



RAF Squadron Leader William Pendlebury haunts the court of King Charles II
as Jack-O'-The-Green.

Assisted by various characters (including the delightful Lisa) William
works to clear the name of one of his airmen.

And King Charles was best man at William's wedding ... Bloody typical!

This is the third in the "M'Coure" series, dated around 1986 (and 1668).

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Prelude: 1668 Restoration London. A Tall Tree

The wind can be heard and seen in the boughs of a high tree. Witt Baldface struggles and climbs to his vantage point in the height of the tree.

Note: Witt Baldface is played by the same actor who plays Pilot Graeme Threlkeld. The former has longer floppy hair.

He raises a small eyeglass to his eye, and surveys Restoration London. We hear Witt gasp.

With much haste and bustle, he scrambles down the trunk of the tree, dropping athletically to the ground. As he regains his balance, his dog rushes forward, excited.

Witt *anxious,* He comes, Red! I must fly to my mistress. She'll be all of a-flutter,
breathless as sure as sure! Come!

SEGUE INTO THE TITLES

THE TITLES ROLL THROUGH

The titles can appear over this following lovely and joyous scene.

Wonderful rollicking and uplifting music is heard (late 17th century recorder and drums) as Witt and Red run through a beautiful wilderness garden. They dodge statuary, leap over decorative pools, and wind along a superb garden path this way and that.

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SEGUE INTO FIRST SCENE

ACT I

I, Scene i: 1668 Restoration London. The Orangery, A Corner Of The Garden, By The Wall

Nell Gwynne Sits On a Wall
Complete With Orange Basket.



With apologies to everyone who hereby deserves an apology.

Next to the solid, high stone garden wall of The Orangery, Nell Gwynne is being primped and preened by two flustered maids (Mary Luce and Jayne Smallett). There is a great deal of to-doing and female noise. In the background, watching this scene with melancholy stoicism stands the old, grim-faced gardener. He holds a ladder made of interlaced willow branches. Beside him, the garden boy is anxious, concerned.

Breathless, Witt arrives upon this scene.

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Witt *panting* He cometh, Lady.

This news causes Nell, Jayne and Mary to shriek, and the garden boy to wring his hands.

Nell *impatient* Quick! Quick, quick, quick, quick, quick!

The garden boy hoicks the ladder out of the hands of the gardener, then rushes up to the wall. He holds out his hand to assist Nell upwards. She is pushed and supported from behind by Mary and Jayne. There is much tottering and teetering, as Nell holds a large fan composed of ostrich plumes. She wears a full round gown. with her shoulders and sleeves swathed in decorative but heavy lace.

Finally, as maids, garden boy and Witt wring their hands, Nell deposits herself inelegantly on the top of the wall.

Nell Ooooo! My bum's cold! Pray, give to me some cushion or other for my ease.

Mary and Jayne remove their aprons as Witt adroitly whisks off the thick scarf worn by the startled gardener.

Nell *agitated* Can you not make more haste, there? I am in very agony here on my perch. Do but hurry, little maidies.

Mary and Jayne work at top speed to fashion a cushion whereby the aprons are wrapped up in the scarf.

Mary *long-suffering* At once, my Lady! We live but to please you.

The makeshift cushion is carried up the ladder, and then squished under Nell's posterior. Both maids now cling to the ladder (fortuitously held in place by the garden boy) as they make the final adjustments to their mistress's long curls. Her décolletage is checked, and all is in readiness. Nell lazily fans herself.

On the other side of the wall, Ralph Beaversnade (very point-de-vice) strolls up. He wears an enormous felt hat, complete with a large ostrich plume. This hat he doffs as he makes a low and gracious bow to Nell Gwynne.

Nell, annoyed and fretting, shoos him away with quick gestures using the fan.

Ralph *fulsome* Charming, quite charming.

Oranges for sale? Ain't you Mistress Nell Gwynne, the famed

purveyor of oranges?

Nell gasps. She has recalled her trade. Nell urgently calls back over the wall.

Nell *flustered* Oh, stars and heavens – My orange basket! Oh lack-a-day!

Without hesitation, Witt grasps the orange basket (delightfully decked-out with ribbons made from the exact same fabric as used to create Nell's round gown). As Nell clucks and chitters, Witt bypasses the startled maids, still on the willow ladder, and hauls himself adroitly up a stout vine. Thus, halfway over the wall himself, he is able to hand to Nell her basket. This Nell takes, looking very pretty, comely and bewitching with it on her knee along with the fan flirtation. Comically, both maids and Witt can be seen by Ralph behind her.

Nell *urgent, more waving-off* Move on! Do move on, Sir! My liege soon comes and I must appear radiant, yet coy.

Ralph rocks on the balls of his feet, smug and amused.

Ralph *beaming* And so you shall be, lovely Nell. I'm Beaversnade.

Nell *astounded* He of the hallowed grave in yon cathedral?

Ralph *nodding* His great-grandson, at least.

Nell tosses an orange to Ralph Beaversnade, who catches it without effort. Smiling, he kisses the orange. Then Ralph hands to Nell a coin.

Ralph *affectionate* A shiny sixpence for the shining star of the King's company of actors. You are an angel!

Nell now gestures very pointedly that Ralph should move on.

Nell *laughing* I thank you for your blandishments. Now, on your way, dear Beaversnade.

Ralph points to Witt. Ralph replaces his hat on his head.

Ralph Stay! I'll borrow your serving boy, if I may. He shall accompany me this day, to be returned to your nest in due course.

Nell *with finality* Yes, yes. Of course, if only to send thee hence.

Witt, make haste to take this bold gentleman away up the lane.

Away, away ... And don't dally on your return.

Witt leaps off the wall. With a final bow to Nell (she nods in response), Ralph strolls off. Witt (who has himself made a sketchy bow) keeps pace beside Ralph. And the dog, Red, trots about them, happy to be going on an excursion.

Music: a return to the opening theme of recorders and drums.

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

The pair has strolled through a lovely wood. They come out of the wood onto a very pleasant park land. Ralph gestures for Witt to hand over the eyeglass in his pocket. Witt does so.

Ralph looks back. We see what he sees: This scene is very reminiscent of the famous painting by Edward Matthew Ward (although in that artwork, Nell is not actually sitting on the wall.) King Charles, with attendant spaniels and decked out royally, has stopped to flirt with the delicious actress, who uses her feathered fan to great effect.

Ralph chuckles, very amused. He returns the eyeglass to Witt. Then Ralph and Witt stroll on.

Long camera shot of the delightful parkland, as the music fades to grey.

END OF SCENE

I, Scene ii: 1986 The Cemetery At Pitch (Near Segler's Landing)

Music: now understated, and sombre.

Roger Allendale has died suddenly at the age of 72 from a seizure.

Except for William, all the men wear suit and tie (dark hues).

The ladies have attempted to don themselves in black, grey or navy.

It is crucial that no-one is seen to cry nor dab at the eyes.

Roger's coffin is carried to the grave by the pallbearers:--

- William Pendlebury (now 32 years old wears his uniform as Squadron Leader in the RAF).
- George Pendlebury, 34 years old.
- Toby Allendale, 46 years old.
- Laurence Allendale, 40 years old.
- Gordon Pendlebury, 67 years old
- And a close friend of the deceased: Arnold Penleigh-Smythe, in his 70s.

Under a spreading tree, the coffin is lowered into the grave. The local vicar begins the funeral service (we cannot actually hear him very well). Those surrounding the grave are sombre but exhibit no grief. There are a few others external to the three main families, and the younger children are not present.

These are the chief mourners:--

ALLENDALE FAMILY	BUXTON FAMILY	PENDLEBURY FAMILY
Judith (the widow), Toby, Maria, Garth, Laurence, Tess, Raine, Donald	Malcolm, Helene, Fiona, Rylance, Molly	Gordon, Holly, George, Sarah, William

William is seen to stare into the grave, his face solemn. Then, he is seen to appear worried. He looks from left to right, seemingly looking for something or someone. He looks at the other mourners, but they seem placid and unconcerned.

1986 Meets 1668 at the Grave of Roger Allendale.

The camera backs away, further and further until we see a middle-aged man (Aethelbart) in nondescript costume propped against a stile, busily sketching the graveside scene. (He will continue to sketch as Ralph converses with him). Red barks as he lollops up to Aethelbart, the latter patting and welcoming the dog. Upon this noise, William Pendlebury is seen to flick his head quickly back. But we see what he sees: just the parklands of the cemetery.

Ralph Beaversnade and Witt Baldface wander up to Aethelbart. Ralph squints at the folk of 1986, becoming distressed.

