear.
We've got a chap (a close kin of my third wife's) – he has the

most uncanny knack with horses. All livestock, really. But especially with the horses. You won't have a day's trouble with this bay.

Dyn And in return?

CheHoth We really want to barter for some of your women and girls. Your females seem to me to be in the best of health. Our blood is thinning: need new breeding stock.

Dyn Take as many as you want in exchange for cows and sheep. And of course the gallant stallion.

Over the last many summers, our babies are living to maturity, which is a very strange thing. I can't remember the last time I buried a child. And a surfeit of girls, more's the pity.

CheHoth Yes. I prefer sons to daughters. If you could promise me barrels-full of baby boys then I'd love you forever! I can pick up girls anywhere. But your girls are by far the best I've seen. Must be the diet of fish.

Do you know what the other secret is?

Dyn No?

CheHoth *pontificating* Don't let them breed too young. The pelvis has to form.

Dyn You're in the right! I've seen lots of men thrashing their young wives for whelping badly or not at all. But I'm of the opinion that older girls breed better. Anyway, time will tell ...

CheHoth What I loathe more than anything is this practice of sacrificing virgins! And always the best ones (as if that would appease the gods).

I've seen it more times than a fox could spit. No wonder they are dying out, those people.

Dyn As I said, we don't bother sacrificing if we can help it: the river is

always plentiful to us and we get by without having to lift a finger to placate our gods.

The men now leave the horse and wander over to the river's edge. Two women paddle a canoe with graceful ease. Other tribesmen and women fish by using a large net (now termed a "seine") across the river in order to trap fish.

Large logs have been lashed together using vines to make narrow rafts. These rafts have been united with more lashings such that the chain of rafts is attached to large trees on either side of the river.

CheHoth No, you're doing alright. This is as good a spot as any to cross this river, and thereby all the wayfarers must have congress with your elders. I like the pontoon bridge you've fashioned – that makes the crossing a whole lot easier.

[Nods wisely]

You've got a lovely little sinecure here and no mistake.

Dyn Okay! Down to business!

In my favour, we've agreed on the stallion and three of the milking cows and those two sheep.

Well, in your favour, here's a couple of widows. This one has two boys: make fine warriors when they're older.

And then I'll offer you these three girls. They are my daughters. Vouch for 'em all.

[Indicates Rhoned's mother]

This woman still has her looks and comes with this cute curly-haired poppet. She'll be a breeder, no doubt. But don't forget what we agreed. Leave it for a while until she's ripe. The rewards will be worth waiting for.

CheHoth eyes the women and children with a practised eye. Dyn shows absolutely no emotion at parting with his children; and likewise they seem to accept their lot with equanimity.

CheHoth *nods* Yes, I'll give her to my youngest son. They're of an age. He's a good boy: he'll look after her well.

The men shake hands with both hands, kissing each other's cheeks. Dyn approaches his tribesmen in order to divvie-up the spoils. Neither Dyn nor any other member of the tribe goes to the three daughters to bid them farewell.

🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀 **Break** 🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀

CheHoth's son Leon is riding a fat scruffy pony. The boy's long, thin legs dangle astride as he is bounced about. He keeps pace with Rhoned's mother as she and Rhoned trudge along with the folk of CheHoth's tribe (but keeping close to the former members of Dyn's tribe).

All that the mother and daughter possess in the world is bundled up in a swag which the mother has tied over her shoulders. Other than that, Rhoned holds a plain wooden doll in her hand.

Leon pulls some bread from the folds of his tunic. He tears off some bread and begins to chew. Rhoned watches him. Then Leon reaches down, offering some of his bread to the little girl (who is destined to be his first wife). Her mother nudges her, and Rhoned takes the bread. She begins to eat it.

End DREAM Level #3 (Edwina)

III, Scene v: The Bread In Edwina's Mouth Is Analysed

A white-coated female laboratory assistant is seated at a long table in the Incident Room which is central to "La Fouille Dig-Dig". She is reading from a large manual, whilst making notes in a folder. When this lady speaks, it is with a very strong French accent.

Edwina enters the Incident Room, looking about for this lady. On seeing each other, they wave. Edwina moves quickly, to sit down with this lady.

Edwina Hello. Did you get any results on the bread?

White-coat gestures to a petri dish.

White-coat I analysed it, yes. But the results make no sense at all.

Edwina That's why I asked you to check it out. You see --

White-coat Where did you get that bread? It is very ancient. Ah! What a riddle you have set me!

There is no possible way that flour would not decompose if it was so old. There were not the preservatives then. It was all perishable within a matter of days.

Edwina How did you --

White-coat *forceful* Listen to me, Edwina! There was a variety of grains in that bread dating from the Bronze Age, or thereabouts. There is no mistake: that's when they date from. I checked them thoroughly against a control.

How it has remained edible, I cannot tell you. But you shouldn't go about eating things you find in the diggings. You're very lucky that this stuff didn't make you unwell.

Edwina No, no! It was ... That is, I woke up and it was in my mouth. It was utterly horrible!

White-coat is seriously concerned for Edwina.

White-coat But how did it get there, then? Did someone stick the ancient

bread in your mouth just for a joke? No! That does not happen.

Edwina seems lost.

White-coat

Well, I can't give you any more on it than what I've already told you. This is Bronze Age or thereabouts. Could be 4,000 or 5,000 years old. But I'd love to be proved wrong ... otherwise, who can possibly explain this?

Edwina looks worried, biting her lower lip.

END OF SCENE

III, Scene vi: Jason Is Not Coping With His Domestic Situation

Jason storms through the door of his flat, slamming the door violently behind him. He angrily chucks his bundle of clothes and towel on the floor, swearing in rage. Then he grabs control of his emotions, breathing deeply and combing his fingers through his dirty hair. After a couple of seconds, Jason heads for his bed, and finds his mobile phone. He uses autodial to reach Twitch.

Jason *into the phone* Twitch? Oh, Geoff! Sorry ... It's Gladrags. Is that offer still open?

[Pause]

You had a spare bed going cheap.

[Pause, disappointed]

I see ... No, I didn't know that ... It's alright, really.

Listen, is she there now? Great! Would it be a bother if I slither over to have a shower? It's utterly impossible here.

[Pause; Jason smiles broadly]

Sweet! Be there in a shake ...

🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿 **Break** 🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿🚿

Having showered in Twitch's apartment, Jason opens the bathroom door, wrapped only in a towel around his hips. He is evidently much refreshed and invigorated.

Geoff works devotedly at his craft: he has taken over a long slim table for the purpose of creating and refurbishing latex masks and wigs for actors. These masks and wigs will be used during the re-creations of the lives of primitive man (during the "La Fouille Dig-Dig" shows).

Jason *intrigued* I thought that you were the pyrotechnics guy?

Geoff *still working* I do **everything**, Old Cock.

Jason Thanks for the shower. It's literally been days.

Geoff Not a problem, Gladrags! Come on over on any day at about this time, and the coast will be clear.

Jason I can't even get near the wash house at my digs. Apparently, I live in close proximity to the most self-absorbed hygiene freaks West of the Jura mountains. And none of them is French!

Geoff *reasonably* But when we offered you a bunk, you said --

Jason *grinning* Yeah, yeah ... I know ... My fault entirely. And now it's all too late since you've invited this girl in. Who is she?

Geoff Actually, she's my cousin: Edwina Allendale. You might have met her at Garth's wedding. Laurie and Tess's daughter, which makes her Malcolm Buxton's granddaughter. Good credentials there. And she's very nice: easy on the eye. You'd remember her if you'd met her previously.

Jason cannot place Edwina. He screws-up his face, then shakes his head.

Jason Nuh ... Don't think I've bumped into her.

Geoff Well, you probably will then: our Twitch is even now teeing-up an interview for her with Godefroy as the resident artist for the show.

And I've no doubt that her "womanly charms" will win over the randy professor and the job is hers.

The current bloke has drifted off to New York to be with a dying "friend". Wink-wink-nod-nod-say-no-more ...

Jason *surprised*

Blimey! How many of your relatives are working on "Dig-Dig"? I've heard of nepotism, but your kin seem to be past masters at it!

Geoff laughs, then nods towards Edwina's printer.

Geoff

We're an extremely talented outfit, are the Allendales.

There's more of Edwina's artwork over there that isn't under scrutiny by The Great Man. Have a gander. She's really captured the age, I believe.

Jason lazily saunters over to the printer and carelessly scoops up the A3 sheets. He glances over these with casual indifference as he continues to converse with Geoff.

Jason

So you're predicting that my niece (Lily-Mae) will inherit greatness through her Allendale genes and --

| |
|-------------------------------------|
| Jason Makes a Monumental Discovery. |
|-------------------------------------|

Suddenly, Jason becomes riveted. He stares at the A3 sheet on which Edwina has depicted wild ponies racing through the scrubby woodland which she saw in her first dream.

Music: A burst of very dramatic music is heard. Jason's eyes stare in disbelief: he has almost stopped breathing. Geoff is unaware that Jason has reacted in this way to Edwina's artwork.

Geoff

I've seen that little imp in action. She's destined to be the editor-in-chief of Vogue or world-famous pop star or even the leader of a major political party.

Jason is entranced and captivated. He is not listening to Geoffrey: Jason is totally absorbed.

Jason DREAM Level #1 REVISITED: PALEOLITHIC Île De La Cité



We revisit Dream Level#1 from ACT II. This part of the dream was not actually presented in that scene; so for us (the audience) this "flashback" is the extension of it. But for Jason, it is a genuine flashback.

The naked man laughs delightedly as he runs through the undergrowth, carrying under his arm the squirming, squealing naked boy. On reaching a group of tribeswomen, the man deposits the boy on the ground. The women make a fuss of the lad (who is wailing loudly): they wipe different coloured earthen pastes on his shoulders and upper arms, cooing softly to soothe the boy as they do so.

End DREAM Level #1 REVISITED (Jason)

Then Jason (open-mouthed and staring in complete disbelief) shifts his gaze to another A3 sheet. Here, Edwina has depicted a naked man actively spearing a fish at the same part of the riverbank (seemingly) where Jason's alter ego took a piss.

Jason appalled How could she know about this? Was she there, too?

Jason drops the A3 sheets back onto Edwina's printer as if they were on fire. He steps back suddenly, aghast. In his mind, he relives the latest of his dreams (we have not seen it yet but will do so during the next few scenes.)

Jason DREAM Level #3: Bronze Age Gauls On The Île De La Cité

Jason gives us a preview of his version of Dream Scene iii from this ACT (III).

When we get to this dream, it will be from the point of view of CheHoth's tribe (where Jason as a young teenager is the alter ego of CheHoth's youngest son). The man whom CheHoth referred to as a horse whisperer is played by the same actor playing the part of Rylance "Trader" Bradley.

Braithe and Leon ride to the heights of the present-day Mont Martre and survey the valley. The Île de la Cité is clearly visible even though the banks of the river and surrounds are covered in woodland.

End DREAM Level #3 REVISITED (Jason)

This is a vital point in the script.

We now have a live link between Jason and Edwina. However, it is only Jason who realizes that there is such a link.

From here on, Jason almost drowns in his memories of far-off times, and in the superb artistic representations which Edwina produces.

This will culminate in Edwina's discovery of a naked Jason devouring (with his eyes) her artwork (ACT IV, scene ix).

Jason is staring at a wall but sees nothing other than his own recollections.

Jason *alert* Ah! Now I get it! We're on an island. Wait a bit ... Wait a bit ...

Geoff leaves off his work to come and stand beside Jason, who has eagerly gathered-up the sheets of drawings again. Jason shuffles the sheets about as he hungrily eyes every detail.

Jason *to Geoff* Is ... ? Are these of the island ... the Île de la Cité, then? But ...

Geoff *shrugs* Well, yes ... I thought that that was the intention after all. Since the "Dig-Dig" show is --

Jason *interrupting, amazed* Have I actually pissed into the River Seine as a little tot?

Geoff *lost* Um ... pass. Next question, please Mister Quizmaster.

Jason *absorbed and disturbed* Oh, my God! She's seen into my brain, this witch.

Music: dramatic, marching beat. Lots of snare drums.

Jason, dressed now and with his habitual old leather satchel over his shoulder, marches along the crowded streets of Paris.

He quickly flicks his head about to check that it is safe to cross, and then trots easily across the busy road. During the crossing, Jason's mind will recollect his latest "dream" and he will be chastised by irate French motorists who almost crash into him as he loses momentum. Then, on reaching the other side after many near misses, a gendarme will take Jason in hand to berate him severely in French. Jason, chastened and moody, will go on his way.

Jason DREAM Level #3 REVISITED: Bronze Age Gauls On The Île De La Cité



Now Leon (astride his small shaggy pony) and Braithe riding a strong horse make their way across the pontoon bridge onto the island. They are closely watched by several of Rhoned's folk. Ignoring the strangers, Braithe and Leon ride up to chief CheHoth's older sons and other tribesmen. These young men sit about on horseback, idly chatting whilst waiting for CheHoth and Dyn to emerge from the fogou. They grin at seeing the youngest son ride up.

Brother #1 Hey there, young Leon. And Braithe.

Leon What's going forward? Where's Dad?

Brother #2 He's bargaining for your bride. What do you think of that? A pretty little girl for you to play with. For you to keep clean, feed and house. And make gooey babies with.

Leon makes a face as if he is about to be sick. All the men laugh at him.

hand. Dad's decided to give her to you. And you have to look after her as you would any valuable livestock. Keep her well-groomed with no burrs in her hair.

Leon *grimacing*

I wish he wouldn't. I don't have the least clue what to do with a girl.

The men all laugh heartily.

Brother #1

Oh, to be that young again! You can start by feeding her. When you yourself are given food, your clear duty is to share it with your female. That makes a nice start: why not try that?

Leon steals himself.

Leon *to himself*

Food! ... Share ... Right!

End DREAM Level #3 REVISITED (Jason)

As described, Jason is flummoxed and confounded on finding himself in extreme danger on the Parisian road as he "comes-down" from his vision.

END OF SCENE

III, Scene vii: The Digging Site Is A Hive Of Activity: Notre Dame Cathedral

People who are involved in some way or another with the "La Fouille Dig-Dig" TV show are rushing about everywhere. Only Edwina remains still, cosseted in her corner of the production tent with her A3 sketchpad and a folio of already completed artwork. She wears a push-up bra and scoop-necked tee, such that her cleavage appears to best advantage.

A smiling Lisa Pendlebury (with Sienna Bradley in tow) approaches Edwina. Edwina smiles brightly at Lisa. She does not recognize Sienna, whose pregnancy is very well-concealed. Lisa sits down next to

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Edwina, leaning over to kiss Edwina, who kisses Lisa in her turn. Sienna quietly sits near Lisa. She appears to be impressed with the artwork scattered over the table.

Lisa *smiling* I found Trader, thanks to your help. He's flying over here as soon as possible.

Edwina is confused and looks it. Lisa does not see this as she has turned towards Sienna.

Lisa *bright* Edwina, you might remember Sienna Bradley ...

Sienna and Edwina exchange a smile. Edwina's smile is forced and almost ghastly; Sienna is shy.

Lisa *apologetic* ... No! You're back to your maiden name now, aren't you? Sienna Holloway. Sorry.

There is an awkward silence which Sienna breaks. She gestures towards Edwina's many A3 sheets.

Sienna Oh, these are lovely! However did you achieve these beautiful colours?

Edwina *grins naughtily* Well, basically: I cheat. All I do is to sketch-out my ideas in pencil. Then I scan the sheet into the laptop and wash the colours over using a design application.

Sienna They're really superb! Wonderful! Congratulations ... I hope they're being featured in the show?

Edwina Yes ... Yes ...

Crystal is wearing a headset and carrying a crowded clipboard rushes up to Edwina.

Crystal Eddie! Come on, they want you in shot. Bring your sketch pad and some of that work.

Edwina stands quickly, grabbing at the necessary materials. She makes to take off.

Edwina Gotta go!

Lisa stands, then so does Sienna.

Lisa Okay ... Let's move on. Sienna is working with Alicia. We'd better catch up with her.

Edwina pauses.

Edwina *urgently* Don't go back to England without coming to see me at Twitch's.

Lisa I'll certainly try.

Sienna *calls after* Nice to meet you!

Edwina

Edwina waves, then murmurs to herself.

Edwina *sotto voce* You won't think so when you find out that I've been shagging your old man!

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

*The "La Fouille Dig-Dig" camera rolls (along with the obligatory microphone and other support staff) as the French archaeologists describe what they will be looking for in the famous crypts lying under Notre Dame Cathedral. The presenters are very much in the background of our shot, so we cannot make out much of what they say. Our camera merely sweeps the entire area such that we obtain an overview of proceedings.*

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

~~~~~ **Edwina Suggests A Fogou** ~~~~~

*August Godefroy is more than pleased with Edwina. He looks out for Edwina, and heads straight for her, oblivious to all the other calls on his time from those around him. His smile is very warm, and his eyes sweep over her hungrily.*

August You are enchanting, *Cherie*. Make sure that you are sitting on that canvas chair over there, busily sketching. We'll put the camera on you and --

*August spots the top-most drawing in Edwina's grasp. He frowns heavily, whipping the A3 sheet away from Edwina. He studies the pencil drawing closely. Then August flicks a hard look directly into Edwina's surprised face.*

August *accusingly*            What is this, then?

Edwina                        It's a fogou: a Gallic fogou.

August *suspicious*            What inspired you to draw this?

*Edwina hesitates.*

August *accusingly*            Is this what you expect we shall find underneath the world's most famous cathedral?

*Edwina moves her lips soundlessly.*

August                        Did your so beloved grandfather spiritually steer your thoughts in this direction, perhaps?

*Edwina presses her lips together, as if sensing that August is interrogating her, and hoping that she will slip-up. So, Edwina goes for broke.*

Edwina                        It made sense to me. Here is a cathedral, and so in times past, that would have meant a small church on the same site. We certainly know about the Roman baths ... And they (in their turn) would have been preceded by a pagan monument. We both know that the Gauls (being Celtic) loved secrecy, concealment. Thus, most likely (it seems to me) that monument was a fogou.

*[Gaining confidence]*

It's a "crouching" fogou, actually: the men could not dig as low as they wished, due to the river level intruding.

*[Now as bold as brass]*

As soon as I set foot on this ancient island, I envisaged just such a structure, and drew it. I'll show you where it might be situated, if you like.

*August is nonplussed. He simply nods, then passes the A3 sheet back to Edwina and moves away. We see Edwina look relieved, but also wary.*