- Ralph *outraged* What's this? Why, whither away? Methinks that these varlets are a-laying of that pine box into *my* grave! That's my very plot marked-out under that spreading tree. I've laid claim to it these many years and shall not give it up, come what may.
- [Cups hands to mouth]*
- Halloo! Hi there! Cease and desist or I shall set the constable upon you all.
- Only William starts again, looking about without seeing anyone. Witt seems perturbed that the gentleman is about to disturb a funeral on consecrated ground. Aethelbart sketches without interruption.*
- Witt Oh, dear Sir! Hush-hush!
- Aethelbart
knowledgeable Time has moved on. Not enough land for cemeteries these days. Had to recycle the graves. Your mouldy, mortal remains (now nothing more than dust) lie under that coffin and will do for eternity.
- Ralph *appalled* But this will not do, Sir. I shall pen a stern letter of complaint to His Majesty.
- Aethelbart *amused* What? To King Charles, the merry monarch?
- Ralph *with decision* To none other.
- Aethelbart *dismissive* He won't care. He won't even read your letter.
- Ralph *pompous* Then I shall demand an audience.
- Aethelbart *shakes head* Won't see you.
- Ralph *offended* Why not? I shall have you know, Sir, that I am the scion of a very august family. Moreover, I've influential friends at court. And my forebear is interred in St Paul's.
- Aethelbart Maybe ... but he won't see you, because you ain't got tits.
- Ralph *amused in spite
of his complaints* Ah ... Quite so. Very droll ...
- Who then is this dear departed? What did folk call this fellow (or

woman for that matter) who dares to sleep in my grave?

Aethelbart shrugs his large shoulders, and pouts. Witt provides a quick answer.

Witt promptly He was Mr Roger Allendale, Sir. He was once taken up for the murder of his own sire. But he didn't do it.

Ralph reflective And now he himself has passed on. Not "done-in" by foul play, I trust?

Witt shakes head It was a seizure, good Sir. Wouldn't have felt any pain and no-one to be blamed for it but the good Lord.

Here, Witt surreptitiously crosses himself.

Ralph The good Lord indeed.

Excellent. Do you know that I began this pretty day with a spate of royal love ... and now, all that I see is Death.

Aethelbart grim smile Are you speaking of His Majesty when you talk of "Love"? Lust, more like.

Ralph She is a very beautiful wench, is Mistress Nell Gwynne. I grant you that.

I may take a toss on her meself (when that the King has put her by).

[Draws himself up; determined]

Howsoever, I shall not be put off by libidinous chatter, my good man.

Do you see that long fellow there with all the busy braid...

[Here, Ralph twiddles his fingers on his own shoulder to signify William's epaulette insignia]

... I shall undoubtedly have congress with him. Make no mistake.

He appears to be the orchestrator of this nefarious deed.

Aethelbart mocking You do that. And the best of British luck to you.

Ralph *affronted* Snatching away my plot! Forcing me to share with another soul! I assure you of this: that *rip* will account for himself.

Come, Witt. I'll accost him immediately, while there is still heat in my passionate temper.

Aethelbart chuckles and shakes his head.

Ralph marches forward, accompanied by Witt and the excited Red.

The ceremony having concluded, the mourners begin to disperse. William (grim-faced but alert) looks back over the park from whence he discerned the noises. There is no-one there apart from an elderly couple walking a small dog.

END OF SCENE

I, Scene iii: 1986, Segler's Landing

The Families: Pendlebury, Buxton and Allendale.

*This scene is included as a means of identifying who is who, and how they are related. It was easy in the first film: we were matching up the couples. But in this film, the third in the series, these couples are now grand-parents. Thus, there is a plethora of children now found at Segler's Landing. Although the children are at the wake, most of them were not at the funeral. [Refer to **Special Notes** for more information on the children.]*

The Children Are Amusing Themselves

We do not need to know who minded the youngsters whilst the funeral took place. That is irrelevant. But now that the mourners are partaking of the wake in the sitting room, the children amuse themselves.

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Thus, four boys race onto the lawn at Segler's Landing, bearing the usual cricket gear: bats, stumps, bails, balls and a motley collection of antiquated protective gear. They are the three sons of Toby and Maria, and Troy (their cousin, the son of Laurence and Tess).

Busy, and shouting merrily to each other, the four boys organize an impromptu cricket game.

SEQUE INTO NEXT SCENE

Scene iv: 1986, Segler's Landing, The Games Room

As stated previously, this scene is included to give people an idea of who is who. This will interest those who have followed the first two films.

Jack and Fiona's son (Rylance, Australian) watches the incipient cricket game on the lawn from the window of the games room. His face lights up.

Rylance *excited* Bewdy! The other boys are gonna play cricket! Let me outta here!

As Rylance rushes to the door of the games room, Edwina shouts at him. She is disappointed, for she has organized something for Rylance's entertainment and edification.

Edwina *upset* No! No you don't!

Rylance pulls up short. His egress is blocked by the arrival in the doorway of Tess (Edwina's mother).

Edwina rushes forward.

Edwina *whining* Mum! Rylance wants to play cricket! Tell him he has to stay here!

I want to tell him about --

Rylance *harsh* I told you that I'm called "Trader"! I don't like being called by my real name.

Tess looks about at the group of children. She is seen to mentally count heads whilst Edwina and Rylance squabble.

Tess *surprised* Where are the boys?

Rylance *brightly* That's where I was just going. Is it okay if I play cricket with my cousins?

Tess *somewhat shocked* Cricket? At a wake? I don't think so.

Rylance goes to sneak out of the room as Tess approaches the window.

Tess *warning* No, you don't, young man. Stay here, please. I'll fetch the others in.

[Sighs ominously]

Playing cricket when their grandfather's hardly cold in the ground!
Quite inappropriate.

Edwina, why don't you tell your cousin about the family ...

Tess exits the room. Edwina looks triumphant. Rylance appears downcast. Edwina lifts a box of toys onto the table.

Edwina *taking charge* Now! I'm about to show you where everyone sits on the family tree, starting with your family.

Rylance sighs heavily. Edwina takes up a handful of wooden blocks. She bangs the blocks down on the ping-pong table as she refers to each family member. Occasionally, as stated, the block is replaced with a more appropriate token.

Edwina Here's you. And here's your sister, Molly and your brother, Dillon (who didn't come for some absurd reason).

Rylance *shrugs* Dad and Mum thought he was too young. He's been sick with tonsillitis, anyway. So Dad stayed home with him.

[As Edwina prepares to move to the next family members]

Hey! Do I **have** to be a block? I'd rather be a car.

Rylance plucks a nifty model sports car from the toy box. He sends the wheels of the toy car spinning with his hand, then swaps over the car for the block. Rylance performs a neat trick with the block to flip it back into the toy box. He grins smugly at his female cousin, who is suitably impressed. Donald (Raine's only child) skulks in brooding silence in the background. He looks disgusted. He looks daggers at Rylance.

- Edwina *capitulating* Alright, you're the car, then.
And this is your father, Jack Bradley, ...
[Here, Edwina plonks a small, cuddly teddy bear in position]
... and your mother is my mother's sister, Fiona (who was a Buxton).
[A very ancient clockwork representation of Cinderella in a ball gown is used.]
And --
- Rylance *offended* Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! My Dad won't like being a teddy bear.
Here ... this truck can be Dad.
- Rylance deftly makes the changeover of miniature prime mover for teddy bear. Rylance kicks the teddy bear in Donald's direction, much to the latter's disdain.*
- Edwina *sighing* It doesn't matter, surely?
[Trying to get the story finished, banging blocks and dolls down in logical groups: very determined]
Okay! Papa Mal and Nanny Lene are the parents of Fiona (your Mum) and Tess (my Mum). Your name (which we're not allowed to mention) is from Nanny Lene's maiden name. She's a cousin of Grampa Roger (who of course has just died), and of Nanna Holly and another lady who wandered off to Australia.
- Rylance You mean Auntie Magpie? Yeah, I've met her hundreds of times.
She's a dipstick.
- Edwina *conspiratorial* We're not allowed to talk about her because she married someone beneath her.
- Rylance *shocked* D'you mean Albert? He played cricket for Australia – in Test matches! It's more like **he** married beneath **him**.
- Edwina Well, don't say anything about them in front of Gran, or she'll go into a faint.

[Picking up the theme again]

Right! Pa Gordon and Nanna Holly are the parents of George and William. And George and Sarah (she's really nice) are the parents of that little boy there (Laurie) and the baby who was sick all over Pa Gordon. Laurie's real name is Gordon.

And Grampa Roger and Gran Judith have all these grandchildren: the three boys you've already met (Garth, Francis and Geoffrey). They're Toby and Maria's sons.