~~~~~ **Break** ~~~~~  
 ~~~~~ **Edwina's Fogou Discovered** ~~~~~

*Edwina's fogou is duly discovered in part of the fascinating crypts under Notre Dame.*

*The gang from "La Fouille Dig-Dig" gathers in the subterranean gloom, with only a few lamps to guide them and the ever-present film crew. There is a flurry of activity. We can only hear mumbled words and see crouching activity.*

*Then there is a loud gasp as part of the stone wall is finally moved away.*

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

It will look to the TV audience as if only August, Trincon and Bissot are standing in what remains of the ancient fogou. All thoughts of previous altercations have evaporated. We (the film audience) can see all the paraphernalia and the host of hangers-on squished into the tiny area where the "Dig-Dig" show was given permission to investigate.

The three archaeologists are clearly fascinated (almost overcome) by their surroundings.

August with tremor in his voice I cannot possibly tell you how moving this moment is for all of us, ladies and gentlemen. We may be the very first people to set foot inside this structure since the Bronze Age. If I shed tears, I fervently beg of you to try to understand how totally unexpected this discovery is.

August looks about. Trincon and Bissot suddenly hug. Clearly, Bissot is weeping.

August marvelling This is Gallic. You British viewers will be familiar with the Irish, Cornish and Devonian fogous and souterrains. This is just such a

one, and it lies forgotten for over 3000 years (maybe some 5000 years) under this most magnificent edifice: our Notre Dame cathedral.

Trincon *nodding and utterly spellbound* A perfect example of stonework by Bronze Age artisans, August. And maybe used for storage of foods, or for escaping from assaulting enemies ...

Bissot is overcome with emotion. He now struggles to master the correct English words.

Bissot And ... er ... the purpose religious. The 'oliness. The river gods which the Gauls so loved. Quite possibly.

There is a murmur from the support staff; they wish to re-record Bissot's potted observations. This effectively breaks the mood which the filming of "Dig-Dig" had inculcated. An unseen male voice (with heavy French accent) is heard.

Unseen male voice Bissot, maybe you should say it as we have just practised: "But quite possibly this was used for religious purposes. A holy place to worship the river gods favoured by the Celts".

Bissot laughs heartily.

Trincon **Come along, Brother! You will be in the public eye and ready to become a pin-up boy in England. Can you dig it? Not just England: India, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Canada. Around the globe! So get with it, will you?**

The young men pat each other's upper arms. August appears to be bored. The camera whirrs back into action, and this re-ignites August's "sincere" smile.

Bissot *exuberant* Okay!
But quite possibly this was used for religious purpose. The 'oly place to worship the river gods so favoured by the Celts, the Gauls.



ACT IV

IV, Scene i: The Home Of Jack And Fiona Bradley, South Australia

Tess Allendale's sister Fiona (who is Trader's mother) searches through the index of a very battered copy of Roget's Thesaurus. Using her index finger, she runs down the page quickly, then taps the page importantly. She is watched by Murray GulGul: they sit side-by-side at the kitchen table.

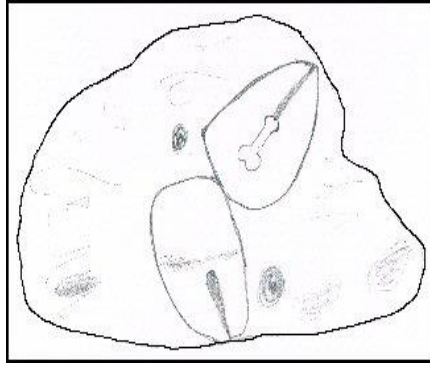
Fiona Yes, the best word for what you're expressing is "retribution".

Murray is doubtful.

Murray *frowning* Okay ... You'd know better than me. When you send the email thingummy to your brother-in-law, you tell him about "retribution".

Then Murray pulls some paper out of his pocket, unfolds it, then slides it across the table towards Fiona.

Murray And I gotta get hold of this stone, the pudding-stone reckons.
I drew it from what I saw in the dust ... it's not very good, but.



Fiona stares at the paper and the drawing thereon.

Murray You been very good to me, and my family ... and to all my people. Now I do somethink back for you. Can you get hold of this stone and get it me quick-quick?

Fiona *appalled* I know this specimen ... It was dug up decades ago in the crypts under Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris. It's totally ancient. Palaeolithic. Stone Age. A man ... and a woman.

Murray *urgent* Your son Trader has to take retribution from what happened to `im. He's gotta win back his pride from those bastards at the international company. When he was an engineer. They stitched `im up. They made `im feel down on `imself. Not good. We gotta fix it. He's been patient long enough.

Tess *disbelieving* But I don't see how Rylance can --

Murray *forceful* All your family ... You been spinnin' off into times past. And now the fathers in the dust are tellin' me strange things. There's danger – someone's gonna get bad hurt. And someone's gonna die.

Your distant cousin Neil is gettin' me the brothers of my stone. They are comin'. A very important man is bringin' them to me. But he also has to get that man/woman stone as well.

If he brings all them rocks, then I'll sort everything out.

See, I can not only listen to the stones, but I can tell them things,

too.

Fiona Which important man would that be? Do you mean Air
Commodore William Pendlebury?

[Footnote: the stone was actually from the Le Ferrassie region of France, but I wanted it to have been found in the area of the "Dig-Dig" excavations. With my usual gay abandon, I made it so.]

Murray nods enthusiastically.

Murray *smiling* That's the one. Secret men's business. He's gonna come here,
right to my sacred land and we're gonna work magic, him and me.

Fiona stares at Murray and at the strange rock he has drawn.

END OF SCENE

IV, Scene ii: Île De La Cité, Outside The Notre Dame Cathedral

Out in the fresh air, barricades have been set up around a small area of the grounds of Notre Dame. A huge number of Parisians and tourists have gathered at the barricades to ogle the proceedings.

The Remains of Braithe's Horse Sacrifice.

A number of the Diggettes, all wearing low-cut T-shirts under navy bib-and-brace overalls, stare in wonder up at Jason. Unusually excited and breathless, Jason is standing at the edge of a newly dug pit, pointing strenuously to a place off to the side of the pit.

The following speeches in blue are spoken in French with English subtitles.

Jason **Please. You will find an ancient burial of a horse right there. Right there! A sacrifice to an angry war god made by the Gauls. Really ... I know this ... I know this ...**

A wave of embarrassed realization sweeps over Jason. He steps back from the edge of the pit. Marie-Claude is at hand. She has heard everything. Interested, she steps forward. The leading Diggette (Founi) speaks to Marie-Claude.

Founi *uncertainly to Marie-Claude* **What do we do, Madame Lorinet? The English geologist suggests a new line of investigation? Should we not check with Professor Godefroy, or -- ?**

Marie-Claude **Humour him. Dig where he suggested, this Englishman. If we find a horse skeleton, then all the better. It will make great television. Yes, I shall give to you my permission.**

The Diggettes know the drill. They quickly jump out of the pit and move to one side. Marie-Claude sets four sticks in the ground and makes arm movements to indicate the area to be scraped clear of grass and topsoil. She now gives orders to a Frenchman in a large bobcat.

Marie-Claude **Luc, here in this square as I have indicated, if you please. Just take off the bare minimum as you did earlier. Not too deep. Go ahead!**

Luc quickly completes his assignment with the bobcat, then moves adroitly out of harm's way. Then the Diggettes move back to their pit, wielding their trowels.

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

Under the shade of an umbrella, and with steaming mug of coffee in hand, Marie-Claude has returned to the pit. The resident male osteologist is kneeling in the pit with the Diggettes, keenly examining some finds.

Marie-Claude **What gives? Anything of note?**

Osteologist **Yes, indeed. You'd better get the camera, I think. You'll want to capture this find on celluloid.**

Marie-Claude turns, calling out to some people in French. We see the cameraman and several others scramble to Marie-Claude's side.

Marie-Claude *to the Osteologist* **Is that some bone you have there?**

Although the Osteologist nods, it is Founi who answers, as she gestures to the box of spoils.

Founi *to Marie-Claude* **Around the stylized skeleton, a great deal of well-preserved pottery has been unearthed. Lots of bowls and precious stones, indicating some kind of sacrifice.**

Marie-Claude nods. She turns to the Osteologist.

Marie-Claude *to the Osteologist* **A placation of the gods, I guess. So ... the bones are human, are they?**

The Osteologist, still crouching looks up and shakes his head.

Osteologist **This is a domestic animal: maybe a cow but more likely a horse. But definitely a defined placement. The bones are articulated in the manner of a strict religious observance. This has all the hallmarks of a ritual Bronze Age sacrifice.**

Marie-Claude nods solemnly then looks about. The cameraman and his sides jostle themselves into position. Trincon strolls up.

Marie-Claude *to Trincon* **We're going to recreate a very interesting little scene. They are to repeat exactly what just went by between us. You'll have to translate it for the beef-eating Britons.**

Still holding her umbrella and steaming mug of coffee, Marie-Claude moves away from the scene now being filmed for the "Dig-Dig" show. She approaches Jason, who is ashen-faced and stricken. As Marie-Claude wanders past him, and without looking at him, she speaks in unfamiliar English.

Marie-Claude *waspishly* I found your 'orse.

END OF SCENE

IV, Scene iii: The Beauties Of Paris: Alicia And Sienna Shop

Music: A snippet from La Calinda Suite from Koanga by Delius.

Alicia and Sienna (carrying a few monogrammed shopping bags) stroll about casually, window-shopping. As we join the ladies, Alicia laughs, tossing back her head. Then she points to a modern building.

Alicia My husband works in that pile. He's a breed of computer whiz: much-revered in Paris. He'd get more money in the States, but then what would I do?

This job came up, and he agreed that we should re-locate for a time here in Paris. He'll follow me about like a puppy-dog in order for me to find work that I love.

When this gig is over we'll head back to England for a while.

Sienna You must miss your little girl.

Alicia *off-hand* No. Not at all. If I'd known how messy little brats are, I might have reconsidered. She'll be okay at 15, I suppose.

Sienna is visibly shocked. They have wandered up to a florist shop and entered. Alicia chuckles, then grabs a stray flower. She stops, rubbing the flower along Sienna's cheek.

Alicia *conspiratorial* I've been watching you. You have something to tell me, haven't you? Nappies, bibs and breast-feeding ... Believe me, it won't affect your job. You have excellent contacts overseas which I very much need. Your job is totally safe.

[Pause as she looks Sienna over]

Well?

There is a break as the ladies purchase large bunches of flowers, beautifully presented. As they leave the shop, Alicia makes a face at Sienna.

Sienna *shy* Um ... Yes, I'm ... um ... I'm up the spout. You'd already guessed that, I'm sure.

Alicia *smug* Sure? Of course. Trust me to know the signs ... And you're up the duff to that ex-husband of yours. That **rogue** ex-husband of yours.

Sienna *appalled* "Rogue"?

Alicia *disgusted* You were 100% right to walk out of his life. Since you left him, he's been whoring with that slut cousin of his. The one into whose pants our esteemed Professor G. hopes to move. That would be Edwina Allendale. No, Edwina Shimway. Uh-oh ... Right first time! Edwina Allendale.

Sienna *shocked* God! How do you know that?

Alicia *firmly* I know it because my husband's two half-wit brothers have given her shelter. They spend almost every waking hour either listening to "Slatterndale" chattering girlishly on her phone with the father of **your** unborn child or giving entry to the flat to a wolfish old Swiss count who is paying court to Madame Viper. Oh, she's a busy girl, for sure. Let's just watch events unfurl and see if your ex is winging his way to Paris to comfort **you** ... or her?

Sienna stops, grabbing at her belly and appearing to be about to faint. Alicia pretends to be concerned.

Alicia *cooing* We've had the most perfect day, shopping together. Two English ladies taking-on the might of the Parisian merchants and retailers. I do hope I've not spoilt it for you.

Oh, dear! Are you alright? Let's sit down. I'll get you something soft to drink, shall I? And then we'll catch a taxi back to our "office" on the island.

Sienna is clearly overcome. Alicia is clearly pleased at this turn of events in that she has set Sienna against the despised Edwina.

END OF SCENE

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IV, Scene iv: Trader Bradley Arrives As Expected

At "the office", Jason pulls up short, as he has recognized the man who is speaking to Trincon Lorinet as Braithe. Trader has his back to Jason; but to the latter, there can be no mistake. A smile of glorious wonderment shines over Jason's face.

Jason *under his breath* Braithe!

Jason strides forward, arm extended for the handshake. Trader, hearing the footfall behind him, interrupts his conversation with Trincon to turn around. Jason grasps his hand and arm strongly.

Jason *overjoyed* Ah! You noble man! How could you part with that lustrous animal?
It was the finest horse that –

The two men are about the same height. Trader (naturally) does not recognize Jason, who seems to welcome him as an old and valued friend. He studies Jason's face for a second. Trader misunderstands the question posed by Jason.

Trader *surprised* You mean Silver Ghost? It's okay: Mum and Dad will look after him
while I'm here in Frogland.

Jason No, I meant –

Suddenly, Jason comes out of his trance. He realizes that he is still gripping Trader's hand and tries to laugh it off as he lets the handshake end.

Jason *somewhat embarrassed* You're Trader Bradley, aren't you? Your fame goes before you. I'm
Gladstone: Jason Gladstone. Well, welcome.

Trader *smiles* Thanks! Seems like a great show. What do you -- ?

Trincon *quickly* This is our esteemed geologist. A genius! And the women adore
him.

Jason is appalled by the adulation, but also by his initial break-out. He now aims for a hasty retreat.

Jason *blushing fiercely* You are too kind ... Anyway ... cheers!

Jason tears off, utterly filled with embarrassment and self-loathing.

END OF SCENE

IV, Scene v: Trader Bradley Wins Over Derni

A re-enactment of a battle on horseback (involving Franks) has been scheduled to provide some solid worth to “La Fouille Dig-Dig”.

It is very early in the morning, on the island, and our camera is stationed near to the all-purpose tent. A big, stationary horse-carrier truck is seen through the mist. Two large warhorses (blanketed and well-tended) are unloaded by several small, spindly middle-aged men who wear berets. Derni Curfages is a very large, tall man from Alsace. He owns both the horses and the truck. We can just make out Derni’s deep voice barking orders in French to the small men. The horses (both stallions) parade before the tent. They are magnificent animals.

One of the stallions is fiery, moody. Our camera forces us (the audience) to notice the belligerence and defiance of this animal.

Break

Later, very light misty rain falls. A group of people under the shelter of the tent are squabbling loudly in French. Everyone talks at once, with brief subtitles. However, Alicia will also explain the situation to her underlings, so we will fully comprehend the situation.

The fiery stallion has a bridle. The saddle is very primitive and has no stirrups.

The subject-matter of the squabble is as follows:

- In the gardens at the West end of the island, a re-enactment of a Frankish encounter has been planned.
- However, the actor selected to represent the chief Frank on horseback demands to be excused from the exercise and would rather that the role be played by a stunt double.
- The stunt double is a puny, dopey-looking guy who is way too small for the provided costume, but even worse: the superb stallion he was mooted to ride has taken an extreme dislike to him.

- Dorni refuses to allow this guy to come near the horse and insists that another man ride the steed.

The French people all talk at once. Alicia is listening to the argument, taking in the situation.

Alicia in control Okay. Simon, get the actor and the stand-in off the set immediately if they're upsetting the horse. That's a valuable animal, and I don't want Dorni yelling at me. He's way too big for me to take on.

Simon What will I do with the two blokes?

Alicia Put them in a taxi. Send them back to the agency. Or to Timbuktu ... whatever it takes. I'll ring a friend at the Equestrian Centre for a real horseman. The French are crazy about horseflesh, so that should be no problem.

Simon Could a woman ... ?

Alicia laughing No, no! We must have a **real** man. Even though the Gauls had welcomed women into the warrior class, that certainly wasn't the case with the Franks. There was no female emancipation in those glory days.

Simon leaves to execute his orders. We see the majestic stallion sidling about: angry and defiant.

Just as Alicia turns to walk out of the tent in order to placate Dorni, she stops dead in her tracks.

Around about her, we see everyone else do likewise. Several people gasp.

Wearing elastic-sided boots, Akubra hat and Drizabone raincoat, Trader comes out of nowhere and strides out quickly to the horse. Pushing the small handler out of the way, Trader soothes the beast immediately by stroking and caressing the horse's head. He whistles softly and croons gently as the rain continues to fall.

Dorni watches, in awe.

We now see a pantomime sequence. Dorni has no English. Dorni approaches the horse, telling Trader (in French) to mount and ride. Trader has no French, and so he ignores Dorni.

Thus, to get his point across, Dorni points to Trader and then mimes a man mounting and riding a horse.

Trader *the penny drops* Oh! You want me to ride the horse, do you? Alright then.

| |
|--|
| Trader Wins Huge Accolades With His Equestrian Skills. |
|--|

Without assistance, Trader vaults from the ground to flop himself over the back of the horse. Then he wriggles around to sit astride the steed. With utter mastery, Trader walks the horse about, then trots and canters him. The horse behaves as if he were a docile pony at a children's party.

Dorni is amazed and thrilled. Dorni turns around to gesticulate to those in the tent (being also amazed). With the rain now increasing, Dorni shouts to those in the tent in his booming deep voice.

Dorni *excited*

Where did you find this man? Did he drop down from the clouds?

He is my absolute choice for actor and stunt-double, both. Send everyone else who applied for the job back to their nests.

This man will ride my horse in battle!

END OF SCENE

A Medley of Scenes

The music from La Calinda is picked-up again for a few general scenes (without spoken words being heard, in either English or French). Where the lovely music seems inappropriate, then a more dramatic version of it is heard.

Edwina is busy sketching during the progress of a dig. Twitch and Geoff stand near her, obviously commenting on her drawings.

A small crowd of onlookers watch as Jason is found knee-deep in the River Seine, speaking to camera. Evidently, owing to the sweeping movements of his arms, he is describing the primal geological conditions in the area.

Edwina, Bissot and Trincon stand near to a display cabinet in a museum. Within the display case are carnyxes, pieces of armour, earthenware bowls and flagons of the Gauls. The three co-workers admire the pieces: we can see them point and comment.

In the busy wine bar (which is favoured by the "Dig-Dig" presenters) Marie-Claude and August are red-faced with anger as they scream at each other over some real or imagined slight.

The "Dig-Dig" cameraman closes-in on a group of Diggettes (in a pit) who show to the camera some glorious finds from their endeavours.

Edwina meets the cartoonist (a middle-aged man of scholarly appearance) of Carnie. She watches his handicraft on a large screen, wearing earphones and learning how to perform voice characterization.

Trader is now costumed outstandingly as a huge-shouldered Frank (complete with eye-popping moustache and long-haired wig). On his left arm is strapped a copious shield, and in his right hand he carries a heavy iron sword. Astride Darni's magnificent stallion, Trader causes the horse to rear-up. Then he takes off towards the camera, waving the sword about and looking extremely fierce. We see the crowd of onlookers (including Darni) applaud this scene with huge enthusiasm.

Alicia is seen being "divine" at a social gathering. Alicia and her fellow bon-vivants are dressed in evening dress, sip cocktails and seem to be hugely enjoying themselves. Garth can be seen in the background in an everyday lounge suit, chatting with a group of older ladies. He drinks a beer.

Edwina sits in her deckchair, sketching with quick pencil strokes, as some of the Diggettes busily work with small pointed trowels in a pit situated in the grounds of L'Hôtel-Dieu.

SEGUE STRAIGHT INTO NEXT SCENE, WITH THE MUSIC FADING OUT

IV, Scene vi: Garth And Jason Accompany Bissot To A Boxing Match

A world championship welterweight boxing match has been scheduled at Palais Omnisport: Bissot has been given tickets, and he asks Trincon, Garth and Jason to be his guests at ringside.

The two Frenchmen are obviously seen as celebrities by the other patrons. During the hoop-la of arrival, shaking hands and finding their seats, Trincon and Bissot are fêted by all those in the vicinity. The pair of French TV stars dart about, being photographed, kissing cheeks and seemingly in their element. A spotlight is put on Bissot, who obliges by flexing his biceps and then bending over to show his famous bum crack. The boxing announcer and commentators join-in, and Bissot's turn almost rates as a high-point of the night. Trincon laughs immoderately. Jason and Garth take it in good part, smiling and applauding as appropriate.

🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭 **Break** 🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭

On walking home, the men pair off. Bissot's English is poor, so he strolls along beside Jason such that they can safely have a natter mostly in French. On the other hand, Garth's French is minimal, which makes him the perfect companion for Trincon.

Garth Why do the French permit us Brits to strut about as if we own the city? It seems incredibly strange after all the animosity between our countries.

Trincon *not convincing* You walk the walk and we love it.

Garth Crap! Your company is totally throwing money at us. That's not

natural.

Trincon *shrugs*

Oh, that's our current effort at rapprochement.

And of course you English so love history: you can't get enough. This series has been sold to TV companies in Britain and throughout the Commonwealth for gargantuan sums. The French flavour is already huge in Canada.

Garth seems unconvinced.

Trincon

People love Paris. To be taken to the birthplace of Paris (which is our beloved island where we work so industriously) is everyone's dream.

The camera moves away from this pair and onto the other pair. They are speaking English just now.

Bissot

Your Edwina is a rare beauty.

Jason *snorts*

She's not mine, old boy.

As usual, Bissot struggles with the English words that he wishes to say. He resorts to French.

Bissot

Oh no?

I ... how do you say ... ?

I have been watching you as you watch her. Your eyes give you away. Now, if you could shove the rich Swiss count aside (he's old enough to be her father as it is!) then you could muscle-in and take her as your own.

[Sighs adoringly]

Imagine lying in bed with all that nubile loveliness. Oh, don't be alarmed that I'm your rival there! Nothing could be further --

Jason *grimly, leaving*

No! That won't happen, Old Cock!

Bissot in no doubt

END OF SCENE

IV, Scene vi: Another Night, The Gallery At *Les Salles d'Hippolyte*

Jason and Alicia lean over the hard steel railing of the balcony at Les Salles d'Hippolyte. The brother and sister sip champagne as they lazily watch a crowd of concert-goers milling about below. There is quite a loud mumble of crowd noise over which the pair will speak.

Alicia *out of the blue* Did you ever see "Last Tango In Paris"?

Jason flicks his head around to study his sister's profile.

Jason Yes: many, many times. What inspired you to ask that question during the interval of a recital of Renaissance madrigal?

Alicia merely points down to the foyer. Jason (and our camera) follow the direction of her pointing finger. Below, Edwina and Count Christophe flirt attractively in a secluded alcove. Jason's face hardens.

Jason *nasty tone* I really am fed up to the back teeth with that awful girl and her plutocratic nobleman. I note in a recent *Paris Match* article that his wife (the Countess) is a most charming and cultured woman. He's an old satyr and Slatterndale's a home-wrecker. This is a sordid plot for a cheap romantic novel, not a cinema classic in any way. *C'est fini.*

Alicia You're right. I'll admit that it's not **quite** the plot of the legendary film, but ...

So, can you possibly believe that I first saw that flick last year?

[Laughs at her brother's disbelieving look]

Truly! But I **adored** it as a work of art. Incredibly measured and such artistry! I have no recollection as to why I waited so very long to see it for the first time.

Jason *sighs* I was introduced to it during my formative years. I was up for the gratuitous sex and nudity. Uncle Cedric allowed me to watch it with him in his "Tomb of Terror" AKA his garden shed. Do you remember how scared we used to be to go into that Bluebeard's Den?

Alicia *appalled but amused* Uncle Cedric? Lord! He didn't have that kind of relationship with me (thank God fasting)!

Jason *laughs* Of course not! It was a deliberate effort on his part: he was bleeding me for manhood.

The gong is heard. Jason looks down to the floor below as he watches Edwina and the Count wander back to their seats along with all the other patrons. The Count has his arm around Edwina's shoulder. Jason appears to have a hard, steely, uncompromising look on his face as he watches the lovers disappear from view.

Alicia and Jason likewise saunter back to their seats.

Jason *contemplative* Bissot claims that I am now on the Hottest Bods Top 100 list. (He saw it on the Web). Can you beat that? I'm in the low-70's, which comes as no surprise.

Will this help me to have a fulfilling love-life, then? What do you think?

Alicia *smirking coyly* This is Paris, where anything is possible ...

END OF SCENE

Jason and Edwina both DREAM Level #4: ROMAN LUTETIA



The Romans take control of Île De La Cité

The island is much more developed now than it was in the time of CheHoht, Dyn, Rhoned, Leon and Braithe. There are many roundhouses and other assorted buildings. Of particular interest is an area set aside for the production of bronze. Primitive kilns can be seen in active use, with men bent over them.

Music: to start with, evocative flute music. But this changes and becomes moody/malevolent as described.

Viron (18 years of age) and his young lady Eleana (aged 15 years) kneel in a quiet glade in the late afternoon. They are face-to-face, touching each other's hair, jaws and mouths. The young man kisses his girl with great tenderness.

Then Viron stops, listening intently.

Eleana concerned *What is it? What do you hear?*

Viron signals to the girl to be quiet: he is listening.

Music: now racier, adding snare drums.

Suddenly, the young man stands, tearing off in the direction of a small village of Celtic round houses, then onwards past small, fenced fields of livestock and on to a group of smoking kilns where men sweat as they finish their work for the day, smelting tin and copper to make bronze.

Viron must shout to allow himself to be heard.

Viron *calling out* The distant roll of thunder-feet! I just heard it in the glade. You'd all better come and check it out.

The tired, grimy men down tools and straighten their tired backs.

Gaul #1 What were you doing in the glade?

Viron *with naughty smile* Trying to have it off with Eleana, of course. What else? Come on!

The men troop off in Viron's wake.

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

Music: more serious, and now picking up the deep drum beat of the Roman marchers.

Of Eleana, there is no sign. The men gather about, standing with hands on hips, listening intently.

We now hear the sound of the Roman legion, marching from the South towards the hill now known as Mont Martre.

Viron *puzzled* What is that?

Gaul #2 Perhaps our luck has changed. That could betoken a herd of grazing animals flocking in this direction.

This causes general delight amongst most of the men.

Gaul #1 *shakes head* No ... This is the work of men ... Men stepping-out in time to the beat of a drum ...

Gaul #2 *alarmed* What men are these?

The eternal drum beat now becomes more distinct as the soldiers of the legion top the hill and march resolutely in a Northerly direction. Our camera closes-in on the troops, who march in strict formation, always in step with the drummers.

The Roman equipage is shiny, clean, impressive and uniform. The men seem to be well-fed, strong and trained for martial activity.

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

*Music: dramatic, military and confronting.*

*It is now evening, with the sun setting.*

*The Gauls (both men and women, bearing their weapons and many carnyxes) gather on the Southern shores of the island forming a human barricade behind the low stone and wood wall erected some time earlier. The Gauls cause the carnyxes to emit weird other-worldly noises. As well, everyone makes some kind of noise with pots and pans and whistles: anything that they can lay their hands on. Many of the men have had time to clay their hair into a Mohawk. Some of the warriors are naked but for solid gold girdles on the waist and neck. The pontoon bridge at the place to become Petit Pont has been destroyed by the Gauls.*

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

Another close-up of the Romans marching resolutely. The drummers maintain the regular heartbeat.

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

*Our camera takes in the tier of Gallic warriors, who are making a fierce cacophony in their own inimitable way.*

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

With the sun sinking below the horizon, the Romans begin to erect a makeshift bridge under a hail of rocks. Gallic boys and girls collect stones and rocks in large wicker baskets, bring them to the

barricades, and then the Gallic warriors fling these missiles towards the bridge-workers using slingshots.

The Romans provide a remedy: they form walls of overlapping shields at the forefront of the bridge-building exercise.

With flaming torches to light the night, the Romans continue to build. The music is now very dominant.

End (for now) DREAM Level #4 (Edwina and Jason)

IV, Scene viii: The Dreamers In The Year 2002 Cannot Rest

Edwina's Room: In Twitch's apartment, Edwina is in her bed, tossing about restlessly. The sound of the traffic on the road below can be heard, and so can voices be heard calling out. Again, we see Edwina tossing about in bed, appearing to be worried.

Jason's Room: It is the same in Jason's crummy room. He is almost hanging out of bed, jittering in his troubled sleep.

END OF SCENE

Jason and Edwina both DREAM Level #4 CONTINUED: ROMAN LUTETIA

Music: snare drums and brass, with heavy military flavour.

The Roman bridge having been finished, and with the first rays of dawn apparent, the Romans surge forward under cover of their interlocked shields. The hail of missiles from the Celts continues.

The "Tortoise" Formation and Battering Ram.

The Romans are able to cross their bridge with minimal casualties under the protection of the "tortoise" interlocked shield formation.

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Once in position, a huge battering ram is dragged forward (again, with the men under the protection of large overlapping shields). The battering ram now pulverizes the stone wall. Every Gaul fiercely defends the wall, without much success. Several Romans are injured to the legs where there is no protection. But otherwise, only a couple of Romans fall into the river where they are mercilessly picked-off by the shouting Celts.

The battering ram finally breaks through the wall. The Gauls try valiantly to stem the flow of heavily armed and well-protected Romans who flood through the gap. Fierce fighting breaks out, but the Romans outnumber the Celts. Mounted Romans follow, cantering over the bridge and straight into the fray. These mounted soldiers slash through the overwhelmed Gauls. The Roman broadswords and javelins win the day.

We hear shouts from the Roman commanders, both mounted and on foot.

Now the Romans set fire to the cottages, causing havoc and mayhem among those Gauls who remain alive.

End (for now) DREAM Level #4 (Edwina and Jason)

Break 2002

Edwina's Room

Edwina is seen to toss about in anguish on her bed; however, she remains asleep.

Jason and Edwina both DREAM Level #4 CONTINUED: ROMAN LUTETIA

Music: snare drum only. A very "lost, lonely" sound.

Roman soldiers clamp leg-irons onto the ankles of wounded and captured Gauls (males only). Chains are then threaded through the leg-shackle rings.

Nearby, a group of Celtic women is herded away. The women sob and cry out. This group includes a bloodied Eleana.

Suddenly, Eleana sees Viron. He is lying face-down, wounded and groggy. Eleana breaks away from the other women, evading capture. She has a small bladder of water. Kneeling by Viron, Eleana attempts to comfort him, pouring water onto his lips and face.

One of the Romans guarding the women grabs at Eleana. She pulls angrily away, snarling at the man.

Roman guard *severely* Come away, there, girlie!

Music: becomes very tender.

With a half-hearted attempt, the guard tries to separate the lovers. It is quite touching to see the devotion on the face of the girl matched with the desperate love etched on the young man's face. Eleana weeps. One of her tears falls on Viron's upper lip. Smiling, he licks the tear off with his tongue.

End (for now) DREAM Level #4 (Edwina and Jason)

☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞ **Break 2002** ☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞

☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞ **Jason's Awful Flat** ☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞

Music: becomes very haunting, lovely.

Back in 2002, we see Jason drag himself out of bed. He bangs his palms on the wall, resting his forehead there. Jason grimaces, trying to stop himself from an emotional outburst.

Jason *in anguish* Why am I dreaming about that ruddy girl?

END OF SCENE

Jason and Edwina both DREAM Level #4 CONTINUED: ROMAN LUTETIA

Lutetia has been under Roman control for three years.

No music.

A group of 16 to 20 soldiers (either Romans or romanized Gauls) ride at a relaxed pace along the formally-laid-out hard dirt roads of Lutetia. They cross a very sturdy bridge onto the island.

The warriors wear shiny breastplates and wear red "side-cloaks". The largest man seems to be their commander. He is Fibulus Donis Gallica (played by the same actor playing Trader Bradley). Viron is one the men and maintains his Gallic name.

It is evident that the villagers have been fully Romanized. Everything speaks of Rome. There is an orderliness, a neatness inherent upon the "style" of a Roman village. Above all else, this is an outpost of Rome, and not a village in its own right. The main purpose of Lutetia is to house and shelter troops, feed troops, and provide a strategic defence for the north-west Roman frontier.

Here follows a medley of scenes: showing relevant daily life in a Roman outpost, in Western Europe.

- Fibulus Donis Gallica is seen to be inspecting a large warhorse that is paraded before him by a slave. Donis strokes the animal's neck and chest, closely checking-out the horse's forelegs.
- A couple of slaves who are leading some well-fed milking cows from one place to another are rudely and roughly pushed out of the path of a small group of Roman soldiers, marching off to manoeuvres.
- Slaves fish with large nets (now called "seines" for obvious reasons) at the site of the modern Petit Pont, where the Romans have improved on the earlier bridge, adding robustness. Soldiers and mounted warriors march at a leisurely pace over the bridge.

Viron excuses himself to his fellows in the cohort and heads for the home of Julian Crassus Prato. The latter is a very old man who has taken Eleana as a slave. While Julian Crassus sleeps in a beautiful arboured garden, Eleana and Viron flirt warmly in the lovely woods.

There should be a story here. I wanted Eleana and Viron to chat about their love and so on, but then we'd be repeating all that for the Franks (when our hero is Gilles and our heroine is Madeleyne). Besides, that makes it a bit difficult to work out how/why Edwina and Jason finally get together. So the deal is that Eleana and Viron are seen to be enjoying a flirtation which ripens into sex, with the sleeping patrician seen in the background.

For Edwina and Jason, this love-scene provides inspiration and joy, and leads to the wonderful Jason starkers scene.

Thus, Eleana and Viron spend a divine and tender time loving in a superb garden. It is evident to us (the audience) that the taste of the kiss is delightful, and that it will always stay on Edwina's lips.

END OF SCENE

IV, Scene ix: In The Year 2002, Unrequited Love

Edwina wakes For the first time she is deliriously happy. She makes it evident that her lips still taste Viron's kiss, despite the amount of violence accorded to the Gauls by the Romans.

~~~~~ **Break 2002** ~~~~~  
 ~~~~~ **Jason's Awful Flat** ~~~~~

Jason leans his hands against the one small wooden chair in his meagre room. Instead of looking worried (as he has done lately), his face is suffused with a glow of real, warm delight. He pulls back his head, right back, with his eyes closed, and he is smiling in genuine ecstasy.

~~~~~ **Break 2002** ~~~~~  
 ~~~~~ **Twitch's Apartment** ~~~~~

At Twitch's flat, Jason's knock is heard. Jason has come for his daily shower. He finds both Twitch and Geoff hard at work finishing-off a suit of armour over chainmail shirt (being "worn" by a wooden dummy).

Jason *jocular* Can anyone provide me with a cure for shagger's back?

The brothers laugh at the question, but do not answer. Jason is embarrassed and cannot explain what he means to say. Jason coughs.

So absorbed is he, that he does not hear Edwina's footfall outside the apartment. She opens the door. Edwina is nonplussed to see Jason sitting at her desk, consumed by his desire to view her artwork. She steps forward but is unable to speak to Jason. Twitch and Geoff look up, seeing their cousin. However, they do not look back at Jason. Neither brother is aware that Jason is naked.

Geoff Hi, Eddie. You know Jason, don't you? The geologist. You must have met him at "the office" any number of times. He pops around for a shower at about this time. His digs are crap.

Jason stares in disbelief at Edwina, mouth open.

This is all a bit weird. Having been in Lutetia as Viron, Jason has seen Eleana (that is, Edwina) naked and knows that she has seen him in the same state (because according to the drawings they are both seeing the same visions).

The problem is that when two people are not speaking to each other, then it is hard to start off the dialogue by saying something glib such as: "You've seen this old fellow before."

That is why Jason simply sits and stares at Edwina and is unable to utter a single word.

*On the other hand, Edwina does NOT know that Jason is travelling along the historical road at her side. She is confused at finding Jason so avidly devouring her work with his eyes. **And naked!***

Edwina stares back at Jason, trying not to notice that he is stark naked.

Suddenly, Jason leaps to his feet, makes a gesture of defeat, grabs his towel (this falls to the floor, so he is obliged to bend for it) and then he bolts for the bathroom.

Edwina stares at the bathroom door which Jason has slammed shut behind himself. She clears her throat.

Edwina *sotto voce* Hello, Jason. I hope you're well?

Edwina slowly moves to her desk, trying to decide what Jason was doing there. Her heart leaps to see that he has accessed her laptop and has opened the JPG files in a particular folder. She runs her fingers over the printed artwork, looking puzzled.

Suddenly, Jason (now dressed) flings open the bathroom door and escapes the apartment without a word to anyone.

Edwina squeals with laughter, as Trader turns her about to face him. Trader is loud, over-powering and rambunctious. A tense, worried Sienna is clearly visible in the background. It seems that both Trader and Edwina are putting on some kind of "show" to indicate to all and sundry that there is nothing in their relationship other than cousinly friendship.

Trader *playfully loud* Come here, you gorgeous hunk of womanhood! Get back in my arms where you belong!

Trader picks up his cousin with ease and swings her about as she squeals girlishly.

Edwina *delighted* Who is my fourth-favourite cousin? Give your Pommie cuz a big
chuckle smacking kiss.

Trader and Edwina embrace in a very rompish way. There is no embarrassment, yet Sienna still appears to be concerned and uncomfortable.

Crystal re-appears. She is brisk and businesslike.

Crystal Trader, I need you to whizz over to costuming. We need you to play a centurion on horseback. Quick, quick!

Edwina Ah! So you've met my outrageous Aussie cousin, have you
 Crystal?

Crystal *dry and* Oh yes ... We've met. I've had the hot Aussie hand up the front of
sarcastic my blouse, like all the other girls have had.

Sienna is close enough to the group to hear what is being said. She looks very discomfited. To further put Sienna off the scent, Edwina adds more "I-don't-care-what-Trader-does!" comments.

Edwina *brightly* And did a good job of it, too, I've no doubt. Congratulations! You now qualify for the Sisterhood of Molested Crumpet.

Trader, Edwina and Crystal chuckle happily.

🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭 **Break** 🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭🎭

Trader's attitude here seems inhuman, unmanly and vile. It will be explained away in the very

beginning of the fifth film.

It has to do with the issues Trader had when working for an international company as an engineer and losing that job (and his self-confidence). At the end of this film, upon the family curse being lifted, Trader will be told by Murray GulGul that he will gain retribution: he will be vindicated. As mentioned, this "retribution" comes to fruition in the fifth film of this series.

The mood has changed utterly. Now, Sienna and Trader sit in sombre silence. They are positioned on the island, looking over the River towards the many people (tourists, lovers and Parisians on the make) who saunter along the river walk. Trader smokes. There is something nervous about his actions. When Trader speaks to his estranged wife, he does not once look at her.

Trader So what kind of baby is it?

Sienna A boy. I'm hoping to call him Brandon. If that's okay?

Trader You mean okay with me?

Sienna nods, but as he is not looking at her, she must respond verbally.

Sienna Brandon's a nice enough name for a boy. Brandon Bradley is quite smart. But only if you agree.

Trader shrugs with utter indifference.

Trader Call him what you like. Makes no difference to me.

There is a lull, during which Sienna appears to be about to break down. However, she holds herself together.

Trader Your brother ... How's Brandon? Is he any better? What was it ... a plane crash?

Sienna That's right. No ... he's still critical.

Trader What's going to happen there? Can they bring him home from Africa?

Sienna Next week. Fingers crossed, it's next week.

Trader continues to look out over the River, but now whistles softly through his teeth.

Sienna *persistent* Are you okay with all that?

Trader Sure ... See ya.

Trader trots away, with Dorni running along beside him.

Sienna stays where she is, watching the action.

END OF SCENE

END OF ACT IV

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ACT V

V, Scene i: The Usual Parisian Wine Bar

Everyone from "Dig-Dig" has gathered in the customary wine bar. However, instead of the usual punch-up, the drinkers argue vociferously on what they think is the date for the birth of the city of Paris (and why they think it). To make this interesting, this is an "actor's discretion" scene: they can put forward their honest opinions. As many people as possible speaking at once will be excellent.

END OF SCENE

V, Scene ii: The "Dig-Dig" Show In Post-Production With Carnie Voice-Overs

We are watching rushes of scenes already filmed. To give the scenes their final polish, the extra layers where Carnie overlays the action are being added. Our camera is positioned in the cartoonist's den, and beside him stands Edwina (wearing earphones and watching the rushes on a large plasma screen.)

The Rushes for the English "Dig-Dig".

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The subject matter of the rushes occurred on the Île De La Cité, but in a location we have not seen before. Trincon stands with his mother (Marie-Claude). They are tenderly holding a skull. In the close background stands the Osteologist, speaking with other hangers-on.

As he speaks (quite close to the camera), Trincon carefully indicates the salient points of the skull with the end of a biro. Marie-Claude turns the skull about before the camera as appropriate.

Trincon

Our beloved Osteologist and Marie-Claude have found what appears to be a mass grave. There is so little left: only some various bones of indeterminate age. But the bones have the appearance of having been dumped, rather than buried.

This skull has been exhumed in totality. There is no way to decide if we have here a male or female skull. To our view, it is that of a woman in her mid 20's. There is a daintiness about the structure here; and the teeth are very good. But – sheer guesswork!

Now this skull might well have belonged to a Roman woman, or to a Romanized Celt. Again – no way of knowing for sure.

But her presence in the mass grave is made all the more interesting by the fact that **this** was in her mouth.

Trincon holds up a large piece of hard charcoal.

Trincon

It appears that each of these skulls might likewise have been guarding an ember. Why? This practice is in no way typical of a Gallic burial. The coals were either inserted into the mouths **before** the death (and this is unthinkable) or **after** death (more than probable). Is this a religious observance perhaps? Roman? No!

Disease could be another factor ... but we are guessing.

What we think is that perhaps (prior to their becoming Christians), the first Franks to arrive on the Île De La Cité might have had a set-to with these poor people (of Celtic and Roman stock), and that they then performed the "coal-in-mouth" ritual as propitiation

to their pagan gods. That's quite a plausible theory in our view.

Now, the scene is overlain with a cartoon of Carnie, seemingly with smoking coals in his mouth.

Edwina has stuffed some marbles into her mouth, and now makes a good fist of performing Carnie's voice-over.

Edwina *voice-over,* Jolly jumping beans! How can one speak with a mouthful of
gruff raspy voice burning hot coals?

The filming over, Edwina spits out the marbles, gasps and then rocks about laughing.

END OF SCENE

V, Scene iii: Revisit August's Earlier Triumph At Tintignac, With Carnie Voice Over

We revisit the filming of the huge haul of magnificent metalwork uncovered at Tintignac which was filmed at another time. August gave a commentary in French. There are many superb carnyxes in this hoard. Thus, we find Carnie whizzing from one side of the screen to the other, excited and jumping about.

[This film is set in 2002; however, these finds were supposedly made in 2004. An apology will be included in the Credits explaining this chronological challenge.]

Edwina *voice-over,* Hey! There's my brother and sister ... and that is surely Uncle
gruff and raspy Faulke!

END OF SCENE

V, Scene iv: The "Dig-Dig" Show In Post-Production

The camera is inside an old, dirty Combi van. On the floor stand rolled sleeping bags, various boxes and sundry junk. Founi savagely tears the door open and clammers inside. After pulling the door closed with force, she sits on the floor, leaning against the side, and begins to cry gustily.

Trincon now quietly opens the door and peeps in. Founi shrieks at him to go away and leave her alone. Trincon inveigles Founi (in a few soft French words of love) to no effect. He kneels before her, begging to know what is wrong.

After much mumbling between the two, Founi breaks down her reserve.

The following speeches in blue are spoken in French with English subtitles.

*Founi weeping, to
Trincon*

I have always been the voice-over for Carnie: from day one. That has been my reward for keeping the Diggettes in regimented order and behaving themselves.

[Imitating Carnie in a harsh, squeaky voice]

"Protect me from these barbarians, King Clovis!"

[Back to normal voice]

My part has now been given to that English slut who wields a pencil so delightfully. August is evidently utterly besotted by her. That's plain to see. These beefeaters have taken over everything.

[With great venom.]

How I loathe these English bastards!

Trincon clucks in sympathy, changing his position to sit next to Founi and cuddle her. Founi subsides into his embrace. He croons to her, soothingly.

Founi continues to weep.

*Founi weeping, to
Trincon*

It is so wrong. So unfair. I could just as easily imitate the English as she tries so badly to imitate the French.

My God! How I totally hate that cow!

Trincon kisses Founi's hair and holds her close.

Now, Marie-Claude opens the Combi door, leaving it open, and clambers inside. She plumps her skinny frame down on a sleeping bag, gripping her knees with her arms.

Marie-Claude **So ...why the tears? Or, no ... let me answer that thought-provoking question.**

Has --

Trincon *defensively* **This idea to recast our happy little show into an Anglicized format is not all smooth sailing, Mama. We have trodden on some toes and bruised some fragile egos along the way.**

Marie-Claude, as usual, can only shrug.

Marie-Claude **People with egos so brittle that they snap at the first sign of a setback will have shattered soul underfoot for the rest of their days.**

Now Trader and Dorni (after what appears to have been a long drinking session) appear at the open door, to everyone's surprise. They are both large men, and they dominate proceedings.

Trader *laughing, drawling, slurring* What are you all doing? Is this a private party? Can we join in?

Just as Trincon politely responds in the negative, Trader crawls unsteadily into the van. This causes discomfort to all and sundry. Then Dorni (equally the worse for wear) follows suit, scrambling in behind Trader. Dorni manages to close the sliding door after himself. Both Trader and Dorni laugh immoderately; the others in the van make suitable "don't-tread-on-my-foot" type warnings.

Trincon *polite* I'm sorry, gentlemen. But we're having a private green-room meeting. Perhaps we could meet up with you later?

Dorni *laughing and slurrings* **We've brought along a carry-bag full of Alsace's finest: Grand Cru Rosacker. And this derelict here has some plastic crystal ware in his pocket.**

Everyone else (other than Trader and Dorni) is concerned.

Trincon *tightly* Er ... Gentlemen, it might be more timely if we --

Derni *slurring to Trader* **Bring out the glasses, you useless Australian kangaroo!**

Derni mimes to Trader the use of a glass to drink with. Trader cottons-on and drags a column of cheap plastic tumblers from his coat pocket.

Trader Sorry, folks. We're a bit Brahms and Liszt ... or is it "Mendelsohn and Liszt"?

Trader giggles as he passes around the tumblers; Derni passes around bottles of white wine. As the French people relax to enjoy a glass of wine, Trader lights a reefer. He takes a couple of puffs, then passes this around such that the other occupants can take a surreptitious puff.

Trader *joyful and loud* Take a puff of this, *mes amis*. You all look like you've had a night on the tiles. And pass it on ... that's the way.

And it's alright; you can keep going with your conversation. I only know two words in French (which Derni here taught me): *merde* and *coït*. "Shit" and "fuck". He'll teach me the naughty "c-word" tomorrow.

Derni giggles helplessly. Trader chuckles on account of Derni's condition. These two men drink a lot more than the other occupants of the Combi van.

The door of the Combi van slides open. August appears dramatically. He looks about, sniffing the air. His gaze rests malevolently on Trader.

August *nasty tone* My God! Are you corrupting my crew? Let's just trust that we don't get raided by the constabulary.

August swings himself easily into the van, closing the door behind him.

August *to Trincon* Speak to me in English, if you don't mind, such that we don't upset the troops anymore than they already are.

So, what goes forward, my friend? Are we holding a stop-work meeting?

Trincon Yes! We all hate the British.

[Indicates Trader]

Even him!

Trader *with humorous emphasis* Pommie bastards!

August *pissed-off* And they have the gall to say that we French are arrogant. What a nerve!

"Dig here and you'll unearth the skeleton of a horse that was sacrificed to the God of War." Ptew!

Trincon One of the English compatriots let slip that those two are hearing spectral voices: the so-beautiful artist and the stern rock-hopper.

August *appalled* Spectral voices? But that's not scientific!

Trincon *hopeful* It helps very much to make a fantastic show, though.

August *pontificating* No, I don't care about that. This is a great deal bigger than a salacious digging TV show! This is universal, as big as the globe itself.

Why, think about it. For all of us, we have studied for many years, intensively. We've been hacks and "go-fors" for our masters (in our youth, that is). We are scientists (highly trained in the proper scientific method of investigation). Not historians wafting about in some den. Not dilettantes who think that it might be nice today to take out our garden spade and potter about on the fens, looking for possible Roman treasure.

Marie-Claude **What is it that you are saying, August? I can hardly make out a single word.**

Trincon gestures to his mother to stay silent. He listens intently to the Professor.

August *perturbed* No! We dug down layer by layer, sketching and measuring and discussing. Then along comes Jim Flynn to say: "There! There is a horse under those blades of grass!"

Trincon *shrugs* But he was right, as it happens.

August *adding insult to injury* And she produced a perfect representation of the mystical fogou without us having turned one sod in anger. What can that betoken? What does it mean? Are they bewitched those two?

Trincon I told you. She (the lovely English girl) wakes from her dreams and has Gaulish bread still in her mouth. Bread cooked in those times, you understand. The analyst was horrified.

August We'd better get rid of the two of them.

Trincon *adamant* No! My mother told you how it would be. The show is rating very highly with test audiences. These two young sparks are oh so popular. You dare not evict them and risk losing the expected high monetary return. Wait until it's all over (that day is close now) and then write a book to uncover this scam.

August *snarls* My book will be in competition with their's. That girl's drawings will carry the day with any publishing house. Oh, and to think that I once worshipped the grandfather.

Trader Are you talking about Malcolm Buxton? He's my grandfather, too. Did ya know that?

August *put out* That does not make this regrettable situation any better!

Trader *all-knowing* Sounds to me like youse are up Shit Creek in a leaky canoe with a barbed wire paddle.

Trader salutes the Frenchmen with his plastic tumbler: they do likewise to him.

END OF SCENE

V, Scene v: The Ladies' Room Where The British Fight

Edwina and Crystal rock about laughing. They are almost unable to speak. Finally, bent double, Edwina imitates Jason reaching down for the towel when she caught him naked.

Edwina *laughing helplessly* ... and then ... and then ... he picked up the towel ... which of course was bloody useless because I'd ... I'd ... I'd seen ...

The door to the Ladies' swings open as Sienna enters. Both Edwina and Crystal freeze. Then when they see it is Sienna, they relax. But Sienna is grim-faced.

Crystal *relieved* Thank God! I thought you were Alicia. She'd --

Sienna *spiteful and nasty* Oh, well ... You've had a jolly old laugh at my expense, I suppose. What were you giggling about? How you've slept several times with my husband?

At the same time that Crystal (stunned and out of her depth) tries to speak but only manages to flummox about, Edwina fires up at the injustice of Sienna's accusations.

Edwina *fired-up* He **wasn't** your husband. You'd split.

Sienna *angry* You just thrive on making love to other ladies' men, don't you? A certain Belgian count comes to mind --

Edwina *just as angry* He's Swiss! What are you -- ?

Sienna *shouting louder and very nasty* Why not get cracking, Edwina? You've not slept with Garth yet? That would be a bloody coup, wouldn't it? You'd put Alicia's nose right out of joint. Or even better: her darling brother. Why not try him? We both hate her -- why not go for it?

Turning on her heel, Edwina storms out of the Ladies' Room. Crystal and Sienna glare at each other. Sienna has started to cry. She whispers "Excuse me" and escapes into a cubicle.

Crystal turns to the mirror, trying to regain her equilibrium. Sienna is weeing and crying in the cubicle. Crystal bites her lip.

Edwina storms back into the Ladies' Room. She marches up to the cubicle in which Sienna is crying and bangs loudly on the door.

Edwina *furious* Trader was **alone** and in **Australia**. You were in France. He **insisted** that his marriage was over.

And since we're talking about "husbands", you should have taken a test-drive around the block with **my** ex. He brought brutality to a new high.

Now Edwina is crying. She covers her face with her hands, then runs to the farthest cubicle from Sienna and hurls herself inside, then banging the door shut. Edwina is weeing and crying.

Sienna re-appears. She looks sad. Crystal takes pity. She speaks softly as Sienna washes and dries her hands.

Crystal We weren't laughing at you, Sienna.

Edwina went home the other day and caught Jason Gladstone (Alicia's brother) sitting naked at her desk. He stood up and ...

Edwina is definitely not having an affair with Trader. Don't get me wrong: he wants to. He's every bit as bad as you think he is. But she's been really firm and said: "No!"

Honest!

Sienna sobs and shakes. Crystal tries to comfort her. Sienna waves her away.

Sienna *weakly* It's okay.

Slowly, Sienna wanders over to the cubicle in which Edwina is sobbing. Sienna taps lightly on the door.

Sienna *softly and teary* I'm ... I'm sorry, Edwina. I had no right to say what I did.

There is a shattered sob from inside the cubicle.

Edwina *teary voice-off* That's okay, Sienna. I'm so sorry that I ever started with Trader. He's a poultice.

Sienna turns to Crystal. The girls both smile at each other.

The door of the Ladies' Room swings open. Founi rushes in, crying unrestrainedly. Founi races into a middle cubicle, slamming the door behind her.

Crystal and Sienna give each other speaking looks, then quickly leave. Founi sobs, telling herself in French that she "hates that bitch". Edwina slips out of her cubicle, rushes to the basin and speedily rinses her hands, and dashes out of the Ladies' Room.

END OF SCENE

V, Scene vi: Photo Opportunity As The Show Ends

The cast and crew of "La Fouille Dig-Dig" assemble for a group photograph in the foyer of a 5-star hotel.

The British stand to the left. The French stand to the right. Alicia and Jason are nowhere near Edwina, Crystal or Sienna (who are now in a tight-knit bunch). There is a decided gap between the two camps, which the photographer (on a step ladder) signals to the folks to close.

August, Marie-Claude and Founi stand at the far right.

Edwina *sotto voce* What we should have called the series is "Crying In The Ladies".

The girls giggle. The photographer readies himself for the photograph.

With loud, clomping steps, Trader and Derni (in outdoor clothing) jog up. Everyone welcomes them, as they rush to find a spot up the back. Then they shuffle clumsily into the gap. The photographer looks annoyed, tries to maintain his equilibrium, and then signals for quiet and smiles.

Sienna *sotto voce* Or better still: "The Drunken Horsemen Of The Apocalypse".

That causes all three girls to laugh aloud.

Photographer *calling* Okay, peoples. To me, to me. Fine! Great!
for order in rich French
tones

The photographs are taken and then the cast and crew disperse: French to the right and British to the left.

🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀 **Break** 🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀

Everyone in the group laughs and jokes as they descend the steps outside the hotel in their various groups. As Garth runs up the stairs, to meet Alicia, he fortuitously comes up to Sienna just as she is about to slip and fall. He grabs Sienna in his arms, thus saving her.

Garth kindly *Steady on. Are you alright?*

Sienna and Garth share this tender moment, but it passes very, very quickly.

Sienna shaken *Oh! Thanks, Garth. It's these stupid shoes ...*

Garth smiles, holding Sienna's upper arms, and then he continues his ascent to locate his wife.

END OF SCENE

V, Scene vii: The Farewell Party For The British Version Of The "Dig-Dig" Show

It appears that the building might earlier have been an electricity sub-station during the War years. Built solidly of brick, this complex of art galleries, theatrettes and all-purpose rooms has such an arty, avant-garde feel to it that the camera takes a bit of a wander through, such that we are able to hear the increasing volume of the party as we approach it.

Bienvenu et Au Revoir "La Fouille Dig-Dig"!!

There are several funny signs outside the large room: inside are all our friends from the British version of "La Fouille Dig-Dig", along with a host of other eager (or more likely laid-back) French party goers.

There is the usual party atmosphere enlivened by loud chatter, loads of champagne, and bright modern music. Many of the party goers have donned historical costume, and even more are being photographed.

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In the midst of the merriment, Marie-Claude and Dorni listen closely as Trader rambles on about his views on archaeology (given that he is the great Malcolm Buxton's grandson). Crystal translates.

Trader ... and his name is Murray GulGul. He lives near my folks. And what he does, see? He gets these old stones or bones or what-have-you and talks to them. And they talk back to him. Isn't that sensational?

[To Crystal]

Can you get that across?

Crystal nods.

Crystal to Marie-Claude and Dorni **There is an authentic Australian man who is able to mystically communicate with archaeological finds.**

Marie-Claude and Dorni are impressed.

Trader So what he does ... He lays out the stones, or the bones, or that, and he sits on the ground and just stares at them. Then he touches them and feels them ... And then away he goes, nattering to these things like they were on wheels. And then he listens to what they tell him back. Good, huh?

Trader takes a long drink of beer, as he signals to Crystal to continue with the translation.

Crystal to Marie-Claude and Dorni **Using his sensory organs, this man telepathically learns the history of the ancestral artefacts at ground-level.**

Both Marie-Claude and Dorni nod appreciatively at that.

Marie-Claude And ... potters? Pots? The piece ...

Crystal to Trader What about shards of pottery?

Trader Nuh. They never had pottery. Not one skerrick. Only wood: bark or hollowed-out logs. No pottery.

Crystal to Trader And do you know if --

Trader *firmly* You could gather-up all your bones and all the shit you've found,

and take it over to Oz and let Murray GulGul look them over.

Crystal *to Marie-Claude and Dorni* **The horse-wrangler argues that his contact might assist our "Dig-Dig" investigation of the Île De La Cité, by using the spiritualism I've just described.**

Crystal turns to Trader.

Crystal *to Trader* But rather than tote all our findings to Australia, we could simply fly him here.

Trader *firmly* No! He can't do it anywhere but on his own turf. He has to be sitting cross-legged in the mulga.

Crystal, Dorni and Marie-Claude stare at Trader, all at sea.

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

*When the band stops for a break, one of Dorni's horse-handlers steps forward with a piano accordion and begins to sing a filthy old French ditty. Dorni and the other handlers know the words and begin an aggressively rousing sing-along. There are actions to the song which give the audience members who are unable to understand the vulgar French words an idea of the import. Thus, Trader grins appreciatively and attempts to join in the chorus. Marie-Claude smiles in a world-weary way.*

*Even more astounding, a few of the Diggettes drag Jason forward, as he also knows the words. To this end, Jason is pushed forward to stand next to Dorni and so surprises and stuns everyone by joining in enthusiastically with this song and a brace of other extremely short, rude French songs.*

*The camera pans around to show everyone enjoying this turn, especially Trader.*

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

The band is once again in full swing. People are dancing about everywhere: the farewell party has devolved into a wild romp.

Garth sits alone at the bar, but seems to be enjoying himself, all the same.

Jason charges up to the bar to grab a drink. He is breathless, laughing and surrounded by a bevy of eager Diggettes. Deliberately, Jason knocks Garth's arm.

Jason *loudly* Where's m'sister?

Garth *also loudly* On her way. She had some arty-farty high-falutin' do on at some God-awful unpronounceable place ... If she doesn't turn up soon, I'll have to leave without her. All this grog is turning my insides pink.

Someone shoves a glass of champagne towards Jason. He takes a big sip.

Jason *muttering* I'm with you. I just want to crawl into my cave and sleep for the next eight weeks.

Jason downs the drink, and then he is inveigled by the Diggettes to join them on the dance floor.

Jason *embarrassed* Ladies! Ladies! It's been years since I ... Oh God!
laugh

Without putting up much of a fight, Jason allows himself to be lured into the midst of the gyrating bodies by the over-eager Diggettes.

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

The band is now playing slow romantic music as an accompaniment to a female French singer. At the bar, both looking the worse for wear, are Garth and Trincon. They are sipping champagne as they idly watch Jason swaying about with his group of devoted girls. The girls and Jason all sing along with the chanteuse.

Trincon So how is it that you have no French, whereas your friend is so fluent? Did he once spend a great deal of time in my country?

Garth No ... Canada.

Trincon makes a Gallic pout. Suddenly, Jason is with them again at the bar: arms around the two drinkers. But he is obliged to get rid of the ladies.

Jason *firmly* No! That's enough, *mes fillettes*. Enough! *Çela me suffit!*

The girls plead and grab at Jason. Trincon turns on the girls, ordering them with some force to go back to their dancing and leave Jason in peace. Pouting and pleading, the girls finally drift back to the dancing.

Jason *laughing* I've had enough ... Going home ... Alone, and straight to bed.

Another glass of champagne magically appears (for Jason). Trincon makes an off-hand gesture towards the glass, cocking an eyebrow at Jason. Jason pats the shoulders of both men.

Jason No thanks. I've had – How would Trader Bradley put it? "I've had a gutful". Yes ... a gutful.

Well, good evening, gentlemen.

As Jason wanders off, Garth recalls something.

Garth *calling after Jason* Did you tell me that you're leaving almost at once for some mining job in ... where was it? Alaska?

Jason *calling back, with a brisk wave* Canada. Back to the wild woods of Canada. I'll give up hair-cuts, grow my beard and become the epitome of the feral Englishman abroad. See you!

Garth and Trincon salute Jason with their glasses. They chuckle. Trincon takes the third glass of champagne and drinks it lazily.

Garth God Almighty! Canada ...

I should have thought that that boyo would have had his fill of Canada.

We both jetted to the USA (to Chicago as it happens) after university, in order to make our fortunes. Ha!

Whereas I landed a plum computing job in the Windy City and never looked back, Jason shifted from Arkansas to Alaska, then to

French-speaking Canada.

Trincon nods wisely and makes the sound of a long "Ah!"

Trincon That explains **everything**, and not just about the lingo.

Garth looks a question.

Garth Oh, yes?

Trincon *worldly-wise* But certainly.

Well ... here is your friend: a well brought-up boy. What do the English call it? "Cushy". That's the exact right word for it.

He is all exuberance and verve (as we are as young men who square our shoulders to face a bright new future). But he is all untried in that unforgiving world of tough men.

He finds himself suddenly in the backwoods of Canada. This softly-reared geologist soon hardens up. He must do, or those co-workers will crush him with bullying and unkindness. Tough men are like that.

Ainsi! He thickens up and strengthens the muscles. He learns to become a hard drinker and how best to break up fights between savage men.

This young buck develops a thick skin, can sing any lewd French barroom song (word-perfect), and is moreover somewhat jaundiced by his experience of backwoods women who tried to prey on him.

Garth sits open-mouthed, staring at Trincon, who is indifferent to the spike of interest, and continues to drink.

Garth *appalled* Blimey! How do you ... ?

Trincon shrugs. He continues to drink, as if ignorant of the sensation he has caused for Garth.

Garth *amazed* Well! You've dug under Jason Gladstone's skin, for sure. That's an

incredible reading of his character.

Trincon shrugs again. His voice becomes very mysterious.

Trincon *smooth* I like to stare into the eyes of other men to find out what lies in the soul.

Garth looks puzzled, confounded. Trincon laughs as he slaps his hand on the bar. Trincon has been deceiving Garth. He now admits it, bubbling over with mirth.

Trincon Ha! Got you! No, I know not the first thing of souls or men. I'm a "plougher of furrows": just the ladies for me.

It was Pagnol who came up with that whizz-bang summation of your friend's psyche: not me at all. I was just spouting off.

Ha! But I had you going, no?

Garth looks put-out, gulps down what is left of his champagne, and begins to take his leave. Trincon reaches out to firmly grab Garth's wrist.

Trincon Seriously, your friend (despite those three years that he spent in Canada) is still basically a sound man. He simply needs the civilizing influence of a good woman.

Garth stares at Trincon, trying to form an opinion.

Trincon *earnestly* Something about the "Dig-Dig" show opened an emotional wound in your *copain*. Pagnol will say that it is all connected with that gorgeous artist. And this sojourn back to the hard work of the mines is in fact an admission of defeat.

Garth Edwina? She's my cousin. Above all else, and in spite of her romantic flings, she is a bloody fine woman.

Garth stands to leave, nodding towards Trincon.

Trincon And hey! **You** are in urgent need of a fine woman, too.

Garth freezes, staring at Trincon.

Garth *frowning* What's that?

Trincon winks offensively, making several clicking sounds at the side of his mouth.

Trincon Just a friendly warning, *mon ami*. Merely a warning ...

END OF SCENE

V, Scene viii: Jason And Edwina – Prelude To The Frankish Incursion

Jason's crummy room is gloomy with only the night sky sneaking through his tiny window. Wearing pyjama bottoms, Jason collapses face-down on his small bed. With a grand sigh and a loud cough, he nestles down to sleep.

🎞🎞🎞🎞🎞🎞🎞🎞🎞🎞🎞🎞🎞🎞🎞🎞🎞 **Break** 🎞🎞🎞🎞🎞🎞🎞🎞🎞🎞🎞🎞🎞🎞🎞🎞🎞

We did not see Edwina at the party. Possibly she did not attend due to her feeling of being despised by many people.

Whatever the truth of that, she is alone in Twitch's apartment. To get herself to sleep, Edwina has started to play a short telemovie which she has saved onto the laptop, and which is configured for continuous play. It is some old footage of August Godefroy. The very tail-end and credits of the movie roll through, and then the production identification. Our screen will take over this movie but will also show other views as advised.

| |
|-----------------------------------|
| The August Godefroy Dissertation. |
|-----------------------------------|

Well-groomed and dressed in a business suit, a slightly younger Godefroy is found seated at a desk at the Élysée Palace. Beside him on the desk are stacked many impressive leather-bound tomes. And on the wall behind him (clearly visible to the camera) is a stylized map of late Roman/Early Medieval Europe.

Solemn and studious, August speaks (in English) to camera. He is almost unrecognizable from the drunken pub-brawler and womanizer we've come to know. August is in one of his serious, businesslike moods: this exposition on the Franks is very important to him.

August solemn to camera

The Sack of Rome.

Romulus Augustulus (Roman emperor) was deposed in 476 AD by the Germanic chieftain Odoacer.

For the next few decades, loyalties ebbed and flowed.

On the one hand, Roman forces were bolstered by barbarian allies. And against that, other Germanic tribes broke with Rome to form anti-Roman federations.

~~~~~ **Break** ~~~~~  
~~~~~ **In Jason's Appalling Flat** ~~~~~

Jason is fast asleep in his bed. He breathes deeply as we continue to hear the dissertation.

August voice-over

So this long, drawn-out war was not a clear-cut Barbarians versus Romans punch-up.

Perhaps from this we can readily understand that both the English and French languages stole from the Teutons the word "guerre" or "war".