Raine has only one boy and that's **him** ...

[Here she points towards Donald. His token is a rubber dog]

That's Donald whom I call Dracula.

And over here is my father Laurence ...

Seething, Donald stalks up to the ping-pong table to angrily swipe the rubber dog off the table. He glowers at Edwina.

Donald *snarling* And I call you "Edwina, the piss-faced bitch".

Donald is about to attack Edwina. Rylance (his eyes hard and cold) quickly intervenes, grabbing hold of Donald's wrist, causing the latter to hiss and squirm.

Rylance I wouldn't do that, mate. She's your cousin.

Molly (along with the boys who were trying to start a game of cricket) now enters the games room, bearing a jug of lemonade, plastic tumblers, plates of sandwiches and cakes. Even though no-one is paying any attention to her, Edwina is determined to finish her story. There is a babble of children's voices as the youngsters partake of the feast. Edwina speaks over the babble.

Edwina *keen to be heard* So this is Laurence (my Dad) and my Mum, Tess. And here's me ...

[Edwina has found a beautiful fashion doll to represent herself]

And my brother Troy. That's him ...

[Edwina pats her brother on the head]

And that's it! That is your family tree ... so far ...

However, Rylance is now happily eating, and enjoying the company of Toby's sons. He ignores Edwina's words.

END OF SCENE

I, Scene v: 1986, Segler's Landing, The Sitting Room: The Wake

In the background, we can clearly see George Pendlebury in deep conversation with the sixth pallbearer, Arnold Penleigh-Smythe. The latter is talking earnestly at a mile-a-minute, with George valiantly trying to keep up with the conversation.

In the foreground, William Pendlebury (still wearing the uniform of an RAF squadron leader) sits in a straight chair. His face is set in a frown. He appears to be in a brown study. George hands him a cup of tea.

William *startled* Er ... thanks.

George drags up a matching chair to the one occupied by his brother (and at the same time, George holds cup and saucer in hand). Then George sits down beside William. He takes a quick sip of his tea. William drinks his tea reflectively.

George *bright* So what's the matter? You're not mourning the loss of the most despised man in London ... surely not.

William *shakes head* D'you know ... I can't remember ever having attended a funeral where absolutely no-one cried. Not his widow, nor his three children ... No-one!

George *roundly* Pompous git! He won't be missed, and there's an end to it.
So ... back to the subject at hand. What's wrong?

William *not attending* Mmmm?

George Come on, out with it. What's eating you up from the inside? You're

usually the brightest star in the universe.

William *ironic*

At a funeral?

George

Is it woman trouble? Is some bird making you itch?

William

Nah. Nothing like that.

George *slaps William's knee*

You ought to get hitched. Let me tell you, married life is wonderful. I'd recommend it to anyone. Solves all your problems at a stroke.

William

Yeah, well Mum is working very hard to find me a life partner. Every time I go home there's some new spinster on offer at the dinner table.

George *chuckles*

Mum's being aided and abetted by my better half. Did you know that?

William

I'd figured that out already.

No ... I can't put my finger on it. Something's not right. It's just ... I dunno ...

The brothers sit in companionable silence for a couple of seconds, sipping their tea. William appears worried, self-absorbed. George looks smilingly at his 6 year old son playing a game with his grandfather Gordon. Then George turns his attention (with great fondness) towards his wife and baby daughter.

William *breaking the silence*

There's been trouble ... one of my men has killed another chap in a pub brawl. Over a woman, presumably. (It usually is pussy-based).

This sort of thing happens occasionally with fighting men. You know, the "warrior syndrome". I've never been personally affected by it before, though.

But ever since the exact moment when the incident took place, I've been ... well ... "disconcerted" is probably the best word for it. I'm just not sure what it is ... but ... there's something there and it's disturbing me.

George *interested* It's funny that you should describe it as the "exact moment". How did you --

William is buried in his own thoughts, and not attending to his brother. An undercurrent of moody music is heard.

William *frowning* Today, at the graveside, I felt it really strongly. I felt a definite presence. Someone was trying to communicate with me. I could hear ...

William sighs forlornly, then shakes his head in despair. George frowns and laughs at the same time.

George What? You mean ... the dead guy ... from the coffin ... from Roger ... or ... ?

The music stops. Just as William is about to answer, Holly breezes up.

Holly *to William* We've been invited to a musical evening, Darling. Caroline and Restoration chamber music at Arlington House. Friday evening. And for those of you who require a refresher course on "Who's Who in England", that would be the seat of Lord Highgrove. Anthony. He's the Earl of Arlington, of course. The invite comes from his wife -- Lady Highgrove, via Tess. Impressed?

William *wry smile* Topping! I thought that our current fiscal non-paradise had sent all the gentry off-shore?

Holly Not at all. Lord Highgrove is an astute fiduciary beetle, always ahead of the game. His many enterprises flourish and his grand old estate is actually making wads of money. Raking it in, apparently. And thus he is in a sound monetary position to provide cultural relief to the masses. Well, to those with an invite like us, at any rate.

William *suspicious* And "Caroline"? Who is she when she's at home?

George Not another virgin on offer this time, Will, you'll be relieved to know.

No, "Caroline" would be "of the time of King Charles I".

History. You know? High Church of England. Rump parliament. His dome removed by the Roundheads. His son hiding in the oak tree. The Commonwealth. The Restoration. That bloke.

[Imitates a courtier in a humorous way]

"We have a very pretty, witty king."

Holly

That was said of his son, of course.

(Although judging by his portraits, not all that "pretty").

The father (Charles One) was a very punctilious gentleman; very *point-de-vice*. The last man on Earth to warrant having his head cut off.

William

Righti-ho.

And let me guess. This financial wizard, this titled gent who favours the music of the non-witty King Charles I has a beautiful, unwed daughter of marriageable age?

George bursts out laughing. He adores his mother's verbal jousts with William, with associated badinage.

Holly *proudly*

Spot on. The young lady is lovely, charming and a gazetted Sloan Ranger. Pearls and twinset at 10 paces. You'll adore her. Her name is Rachenda.

Oh, there's another equally pretty sister, but she doesn't count on the strength of her gypsy lifestyle. She won't be there, anyway.

George *humorous*

Hurrah! I vote that we give Rachenda's sister the cold shoulder. Silly tart! Doesn't have the sense to know that she's onto a good thing.

William *intrigued*

Since when would the canny Earl have a daughter living like a gypsy?

Holly *breezily*

She's gone off the rails, and the family is trying to keep her exploits under wraps. They're fairly forcing her into an

engagement with a very suitable steadying influence.

George

Good grief! That sounds medieval.

Holly

He's one Stephan Roth II. A high-flying executive with an oil company. Dines at the Savoy with Arabian sheiks and what have you.

George *appalled*

God ... Where the hell do you find out about all these ghastly people, Mum?

William

I know Roth. I've met him any number of times in Saudi, when I was stationed there. He's what Jack Bradley would call "a ponce".

Holly

Ah! And speaking of Jack, would you like to take Rylance over to the air base for a bit of a look around? He's dead keen, and it might give him something to think about.

He says that he can already fly a plane and he's only 15!

William *wryly*

Not surprising, knowing his Dad.

Holly

You might like to take him up in your own ship. But no loop-de-loops, please!

William

Rightio! Young Rylance and I will take Little Nellie for a spin. Tomorrow.

END OF SCENE

I, Scene vi: 1986, William's Private Aeroplane Flying Over South England

The sweeping music matches the superb panorama of south England on a sunny Summer's day.

Both pilot and passenger wear microphone headphones in William's 4-seater plane. When they speak, we will hear "helicopter voices".

William flies as low as he dares over Arlington House. The manor house and its surrounds look well-managed and impressive. We clearly discern a fountain which sits amidst woodlands.

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William That's Arlington House. Holly and I will be visiting that grand pile tomorrow evening. I hope there'll be room to park the car.

Rylance *appreciating* Oh, I reckon there might be ... It's grouse!
the attempt at humour

William smiles. More breathtaking scenery is viewed, as William gains altitude, jinking the plane this way and that. Rylance senses William's frustration.

Rylance Dare you to do it. Go on ... Holly won't know. I won't say nothin'.

William *rueful* You are **so** very like your father ...

Without effort, William quickly lowers the starboard wing such that the plane performs a neat flip. Rylance gives a war-whoop.

William looks over towards his young passenger, smiling.

Suddenly, he is brought up short by the sight of Witt Baldface sitting on the seat behind Rylance. Witt is paralysed with fear.

William flips his head back to the task of flying the plane. Seeing the extra, unexpected passenger has caused William to execute a turn to portside in an inexpert manner.

Rylance *laughing* Whoa! That was good! Go on ... Do it! I know you want to.

William sneaks another look. Ostensibly, he is looking at Rylance, who is indicating a loop with his index finger. But William peeps at the rear seat at the same time. However, the extra passenger has vanished. William visibly relaxes.

William You don't like being called "Rylance" I understand.

 Alright, Trader Bradley. Hold onto your seat. And any dirty undies get thrown out. I'm not washing them.

Rylance gives a crack of laughter. He has inherited Jack Bradley's roaring laugh.

William gains more altitude, then sends the nose of the nimble aircraft earthwards, pushing the nose through the 360 degrees up to level flying. Rylance is loud in his praise and applause.

William, grinning, takes one last look. Witt Baldface (once again in the rear passenger seat) is white with fear. Witt vomits loudly, showering the back of Rylance's seat with sick.

With a huge effort of will and determination, William focuses on flying.

Rylance Pew! I can smell sick. Did some dude chuck-chunder in here once?

William improvises quickly.

William Several did. Not all people have a cast-iron stomach like you.

I'm awfully sorry that you can smell it. I'll have the cleaners give it the once over.

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

*William has landed the plane, sending Rylance back to the hanger. We watch William inspect the rear seat. It is spotless, except for a single thread. William picks up the thread, pocketing it. He frowns as he moves away from the plane.*

END OF SCENE

## **I, Scene vii:** 1986, The Musical Soiree At Arlington House

*The guests at Arlington House number a mere 30. They have turned-out in full evening dress, except for William who has opted for his RAF mess dress, No 5 uniform. As is customary, William has added his slew of medals to this uniform; he looks stunningly handsome, dependable and utterly masculine.*

*The small ensemble of musicians is busy tuning-up. Drinks and nibblies are being partaken.*

*The salon in which the recital is to take place is filled with matching Regency chairs. People mill about, talking loudly and with every intention of impressing their auditors. A couple of elderly guests have dived for seats at the front.*

*Holly appears to have found an old friend. William stands back, watching her fondly.*

*As the hostess calls for order, rounding everyone up, William hears a scratching noise to his left.*

*Slowly, he turns towards the sound.*

*Lisa Arlington, in the combat fatigues of the Territorial Army, has climbed a tree, up to a window. She has found it shut.*

*Lisa uses sign language to indicate that she wishes William to open the window and for him not to let on that she is there. As he approaches, she spots that he is a RAF officer, and attempts a salute, which very nearly causes her to lose her balance. It is all that William can do to keep a straight face.*

*William unlocks the window, heaves it up, then turns his back on the girl as she scrambles through the open window. He does this to screen her from detection by any of the other guests, most notably her mother.*

Lisa *whispers*                    Thanks a million, Sir. You're an angel.

*William merely grunts as he maintains his stance, with his back to the window, shielding Lisa's hasty exit. Her timing has been superb, as the music is just about to begin, which proves a distraction.*

*William calmly closes the window, and then strolls forward to take a seat near Holly.*

**Break**

*A piece of jolly music winds to a close. There is good applause, during which William looks about. At the rear of the room, on an Ottoman, sits the divine Rachenda Arlington. Rachenda is beautifully made-up and dressed to kill. Next to her sits a fresh-faced Lisa in more modest attire. Lisa is naturally pretty rather than beautiful. Lisa carefully mouths the words "Thanks heaps!" to William. He smiles politely and nods. But Lisa appears to be unhappy in some way ...*

END OF SCENE

## I, Scene viii: 1986, The Garden, Arlington House At Night

*William stands on the terrace, admiring the night sky. Lisa joins him.*

William *airily*                    I flew over this place yesterday. Doing a reccy. I thought that I could make out a marvellous fountain. Now where would that be

from here?

Lisa I'll take you there. Follow me. My name is Lisa, by the way. I know that you're William Pendlebury, Squadron Leader no less.

*It is only a short distance to the fountain, along a well-lit wooded path.*

*The fountain is very attractive. William stands admiring it, with his hands jammed in his pockets.*

*Lisa studies him, then launches forth.*

Lisa *carefully* Is Toby Allendale your brother? No! That can't be right.

William *surprised* Toby? He's my cousin. His father and my mother are (or should I say "were") brother and sister.

Lisa *alert, eager* Can I meet him? It's really urgent that I ...

My mother got it all mixed up, you see. I put the seed of an idea into Mother's brain and she became confused. I mean, she got the Restoration music, of course, but --

William *perplexed* I'm not really following you ...

*Lisa looks about, seeking an inspiration.*

Lisa *apologetic* I'm awfully sorry but it wasn't supposed to be you nor your mother. It was supposed to be **him**: Toby. Mother was supposed to ask ...

*[Unsure how to proceed, Lisa licks her lips]*

... but with the death in his family ... his father ...

*Here, Lisa looks up into William's face, silently imploring him to understand. William's face is now rock hard.*

William *low-voiced* Toby Allendale is happily married. He and his wife, Maria, have three sons. I advise you to forget all --

*Lisa reaches out to touch William's uniform.*

Lisa *very eager, urgent* Oh, no! No!

*[She laughs, somewhat embarrassed]*

I don't want to sleep with him. How funny you are!

*[Sincere in her quest once more]*

No, I ... I must speak with him. I've read his story, you see ... The story about him. How he reported that he'd been abducted by some weird sect and been forced to kill one of his captors with a little bow and arrow. And only a child at the time. That's really fascinating! More than that! Because (as you no doubt know already) to him it wasn't "imagined". To Toby, it was all real life actual stuff.

*Lisa reaches out again to touch the sleeve of William's uniform. She caresses the material.*

Lisa *very quiet*                      I must talk to him. Really. I'm sort of ...

*Lisa is still unconsciously caressing the material of his uniform. William looks down at her hand.*

*When William does this, Lisa snaps back to her senses, and quickly withdraws her hand.*

William *no expression*            Lisa, do you have a drug problem?

Lisa *rushing forward*            No, I ...

It's just that --

All of a sudden, since about 9 or 10 days ago, I've been projected back into some other time. Not just once ... several times it's happened. And not just when I'm trying to sleep, either.

There's a huge room and a group of seated men in 17<sup>th</sup> century attire (silk and heavy lace and huge wigs). They are happily playing music. Then back to reality. And I swear to you Squadron Leader that I was **really there!** Really. I could have touched them.

William *non-committal*            I see.

Lisa                                      Well, I knew that Mother was keen to hold a soiree this evening. She was leaning heavily towards some Marie Antoinette thingummy, but I successfully steered her over to the King Charles theme.



And I prayed that she could persuade Toby and his Maria to be here. Then, blow me down, their old Pater slipped his cog and here we are. Mother flummoxed it, as she does, and you and your mother scored the invite instead. Rotten luck, huh?

*Lisa suddenly realizes how inappropriate and cruel her words have been. She slaps her hand over her mouth.*

Lisa *appalled*

Oh, my God! I'm so rivetingly sorry! I mean of course that I'm thrilled to bits to meet you and your mother. You yourself are everyone's idea of a dreamboat, of course. And I trust you enjoyed Mother's concert?

But you see what I mean ...

*William smiles, amused with Lisa's apology.*

William

Apology accepted. And if it's any consolation, my presence here was part of a manipulative course (a devilish stratagem) whereby I'd be introduced to Rachenda. You see, I'm to be her fiancé.

Lisa

Rachenda and you would be perfect together. Magic! You'll fit like hand and glove. She has no imagination either.

*William is nonplussed by this false appraisal of his character.*

*Before he can respond, Lisa shakes William's hand.*

Lisa *friendly*

I'm utterly depending on you to bring Toby here, so that I can speak to him. Toorah then.

*Lisa dashes off.*

END OF SCENE

**I, Scene ix:** 1986, Interview With The Accused, Marvelle Prison, Block C

*Music: military flavour, with snare drums and piccolo.*

*Marvelle military prison has the appearance of a small medieval castle. We follow Squadron Leader Pendlebury (in normal dress uniform) into the prison, and along the various corridors and through many solid doors. William follows an older, smaller man to the room set aside for the interview.*

*All is extremely old-fashioned, depressing. The shoes of the men click crisply on the stone floors.*

*Finally, Pendlebury reaches a tiny room (reminiscent of a Victorian privy). Outside stand two armed guards. The guide murmurs something to William, who nods and grunts. He opens the door. Inside, there are two grotty chairs and not much else. Pilot Graeme Threlkeld stands at the window, looking out. He turns quickly as the door opens. When he sees that William has arrived, Graeme almost smiles as he snaps a neat salute. William responds. The music subsides.*

*As noted previously, the actor who portrays Witt Baldface also plays the part of Graeme Threlkeld.*

*William drops into one of the chairs, indicating the other chair to the pilot.*

William                                Sit. And relax. I need you to have a clear mind.