~~~~~ **Break** ~~~~~  
~~~~~ **In Edwina's Bedroom** ~~~~~

Now our camera focuses on Edwina, looking utterly lovely and adorable as she sleeps peacefully, with the professor droning-on in the background.

August *voice-over* The Romans gave us the word "battle". The former is long and protracted; the latter a sharp, clearly defined set-to.

The camera now pans around to return to the laptop screen.

August But never mind the theatrics.

What happened is that the whole picture of the 5th century shows us a united Western Roman Empire disappearing, to be replaced by a jigsaw puzzle of kingdoms: Teutonic, barbarian kingdoms.

Tribes of people swept westward from middle Europe into France: Visigoths, Franks and Goths.

And in the vanguard marched the most ruthless killer of all, not differentiating between good/bad, man/woman, rich/poor – that killer was the plague.

Music: serious, stern.

The aforementioned map on the wall behind Professor Godefroy transmogrifies into a cartoon replica. Our camera focuses on this map, as cartoon arrows indicate the progression of mounted warriors across Europe (East to West).

END OF SCENE

One warrior silences the rest.

Frank #2 in control but loud, booming voice Be still, all of you! The scourge must be confronted in the living before it is cleansed-out of the dead.

And here is what must follow: get hold of coal scuttles or iron buckets and fill them with burning coals, embers and cinders. And tongs! Do not forget the tongs, whatever you do. And these coals must be pushed hard into the mouths of the live folks who have been hit by the disease.

Mark you! Only the living! This is the proper way to face the danger. And then we inter the dead in the prescribed way some time afterwards.

Go now! And mark well my words.

🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀 **Break** 🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀

The Frankish warriors (complete with their heavy, hot coal scuttles) break into a stone cottage in which a family of Romans cower. A girl ("Edwina") lies hidden under sack cloths. The family squeal and plead as the soldiers drag the girl out of her hiding place. The soldiers work on the girl (whose teeth are clenched), speedily opening her mouth by attempting to strangle her, then filling it with burning embers.

End (for now) DREAM Level #5 (Edwina and Jason)

V, Scene ix: Edwina Is Severely Injured

Edwina screams in genuine agony. She spits out burning coals from inside her mouth. These land on the bed and cause the sheets to smoulder. As Edwina rolls about, writhing desperately in pain, she is rolling over the smouldering sheets as well as over the ejected coals.

END OF SCENE

Jason DREAM Level #5: The Frankish Invasion Of Île De La Cité

The Franks attack, maiming the "Jason" character.

"Jason" is defending his family. His parents display the early signs of the plague.

The young man fights heroically, and escapes with a severe knife wound to his leg. However, it is all for nothing. His parents suffer the torture, "Jason" has killed one of his would-be captors, and he is now dragged off in chains for further punishment.

End DREAM Level #5 (Edwina and Jason)

End Birth of Paris DREAM

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V, Scene x: The Two "Bright Sparks" Must Be Conveyed To Hospital

We see Edwina ferried into a waiting ambulance as she lies unconscious on a stretcher.

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

*Jason is surrounded by concerned people from all imaginable nations at his digs. Jason (grimacing) is seen to swing his arms over the shoulders of two ambulance men as they assist him to the stairs.*

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

With siren blaring and lights flashing, Edwina's ambulance speeds through the streets of Paris. We see the ambulance pull into the Emergency department, where several hospital staff are on standby.

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

*Jason's ambulance follows not long after. However, only the lights flash (no siren is heard).*

END OF SCENE

## V, Scene xi: Jason And Edwina In The Hospital On The Île De La Cité

The Hospital: 9<sup>th</sup> Level (Section 17B).

*Inside the hospital, Jason has commandeered a light wheelchair (in which he sits) and is racing it along the corridor of the 9<sup>th</sup> floor, past the usual hospital paraphernalia. Jason's face is set in a stern demeanour, due to the pain in his leg.*

*He finds the lift and presses the down button feverishly. The lift doors swing open. Jason wheels himself inside it. Then he stabs his finger angrily at the "3" button. Then he makes a violent attack on the door-close button, swearing under his breath.*

☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞ **Break: The 3<sup>rd</sup> Level** ☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞

*We are now situated in the corridor outside the hospital room in which Edwina lies. Two young police officers watch with interest but no pleasure a stunning performance given by Garth. With no French at his command, Garth is enacting a mime of a partygoer having a great time. He pretends to drink, dance about, and enjoy a jolly knees-up.*

Garth *somewhat exhausted, yells out*                      Whoopee! Party! Hooray!

*The policemen glance at each other.*

Policeman #1                      You would say "party"?

*Garth nods vigorously. As Garth flings himself into his involved explanation of what happened, Jason arrives on the scene unexpectedly (as described below).*

Garth *enthusiastic*                      So, here's the thing: after said "party", they all went home to their various domiciles. I can't totally say for sure (however) that Edwina was actually **at** the party. I didn't positively see her, so she may have been --

*The lift doors open, and Jason in his wheelchair surges out. Garth is very surprised to see his brother-in-law in a wheelchair.*

*Jason urgently and out* Where is she? Is she alright? What's happened? Is she in here?  
*of breath*

*Without waiting for a reply, Jason (in his wheelchair) hares straight towards the nearest room, where the door is closed. Jason makes an immense effort to open the door, wheel himself through it, and then close it behind him. One of the French policemen makes a half-hearted attempt to stop Jason.*

*Another pair of lift doors opens, whereby Twitch and Geoff rush into the corridor to join their brother.*

*Twitch and Geoff immediately begin to converse sensibly with the two French policemen in French, explaining that they are unable to provide any further information on Edwina's attacker. There are many expansive Gallic arm gestures thereby.*

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

*Once safely inside Edwina's hospital room, Jason stops short, breathing in short gasps. Edwina's face and mouth are being treated and re-banded by a doctor and nurse. These two people turn to look without interest at Jason.*

*Doctor dismissive in* You may visit the patient later. Get out of here, please.  
*heavy French accent*

*The doctor turns his attention back to Edwina.*

*Jason stubborn* **The subterfuge is over. There can be no turning back.**

*Jason stays where he is.*

*Nurse* **It is not convenient for you to see the patient now. Get out, please, and close the door behind you.**

*Jason ignores the request, approaching the bed, still in his wheelchair.*

*Jason scared,* **Will she be alright? Her beautiful face! No! No!**  
*emotional*

**Leave her? How could I possibly leave her?**

**I need to hold her hand. It is as if she was my wife. I cannot exist without caressing her.**

*Jason has touched a nerve which only the French could understand. The nurse and doctor grin at each other.*

Doctor *in heavy French accent* The fiancée, yes?

Well, if you can stay out of the way, over there, you may hold the young lady's hand, then. But you are to remain very much in the background. Do you understand?

*Jason merely nods. Then he quickly wheels himself around to the head of the bed on which Edwina lies unconscious. Reaching forward, Jason takes the girl's hand in his: it is the first time he has touched her physically. As the doctor and nurse continue to work on Edwina's mouth, Jason (looking woebegone) caresses Edwina's hand, kissing it many times.*

*The doctor glances in Jason's direction.*

Doctor *kindly, in heavy French accent* Hey there, young man! There is no need for the look of tragedy. Her beauty is undiminished. This attack has affected her mouth, tongue and gums. And we will certainly make every attempt to mend the damage. Hopefully we are able to save her sense of taste ... Maybe ...

*Tears gather in Jason's eyes. He merely nods quickly, increasing the kisses upon Edwina's hand.*

Nurse **Who could possibly have perpetrated this outrage upon this sweet English girl? Are you aware of what happened? You must tell the policemen outside of any suspicions you have.**

*Jason stalls: he cannot tell the truth, and so prevaricates and distracts.*

Jason **We were both attacked. I, too, am a patient of this hospital. I've escaped from Ward 17B.**

*The Doctor is astounded.*

Doctor                   What happened to you, then?

Jason                    Stabbed in the leg.

Doctor                   Were you with this girl when it happened?

Jason                    No, not at all. But it must have occurred at around the same time, I suppose. There was a party ...

Doctor                   Can you tell me why? Why were you and this girl both attacked?

Nurse                    **Why in the name of God and the Angels would anyone be so callous as to force burning coals into the mouth of another human being? This is the kind of savagery one would expect from barbarians.**

*The doctor nods to the nurse.*

Doctor                   **Before a search-party is launched, you had better let them know at 17B that we have their escapee safe in our keeping.**

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*Music: haunting flute.*

*In Edwina's hospital room, Edwina and Jason are asleep. Jason is found to be lolling in his wheelchair, still holding Edwina's hand.*

END OF SCENE

## **V, Scene xii:** Scholarly “Tour” of Carolingian Paris (Medieval)

*This scene whets our appetite for what is to follow (Dream #6).*

*Music: Direct continuation of the lovely, haunting flute.*

*It is dawn. A very thin mist rises from the river and close environs. The River Seine appears at its most beautiful. The very early medieval structures (cottages, bridges, farmlets) and the people lend a Frankish flavour to the scene.*

*Our camera will tour the main settlement on Île De La Cité. We will visit the blacksmith, saddler, fishing-net weaver, boat builder, and various potters and craftsmen. Whilst this goes forward, a special voice-over will be provided.*

American male voice- over      Who were the Franks? How did they live?

*Marie-Claude gives a dissertation in French, which we can vaguely hear in the background. Instead of having subtitles, an American lady with well-modulated tones will “translate” Marie-Claude’s words.*

*At first, we see Marie-Claude as she speaks. However, this soon gives way to the travelling camera as described above. We are not listening to the entire dissertation (thank God!) and so it will appear somewhat disjointed.*

Marie-Claude (in French) and the female voice-over      The rich poetry and song-cycle which typifies the Franks bears witness to the paucity of their written works (save for some illuminated manuscripts). The ceramics, jewel-making and metalwork began shakily in our period but culminated later in some of Western Civilization’s most glorious finds.

*[Pause]*

The crown lands passed from the father (the king) to all of his sons. And in such a way, over many generations, France was much divided into small principalities. Yet, all these prince-lands owed allegiance to the common realm.

*[Pause]*

King Clovis I made Paris his capital at the very end of the 5<sup>th</sup>

century and converted from his pagan beliefs to Christianity. It is to Clovis that we owe the country of France as it is today. The name "Clovis" derives from two old German words meaning "fame" and "combat". Also, the name "Clovis" evolved into "Louis", which became the name of many of the later French kings.

*Music: The flute gives way to the noise of the camp followers.*

*The folks of Île De La Cité are now gathering at one of the island's bridges. In the distance, surrounded by his retinue of mounted followers comes King Clovis I. There number around 1000 men, complete with banners, many large dogs, and various hangers-on who might lead pack horses or play some musical instrument (for instance bagpipes, wind instruments, drums, whistles).*

*King Clovis is welcomed with huge accolades by the islanders. He acknowledges their adoration by a simple movement of his hand on the bridle.*

END OF SCENE

## **V, Scene xiii: Jason Is Moved Back To His Ward**

*In Edwina's dimly lit room in the hospital, a large jolly brown woman enters and laughs about Jason having gone missing from the 9<sup>th</sup> level. She wheels him out, still laughing and joking. We see the fingers of the young couple touching until the last nanosecond. Thus, Jason's arm hangs gawkily over the side of the wheelchair.*

Nursing Aid

**Did you think that it was okay for you to run away? Well, it's back to the 9<sup>th</sup> floor for you, British boy. Come along, then. You can flirt with the young lady on your own time!**

*The hospital aide laughs to herself in her jolly way.*

*[Over the succeeding scenes in ACT VI, set in Carolingian Paris, we will interrupt the historic action to keep track of what is happening to the young couple.]*

END OF SCENE

END OF ACT V

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## ACT VI Part 1

The rest of the film works on two distinct levels of build-up.

*First, the latent feelings of attraction between Edwina and Jason increase in intensity. Despite being completely separated (in the geographical sense), they fall very deeply in love with each other.*

*We have to finish off the “dreams” of Frankish Paris, which occur over a short space of time (say, one week). The dreams will be broken-up for artistic effect. During this time, Jason will make his way to Athabasca, Canada for a 30-week stint as the geologist at an oil sands operation in the bleak wilderness. Edwina will be transported home under the overseeing of Air Commodore William Pendlebury DFC.*

*We will observe the strong feelings they have for each other (unexpressed) as Jason struggles manfully against the elements in Canada, and Edwina’s pregnancy continues to her seventh month (by which time Jason returns and they come to terms with their relationship.)*

*The dreams centre on King Charlemagne: his retainers, his servants, the Carolingian way of life. A suggestion appears (via the ex-“DigDig” cast) that the very nature of French courtly love and the romance of medieval literature was inculcated in Carolingian times. This is of course a reference back to Edwina/Jason as well as to the characters they represent in the visions.*

***Footnote: it will involve less messing about now that we have reached this late stage if we simply ignore stating which of the pair had which dream. We shall simply show the remaining dreams and be done with it.***

*Second, there is a huge crescendo (loads of breath-taking CGI) related to the lifting of the family curse by Murray GulGul. This occurs as soon as Edwina’s daughter (whom she names Paris) is born.*

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*Also vital is the surrender of Enid's opal ring by Trader. One of the family dies, and the funeral/wake ties-up all the loose ends. It will also give a teaser for the next film.*



#6: Jason and Edwina: the Carolingian FRANKS and Early Medieval Île De La Cité

*Music: grand fanfare fit for an emperor. Then into stately, grand, formal, important music with loads of brass. Triumphant and self-important, but not so much as to drown-out the speeches.*

*Date: around the late 700's AD.*

*King Charlemagne is regally crowned and dressed and sits on his throne surrounded by a retinue of vassals, retainers, liegemen and followers. Many of these men are kings in their own right. Gilles can be seen standing with the Frankish noblemen, all of whom are very grandly turned-out.*

Herald *sonorously*            The Duke Tassilo of Bavaria bends his knee in homage to the might of Charlemagne (son of King Pippin, third of that name), and offers gifts to appease the dread sovereign, and so sues for peace.

*The camera backs back enough to show the Bavarian delegation marching in stately fashion to an area in front of Charlemagne. The aforementioned Duke steps forward, falls to one knee, and holds out his hands, palms upward. One of his retinue places a large wooden casket on the Duke's palms. The casket is opened and is found to contain superb jewellery.*

*With lazy respect, Charlemagne glances into the box, nods several times, then gestures negligently that the gift is acceptable.*

Charlemagne                    The stout heart of the gracious King of the Franks is truly warmed by the honour of this supplication and bids Tassilo of Bavaria welcome to his court.

*As Tassilo and his followers bow and then move off, we see Gilles looking about for someone.*

*Meanwhile, the next delegation to give obeisance to the king steps solemnly forward.*

Herald *sonorously* In order to appease his sovereign king, comes from Frisia that Aetheling Rothbard, who was the eldest son of Aetheling Widukind whom the Franks justly slew in battle. He humbly kneels to King Charlemagne and prays that the mighty king will continue to prosper and ail not. Hence, Rothbard brings treasure to his master, and thereby sues for peace.

*We leave the scene as Rothbard lowers himself with great pomp onto one knee.*



## **VI, Scene i:** Jason's Crummy Room Where He Is Packing To Leave

*Date: Wednesday 28<sup>th</sup> August 2002.*

*Music: Fades right down to a faint drone.*

*In his hopelessly untidy, dirty room, Jason (hampered by his crutches) packs, surrounded by the well-wishers who dwell around his room. They try to be of assistance, but only get in his way. We can tell by Jason's face (and by his sighs) that he is trying to be polite but is resigned to his sense of frustration.*

*Twitch and Geoff arrive to ferry Jason over to their place. Now that Edwina has gone, he is able to move in with them.*

END OF SCENE

**VI, Scene ii: On The Tarmac At Orly Airport**

*Date: Wednesday 28<sup>th</sup> August 2002.*

*Music: Continues as a faint drone.*

*It is a bleak late summer day. The Orly tarmac indicates recent rain has fallen. An ambulance has driven up to a small aeroplane which stands by in readiness for take-off.*

*Laurence Allendale steps from the rear doors of the ambulance and shakes hands with his cousin Air Commodore William Pendlebury DFC (the latter being in full uniform). On the tarmac, William gives instructions (with copious gestures) to the ambulance men as to how to safely and comfortably help Edwina into the plane. The final decision is to simply carry her on board.*

*We see that discussion and conversation is taking place, but do not hear anything.*

END OF SCENE



#6: Jason and Edwina: the Carolingian FRANKS and Early Medieval Île De La Cité

*Music: The drone from the previous two scenes can now be discerned as bagpipes.*

*All speech here is heard. A minstrel with a lute wanders about, singing news of the glorious dawn.*

*At the side of the bridge which admits passage over the River Seine from the island to the Right Bank, several villagers huddle around a fire. They possess warm lambswool rugs, look relatively healthy and wear wooden clogs. These are not depressed peasants, but rather merry souls greeting the morning and each other.*

*Madeleyne and sister Clarine sit on a big plodding farm horse led by one of their four brothers.*

*Another brother carries an axe over his shoulder. They talk, whistle and merrily greet their fellows.*

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*The air is chilly and their breath can be seen. They leave the island (crossing the bridge) and move into Paris proper. They all serve the King. As they go off separately to do their work, they all enjoy a group hug.*

*Music: The drone of the bagpipes fades to be overrun by lilting country music.*

*Madeleyne walks smartly to the Roman villa which Charlemagne has commandeered at this time. It is the one we visited earlier with Viron and Eleana.*

### Madeleyne At Her Chores

*[We see only brief snatches of daily life in the service of a Frankish king in this collation.]*

*Greeting the other maids with a bright "Hello!" and a smile, Madeleyne rinses her hands in a large tub. Then she takes a stool and two metal pails and (swinging them back and forth) joins the other maids at milking.*

*Then she is seen with a milkmaid's yoke over her shoulders, as she carries her two pails along to the cheese master. The cheese master works in the quaintest wooden room. He has several stolid yokels as his assistants. They ogle Madeleyne as she carefully floors the brimming pails.*

The Cheese master        Hello, young Mads. I've saved a portion of this bitey-boy for you.  
                                         Have you breakfasted?

*Madeleyne smiles as she eats the cheese.*

Madeleyne                Not yet, Roderick. Mmmmmm, that's good! Fit for the King.

*Next she is seen in the large kitchen assisting several other wenches in carrying pails of hot water (heated on the hob in large iron cauldrons) to the various chambers within the villa. Within one of the chambers, where the fire has been allowed to die due to the drunkenness of the valet, Madeleyne works on the sad flames, fanning them back to life and feeding them with some robust kindling and stouter wood.*

*Madeleyne picks some flowers from a delightful garden. She gathers eggs, which she brings back to the kitchen. And then she is seen preparing a hen which has just been slaughtered. Several girls sit*

*together, singing merrily as feathers fly about. These feathers are duly collected for later use within eiderdowns.*