Graeme                                 Sir.

*A little reluctantly, the pilot sits. William looks the boy over. Graeme is obviously frightened, yet hopeful that William (whom he worships) is able to help him. The pilot wears a simple KP uniform, rather than prison togs. William lazily drops a large notepad onto the table, and fiddles with a biro. During the interview, William will make notes on this notepad where appropriate.*

William                                Let's make a start with the conditions here.

The food? Is it edible?

Graeme                                 Yes, Sir. It's the same as we get in the mess.

William *nods*                         And your room? I hope it's better than this dingy hole.

*William looks about him, with distaste. The pilot shrugs.*

Graeme                                 It's okay, Sir.

William                                The bed? You've blankets and a regulation pillow?

Graeme *nods* Sir.

William *ironic* Of course, I'm not expecting it to be a 5-star hotel, but you **are** innocent until proven otherwise.

Graeme *quickly, earnestly* I'm innocent, Sir. I didn't kill anyone. I've never had a knife like that and wouldn't know how to use it if I did. They gave me a lie-detector test and I came out of that with flying colours, Sir.

William *reassuring* Excellent! And what about books or magazines? Need any reading matter? Can't have you dying of boredom.

*For a moment, Graeme is unable to answer. His lip trembles as he tries to speak. Then he bursts into tears.*

Graeme *sobbing* I don't want any books. I can't read anything because all I can do is think of Mum's face. I've disgraced my parents without doing anything wrong.

I just want to go back to my barracks, with the other guys. I want to go home.

*William shifts in his chair as the boy sobs.*

William *without emotion* Just remember our squadron's motto. Tell me what it is.

Graeme *through his tears* "Fortis et Fidelis", Sir.

William And that translates as ...?

Graeme *proudly* It's "Strength and Truth".

William Right! Keep that in your head when things look black.

All the guys back in the barracks are full-square behind you, Graeme.

So, you've been seeing your parents a bit?

Graeme Every day, Sir. They'd only just left before I was brought up to this room.

William Fine. And the welfare officer?

Graeme *nods* Yes, Sir. Mrs Thorpe comes every morning. She's very kind. Everyone's been very kind.

*Graeme is threatening tears again.*

William Okey-doke. And the lawyer? Erm ... Max Wingarde?

*Graeme pulls himself together, wiping his nose on his sleeve and breathing in.*

Graeme *frowns* Er ... No.

He's coming to talk to me tomorrow, so Mrs Thorpe said.

William That's good. I'll nip over and see him this afternoon. See what we can do.

*William stretches out. He stands and wanders over to the window. He looks out.*

William I've been over the transcript of your several interviews. With the police, for instance.

For starters, you'd drunk quite a bit that evening.

By your recollection, you visited the gents at the hostelry where the incident occurred.

And then you were in a lively conversation with some young men on your way back from the gents.

A fight broke out **behind** these chaps, and so all of you joined in that fight with a general view to breaking it up.

Next thing, the police arrived, and you were shepherded off with all the other blokes. You were fingerprinted at the station, and then charged, as your fingerprints were the only ones which matched those on the knife.

Does that summary sit well with you?

*William turns and raises an eyebrow. Graeme nods emphatically.*

Graeme *with certainty* Yes, Sir. That's exactly what happened.

William                    You'd never met any of these chaps before? You had no idea who any of them was, or where they hailed from?

Graeme                    That's right, Sir.

William                    And the victim? You'd not seen him before?

Graeme *vehemently*      No! Never!

William                    Alright. So let's turn to the fight into which you threw yourself. What was that about?

Graeme                    I've no idea, Sir.

William                    That was between the eventual victim and some other chaps. Correct?

Graeme                    I believe so ... Yes!

William                    Did you hear any of the argument between them?

                                  You see, I honestly believe, Graeme, that that's the only hope we have, since there was no security camera in that part of the pub to exonerate you.

                                  Can you remember *anything* that any of those men might have said?

*Graeme reaches for his breast pocket.*

Graeme                    Well, S/L, I remembered something when I woke up today. I was worried that I'd forget the words, so I wrote them down.

*Graeme abstracts from his breast pocket a piece of folded paper, which he holds out. William steps forward and takes it.*

William *reads*            "You've sung like a songbird to the cappel. You shan't escape the guilt".

                                  [*Pulls a face as he looks at the pilot*]

                                  What in God's name is a "cappel"? Bit old-fashioned, isn't it? I mean, that's not the sort of thing that one would bellow at an

opponent in a pub brawl.

*[Gives a short, shallow laugh]*

It just doesn't have the same resonance as "I'm gonna smash your head in, you mother-fucking cunt".

*Graeme laughs aloud as an outlet for his despair.*

Graeme *chuckling* But that's what he said. I didn't make that up.

William *thoughtful* No ...

*[Here, William hands the paper back to the pilot]*

Originally, I wondered if a female might not be involved, but that's not so, is it?

Graeme No, Sir.

*William nods. He approaches the pilot (still seated) and extends his hand. The pilot stands and the two men share a strong handshake.*

William "Cappel" ... "Chapel?" "Singing in the chapel?" ...

Alright.

In my view, Pilot Threlkeld, this is a stitch-up. You were handpicked to be the bunny, the scapegoat in what was a premeditated murder.

You were (unluckily) in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Graeme *hopeful* Sir?

William So, I'm going to move heaven and earth and anything else that can be moved. We'll sort this out. And I promise you that not only will you receive a full and unreserved pardon and apology, but I'll make sure that you also get an extra month's leave on full pay, to spend with your folks.

Graeme *whispers* Thank you, Sir. Thank you.

*Graeme again dissolves into pathetic tears. William plonks his hand onto the pilot's shoulder. William obviously finds male grief difficult to deal with.*





## ACT II

### II, Scene i: 1986, Clifford's Restaurant, London

*The upshot of ACT I Scene (viii) is that five people meet at Clifford's Restaurant: Toby, Maria, Laurence, George and William. They will later be joined by Lisa.*

*Laurence stands quietly in the foyer, absorbed in his own thoughts as other people drift by. Then George and William (the latter in uniform) enter the foyer. There are handshakes and murmured welcomes. An unseen waiter addresses George. He nods.*

*George to the unseen waiter*      Yes, of course. We'll sit down and await the others.  
*waiter*      *[To Laurence and William]*

Gentlemen!

*The party of three moves into the body of the restaurant. They stroll along behind the waiter to then take their seats. The business of drinks is sorted out, and menus are distributed.*

*George bonhomous*      Does anyone know of a half-decent employment agency? We've been pushed to the limit at Stradbroke's through the illness and/or incompetence of our current flush of stenogs. I'm working all hours to make up the shortfall (much to Sarah's chagrin).

*William equally bonhomous*      I've found that the very threat of the firing squad brings out the best in even the most dismal stenographers and typists. Or else simply look pointedly at the scaffold ... they'll soon get the message.

*This is met with laughter.*



Laurence *bright* Ah! Here they are.

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

Toby and Maria are now seated at the table. The waiter has just finished delivering the drinks. There is general murmured chatter, which Toby's next speech interrupts. He gently taps his glass with a fork.

Toby *full of news* Lady and gents. I have an announcement. Mother has expressed a desire to take off for Australia with the intention of joining her sister-in-law Margaret & Co on their "walkabouts". Now that she's a widow.

George Is it a bit soon for her to plan such a major transition?

Maria Well, that's what I thought. I've absolutely stressed to her that we don't wish in any way to chuck her out of the Landing.

It's her home. She must live there for as long as she wishes.

But she has no desire to stay (so she says).

Toby As I'm now the head of the family, and with three growing boys ...
The move to the Landing makes loads of sense. So it's on.

This affects you more than anyone, Laurie

Laurence *chuckles* Well ... funnily enough, I have quite similar news. Isn't that extraordinary?

You see, Mal and Lene are off overseas for the next year, so Tess and I are moving our little family into Gladesbrook. It was only just decided this past weekend.

There is general approval of both plans.

Laurence They're keen to settle down in the Lake District upon their return.
And with Fiona and Jack safely ensconced in Oz, it seemed natural to ...

Maria *to William* Is that why we're dining together today? To share our news.

William More or less.

We're expecting another guest. She ought to be here by now. I hope she hasn't chickened-out.

Maria *alert* "She"? You're never engaged?!

William *blushing* Sort of.

The plan is, I'm supposed to be proposing to the *sister*. Elder daughter of Lord Highgrove. He and I met in a man-to-man, so the deal is as good as done.

Maria *interested* Ah! And what's she like?

William *shrugs* She's alright, I suppose ... she'll do. Bit of a fashion-plate. I'll have a beautiful wife and be the envy of all.

[To George]

It's her sister that you spoke of as the "Silly tart!" who "Doesn't have the sense to know that she's onto a good thing."

[To all the dinner guests]

This is the situation. The one who is joining us for lunch (the younger sister, not my potential fiancée) is ...

Are you ready for this?

The other dinner guests are agog with thrill.

William She's been back to the past. Literally. Just as we did.

I want to reassure her that she's not going balmy. Tell her what happened to us.

There is a major mood change at the table. The men shift about in their seats and drink. Maria checks her makeup with a small purse mirror.

Laurence *meditative* Back to the past.

Toby *frowning* Fuck!

Maria snaps shut her purse, then smacks Toby on the back of the hand. She makes a face at him.

Toby *exploding* Well, I thought we'd had enough of that shit. This is the outside of the edge.

Laurence *musng* The thin end of the wedge. The rough end of the pineapple. The bolt that --

George Which past? The Old Silk Road?

William Charles Two.

Laurence *surprised and* The Restoration!

pleased Now that's interesting. I've not long since been referee for a dissertation on the tyrannicides by one of my mature-age students. Lovely old lady and quite a gift for polemics. I believe that it'll make a ripping research piece when finished.

Toby *scathing* You should bottle it and flog it in Tesco's, then.

[Turning back to William and pointing]

I utterly forbid you to drag me or any of my family off to the wilds of King Charles's court. Is that understood, Pendlebury? I'm sick to death of the bloody past. Up to my neck with it!

William is so used to Toby's abrasive style that he merely laughs. Toby tries to calm himself.

Maria *waspish* Well, it's refreshing to realize that Roger Allendale will never die whilst his crabby elder son continues to have his head stuck up his backside.

Toby does not deign to respond. Laurence laughs outright.

Then William spies Lisa entering the restaurant in the wake of a diligent waiter. Lisa wears the dress uniform of a Territorial Army corporal.

William *grinning wryly* Here she comes. And in her TA gear, no less. Watch this! She'll salute me.

William stands. He smiles welcomingly. The other guests gawp at the pretty young soldier.

Laurence Yes. I'll try to catch the waiter's eye.

The silence returns. William reaches over and covers Lisa's hand with his.

William *to Lisa* We have something to tell you. Perhaps if Toby kicks it off.

This attempt to goad Toby fails. Toby is now calmer, and able to converse sensibly about his experiences in time travel.

Toby *carefully* Going back in time is awkward because often you're not in control. Makes it difficult to plan your moves.

Always remember that as a safety precaution, you must take with you something that will allow you to return to 1986. That's all the advice I can give you, I'm afraid.

Lisa is stunned. William nods, then he looks pointedly at Laurence.

Laurence *flustered* Well ... I ... yes! The past is ...

You will find within you an inner strength. It will seem to you that you have transcended your mortal limitations. You'll soar above your normal self and become godlike.

Lisa is perplexed. She looks a question to William, whose hand still covers hers.

William Maria?

Maria *beginning to cry* The colour dazzled the eye, while the delicious aromas were hauntingly lovely. I've never seen nor felt anything so utterly beautiful: so full of wonder. I'll never forget it.

Maria takes recourse to her serviette. She dabs her eyes. Maria is now comforted affectionately by Toby. William now looks towards his brother, who shifts in his seat and clears his throat.

George *matter of fact* All of us, plus Fiona, Tess and Jack ... Oh! And Mum and Dad ... Can't forget them ... Well, we all traversed part of the Old Silk Road with Marco Polo. It was full of romance, swash-buckling adventure and fun.

[Looks at the others]

It was fun. It really was. Don't you agree?

Lisa stares at the others as they nod without speaking. She is utterly flummoxed by this news. And she cannot speak.

George *standing* I'd better get back to the office before it caves in.

George reaches for his wallet, pulls out a couple of random notes, flicks these onto the table, and nods to the assembled company.

George Marvellous to meet up with my beloved family again.

[Turns to Lisa who is still lost in wonder]

And a real pleasure, Lisa, to meet you.

Toby was right on the money: be sure that if you go back in time that you take with you a return ticket.

But William will look after you.

'Bye all.

END OF SCENE

II, Scene ii: 1668, The Dressing Room In The Boudoir Of Barbara Villiers

[In 1668, the speech is somewhat strange. Where the order of words seems unfamiliar, this was purposely done to achieve a Restoration-like dialogue.]

The dressing room is compact, and extremely old-fashioned, even for 1668.

A tiny black page (dressed as an Indian sultan) kneels on the floor, holding up (with some difficulty) a Florentine mirror. The boy is obviously so accustomed to the sight of undressed female flesh that he appears rather bored.

The camera shows a very full bare bosom reflected in the mirror. As Barbara speaks, her breasts jiggle. She comes in and out of view of our camera and/or the mirror.

Barbara *voice-off* I ran Whitehall, trust me for that.

Why, even his **wife** held not the influence attendant upon **me**.

His Majesty moved this way and that at my behest, so long I steered him. And **nothing** was ever denied me.

Ralph *voice-off*

Barbara, Barbara ... You surely held England in the palm of your dear little hand.

Barbara *piqued*

But he has put me by, as is his custom, after another famous quarrel between us. 'Twas just a scrap ... cat and dog snarling and hissing ... but he's taken a pet and will not attend me.

Well, we shall see. We know how to act in that sad state of affairs.

Ralph *voice-off*

"Affairs" is the very nub of the matter, my Sweetling. The King does not take kindly to your romps in other men's beds.

Barbara merely humphs. She is indeed only 28 years of age in 1668, but looks years older due to her lascivious, immoderate lifestyle.

The several maids squished into the dressing room now toss a silk gown over Barbara's head, and we see that she is almost fully dressed. However, the maids will continue to attend her appearance [until otherwise directed]. Her hair and make-up have had hours spent on them.

The camera also reveals Ralph Beaversnade. He is stretched out to full length on a couch (also in the already cramped dressing room). Ralph is naked, but for a large, curled plume which is strategically held over his groin.

Barbara *matter of fact*

Yet Old Father Time hath been mine enemy, dear Ralph. 'Twas ever so ... My looking-glass doth not lie, even though I'm still full of youth and vigour.

Still, if I am no longer able to coquette with His Majesty, then I'll doubtless push forward one who will.

She'll enjoy my bounty, my patronage (and profit by it, make no mistake) and she will thereby and therefrom re-ignite my mastery over the King.

Barbara breathes in loudly after the previous long speech, giving herself a final look in the mirror. She is very satisfied, so she shoos away the little page (who bows before quickly exiting the scene).

Barbara *grand* Lisa! Step forward, my dear.

The several maids shuffle aside, looking back as they do so. Lisa stands in the crowded dressing room, in her combat camouflage fatigues. She is in full battle dress.

At the site of her, all the maids titter and giggle in wonder. Ralph raises both eyebrows, and Barbara is appalled.

Barbara *shocked* Fie! What on **Earth** are you wearing?

All eyes upon her, and taking in the situation immediately, Lisa has to improvise. She waves her left index finger about and then dives into speech.

Lisa I disguised myself, Lady, such that I might sneak about in the garden undetected. Spies! And thieves! Can't trust anybody ... nowadays ...

Lisa's voice trails off as all and sundry stare at her, open-mouthed.

Barbara *hushed tones* Spies? Thieves? But we have men to do that work ... 'Tain't up to the females to seek out miscreants and varmints, my dear.

[Sighs and shakes head]

Pray to Heaven that Charles will find you as refreshing as I do!

The people crammed into the dressing room all titter.

Barbara *with decision and wit* Cherry, please dress this girl. I would her be beguiling, winsome and charming. Surely that combination will inflame the great man's lust ... turn him away from the Grace wench ... urge his cock up to heights of former glory ...

Lisa is horrified. Another titter of mirth greets Barbara's words. One of the maids begins work on Lisa, but we do not see this. We only get the impression of bustle in that quarter.

Barbara remains offended by the camouflage outfit. She shudders, then covers her own eyes with one hand and covers Ralph's eyes with the other.

Barbara My senses fairly swim! Were you mad, little Lisa, to dress yourself thus?

Barbara uncovers her hands, turning to other maids who must prepare her companion, Ralph Beaversnade..