*From there, a typical, large Medieval breakfast is doled out in a back part of the kitchen. We hear the babble of mirth and delight as the various workers (all standing) tuck-in.*

*From there, Madeleyne is found sitting on a bench alongside two other maids, stitching a curtain. They divide their time between chatting to the royal children who come to watch the girls work, or patting the various hunting dogs which pass-by as they are exercised. And then Madeleyne is back in the kitchen, curled up on the floor near to the fire, fondling a clutch of chicks which Cook is raising there.*

*In the afternoon, the young wench takes her osier basket out with her, as she rambles about, seeking kindling wood and pinecones, and anything else of interest.*

*Gilles le Wildmay can be seen stalking Madeleyne. By the look on his face, he seems to be trying to think of a good pick-up line. He comes up with a ploy. Thus, Gilles steps out of the shadows, legs apart and arms akimbo.*

Gilles *boldly*                      Hey, there! You! Matilde!

*Madeleyne sneaks a quick look over her shoulder but continues on her way.*

Gilles *louder*                      Stop there, woman! I'm speaking to you!

*Madeleyne now realizes that she must stop or risk insulting this warrior. So she bobs down into a curtsey which she maintains, head bowed.*

*Gilles saunters up, eyeing Madeleyne thoughtfully.*

Gilles                                  Why did you not answer my summons, woman?

Madeleyne                              I offer to you my most sincere regrets, Sir.

Gilles                                  That was sweetly said, maiden.

*[Pause]*

Well? I called your name. However, you did not stop your wandering. Did you think to outrun me?

Madeleyne                              Once again, I beg your Honour's pardon. My ears heard the name



*They have walked into that beautiful part of the garden where Viron and Eleana made love. Gilles carries her basket and her arm is linked through his.*

Gilles ... and I shall certainly speak to my mother in order to have you raised in rank to a chambermaid, then onto something more exalted and befitting my wife: companion to the Queen or some such thing.

Madeleyne *amused* I hardly think (saving your pardon, Gilles) that Her Highness the Queen Consort would consider me worthy of that station, my having but lately been milching kine and plucking fowl.

Gilles *urgent* But that's the whole point! Don't you see? For me to marry you would require that you become a lady, and not remain a farm wench as you are now.

Madeleyne I should like to marry you and have children. But I do not possess the accomplishments of a lady. Your mother would be disappointed and shocked were you to present to her such a common bride.

Gilles *eager* But therein lies the secret of my success, for my argument will be that this intermarrying between the princelings is causing a spate of ill-formed infants, none of whom live past their fifth Summer. Besides, I'm bailing off in a matter of days to fight against the Swabians, or the Galitians ... or the Saxons ... who can remember all their crazy names, these warring realms who dare to take on Charlemagne and hope to worst him. It's actually a damned nuisance having to don armour and leap a-horse when all that I *really* want to do is ladify you, then wed you and bed you.

Madeleyne *laughing helplessly* I'm sorry that the on-going warfare is becoming tedious.

Gilles Oh, well, it'll be different when I'm there actually facing the

enemy. I probably won't give you a second's thought as my axe smashes into the fray, and my dagger plunges into the opponent's flesh.

But when I lay me down beside my men at night, curling up on the hard ground under a thick rug near as may be to my horse, why then I'll curse this rotten luck that takes me from you.

Anyhow, that's how it stands: I want to get you in my arms as my bride so that I may get children on you, before some stray arrow finds a vital spot on my corpus.

*They walk about, adding bibs and bobs to the basket.*

Gilles But come, my dearest Madeleyne. We have a few days up our sleeve yet. Let's start by teaching you some dance steps, and how to strum a lyre, and the properest way to move about before the King. God! I hope he doesn't take a shine to you and snatch you from me for a roll in the hay. If that should come to pass, I'll not be holding grudges. I'll know that the blame must fall solely on me and shall take no retribution on you.

Madeleyne He won't. My sister and her friends have been wantonly parading *knowledgeable* up and back in the King's line of vision without so much as a raised eyebrow from Lord Charlemagne.

Gilles He's a funny coot, though ... Sometimes, he ... *[Fade out]*



## **VI, Scene iii:** Heathrow Airport On A Windy Late Summer's Day

*Date Wednesday 28<sup>th</sup> August 2002*

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*Edwina's head is covered with a headscarf. Finding herself able to walk, she nevertheless requires assistance from all about her, but especially from her father.*

*On the tarmac, William gestures imperatively and with authority to an Air Force limousine which then drives up. The driver steps out of the vehicle, salutes William and then is replaced in the driver's seat by William. Then the driver assists Laurence and Edwina into the back seat of the car. Edwina is covered by a light rug; Laurence puts his arms around his daughter.*

*Laurence and William glance at each other, very concerned and worried. Edwina can be seen to shake with sobs under the rug. Laurence pats and cuddles Edwina in a comforting way. He then signals with a nod of his head towards William, who drives off.*

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William                      Were we right to move her from the hospital so soon? What do you think?

Laurence                    Oh, yes ... Once she's at home she'll improve. She needs her mother, I believe.

*Stopped at a set of lights, William glances at his reflection in a shop window. He winces.*

William                      God! I look like a bloody chauffeur!

Laurence                    You **are** a bloody chauffeur. Home, Pendlebury, with all due haste.

*Grinning, William touches his cap as a sign of deference.*

William                      Yes, Sir!

END OF SCENE

## **VI, Scene iv: Jason On The Flight From Orly To Alberta**

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*Date Friday 6<sup>th</sup> September 2002*

*The passengers on the international flight from Paris to Alberta are (to a man) revolted and disgusted by the dreadful cuisine offered on the flight. All (that is) apart from Jason, who for all his sophistication is ravenously hungry. He wolfs down the food offered. Jason is the sole occupant of the plane who is eating.*

END OF SCENE



#6: Jason and Edwina: the Carolingian FRANKS and Early Medieval Île De La Cité

## BATTLE

*Gilles Le Wildmay is in the thick of the fighting. Mounted on a large, strong warhorse, covered in Frankish armour, Gilles shouts and snarls with rage as he hacks the enemy mercilessly. His horse rears. With face-of-thunder, Gilles charges into fight after fight, slaying the enemy to left and right with his large fighting axe.*

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*In the camp, a batman applies salves to Gilles's bare chest.*

Gilles *grimacing*

Ah! It's only a bruise, for Heaven's sake. Go and minister to someone who needs you. Le Cloistre there is groaning as would a

dog. Fetch your lotions to his relief and leave me be.

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

*Gilles lies on the ground late at night under a starlit sky. His horse is so close that it nuzzles his hands (which lie idly on his chest).*

Gilles *to the horse* I want to lie in the arms of my little love (or at least pretend to). I may have to relieve the pain of my love-ache with my own hand, even though our Lord frowns upon such scandalous activities. How does that sound? Are you shocked, eh? Dear, good fellow. Are you shocked?



## **VI, Scene v:** Alberta Airport Where Jason Has Just Arrived

Date: Very early morning on Saturday 7<sup>th</sup> September 2002

*Jason is slumped on a seat, asleep: tousled and unkempt. He is shaken awake by French-speaking Customs officials.*

**The following speeches in blue are spoken in French with English subtitles.**

Customs official **The boss wants to interview you. Quick! In here if you please, Sir.**

*Jason (evidencing a pain in his chest) follows the official into a small office. The inherent privacy of Jason's luggage has been breached. His belongings are strewn about, and under the inspection of stern Canadian officials. His collection of rocks has earned especial scrutiny.*

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Le Patron **Are you able to justify and explain what these items are doing in your luggage?**

Jason *wearily* **I'm a geologist. I'm in transit to Foxbrae, near Athabasca to take up a position in --**

Le Patron **May I see your papers, Sir?**

*Jason dives quickly into the breast pocket of his parka, and hands over a plastic wallet. The official makes himself master of the contents of the plastic wallet, perusing the papers with a practised eye.*

*Meanwhile, Jason indicates that he is not intending anything sinister, then rescues some photos from his valise. These he spreads out for general viewing.*

Le Patron **This does not explain what these items are doing in your luggage, Sir.**

*Jason stabs a finger at a photo of himself sharing a joke with Bissot.*

Jason **Look! I have been appearing on the TV: on the English-speaking version of "La Fouille Dig-Dig". That's me ... and surely you recognize Bissot Pagnol.**

*The officials look at each other and at the photos. Then they go into a confabulation.*

*Jason further supports his innocence.*

Jason **And this man (you must have heard of August Godefroy?) He presented to me some of the spoils of the dig for me to keep by me in Canada. Hence the rocks. A bit of Paris. Not perfume, nor fine art: but rocks!**

*The officials remain uncertain.*

Jason *sighs* I wish I could explain the humour to you.

*Exhausted, Jason allows his head to flop back.*

Jason *frustrated and angry* Oh, for fuck's sake! I've just been besting the Saxons and now this crap ...

And my chest hurts.

END OF SCENE

**VI, Scene vi:** Edwina At Home, Gladesbrook

Date: Morning of Saturday 7<sup>th</sup> September 2002

*Music: Something utterly sad to pull at our heartstrings.*

*Edwina kneels on the floor, hugging the family golden retriever. She can be seen to sob helplessly. Her parents (Tess and Laurie) appear to be very moved by Edwina's distress.*

END OF SCENE



#6: Jason and Edwina: the Carolingian FRANKS and Early Medieval Île De La Cité

*This is the pivotal scene of the entire film.*

*In this romantic scene, Madeleyne and Gilles Le Wildmay marry and then make love.*

*It is here that Edwina's baby Paris is conceived.*

*This is the very last of the "dreams" in the entire series, as Murray GulGul will effectively break the family curse at the end of the film.*

*Music: The La Calinda suite appears again.*

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*In a series of beautiful, rich and glorious scenes in this tableau, we see Gilles instructing Madeleyne to play the lute, to dance, how to curtsy gracefully and how to walk elegantly. Lady Le Wildmay (Gilles's mother) is also involved in the transformation.*

*Now Madeleyne is seen at her most beautiful: gowned as a lady, with her hair dressed, she has her hands modestly folded on her lap, eyes downcast. Gilles, beholding his love in such radiant beauty, falls to his knees to reverently kiss the hem of her gown.*

*Then, before a priest, we see Gilles and Madeleyne kneeling and taking communion.*

*Next, outside the very sweetest cottage on the Île De La Cité, Gilles sweeps Madeleyne into his arms to carry his bride over the threshold. They are watched and applauded by a group of well-wishers.*

*Finally, the couple lie together making love on a straw mattress on the floor of a tiny room. Around the mattress can be seen large pottery pots which overflow with vast cuttings of honeysuckle and other fragrant cuttings.*

*Every so often, the newly-weds leave off their love-making to sip the honeysuckle from the blooms. Then they kiss and get back to the job at hand. They are evidently deep in love and enjoying each other's company. And enjoying the honeysuckle.*



## **VI, Scene vii:** Edwina Wakes From Her Nap

Saturday 9<sup>th</sup> September

*Edwina lies in her bed looking like the cat that licked the cream. She is clearly enraptured as she recalls the honeymoon she shared (in the guise of Madeleyne) with Jason (in his guise as Gilles).*

*Tess pops her head into the room.*

*Tess pleased*

*Ah! You look very much better this morning.*

*Edwina props herself up in bed so that she can grab hold of a sketch pad and large coloured marker.*

*Looking very exhilarated, Edwina scribbles madly, then hands the sketchpad to her mother.*

Tess *reading* Am a million times better and have recovered my sense of taste.  
Honeysuckle! Magic!

*Tess frowns, looking a question. Edwina chuckles, then reaches out imperatively for the sketch pad. Once returned to her, Edwina again scribbles swiftly. Again, the sketch pad is returned to her mother.*

Tess *reading* I am also in love, in love, in love with the most **amazing** man who ever lived.

*Tess looks up, worried.*

Tess Not that French count?

*Edwina shakes her head quickly. She writes again.*

Tess *reading* He was Swiss, and our relationship simply dissolved to nothing.  
My **real** love is Gilles Le Wildmay, one of the vassals of King Charlemagne. He has sworn to fight and die for my fair honour, and he has carried me over the threshold as his purest of pure brides.

*Tess makes a face.*

Tess *impressed* Well, if one is set on having a noble boyfriend, why not go for the top rank?

*Edwina pointedly taps the word "bride" with her finger as she makes squeaky noises.*

Tess Alright, husband then.  
Whoever he is, he's cheered you up. And that's great work.

*Edwina leans back in her bed, overwhelmingly pleased with herself.*

END OF SCENE



show. They were all vivid recollections of what she'd seen on going back to times past. She fobbed them off as historical representations and the TV audience loved them (and herself, of course). Matter of fact, she's become quite a starlet.

Toby *harsh even if reasonable*

It all sounds rosy to me. So where's the issue? Why are we mustering here to resolve Edwina's problems when they seemingly no longer exist?

Maria *aghast*

Darling! She awoke from one of these spectral visions with burning coals in her mouth. My money's on the carbon-dating analysis finding them to be around 5<sup>th</sup> century or thereabouts.

Lisa *grabbing the line*

But that's just what I'm leading to: the whole family ... all of us must realize that this is **way** out of our comfort zone.

Toby *nasty*

Now you're speaking like a Yankee.

Troy *frowning*

Why on Earth?

Maria

But don't you see how very threatening this has all become?

Toby *caustic*

No more than what usually befalls my kinfolk.

Lisa *urgent*

Let's put it this way.

Since 1936, how many members of the Pendlebury, Finchett, Markinson, Buxton, Bradley and Allendale families were hoicked back to legendary times? How many exactly? Does anyone know?

Troy

Does it matter? If things have settled down for Edwina (as I've indicated), then we can all relax again. Surely?

Lisa

Okay ... I see that I need to put this into perspective.

*[Looks around at every face, and draws a big breath]*

Apart from Toby's Aunt Margaret (who was very cruelly dealt with during her time at Westania), who else came back from some arcane place following any kind of harrowing brutalisation?

*Lisa's auditors are stunned. They obviously try to recall.*

Lisa                                      Come on. We've had Westania, the Old Silk Road, the court of King Charles and now early days in Paris.

*There are murmurs around the table.*

Lisa                                      Yes, I know that we were all affected mentally. But what about **physically?**

Wills, you were stabbed quite savagely. Take us through that.

William                                 But I can't be sure that that happened during the Restoration. It was modern-day, in a jet plane. I don't think that that counts.

Holly *thoughtful*                     I had **definitely** changed on my return from Westania. Gordon took my maidenhead. That absolutely happened in another time and place.

*There is shocked laughter from the group, especially from Benita and David.*

Troy *naughtily*                     Oh, that could easily have happened in the back of a car at a drive-in.

Toby *amused*                        You are **so** like your father!

Lisa *chuckling then*                Good! We're all fairly relaxed ...

*serious*

Now we can discuss Edwina's situation in a better light.

Here it is, then.

Every time Edwina woke up after having visited Paris in the old days, she had some oral sensation, culminating in the burnt mouth (courtesy of the Franks). I mean, for God's sake – she was hospitalized!

*Lisa lets her words sink in.*

Lisa *arguing cogently*             I'm putting to you that this wretched time-travel business is getting out of hand.

William, your being stabbed was ghastly. And now Edwina's injuries make things look a whole lot blacker.

This is my concern: at some time in the future, some other member of our family will be dragged off to Egypt or Greece or some prehistoric realm, and they'll be in real danger, just as Edwina was. The consequences may prove fatal.

We have to **act!** If this is a family curse (which it appears to be), then we have to work to get it lifted.

*Lisa's words now ring home. Her auditors appear to appreciate her sentiments now that she's explained her concerns.*

*There follows an uncomfortable awkwardness, with the various family members shuffling about. Lisa takes a big breath.*

Lisa                                So ... Holly. Let's start with your recollections. In 1936, you were 14 years old, and you first saw the swan boat with its payload of drugged-out passengers on the night your father was murdered. That would seem to be our logical starting point.

*Holly surprises everyone by shaking her head.*

Holly                                No, it's not. The starting point is the conception of my half-brother.

*A wave of shock runs around the room.*

William *appalled*                Your half-brother? Of what (or rather "of whom") are you speaking?

Holly *to William*                You've met him: Neil Markinson. He and his wife Sarah live in Australia.

David *frowning*                Isn't he the chap who was snatched-up by the M'Coure people, Nanna?

Holly                                Absolutely. I'm glad you've read the book, David.  
  
You may give us a potted history of the events leading up to the swan boat in 1936, if you would be so kind.

*David takes a big breath.*

David                                    Erm ... Let's see ... The Australian cricketer Albert Pitch brought sacred relics (stones they were) without permission to England. He was bashed-up by toughs and the stones were scattered about. One stone provided a portal-key for a young Westanian girl to leave her mystical land. She was ... erm ... Well, my great-grandfather (your Father, Nanna) slept with this girl, and Neil was the baby who was the outcome of that grotesque union.

From that moment on, everything went sort of haywire when the people of Westania took their revenge.

*Toby slaps his palm to his forehead.*

Toby *recalling past events*                                Neil Markinson! I've received a phone call from him a while ago. Of course! He and another man are working even as we speak to lift that curse. My dear Lisa, you might have called this meeting in vain: your cry to arms might already be in progress.

Lisa *thankful*                             I sincerely hope so.

Holly                                        What did Neil want you for?

Toby                                         The very same stones of which David has just been speaking. I put Laurie onto the case: much better placed than me. Connaught Museum. Laurie has unexpected clout in that direction.

Troy                                         By the by, I've a juicy bit of goss for you on that very subject. Dad's had to fly over to Ireland a couple of times now in what seems a hopeless venture to wrest those Albert Pitch stones from the museum. They're such old fossils there, and tenaciously cling to every one of their relics, down to the fingernails.

Well, one of the old blokes there was yacking with Dad on the subject of Enid Blyton. It turns out that she had an illegitimate son. Not her husband's son, mind you, but another chap's. Before they married. Some randy Irish arkie with a twinkle in his eye bedded our beloved Enid and –

*The others appear confused by the sudden appearance in the narrative of the famed English author's name.*

Maria *laughing* Oh ... you mean Enid **Finchett**, you goose! Enid Blyton wrote children's books.

David (Which were subsequently banned).

Troy Whatever. So get this! Whom do you think that love-child grew up to be?

*No-one has any idea.*

Troy *triumphant* No guesses? He's my Uncle Jack! Jack Bradley!

Holly *confused* But ...

Troy He was raised by his foster parents in South Australia. But at some time he must have told this story to his son Rylance, who adopted the nickname "Trader" as a sort of gesture to his supposed grandfather.

I originally thought that it was all bilge, but apparently it's quite true. Trader confirmed it last time I emailed him.

Toby *musings* Do you know ... I'd guessed something along those lines. Jack had a kind of sarcastic leer which I'd seen before on Enid's phizz.

Benita *very curious* My native cunning is at work here. Could we please back-track to the bit where you (Uncle Toby) told us about Neil Markinson phoning you.

There were some sacred Australian stones. Sacred to whom?

Toby To the aboriginal people.

Benita *like a dog after a bone* And so now they want them back?

Toby *grins in appreciation* Correct.

- Benita *frowning* All of a sudden? They've been here in the Northern Hemisphere since the 1930's.
- Toby Francis is in cahoots with Neil and an Australian chap named Murray SeagullGull (or some such thing). Mr Seagull is a mystic. He claims that one of the stones in his possession is summoning the rest of the stones such that he may read them. Or hear their prophecy, or whatever it is that he does.
- William And the next shock for everyone is that not only does Mr Seagull want the stones which are currently being jealously guarded by the good folk of Connaught, but August Godefroy of "La Fouille Dig-Dig" fame must take to Australia a very famous stone which may be as old as 25,000 years. I speak of course of the world famous "man/woman" stone discovered in the late 1920's to much fanfare among the rubble of the Catacombs, Paris, France. I've been dragooned into escorting the good professor as his bodyguard (giving the mission some top brass authority, you see).
- This last pronouncement causes a great deal of stir amongst the family members.*
- Toby *smug* It all comes down to this: Murray Seagull-Seagull believes that he can lift the family curse before dreadful things happen. And he can vindicate Rylance Bradley (of all things).
- Holly *urgent* Go on!
- Lisa *agog* Is there more?
- Toby *sighs* Oh, you know the usual riff: "Someone will be injured, someone will die". He just *has* to have them stones!
- Troy *scoffs* As I said: all fatuous codswallop. And the entrepreneurial Mr SeagullGull skims off the money with each of his "prophecies". Talk about gullible punters! And pardon my pun ...
- Maria But, Troy ... your sister has been seriously injured, so part of that prophecy may already have come true. Good Lord! I hope none of

us snuffs it.

William Yes, but that could have happened –

Troy In the back of a car at a drive-in.

*A nervous chuckle sweeps over the family members.*

David *all at sea* What *is* a “drive-in”, and why keep mentioning it?

Holly And no-one is dead.

David *spooky voice* Not yet ...

Lisa But this Seagull-Seagull might effectively lift the curse, you say. If that’s true, then he has my vote. Let’s move Heaven and Earth to inveigle the Irish museum to let us return the stones to Australia, under dearest William’s aegis.

END OF SCENE

## **VI, Scene x:** Jason Is In Canada Working At The Mine [7<sup>th</sup> October 2002]

### *IMPORTANT PLOT PROGRESSION*

*Jason scores a prestigious position as Geologist at an oil sands operation near Athabasca, Alberta, Canada. His tenure is 30 weeks. It is hard, tiring work, even for the Geologist on site.*

*So this scene will evolve over those several months, in order to progress Edwina’s pregnancy almost to full term. Exact dates are provided for clarity.*

*Over the next shots, we understand that the other men who work at this open pit mine are rough, tough and yet likeable, and that Jason himself is often lonely and unhappy. His digs are very Spartan and utilitarian, however they are a great improvement on the hole in which he lived in Paris. The weather is bitter: cold, windy, savage. The scenery is bleak,*

*uninspiring, flat and depressing.*

*Jason's one consolation is that he receives emails from family and friends. His face brightens with the glow of the plasma screen of his laptop when he turns it on. In most cases, instead of reading aloud the emails, we see and hear the subject matter of the correspondence presented by the correspondent. That helps to alleviate the oppressive stagnation of Jason's life.*

*And he has all the glorious memories of the life that he (as Gilles) led with Madeleyne.*

*Then he learns of Edwina's pregnancy, and the scales fall from his eyes. We see Jason wander about, doing the sums in his head: finally realizing that it was himself as Gilles who fathered the child.*

*Finally, with only one month of the pregnancy left to go, Jason leaves Canada heading back to England. Maria (who is after all the mother of his closest friend) collects him from the airport. And Maria is the most likely person to give him news of Edwina.*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

*Apart from Jason, all the men speak with strong Canadian accents. Some have a rough French accent thrown-in on top of that.*

*Jason has followed the trend of most of the mining men and allowed his whiskers to grow. All the men in our film are heavily bearded. The advance of Jason's beard and hair growth will indicate the passing of the 30 weeks (hence the specific dates being provided).*

*In the open pit mine itself, anyone we can actually see is kitted-out in safety gear. The refining structures and machinery are huge, serious-looking, heavy and loud, with actual humans seldom seen.*

*Music: None to start with; more as advised. Just now, we can only hear the howling of the wind.*

*The camera is stationed outside some sturdy metallic huts, giving us sweeping views of the terrain.*

*The immediate impression is of:--*

- *brutal, unattractive wilderness*
- *fierce biting wind*

- *strong camaraderie between the men (as they huddle together for warmth)*

*Jason (hands deep in pockets) walks quickly along a barricaded stony track. We hear his heavy boots scrunch on the stones. He is well rugged-up against the cold, wearing a knitted beanie under his hard helmet. Around him, in the middle distance, are the huge dilution tanks.*

*A thickset man brightens upon seeing Jason approach. Jason responds to the man he strides along. The man strides beside him.*

Canadian #1                      You gonna do some prospecting, then?

Jason                                So I understand. Yes. Tomorrow.

Canadian #1                      They sending you up in the chopper, then dumping you there?  
Out into the wilderness?

Jason                                Yep. That's right.

Canadian #1                      They used to send about a dozen guys out there, in a gigantic truck, with a bobbin on its spine. Boy, they really had some hardware then. Seismographs, and drilling equipment, and measuring out areas with wire ... Boy, they sure gone past them bad, old days.

Jason                                Right!

Canadian #1                      And you gonna go out there on your lonesome with just a little electronic jigger that does the same work as all those guys did in the '60's. What d'ya think about that, then?

*Jason stops to pat the man on the shoulder.*

Jason *with finality*                Thanks for telling me that! I have to go for a briefing, safety training and induction before I fly out tomorrow. See you!

*Jason runs off.*

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

🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊 **Date check: 8<sup>th</sup> October 2002** 🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊🔊

*Inside the helicopter, Jason looks down at the overwhelming amount of heavy machinery, massive trucks and activity such that the whole scene below on the ground is gigantic. They travel in a north-westerly direction.*

Pilot *grinning*                      This ain't Paris, man!

Jason *half-smile*                      You got that right. I'd forgotten how cold it is.

Pilot                                      Aw ... You shoulda taken a gig in Dubai or one o' them hot places. Nobody comes to Canada for the climate.

Jason *chuckles*                      I came for the money, mate.

Pilot                                      Well I came to get shed of my old lady. Why, she could nag the legs of a cow, she could. I send all my money home and that keeps her quiet.

Jason                                      Good idea!

*The terrain over which the helicopter flies is now wilderness: flat, moonscape. The helicopter drops to the ground.*

Pilot *shouts*                              Call HQ via your 2-way when you've had enough. I'll come get you. You got your co-ords ... You should be okay.

*While the helicopter's rotor blades zap rhythmically, Jason drags a large, heavy carry bag out of the helicopter, followed by a monstrous backpack. The wound in his leg is healing well, but still hurts. He winces in pain.*

*Jason stands clear, waving farewell to the pilot. We see the pilot wave back as the machine rises swiftly, and then heads off in an easterly direction.*

*Alone, Jason checks out his gear. His rifle is modern and heavy. He lifts it to his eye, pretending to fire. There is a tent, sleeping bag, self-inflating mattress, and other gear. The "gizmo" is a glorified palm pilot. With this, Jason will be able to make detailed assessments of future mining areas. Then Jason tries the binoculars.*

*The terrain is ghastly. Forever, on all sides, this seems to be a featureless wasteland. Jason scans the horizon, without finding anything of interest. Then into his line of vision comes Eleana, running*

*eagerly towards him. This is not a dream whereby Jason travelled back in time: he is simply remembering the dream. Jason lowers the binoculars: the memory is gone. He tries again.*

*Evidencing frustration, Jason hikes off, in the direction from whence Eleana appeared. There is a dip in the ground which he did not see with the binoculars. He stomps down into it in his heavy boots, finding a small clump of vegetation there. Next to the bushes lies the skeleton of a pony. Jason is quite startled on coming upon these remains. After a couple of seconds, Jason squats down to touch the bones. He looks up, towards the horizon, and imagines Leon and Braithe cantering down from the current Montmartre towards the river.*

*Sadly, Jason stands. He wanders back to the place where his gear is lying about.*

*There are sounds emitting from the 2-way radio.*

*Jason into the radio*      This is Juliet-Golf-Delta-Echo receiving. Over.

*A great deal of unintelligible sounds and static emit from the radio.*

*Jason into the radio*      Okay. Roger that. I'll get right onto it. Over and out.

*Jason lays down the radio and picks up the gizmo and its associated stand. Whistling to cheer himself, Jason begins his work.*

END OF SCENE

## **VI, Scene xi: Brandon Bradley Is Born In Somerset**

*Brandon Bradley is born on Wednesday 9<sup>th</sup> October 2002 at St Blethilde Hospital in Somerset.*

*Both mother and baby come through the trauma of birth in fine fettle.*

*Three days later (12/10/2002), Garth Allendale visits Sienna in the hospital, bearing a charming bouquet of white and blue flowers.*

*Garth walks up to the bed, face wreathed in smiles and kisses Sienna on the forehead. Then he passes over the flowers to her. There is an awkward moment. Then, both chuckling, they kiss on the mouth.*

*Garth wanders over to inspect the baby, nods wisely and then sits down.*

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Garth *puzzled*                    Were you serious, what you told me on the phone? That Trader hasn't seen the baby nor come to visit you?

Sienna                                It's okay. We've split up. We're officially divorced now.

Garth *not impressed*            But still ... His own kid ...

Sienna *reassuring*                It's okay. Honestly.

                                              So ... what's everyone up to?

Garth *making conversation*            Alicia is holidaying with some friends at St Tropez. Her brother who is also my friend, Jason (you remember? The Geologist), is working at an oil sand mine in Canada. He'll be there until well into next year. And my two brothers are headed for the West Indies for a film shoot.

                                              So everyone's busy.

Sienna                                How's Edwina? I was so shocked –

Garth                                  At home. With her parents. Being looked after.

Sienna                                I still can't get over it. Such a terrible crime. Do the police know who -- ?

Garth                                  Not a clue. Not a clue. Jason was stabbed, but he's recovering very quickly.

Sienna                                That's good ... It was so kind of you to visit me. Thank you.

*They hold hands for too long. Then they kiss again.*

Garth                                  I'm ... I'm really proud of you. He's a bonny little boy. I'm so sorry that ...

*Garth makes a gesture of fatality. Then he shrugs. And departs.*

END OF SCENE



Break  
Date check: 17th November 2002

*During a snowstorm, Jason assists some men to haul a large sledge near the refinery. There is much shouting and grunting.*

Break  
Date check: 20th November 2002

*Jason is in his hut at Foxbrae. Another email arrives, this time from Geoff. He attaches four JPG files from Edwina's collection of sketches. They depict the lovely little cottage seen during the last of the dreams. Jason is almost overcome. We see him print these pictures out and attach them to the wall of his hut. While this is going on, we hear some news (via the email) from Geoff. Jason smiles as we hear Geoff's voice-over.*

Geoff *voice-over*

Thought these bits of artwork (as attached) might brighten your dull Canadian days. Edwina was thought to be improving but is now being sick at all hours. Tessie will have to get her examined again: the "hot-coal" business must have been more serious than at first thought.

My brother is having lots of problems with your sister. Are you aware that they are talking about splitting up? Don't know if there's anything you can do, though ...

Hope you are keeping well. Twitch and I have snagged in some film work going on in the Bahamas. Has to be a better gig than where you are, doing the "brass monkey" job. How close are you to the Arctic circle?

END OF SCENE

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**VI, Scene xiv:** Parisian Street Cafe [Saturday 30<sup>th</sup> November 2002]

*Day Time, A Street Cafe.*

*August is attempting to be unseen. He has burrowed away in an obscure corner of a typical Parisian cafe. He sips coffee and scans the pages of Le Monde.*

*Alicia and Crystal find him. We hear Alicia's voice "There he is!" Alicia quickly approaches August, with Crystal in the rear. Alicia waves several sheets of A4 paper at August. As August raises an eyebrow, he puts aside the folded newspaper, and the ladies sit at his table.*

*August is somewhat put out. August speaks at the same time that Alicia (baying for blood) speaks.*

|                             |                                                   |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------------------------------|
| August                      | Alicia                                            |
| Yes ... Do sit down ladies. | I've only just received this email from New York. |

August *world-weary*

Well?

Alicia

Do you remember having expostulated your take on "chivalry"? Somehow that segment from "Dig-Dig" was whisked over to the States, and your arch-enemy Professor Bernard Henri has leapt onto centre stage to spray your "chivalry" theory with deadly venom.

August *flippant*

Again? I'm quite tired of this back-and-forth bickering. There is no need.

That man is a pathetic mite of spume from the primal ooze.

Crystal

There's talk that this spat between you two is threatening to blow-up into a bigger academic punch-up than the "Evolution of Birds" fiasco.

August

Give to me the sheets.

*Alicia does so. Without even glancing at them, August tosses them over his shoulder. The ladies expostulate.*

August                    You could take 28 books from any library on that very subject, and 14 of them would come down on my side; 14 would support his stand.

It's a *theory*. And to my mind, a very plausible one.

Alicia                    Professor Henri appears not to agree with you, August. And his disagreement has taken the form of mud-slinging at your professional ethics. Whatever the rights of it, this bodes to become a very unpleasant, unsatisfactory situation.

August                    That's simply because you care about ratings, and I don't.  
  
Listen! Listen to me! There is absolutely no dispute regarding the Franks having inaugurated feudalism and all that that entailed. That's a given. Everyone nods to that credo.

Okay ...

Stretch your imagination just a little. (Henri is incapable of that exercise.)

Here we have (don't we?) a society which is geared to offering homage, respect, loyalty, devotion and service to the superiors (the king and the great vassals). In English, your word is more like "lords" or "knights", yes?

*Eh bien* ... the vassals bow to the king or overlord and vow to fight his battles and causes beside him and for him. And the dependant peasants of the underling are in their turn beholden to him. *C'est ça*.

And in return for this fealty, the king parcels out land for the sole use, as well as cares for the welfare of the underling. And so on down the trail until you find the meanest serf hiding in a byre.

*August lets this sink in as the ladies sip coffee.*

Crystal Do you think --

August No wait! I am still winding-up.

With Christianity came to the Franks a person *so* remote, *so* spiritual, *so* high above the masses that it would have been an easy slide into the same subordination which the vassal-fief-liege-serf society favoured.

Crystal You mean Mary, mother of Jesus?

August Of course.

And extended from Her to all women.

*[Ardent]*

This was their misery, their self-imposed torture: the so-desired lady being unattainable.

"I'll kneel at her feet and kiss the hem of her gown. But I may not touch this Holy vessel."

*August and the ladies are silent for a moment.*

Alicia It's ... Henri has many fans in the States. Don't forget that.

August That pus-pimple Bernard Henri is bleating to the intelligentsia of America, but still cannot refute my theory with valid evidence.

Alicia Where does he stand, then?

Crystal Henri argues that "chivalry", "courtly romance", the troubadours, etc etc all emanated from the religious upheavals of the eleventh century in Europe, and in no way could have existed prior to that time.

August *shrugs* He holds the Franks to have been thoroughly testosterone-dominated such that their females appeared in their scale of values solely as fuckable mothers.

But he can't see beyond the pointy-end of his dick.

In Europe, the hordes of barbarians once-that-were became enlightened in that they fell in love with a long-dead Jewish criminal whose fate had been to be crucified by the Romans. This was no mighty Thor whose very breath made the ground shake. A carpenter who was executed by being hung out to die on a wooden cross, with nails driven through his palms as would any felon.

Symbolically, the Franks fell to their knees to venerate this man. In addition, they fell in love with his mother.

That is the birth of "chivalry". Right there! With the newly-Christianized Franks domiciled in Paris. The feudal mindset was ripe for such an elide. Henri is too duck-arsed to appreciate that.

*Crystal screws-up her face.*

Crystal

Duck-arsed?

END OF SCENE

END OF ACT VI PART I



## ACT VI Part 2

### **VI, Scene xv:** Jason Is In Tiny Foxbrae, Near Athabasca, Canada [5<sup>th</sup> December 2002]

*Jason is once again in the wilderness, at a different location than previously seen. Here there is some vegetation. However, the bleakness provides the overwhelming sensation. Snow falls, and the wind whips the snow about. Jason (with the huge backpack strapped in place on his back) is seen to be rugged up to the maximum, as he determinedly clomps across the bitter countryside.*

*Soon, he stops, pulling the binoculars to his eyes as he scans the horizon.*

Jason, Gilles, Madeleyne And The Franks.

*Unexpectedly, to his right, two mounted riders come into view. They face the horizon and ignore Jason. Judging by their costumes, these men are Franks.*

*Jason drops the binoculars. He actually drops them to the ground. All about him, Jason sees the snow-driven flat landscape, where he is the only inhabitant.*

*Rescuing the binoculars, Jason sees again the horsemen. Ahead of them, in the marshy land of the Right Bank of Frankish Paris, King Charlemagne and a few noblemen with their servants and dogs bring down wild duck with bows and arrows.*

*Gilles is seen to pat his dog on that animal's return from splashing through the marsh with a large duck in its jaws.*

*Gilles calls out to the King, holding up the duck, and laughing delightedly. The King then quickly emulates the young noble, scoring a direct hit on a low-flying duck. His companions applaud loudly.*

*From Jason’s left walks Madeleyne, with her skirts rucked-up and carrying her laden willow basket. She walks in front of Jason and away from him.*

*And then the evocative vision from Jason’s memory is gone. All is once again bleak and uninviting. Jason begins setting up his equipment, looking as if his soul is numb, so utterly bereft as he is.*

**Break Same Night**

**Date check: 5th November 2002**

*In the all-purpose, all-hands utility room, one of the miners plays a mouth-organ, another a small squeeze-box and a third uses spoons on the bottom of an old black saucepan. The men sing (badly) and drink heavily. There are bottles of brandy, rum, cognac and whiskey, along with beer. Some wine casks are also in evidence. These items are either finished, or still in use. Jason and Canadian #1 can be seen trying to outdo each other at singing sustained notes.*

**Break**

**Date check: 7<sup>th</sup> December 2002**

*In his hut, at night, Jason is stationed at his laptop. This time, it is Bissot who has emailed Jason. The attachment is of a movie-style outtake from the “Dig-Dig” show. In it, Bissot is holding a piece of pottery closely resembling a phallic symbol up to his groin, intimating that Bissot has cracked an enormous hard-on and is showing it off.*

*Bissot voice-over*                      Hi there! Hope you are keeping warm. Don’t let your balls freeze off!  
  
Here is a lovely shot of me which our tight-anus director thought too naughty for the po-faced English viewers. Crap! I say that this

is crap!

BTW: August has posted by express Air Mail an advance copy of our digging DVDs to your boss at the mine. They are old college *amis*.

*Jason laughs out loud. In the movie (attached to the email), Bissot turns this way and that, showing off the phallic symbol to best advantage.*

Jason *chuckles*                      Bissot! You clown!

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