Barbara *in command* Now, you there, array His Boldness in raiment befitting his supposed high station. 'Tis proposed that there will be much fine music this night, and mayhap dancing. My gallant must vie to outshine me – **almost!**

One of the maids searches about for suitable male attire, whilst the other maids surge forward such that we can no longer view Ralph's naked torso. Then the maids all begin to giggle, squeak and laugh.

Several female voices Oh, for shame! We cannot dress you, Sir, when your flagpole stands.

Barbara *concerned* What is that?

She looks over the wriggling maids (who still giggle and squeak) such that she can see Ralph.

Barbara *put-out* Beaversnade! Put it down, Sir! This is not the place!

Ralph *voice-off* It most definitely **is** the place!

The proposed outfit for Ralph is chucked over the maids onto the couch.

Barbara *frustrated* You wenches are achieving nothing other than lewdness. Call in Ralph's man.

And that tall Jack-o'-the-Green who fairly haunts the place. I'm sure that his hot-blood pants after Lisa. I'm sure of it! Well, perchance I'll put him to some honest legwork here in my boudoir, trust me for that.

Ralph *voice-off* Lisa, I hope that you are not trysting with that very rip?

That suspicion cannot but obtrude. I've sworn to call him out, you know, to account for himself. Taking my hallowed plot, indeed!

There is a loud knock.

Barbara *loud* Come!

Witt and William slip into the dressing room. William is magnificent in full combat fatigues. He appears beside Witt as very tall and well set-up (whereas Witt is more the slim athlete). William gives every appearance of being totally dependable.

His entry into the tiny room causes the maids and Lisa to gasp in appreciation. Barbara smirks as she gestures towards Ralph.

Barbara *in command* Ready-up this pathetic varlet, do!

We soon make for Segler's Landing. We have received sure and certain intelligence that His Royal Arse is to revel there with the orange-seller slut ere the moon doth set.

Witt All is in goodly train for us to ply the river thereto, Lady.

Barbara Then let's away.

The maids exit the dressing room, with one last giggle and sigh at William. William and Witt have descended upon Ralph, with William dragging Ralph to his feet.

Ralph *blustering* See here! What manner of man are you? A forester? Forsooth, I'll bring you to book, young Jack, see if I don't.

William and Witt have already begun to dress Ralph as the women depart.

William *chuckling* But there's not much dignity in being caught in a tart's bedroom wearing nothing but a fancy feather, now is there?

Ralph continues to bluster, his face reddening alarmingly.

Ralph *in a rage* You ... You ... You ...

Ralph realizes that he might be left behind. He calls loud enough to be heard by the departing party of women.

Ralph *loudly* Wait for me! Oh, wait for me!

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

Lisa is now beautifully attired, and as she descends the narrow staircase in the wake of Barbara and the maids, the light from a lantern chances to give her a beatific glow. It is just then, at that moment, that William pops his head out of the boudoir. He starts at the sight of Lisa's beauty.

William Lisa! I've rescued your camo kit. I'll take that with me to Segler's.

Before Lisa can answer, William disappears behind a closed door. She looks down the stairs.

| |
|---|
| Instantly The Scene Changes Back to 1986. |
|---|

Lisa is once again in her combat fatigues, standing exactly as she just was (in Barbara Villiers's house) but now she is on the stairs at Arlington House in August 1986. Her mother appears at the foot of the stairs. She is not at all pleased by her daughter's outfit.

Lady Highgrove Lisa! What on **Earth** are you wearing? Can't you put on a lovely floral frock, or something? Does it have to be the battle outfit all the time?

Lady Highgrove emits an impatient sigh.

Lisa touches the fabric of her fatigues. She does not understand how she is here. There is a world of disappointment in her face.

END OF SCENE

II, Scene iii: 1986 Thornbury, The Pendlebury Kitchen

We have intruded on the Pendlebury family at breakfast. Holly is dressed and is wearing an apron. She happily darts around her kitchen, immensely pleased that at least one of her sons is at home. Gordon (who now depends on glasses for reading the paper) is bespectacled. He is casually dressed, as he reads the paper. The radio crackles away, very much in the background. Some dirty plates, cups and glasses litter the table.

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William (who has had very little sleep courtesy of Scene (iii) above) has dragged himself out of bed, and not yet bothered to dress, wash, brush his hair, or shave. He wears boxer shorts and a New York Yankees tee-shirt.

Slumped over a bowl of cereal, William continues his conversation with his mother, which we have intruded upon.

William *tired* ... so then I made a list of all the things that had happened at that time. Talk about spooky.

Roger suddenly carks it --

Holly *kindly* As dear Jack Bradley would phrase it.

William Yeah, sure.

Okay so Roger dies, Pilot Threlkeld is implicated in the Cremorne bloke's incident, with the latter dying. And the girl from Arlington House and I both start to get edgy. Strange, mmm?

But now for "the rub". I've since discovered from witnesses and from the police report that Cremorne died at precisely 23:14 (or 11:14 pm if you're working on a 12-hour clock). Roger was pronounced dead at 12:01 am that same night by Dr Liddell. However, he'd **died** some 30 to 60 minutes earlier, so the good doctor states, since he wasn't there when it actually happened. So that puts Roger's demise well within the realms of 11:14.

I absolutely know that I woke up at 11:14 that same night, because I could have sworn that I was involved in some sort of melee in the cellar at Segler's.

And this Lisa bird (Rachenda's gypsy sister) found herself (for the first but not last time) in the mystery chamber of the very merry King Charles sometime after 11:11 and sometime before 11:17. She's absolutely positive that she checked her digital alarm clock before and after she tranzed off. Now that's bloody strange to say the least.

Holly *astounded* Goodness ...

And this all happened on ...?

Gordon realizes that he has missed something interesting due to his newspaper reading.

Gordon What?

Music: evocative, throbbing, "something-is-about-to-happen".

William On the 17th.

I'm just saying that hearing about one strange thing is mildly curious. But when there are four weird events, you prick up your ears. For those four events to absolutely coincide in time (if not in space), then that's blisteringly bizarre.

Holly *thrilled* Isn't it, though? So, Roger died on the 18th. We know that.

William *shakes head firmly* No! That's when the doc pronounced him dead, just after midnight. But it was really on the previous day that he breathed his last. It was the night of the 17th of August, 46 minutes this side of midnight that Roger died (or thereabouts).

Holly nods, smiling. Then her smile quickly fades. Her eyes stare at Gordon, then she loudly gasps. She turns white. She smacks her palms onto her cheeks, and stares at her husband in disbelief.

The camera turns to Gordon, who sits open-mouthed, staring back in bewilderment at his wife. Then he too turns pale. Gordon slaps his own forehead with the heel of his hand.

Holly *barely breathing* The 17th of August!

William looks in bewildered awe at first one parent, and then the other.

William *bewildered* What? Is the 17th of August a significant date?

Holly *goggled-eyed* Oh my God! I just hadn't realized it before ...

[She calms herself and recovers]

Sorry! It's not earth-shattering but it feels so strange ...

Roger was acquitted exactly (to the day) 50 years prior to the day on which he died. 50 years! Isn't **that** incredible!

Gordon *stares at Holly* I wonder if I still have it?

Holly *shrugs* It's not the type of thing that you'd ever throw away ...

Gordon strides off to his office, which is nowadays more of a hobby room. It is very untidy, and thoroughly masculine. Holly follows him. William, plainly out of the loop, drags himself into the office, scratching his head and rubbing his hands over his stubbled jaw.

Meanwhile, Gordon has unlocked his escritoire, and is thumbing at speed through various old manilla folders. The music builds to something more portentous. Gordon pulls out a very seedy press clipping. This he stares at with rapt devotion.

Gordon *enraptured* Yes, yes. This is it ...

Gordon hands the press clipping over to the wondering William, who reads the clipping avidly.

Gordon *giving a precis* You'll see that it's dated the 17th of August, 1936. This is the old article about your Mum's father being done in. And Roger's supposed part in same.

William *reading* ... permitting (for the first time) the use of hypnosis in a court of law. Renowned disciple of Mesmer, Frenchman M. Harle de Nairi, used a gold watch and chain to inspire the accused --

Gordon *almost smug* Classy, eh? And what about being "abducted by an exotic sect"? So, Roger the dodger got off. Complete exoneration.

Holly 50 years ... It's exactly 50 years ...

William *to his father* And you and Mr Cox wrote up the ensuing events (Neil Markinson and so on) and made a packet.

Gordon *reminiscing* Two crappy newspapermen on the wrong side of poverty cracked it for the big one.

William And were awarded the King George Medal for Journalism. Yes, that money and your fame and my grandfather's notoriety kept me bubbling along for years.

And the exotic sect?