~~~~~ **Date check: 10th December 2002** ~~~~~

*Another view of life in the savage wilderness: the Canadian mine. This time, Jason and another man grimace as they valiantly chip away at ice which has formed on some machinery.*

END OF SCENE

**Scene xvi:** The Connaught Museum (Friday 11<sup>th</sup> December 2002)

*Laurence is seen (but not heard) in animated discussion with the curator of the museum. The latter appears as if he was still an Irish gentleman of the 1940's.*

END OF SCENE

## **VI, Scene xvii:** The Lounge room, Gladesbrook (Sunday 13<sup>th</sup> December 2002)

*On the television, Edwina is playing an old DVD of the French language version of “La Fouille Dig-Dig”. A fresher, younger August, and Marie-Claude and a teenaged Trincon are investigating the many archaeological facets of the Catacombs beneath Notre Dame Cathedral. Edwina works on her book as she watches the show.*

*Tess slips into the lounge room as she dries the dishes.*

Tess                                      That’s not August, is it? God, he looks like a young man.

Edwina                                     And that young boy there is Trincon. Isn’t it amazing?

Tess                                        The Catacombs! Why on Earth didn’t your lot do more on the Catacombs?

Edwina *defensive*                      We breached my fogou. That was exciting. Besides, there’s been 800 shows on Notre Dame and the Catacombs. August wanted to be fresh and new.

Tess *sighs*                                Alright, then ...

*And Tess wanders off.*

END OF SCENE

## **VI, Scene xviii:** Jason Is In Foxbrae (Christmas Eve, 2002)

*Late in the afternoon, as the sun sets, Jason is seen scampering along the track to the all-purpose utility room. He quickly mounts the few steps and lets himself into the mudroom where the men leave their snow-gear, coats, hard-hats and heavy boots.*

*We are able to hear (as Jason strips off his outer covering and places same on a spare peg) a group of men laughing unrestrainedly. They are sitting or standing around a large plasma screen, watching the DVD of “La Fouille Dig-Dig” as promised by Bissot.*

*Jason enters the utility room, looking about at all the men grouped there. The utility room has been decorated with signs: "Joyeux Noël" and "Merry Christmas". There are lots of substandard Christmas decorations which have seen many Winters, and the blow-up Santa is badly wilted. The Christmas tree is probably the best effort from the miners.*

Jason                                    I received a royal summons. What's up?

*The men look at Jason. One of the men freezes the DVD. There is a general clamour of "Here he is!"*

Canadian #3                            Hey! Are you a TV star or what? Is this you?

Canadian #4                            Wait up! Wind that sucker back a ways, will ya?

*The DVD being shown on the plasma screen now rolls quickly backwards. When a scene featuring Jason giving his Geology spiel is reached, the DVD is allowed to play forward at normal speed. Jason sees himself at one of the digs on the Île De La Cité, talking to camera on the subject of the Ice Ages and their effects on central France, but more particularly on the River Seine.*

Canadian #2 *pointing*                That's you there, isn't it? It sure looks and sounds like you.  
*at the screen*

Jason *nods, smiles*                    Yes, that's my ugly mug.

Canadian #4 *to the*                    No, go back much further: to the gorgeous chick.  
*DVD operator*

*Again, the DVD scans in reverse. When stopped, we can see Edwina sitting in her deck chair, sketching. The camera is positioned to give maximum exposure to Edwina's cleavage. This causes a cry of male appreciation (wolf howls, wolf whistles and general hubbub) to resound through the utility room. Jason grins.*

Canadian #5                            So, what about this girl? Oh man! Look at her tits. Did you get it off with her?

Jason *shame-faced*                    No ... Actually, she's one of a large group of cousins. You'll notice the "Allendale" name appear many times in the credits. My sister married her cousin: so she's an Allendale, too. That's my only connection with her. But, I hardly ever got to speak to her.

*This admission is met with disbelief and scorn. The DVD keeps rolling on. We see Edwina drawing. She smiles at the camera.*

Canadian #1                      Man! Look at those puppies! Now, did you ever get to see that chick in the buff?

Jason *forgetting himself*                      Oh, yes ... I mean no!

*The men yowl in salacious delight.*

Jason *laughing*                      No! I meant to say "no".  
  
Actually, she saw **me** naked. Not a stitch on. Wedding tackle: everything!

*A roar of raucous laughter and teasing goes up at that announcement.*

Canadian #6                      Were you carrying a tree? Was she impressed?

Jason                                      God no! I was on the slack, as it happens. It was really quite bizarre and embarrassing. There I was, stark naked, face lit up like a Christmas tree and going through her stuff. And then she burst in on me.

*There follows a roar of laughter and cat-calling (along the lines of "Was you trying to find her panties or bras?")*

Jason                                      To add insult to injury, I grabbed a towel and then promptly dropped it. So I had to bend over to pick it up. I don't even want to **think** what she saw then!

Canadian #5                      Whoa! Whoa there! Let me get a handle on this ...  
*astounded*  
  
Now, this is the **most** beautiful chick in Paris, and you never ever speak to her, but you show her your dick and your asshole? And then you jump on the first jet to come **here** to the worst pit on Earth? Are you certifiable, man?

*Jason grins and shrugs broadly. There is a ripple of laughter, and then the men relax to watch the remainder of the show.*

END OF SCENE

**VI, Scene xix:** A Small Music Room At *Les Salles d'Hippolyte* (Thursday 31<sup>st</sup> January 2003)

*Alicia Gladstone has returned to Paris. She sits in the audience of Les Salle d'Hippolyte at a performance of piano music composed in the 1950's by Pierre Boulez. Alicia's partner is a dapper Frenchman in his late 30s. The pair hold hands and make lover-like eyes at each other.*

END OF SCENE

**VI, Scene xx:** Jason Is In Foxbrae (Saturday 15<sup>th</sup> March 2003)

*Jason stands in his hut, yakking about geological matters with someone on the phone. He is staring at the printed Edwina drawings, touching them absently.*

*Casually, Jason hangs up. The laptop pings loudly: a new email has arrived.*

*During the following speech, we see Garth at Segler's Landing, on the lawn, playing with Lily-Mae. Alicia is nowhere to be seen.*

Garth *voice-over*            Jason! Main man! Hope you are not freezing to death over there.

                                         This was the first day for over two weeks that we could get out and have a game in the garden. I'm working at Redditch United for the next few months. Means that Mum will be able to look after Lil.

                                         Things are a bit strange (do I mean "strained"?) here just now. Will tell you more later.

*Jason stares at the laptop screen. He appears to be puzzled.*

Jason *to himself*           Where’s my sister? Where’s her little chirrup of joy? Hmmmmm ...

*Jason plops himself down on the computer chair and begins to tap. He speaks as he types, until interrupted by a new email arriving.*

Jason *as he types*           AGladrags ... at ... Wrexforthcons ... dot ... com ... dot ... uk.  
Hi ... Sis ... How ... are ... you ... going ... with --

*The laptop pings, giving Jason something of a start. While Alicia’s voice purrs along, we see various short grabs of Edwina, as Jason saw her during the production of “Dig-Dig”.*

Alicia *voice-over*           Brother mine:  
  
I am able to do a bit of polite crowing.  
  
About the bitch coming into pup whilst kennelled at Gladesbrook under the watchful eye of her Mum and Dad. Some horny dog got through a window perhaps? A Swiss nobleman? A bronzed Aussie who whispers to horses, maybe? I took a roll with the latter myself: I recall that I was waxing lyrical about the delightful strains of Delius which wafted over our writhing torsos whereas he could only discern the klump! klump! klump! of the bed. Jerk!  
  
You will no doubt have guessed or been told that Garth and I are no longer an item. We have both hired top-flight divorce lawyers. He can have the infant: I don’t really see the point in my having her. I’ll probably keep in touch ...

*Jason, horrified, closes down the email service and then slams down the lid of the laptop. He strides about*

Jason                        You bitch! My own sister! You bitch!

~~~~~ **Break Morning** ~~~~~

~~~~~ **Date check: 16<sup>th</sup> March 2003** ~~~~~

*It is Sunday. In background, Jason sleeps, breathing very loudly. In the very near foreground, Jason's laptop springs into life, pinging loudly.*

*We can see (vaguely in the background) and hear Jason dragging himself out of bed.*

*Then, we see his fingers clumsily tapping away at the keyboard.*

*We hear a mighty yawn.*

Jason *scratchy, voice-off* From Twitch. Ah ... What are you up to, pal?

Twitch *voice-off* Hi, Gladrags! Nice to hear that you are surviving over there. These tropical islands are WARM and awesome ... great fun!

In answer to your urgent question: Yes, Edwina is expecting. She is due about the second week of June, which makes her six months gone. It's all very much "immaculate conception" because the poor wee lassie was convalescing at the calculated time of conception and no stallion (that we know of) managed to get into the stable. All very mysterious!

BTW, Eddie is recovering well from her terrible injury (as I hope you are too). She is seraphically happy, and wafts about singing, laughing and extolling the restorative properties of honeysuckle.

There you are! "Honeysuckle": perhaps the right remedy for you, old boy.

*The camera moves such that we are in close-up of Jason. He stares open-mouthed at the screen.*

*Jason appears to be lost and confused.*

Jason *whispers, scratchy* Honeysuckle ... Honeysuckle ...

~~~~~ **Break Night** ~~~~~

~~~~~ **Date check: 16<sup>th</sup> March 2003** ~~~~~

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*That night, Jason is found once again in his hut.*

*The laptop is playing an early episode of "Dig-Dig" (as originally tailored for the French-speaking audience). In front of the laptop, Jason is seen to be naked above the waist. He lifts his hand to stare at the trail of semen thereon. (We won't go into the why/if/how/where/when/what of this exercise: the young man has some of his own semen in his palm. Let's leave it at that!)*

*Jason takes the sample to his microscope and deftly slips the matter onto a slide.*

*We see what Jason sees: sperm cells swim about in chaotic misdirection.*

*This vision transposes into what Jason sees in his mind: the semen (somewhat reminiscent of arrows) swim rapidly up the fallopian tubes, and we watch one of these seeds germinate the huge egg, forming the zygote. This activity is accompanied by grand, sweeping music. Then, the music changes to a "bubbling, frothing" theme as the cells of the embryo divide, forcing growth. As the female foetus reaches the 7-month stage, Jason snaps out of his reverie as he wipes his hand on his trousers.*

*Jason leaps up out of his chair and tears to the calendar hanging on the wall. His date of departure from the mine (at the end of the 30-week stint) is Saturday 12<sup>th</sup> April 2003.*

*Jason to himself*                      **Less than a month!**

*Jason looks about, as if trying to find inspiration. Then he takes a huge breath looking fierce. He squares his shoulders, making some moves which are reminiscent of a weightlifter preparing for the snatch. Jason riffles through an old, battered exercise book, folding it back when he locates Edwina's email address.*

|                                                   |
|---------------------------------------------------|
| Jason Sends The Most Important Email Of His Life. |
|---------------------------------------------------|

*Jason mulish, grim*                      **You can do this, Boyo! If she can get pregnant because of your ...**

*Jason (face of thunder) strides to the laptop and taps angrily. He speaks as he types. His face wears a very determined, rugged, purposeful expression.*

*Jason mulish, grim as*                      **My dearest Madeleyne-slash-Edwina comma.**

*he bashes the keys* Have put aside my cowardice and will now open up to you as I should have done from the first. Full stop. New line.

*Jason stops typing. He leans back in his chair: lost and depressed. He gives a long, long sigh, drops his head into his hands in a moment of despair, and then presses his lips hard together. Then he returns to the keyboard.*

*Jason softer, sincere and loving as he types* I'm so very sorry for you that Gilles has got you with child due to his-slash-my thoughtlessness. But for myself (J. Gladstone), I'm as pleased as could possibly be. Honestly!

It is impossible to imagine that I could father your child when you were convalescing in England while I was starting my stint at this mine in Canada.

Nevertheless, I'm convinced that this is the case, and DNA-testing will prove it (provided that Gilles and I have the same DNA).

*Jason stops typing to ponder. He is now in a more relaxed mood. With a funny look on his face, Jason clears one of his ears with his finger.*

*Jason to himself* Did they **have** DNA in medieval France? Sure they did!

*Jason resumes his typing. When he reaches the "hold you in my arms" he makes a cute face.*

*Jason as he types* Will be back in the UK in less than a month and will come to Gladesbrook immediately I land. Maria has offered to collect me from Heathrow.

All my love and best wishes. Your own Gilles-slash-Jason. (I'm not good at sending copious kisses and hugs: let them be implied until I actually hold you in my arms.)

PS: The taste of the honeysuckle will live with me forever.

*With great deliberation, Jason hits the send icon. Then, he realizes something.*

*Jason annoyed* Shit! I should have made it high priority. Oh, hell!

☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺ **Break Late Afternoon** ☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺☺

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~~~~~ **Date check: March 18<sup>th</sup> 2003** ~~~~~

In his hut, Jason drops into his chair as he is exhausted after a hard day's work. After a few keystrokes, his face beams with unalloyed delight.

Jason reading his email Ah! Edwina, Edwina, Edwina ...

We see Jason's ebullient face, his eyes scanning the lines, as he reads Edwina's reply to his email.

Edwina *voice-over* HIGHEST PRIORITY.

Oh my God!

Dearest Husband-Gilles-slash-Jason,

Oh my God!

I had to read your email about 15 times before the penny dropped. Obviously, you were also having these strange experiences at the same time I was. Too weird!

My mouth is getting a lot better. However, no matter what I eat, I can always taste the honeysuckle that you fed me (that is, Madeleyne).

Baby and I are doing okay, but find I'm getting tired a lot.

By the way, the baby is a girl, and I'm thinking of calling her Paris. (You can name the next one!)

Can't wait to see you again. Love from your Wife-Madeleyne-slash-Edwina.

Kiss, kiss, kiss, hug, hug, hug, kiss, kiss, kiss.

Jason sits back, wearing a warm smile on his face. Exalted, he punches a fist into the palm of the other hand.

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

~~~~~ **Date check: April 5<sup>th</sup> 2003** ~~~~~

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Jason has shaved off his beard, and somebody has cut his hair.

We see Jason shaking hands with and farewelling the men at the Canadian mine.

END OF SCENE

VI, Scene xxi: Maria Collects Jason From Heathrow (Sunday am 13th April 2003)

This scene shows Jason collecting his luggage at Heathrow airport, and then Maria and Jason leaving Heathrow in Maria's little car.

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

*Maria drives.*

Maria *wondering*            To Gladesbrook?

Jason                            Yes, please. It's not too much out of your way, is it?

Maria *chuckling*            No ... That's fine ... It's just that ...

Now, I thought that you'd simply want to dive into bed with a sad case of jet-lag.

Jason                            Possibly ... But I wouldn't sleep a wink until I'd seen her.

*Maria continues puzzled, as she drives.*

Maria *suddenly*            Garth warned me that you and Eddie had some sort of chemistry going on, but that you were both fighting shy of it.

Jason                            We were strangers. We're not now. I'm the father, by the way. But you'd already guessed that.

*Maria shakes her head in the manner of a naughty child.*

Jason I happened to catch some of the rushes from the "Dig-Dig" show. Somebody rather clever has juxtaposed a Jason-scene with an Edwina-scene, and made it look as if we were speaking to each other. Which is utterly not the case: apart from some emails, we have totally **not** conversed. Yet in that "Dig-Dig" mock-up scene, it really looks as if we are a very loving couple.

Is that spooky?

Maria *amazed* What's spooky is your claim to have impregnated Eddie. It ain't possible. Sorry to spike your wagon but ...

Jason On the Old Silk Road, what did you and Toby get up to?

Maria *surprised at the question* Oh ...  
I pelted a nasty bitch with rocks. When I threw rocks at Toby (he was being an unspeakable pig), not one connected. Yet everything I chucked at the villainess found home. Quirky, huh?

Jason *smug* There you are, then. You've just refuted your own argument.

*Maria continues to be puzzled.*

END OF SCENE

## **VI, Scene xxii:** Jason Visits Edwina At Gladesbrook (Sunday am 13<sup>th</sup> April 2003)

*The camera is somewhat distanced from the action. Maria's modest automobile drives along the glorious woodland drive of Gladesbrook, pulling up at the front portico. Tess is working in the front garden. Maria steps out of the car quickly, whereas Jason (feeling himself to be a stranger) takes his time. Maria races over to Tess and the sisters-in-law embrace fondly. Then Maria introduces Tess to Jason. They shake hands. The camera moves in.*

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*Jason ambles along through the lush heavily-wooded garden. He is brought up short by the sight of Edwina nodding-off at a garden table. The afore-mentioned dog stands and barks at Jason's approach. This startles Edwina, who stares at Jason in complete disbelief. Then her face is suffused with joy.*

Edwina *forgetting herself*                      Gilles?

Jason *slight smile*                      **Madeleyne ... My Madeleyne ...**  
**I had to assure myself that you and the unborn child were well. Is this really a good situation for you, in this dank woodland? And crouched over your books like a scholar?**

*Edwina smiles. However, she requires time to recover her equanimity.*

Jason *encouraging*                      Is this place private, or should we stroll through the shrubbery?

Edwina *archly*                      Private from whom?

Jason                      I want to speak to you without reserve.

Edwina                      At least we **are** speaking to each other, Mr Gladstone.

Jason *trying to be amusing*                      Do you think that old Gilles would have been thrilled with a daughter? I rather doubt it.

Edwina *chuckling*                      Oh God no! He'd have kicked up the biggest brouhaha.  
 I was blown away by your email, you know. Then I remembered Twitch having said something about your having had weird dreams and waking up in pain.

Jason                      **I was with you every step of the way, according to your exquisite drawings.**

Edwina                      **But ... If you really are Gilles, tell me what name you called me when we first met.**

Jason *smiling*                      **You are still doubtful. I thought that your name was**

**Matilde and called you so. Not that you took any notice of me.**

Edwina *reluctantly smiling* And you gave me a speed course on "How To Become A Worthy Mate For Gilles Le Wildmay".

*Jason stretches out his hand. Edwina, without hesitation, takes his hand in hers.*

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

Maria and Tess approach the now-deserted table. The dog is curled up under the chair on which Edwina lately sat. The ladies carry a tea-tray and a cake. They look about them for Jason and Edwina.

Tess *hesitant* Do you think --

Maria *confident* Yes, I do!

[Calling out loudly]

We've brought out the tea-tray! Come and get it!

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

*Jason and Edwina stand in the thickest part of the Gladesbrook woodlands, holding hands.*

Jason *with huge affection* Do you have any objections if I hold you?

Edwina *adoringly* Why not!

Jason *kindly* Relax. I'll be unfailingly gentle. I mean to take good care of you.

*Jason takes Edwina's hands. He kisses the backs of her hands and then her lips. Edwina is enchanted. Jason moves behind Edwina, folding her forearms over as he does so. Then, from behind, Jason has Edwina in his arms, resting his chin on the top of her head. He rocks her gently.*

Jason *low murmur* That day when you caught me looking at your beautiful sketches

was not the first time I'd been snooping at the flat.

Matter of fact, I'd been a bit of an habitu . It was the paintings: solely the artwork which captivated me. Taking a shower there stood for a handy excuse.

And this is why. Because as soon as I lobbed in Paris on the strength of this marvellous TV job I'd landed I had strange visions just as you did.

Twitch and Geoff told me all about your dreams, and they correlated with mine so perfectly, that I realized that some mystical force was leading both of us towards a grand conclusion. Your artwork totally backed-up that theory: it was as if you had somehow burrowed into my head.

How could that possibly be?

Edwina *smiling*

I hardly blinked when I found out that I was pregnant. Straight away, I figured that you had fathered my child as Gilles in the Middle Ages. And you know what? I was unbelievably happy. Ecstatic!

Jason *smiling*

Let's get married. We'll tell Paris that she's my child and leave it at that.

I'll take a DNA test to settle my paternity, if you want, but I honestly don't feel that it's necessary. Not any more ...

*They kiss for a long time and with a very deep love.*

END OF SCENE

**VI, Scene xxiii:** The Birth Of Paris, Saint Septimus Hospital (10<sup>th</sup> June 2003)

*Jason Gladstone is ashen-faced. He is gowned in green hospital scrubs and wears a face mask. He has just stepped back from his position at the head of the bed. Near him, Edwina gasps for breath, and several men and women mutter to each other regarding the delivery of Edwina's baby.*

*The baby takes her first breath, and then yells out as if in protest at being removed from the comfort of her mother's womb. Without warning, the newborn is deposited on a small white sheet, then passed (lying on the sheet) without ceremony to Jason.*

Nurse *brightly*                      Here you are then, Dad. Say "Hello" to your little girl. She's already quite a looker, isn't she?

*Jason is unable to speak. He looks down at the tiny creature in his hands and watches in wonder at the size of her features. The baby is utterly perfect. Jason scarcely breathes, such is his wonderment at the beauty of his miniscule daughter.*

*The friendly nurse has been standing very close. She then puts her hand on Jason's back.*

Nurse *encouraging*                Now take the lassie to her mum. Gently now! Just lay the wee mite face down on Mum's tummy.

*Jason appears to have no conceivable idea what he must do or worse still, how to do it. He shuffles carefully towards the bed where Edwina (with an aura of a beatified saint) awaits the infant. With assistance from the nurse, Jason manages to follow instruction. Edwina lovingly strokes the baby who now lies face-down and naked on Edwina's stomach, and Edwina smiles with great affection at Jason.*

Nurse *scolding*                    Oh, take that ruddy mask off, will you! You'll frighten the horses!

*Jason tears off the mask and then moves forward such that he, too, may stroke the child. He leans over and kisses Edwina on the lips.*

*The camera moves back as Jason and Edwina continue to welcome their daughter.*

END OF SCENE



Break

At Segler’s Landing, on the driveway near the house, George pulls up his car. Holly steps out of the car to look about.

Holly Go in and let Maria know that I’m down by the river, on the landing, will you, dear? She might come down with a mug of coffee and a buttered bun (if we’re lucky). But do tell her not to make a fuss if she’s busy.

George watches his mother with vague interest.

George Rightio! In a fair world, Maria will be found to be awaiting your arrival with bated breath. You never know your luck.

Break

George and Maria are chatting in the kitchen.

George This could be a stroke of genius, truth be told. I’m trying to fix Dad’s archaic mower ... Toby might have just the gizmo I need. May I fossick about in T’s shed?

Maria Of course! Help yourself. I’ll take this to Holly. Did you say that she was on the landing?

George is now distracted with a magazine which he has found on Maria’s kitchen bench.

George indifferent Yes ... the landing ... by the river.

Break

*Music: "something-is-about-to-happen".*

*Holly sits on the seat, just as she did at the beginning of Film #1. She looks down to the right. Our camera moves out over the water, then back behind Holly, doing a 360 degree turn. In that movement, Holly reverts to being a 14-year-old girl again. A little boat comes bobbing up the river: young Holly is excited. A lovely, middle-aged woman sits in the boat (the sole passenger): she reaches out to Holly, her faced wreathed in smiles.*

*The little boat draws close to the landing such that Holly may easily step aboard. When the young girl eagerly steps into the boat, she sits next to her mother and then warmly hugs the woman.*

Holly *joyfully*                      Mother! Mother!

Mrs Allendale *teary-eyed*                      My little Holly ... Hello, darling!

Holly *suddenly dubious*                      I shan't have to be re-united with Father, shall I?

Mrs Allendale *smiling and kind*                      Oh, in time. He sits about now, quite at his ease.  
You'll see Helene (of course), and your brother and sister. What a happy little family we'll be once again!

*The boat wends its way along the river, without human intervention. The water glistens in the bright sunlight.*

*The boat has vanished as Maria makes her way carefully down the steps, bearing the tea tray.*

Maria *brightly*                      Here we are! No buttered-bun I'm afraid. However, I managed to scrounge-up some toast with marmalade.

*Maria lowers the tea tray onto the bench near Holly (now appearing as an old woman again, but just deceased). Maria pours coffee into pretty cups. She adds milk and two sugars, stirs, and then absently hands the cup and saucer towards Holly.*

Maria *radiant*                      What a lovely day! I trust that George finds the motor mower part he's looking for ...

*Maria's face changes. Putting down the cup and saucer, she looks horrified as she tries to waken Holly.*

*Then, Maria claps her hands over her mouth, appalled and frightened.*

END OF SCENE

**VI, Scene xxv: August And William Visit Murray GulGul (13<sup>th</sup> June 2003)**

*Murray GulGul sits alone (cross-legged) feeding small bits of wood to a fire. He has his usual litter spread before him: grass, leaves, wood and stones lay on the ground. Murray is having a little conversation with the stuff.*

*A large 4-wheel drive rocks up. It stops in a cloud of dust, disgorging William (the driver) and August. These men stretch and look about them. Murray waves negligently.*

*William and August carry their priceless museum treasures to Murray GulGul, and then remove some from their wrappings.*

*August (being a practising archaeologist) is used to adopting a crouching position. He stoops down nimbly, reaching out his right hand to Murray for the handshake. Murray takes his hand uncertainly, smiling shyly.*

William                      Let me introduce you to each other, gentlemen.  
                                    Murray, this is Professor August Godefroy of Paris, France.  
                                    Professor, Murray GulGul of South Australia.

August *warningly*            I've had to bend over backwards to get this piece for you, Mr GulGul. The people at the museum will have my balls if it is damaged in any way, you know.

*Murray carefully places the male/female stone amongst the possessions, and lazily waves a small branchlet of eucalypt leaves back and forth over it. He laughs at August's admission.*

Murray *chuckling*            Your balls are safe with me, mate. The spirits of the fathers won't touch the stones. Why would they? They'll just destroy the curse that's come out of 'em.

*August urgently needs to understand how the French stone could possibly be involved in the process. In the end, his question is simple.*

August *quietly*                      How is it possible, Murray?

Murray *sighs*                      You wanna understand how come I needed this piece from the past; from another country?

*[August nods]*

We were all once a single race. That's all that's behind it. We shared our understanding of how things started. These fellas lived off the land just like my fellas once did.

*[Points towards William]*

His mum had a fancy name for it, before she --

*Murray shakes his head.*

William                              What is it? "Genesis Sacroretigraphy", or some such thing. Load of cobblers if you ask me. Your stones, Sir.

*William lays out his pieces of stone before Murray. Murray moves them to different positions.*

William                              Look! It's bloody hot. Do you mind if we shed some clothing?

Murray                              Go ahead. No-one to see you but me.

*August and William drag off their jackets, and ties, returning these items to the car.*

August                              This is quite debilitating, this oppressive heat.

Murray                              Hot? It's the dry season: Winter. It's Winter.

*Once August and William have made themselves more comfortable, they don sunhats. A peace settles.*

*Music: Deep whirring music rises.*

*In the near distance, a mob of brumbies comes into view through a shimmering heat haze.*

August *amazed*                      *Mon Dieu!* Horses! Look there!

Murray                              They're brumbies. Wild horses.

*The horses graze on a patch of grassy land, as witnessed through the heat haze.*

Murray                                Before long, the wild camels will show up. What's the bet?

*August turns his attention back to Murray, and then accosts William.*

August *very impatient*        *Eh bien ...* How does this go? Is that man getting anywhere?

Murray *overhearing*            No ... no good ...

*August rounds on Murray. August's difficult personality does not cope well with setbacks.*

August *frustrated*            What? We brought to you the required articles after **huge** effort on everyone's behalf.

Murray                                No. There's one missin'.

August *frowning*                Missing?

Murray                                The opal fella ... he's missin'.

*Murray uses a stick to point to the male/female stone.*

Murray                                That one you brought, Professor, has a loud voice. His people were like my people, just like I said. They were hunters. They lived and breathed in Nature because they were a part of it, just like my mob.

William *confused*                Well, what did you mean by saying "opal fellow"?

Murray                                We can't do what we wanna do until we get 'im.

*William and August stare at each other in puzzled wonder.*

Murray *brightens*                Ah! That's more like it. Now the young one will be vindicated. He'll get 'is retribution. That's a good word for it. 'Is Mum put me onto that.

'E's been patient long enough.

'E's comin' ...

*Out of the heat haze, one of the horses now appears to have a rider. It is Trader, mounted on the aforementioned horse (Silver Ghost). He canters up to join the other men.*

*Murray is unperturbed. William, however, laughs in stunned disbelief; and August stares, mouth open.*

*Trader slides out of the saddle, rushing over to hug William joyously. He then goes to August and gives him a strong handshake.*

Trader *overjoyed* William! Great to see you again.

August! None of that face-kissing stuff for me, thanks, mate.

*There is a small burst of greeting from all three men. Trader drops to a squat beside Murray and hugs Murray's shoulders.*

Murray *more to himself than to the others* Do you blokes know that the only time a man is supposed to kiss another man is if 'is 'orse has won the Melbourne Cup. Or if he's just played a blinder in the footy Grand Final.

*William and Trader laugh. August simply does not get the joke.*

Trader *chuckling* That's right! And the only time he is expected to cry is if the pub burns down. Or his mother dies. Or the family dog dies.

William You're making a bit of a list, there.

Trader And the only time he **must** be seen to cry is when his football team's just **lost** the Grand Final. Anything else is out.

*Without preamble, Trader strips a large opal ring from his left pinkie and hands it over to Murray.*

Trader That was Enid's. It occurred to me that you'd need it. Opalized wallaby skull, or something.

Murray *pleased* That's the opal fella. Now we can start.

August Enid? Not ... not Enid Finchett, surely?

Trader *nods* Yep. My Grandma, Gus. My grandmother: Enid Finchett.

August She was a tremendous authority on prehistoric Australian man. She married Trader Finchett: another archaeological genius.

*The three men look towards Murray and his spread of stuff. Apart from Murray chanting and moving bits about, nothing happens.*

*August (once again) appears frustrated and deeply disappointed. August swears in French under his breath. William appears to be more relaxed, but still expectant. Murray sits back: his work is done. Trader wanders about, smoking.*

*Music: the deep whirring groan becomes more pronounced. The heat haze blurs the view.*

*Trader's horse becomes disturbed. The brumbies likewise exhibit agitated anguish. Trader calms his horse, but all four men focus on the brumbies as they canter off, first one way and then another.*

*Then willy-willies appear. The brumbies finally gallop off, and the music rises in intensity.*

## **Murray's CGI Show**

Music: Spectacular and marvellous.

This is a representation (as realistic as possible) of the geological timeline, beginning with the genesis of planet Earth. We view the formation of seas, volcanoes, orogens, sandy beaches and mountain ranges. Life itself will begin in the warm frothy corner of a tropical sea. This is August's "primal ooze".

During the entire "show", our four men will remain as they were, but looking about in wonder at the evolution spread around them.

The first amphibians and early reptiles will wander past them, followed by some birds and dinosaurs, primitive marsupials, modern marsupials and then Palaeolithic man. Part of a wallaby's skull has opalized: we see this occur.

Finally, a large hand slowly quiets the tumultuous "show". The music subsides. We slide back into the original desolation of the mulga district.

*I want a long, harrowing pause to follow this brilliant show.*

Murray *wisely*

It's all over.

*[To Trader]*

You'll be right now. Those blokes that buried you are up for

payback. I wish I was there to see it.

*[To William]*

And you. No more troubles for your family. All finished. That'll cost you a pony. \$50 for that show.

*William reaches for his wallet, and pulls out a \$50 note, which he hands to Murray. As before, Murray screws the money tightly into his palm.*

William *thankfully*            And no-one died.

Murray *casual*                Oh, yeah ... Someone died.

Trader *quickly*                Who?

Murray                          Can't say ...

*[To August]*

You will be a stronger man from seein' this curse bein' lifted. Your diggings will mean much more to you now, 'cause you been in touch with the fathers ... with their spirits. They'll talk to you now.

*August, wiping away tears, strides to Murray, squats and then takes Murray's hand in both of his.*

August *whispers*                Thank you. I'll never forget ...

*William and August collect the treasures. Trader retrieves his ring. Everyone shakes hands as the camera backs away.*

END OF SCENE

## **VI, Scene xxvi:** The Modest Outback Hotel At Wichibah (13<sup>th</sup> June 2003)

*August and William have dressed themselves again (following their response to the heat out in the mulga) and have arrived back at the hotel where they are staying for the night.*

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William                    Oh, yes! It totally blew me away. I've never seen anything like it.  
                                 Drink?

*A girl who works at the hotel intervenes.*

Girl                        Captain? There's a phone message for ya. Boss has got it.

*The girl calls out to her boss (whose name apparently is Wayne). The publican appears.*

Wayne *to William*        They rang for you from merry old England. Ring Segler. Didn't  
                                 leave his number.

William *chuckles*        Fine! I'll get right onto it. Thanks.

*Wayne returns to his activities. William finds the telephone, starts to ring and then calls out.*

William                    Hey! What's the area code?

Wayne *voice-off*        Wouldn't have a bloody clue, mate.

William *sotto voce*      Thanks a ton, old son.

*August takes the phone book and riffles through the front.*

August                    I'll get it for you, *mon ami*. Making international phone calls is my  
                                 bread-and-butter.

William *doubtful*        I feel a bit strange. This might be the news Murray hinted at ...

*August is busy thumbing and reading.*

August                    UK? Hmmm ... London?

William                    Aye.

August                    Dial 0-01144-20 and then your number.

*William does as instructed.*

SEGUE INTO NEXT SCENE

**VI, Scene xxvii:** The Kitchen, Segler's Landing (13<sup>th</sup> June 2003)

*In the Segler's Landing kitchen, George (in tears) hears the phone ring.*

*There is a "freeze" as neither George nor Maria seems able to move. Then George motivates himself.*

*In the background, Maria leans back against the bench, with the skirt of her apron to her eyes.*

George William? Listen, old man. I've some ghastly news for you. Mum has passed away. Quite suddenly and unexpectedly.

*[Pause]*

I know ... I'm so sorry.

*[Pause]*

Really? That's good news, I suppose.

Just drop everything and get back here, will you?

No, I can't ... I'm just going to take myself back home to break the news. He'll be gutted.

Yes! Give me a call as soon as you know what flight you're on ... I'll collect you from the airport.

Alright ... sorry for the bad news ...

*George slowly hangs up the phone. As Maria cries into her apron, George stands by the phone, with his hand still on the handset.*

George *very serious* William tells me that the Australian chap has ... ah ... No more whizzing off to Neverland ...

I can't take it in ...

Mum ***insisted*** that she come here. All of a sudden. "I must go to Segler's". And straight to the river without even stopping to give you a cheery "Hello!" or a peck on the cheek.

Maria *crying* Oh, George!

George *tears again* It's as if she knew ...

There was nothing wrong with her, Mar. Totally fit and healthy: a paragon for a lady of her age. There was nothing wrong. We all thought that **Dad** would go first.

*[Withering sob]*

Oh, shit! I just can't take it in.

*Maria and George hug, both overcome with tears. Wearily, with great sadness, Maria and George slump off such that George is able to drive himself home.*

END OF SCENE

## **VI, Scene xxviii:** Thornbury, The Wake Following Holly's Funeral (16<sup>th</sup> June 2003)

*Gordon sits in a chair, shattered by his loss. His sons and daughters-in-law hover nearby. There is a great turn-out in honour of Holly. People mill about, taking refreshment.*

*Our camera finds an interesting group.*

*Edwina has been released from hospital following the birth of Paris, and sits in an armchair, propped with pillows, breast-feeding her brand-new daughter. Beside her, on a hard upright chair sits Jason, ready at a moment's notice to leap into action in order to assist Edwina. On Edwina's other side sits Garth who has Lily-Mae on his knee and feeds her bits of apple. The little girl is engrossed by the baby. She points and makes excited noises.*

*On Garth's other side, Sienna is breast-feeding Brandon. Clearly, she and Garth are falling in love and both are without current partners.*

END OF SCENE

**VI, Scene xxix:** Thornbury, The Sun Room, After Holly's Funeral (16<sup>th</sup> June 2003)

*Through the large windows, we can see William's daughters playing a complicated game involving shuttlecocks and a basket. The girls romp about on the lawn, making some noise: squealing and giggling in the manner of girls.*

*In the sunroom, William sits in a cane chair, pretending to read his newspaper. Instead, with a fond smile on his face, William watches his daughters as they caper about. Lying nearby on the daybed is Gordon, looking very, very old now.*

Gordon                    So ... all the visitors have gone, then?

William                   Yes, the Aussies have flown out. And everybody else has gone back to their homes.

*[Pause]*

It was a damned fine show for Mum, I'm proud to say. Pity that the only time we all meet is for weddings and funerals.

Gordon                   Those two sisters are Malcolm Buxton's daughters, aren't they?

William                   Yep. Tess and Fiona.

Gordon                   I've probably never told you this, but we actually came to blows once, Buxton and I. Not just push and shove, mind you: punches were actually thrown and we wrestled on the ground.

William *smiling*        Who won?

Gordon                   Oh, I don't think anybody "won" ... I was by far the more experienced street-fighter (owing to my being a Fleet Street toe-rag) ... but Buxton accounted for himself very well. You remember him? A more inflexible, puffed-up prune never walked this Earth: but he knew how to handle himself in a punch-up, I'll give him that.

I can still see Helene mending her husband's shirt and your mother mending mine. They only had what nature and Enid Finchett were able to provide to do the job. But you know what

women are like at "make-do-and-mend".

William *puzzled*

When was this?

Gordon

Oh, in that God-awful place ...

*[Pause]*

That boy ... he'll fix it.

William

Who was that?

Gordon

Buxton's boy.

William

Buxton only had two daughters. Do you mean Rylance, who calls himself "Trader"? The Australian boy whom I flew about in Little Nellie when he was a teenager?

Gordon *crotchety*

No, no, no! The little one ... **His** son.

William *appalled*

What – the baby?!

*Gordon's dear old face works. He allows his tears to gather in his eyes. Then he stares at the ceiling.*

*William watches him with worried frown.*

Gordon *thin wispy voice*

When I finally fall off the twig, you'll have to take the reins. None of my lovely grand-daughters will be involved, thank God! But Buxton's descendants will be in the thick of it –

I've written everything down, so you won't have to guess.

*[Big ragged breath]*

Christ Almighty! I hope that your Australian chap really has made his bloody stones work! We seriously don't need any more of this "back-to-the-past" rubbish. I'm of the same mind as your cousin Toby: bring this sad business to a halt if we possibly can.

*Gordon has had enough. He closes his eyes. William, seeming to be very concerned, folds his newspaper as he watches his father fall asleep.*

END OF SCENE

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**VI, Scene xxx: Finale (16<sup>th</sup> June 2003)**

*Music: soft and lovely, echoing the La Calinda theme.*

*Toby is found to be looking down the river as Holly had done in Film #1, ACT I.*

*Garth comes and stands beside him, then Lisa and William.*

*The camera backs away.*

*Lastly Maria turns up. She kisses the back of Toby's hand, and then they all turn and leave the riverside.*

END OF SCENE

END OF ACT VI

Credits

*As the credits roll through, we shall see a modern rendition of the Parisians grouped about a brazier greeting each other in the very early morning. There will be laughter, chatter and lots of friendly welcome. A busker with a guitar strolls about, entertaining the Parisian citizens.*

*Refer back to Madeleyne and her brothers setting off to work for the King.*

END OF FILM

The fifth film in the series is entitled: **“Death of Nightjar”**.

In 2014, we follow the dangerous but exciting exploits of Trader’s son  
Brandon Bradley.

With him is Brandon’s half-brother Charles: the son of Brandon’s mother  
and Garth Allendale (eldest son of Toby and Maria).

Brandon and Charles have been kidnapped by 5 very strange Australian  
dags. Murray GulGul also joins the group as they journey through the  
Australian bush.

Our Australian story is intertwined with a mysterious drowning death in  
London. The deceased gentleman was given the nickname **“Nightjar”**.



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