Holly *trying not to* Oh, I'll sell you the dope on them at some later date. It's quite a

William Same as ever. I hope that your family is likewise well ...
Oh ... I understood that you'd retired? So what's this, then?
Couldn't keep away! Is that it?

Dynon *snarling* Agh! They were all glad to see me go, I expect: I was the
proverbial "thorn in the side".
But when the chips were down, they called me back. And so, here
I am. My last case, with any luck.

William *amused* It's always the way, Superintendent. Let's hope it's a winner.
William looks at the others.

William Are we ready?
The others give their assent.

William *to the RAF* Okay, Tighe. Showtime.
officer
The RAF officer nods, and then presses a button on a small ledge. He speaks into a microphone.

Tighe Benson We're all here now, and ready to begin the procedure, Dr Skaard.
Over to you.

A "radio-voice" crackles: Okay.
The music rises: subdued, willowy. It effervesces as an undercurrent to the following action.
The camera somehow moves into the room which is on the other side of the large window.
We look back at the large window from the other side, with the onlookers standing as they were (but now seen from front-on, not side-on). The window glazes over and becomes non-transparent from this side. Presumably, the onlookers can see everything as before.
In the foreground, a medical expert (Dr John Skaard) wears a white lab coat. He is examining Graeme Threlkeld, who sits very still. Dr Skaard checks Graeme's pulse, his eyes, and listens to his heartbeat with a stethoscope. Then the doctor injects Graeme's arm with some strange liquid. The music all this time adds drama to the scene. Whenever he speaks, Graeme seems to be in a trance, with little expression or emotion. The doctor's voice is always very quiet and low.

Dr Skaard Tell me if you are comfortable, Graeme.

Graeme Yes.

Dr Skaard I need you to relax. I'm the only person in the room, Graeme, other than yourself. You must talk to me about the night when the other man was killed. Do you know what I'm speaking about?

Graeme Michael Cremorne. Yes, I remember him.

Dr Skaard Tell me about Michael.

Graeme I jumped in to help him. Two blokes were bashing him around. He was calling out.

Dr Skaard What was Michael saying? Can you hear him calling out?

Graeme Yes. He's afraid of the two blokes. They're threatening him and menacing him physically.

Dr Skaard So, what is --

During this following speech, Graeme stares ahead of him. He relates his "roll-back" of the murder scene as if he is a third person, mindlessly watching and calling a sporting event without much emotion.

Graeme *voice*
quickenig
[pronouncing
"blackguard" as
"blaggard"]

Michael says to the bigger man: "The blackguard stowed the State papers and the coins in a casket. He told me that. I had nothing to do with it. No, I'm sure that's what he told me. Why would he lie? A solid box that no-one could open, save they had the key."

And the other attacker gets really violent. He starts hitting Michael around. Michael is yelling out, in pain. Yelling ...

And the bigger man, the first man says: "You've sung like a songbird to the Cabal. You shan't escape the guilt".

By this time, I'm desperately trying to save Michael. He's getting pretty beaten up. The bigger man has a really evil snarl on his face.

And then, one of the chaps fighting beside me takes a switchblade

from his pocket and kills Michael. Just like that. So quick that ...

Stabs him right in the heart. The bigger chap, the thug says:
"Right!"

He turns and looks at me with evil eyes then slugs me. I
remember his arm coming close to my face before it strikes me.

Then, nothing.

Graeme continues to stare at the opposite wall. There is a haunting silence which falls on the room.

The doctor clears his throat. Graeme snaps out of his trance-like state, starting with a jolt, then looking questioningly at the doctor.

Dr Skaard The killer, the man with the switchblade: can you tell me about him? What did he look like?

Graeme *normal voice* He was in his 30's (maybe) and about 6 foot tall, wearing a lightweight grey lounge suit. He had a thin, cadaverous face and shifty eyes. Strong jaw, though and clean-shaven.

Dark hair ... maybe black ... And his ears. I'd remember his ears if ever I saw him again. His ears were very large and strange ... you know, whirly or something.

Dr Skaard Did this man have a distinctive accent?

Graeme *trying to recall* I never heard him speak. He seemed to be on my side, trying to help Michael. But then, out of the blue, he pulled a knife and stabbed him. Stabbed Michael, I mean.

That ... That's upset me more than anything else, I guess. His betrayal.

Dr Skaard Did anybody speak to this big-eared man, the killer? Was his name mentioned at all?

Graeme No. No name. Nothing like that at all.

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

On the other side of the mirror, the auditors gather, all wearing very serious, concerned expressions. William has been writing at speed and is just finishing off his notes.

RAF officer Benson uses the microphone again to tell Dr Skaard that the interview is now over. Through the glass of the window, we can see Dr Skaard attending to Pilot Threlkeld. But this is very much in the background.

Mrs Thorpe *with certainty* Clearly, the pilot is innocent. He's been made a scapegoat for a murder which was committed by a trio of thugs. I want him released from custody as soon as possible, please.

The men shift about, thoughtful and self-absorbed. Mrs Thorpe looks from one to the other.

Mrs Thorpe *impatient* Well?

Dynon *deep in thought* Two men set up the victim, and a third (with all the appearance of a rescuer) does the deed. Interesting ...

Up until now, I've simply assumed him to have been a young man on a night out who unfortunately became involved in a punch-up. But ...

I want to know more about this Cremorne chap. The victim. "State papers" sounds very ominous ...

Mrs Thorpe *adamant* But the accused must be released. He has absolutely no case to answer for. You heard him! He's as innocent of this crime as I am.

[Turning quickly towards William]

S/L Pendlebury: he's your responsibility. Surely you can see that!

William lays a hand on Mrs Thorpe's arm. The lawyer Max Wingarde shakes his head.

Max *careful* It might be safer for Threlkeld if he remains in confinement. If this is a plot, we can't be sure that these roughs won't have another crack at him. What do you think, S/L?

William *frowns* No. I'd rather he were moved back to barracks. The other guys there will provide (a) some welcome companionship for him and

(b) a protective shield.

I agree with Mrs Thorpe: he can't stay in that horrible cell at Marvelle. Not if he's innocent. And to all appearances, he is!

Dynon *distracted*

Yes ... Yes ... Move him back to the RAF base, by all means. But it must be in secret. No press. No fanfare. For his own safety. And he must be guarded at all times. Note that, William.

Max *curious*

What made you think of hypnosis, Squadron Leader? Bit of genius there.

William *airily*

Oh, my parents dragged out the press clippings of my grandfather's murder trial. My uncle was wrongfully accused.

Dynon *pleased to be able to add his mite*

In that instance, the Defence used a famous Frenchman to mesmerise Pendlebury's uncle. Dazzled the courtroom. Famous case.

Mrs Thorpe *gushing*

Well, I'd never have thought of it. Damned lucky you did, though, S/L. Good work! And I'm sure that that wretched boy will be eternally grateful.

Mrs Thorpe is proving an irritant. The men look at each other ruefully over her head. William uses a suggestive head nod to RAF Officer Benson, who takes the hint.

Tighe

Mrs Thorpe, the patient is coming back to himself. Would you like to step into the interview room now? Tell him the good news, and then we'll go down to Reception and organize for his transportation back to base, and so on.

Tighe Benson shepherds Mrs Thorpe out of the room (she says a few everyday words as she goes), and the men relax. (Through the window, we see Tighe and Mrs Thorpe enter the interview room and speak to the accused, as background).

Dynon *sighs deeply*

I'll start on Cremorne. And my assistant will be able to look out for Mr Big Ears in the mug shots. Might have priors ... never know. If we can get hold of a snap of Big Ears, we can have the pilot identify him. Even if Dr Skaard has to put him under again.

eh?

Dynon stares at William through thick brows. Max Wingarde likewise frowns heavily.

William looks from one man to other. He nods and raises his eyebrows.

Music: very forceful, but dark.

END OF SCENE

II, Scene v: 1986, Segler's Landing, Cricket On The Lawn, And Deck Chairs

We hear lots of noise as the various visitors at Segler's Landing hoe-into an afternoon tea spread on the lawn, under the trees. The family members (Buxton, Bradley, Pendlebury and Allendale) are having a break from their long-awaited cricket game.

Holly leans back in a brightly striped canvas deck chair, with her eyes closed. She is grinning naughtily.

Beside Holly, in a canvas director's chair, sits William. He is casually dressed. He watches his mother, puzzled.

Holly eyes closed No! I'm not going to tell you. It will upset you.

William Aw, come on, Mum. I'm a big boy, now. Spill your guts.

Holly smiling naughtily No!

William persistent Come on, old girl. You promised to tell me about the exotic sect which abducted my aunt. And how you all rescued her.

Holly You've read the articles which Dad and Ralph Cox wrote. It's all there.

*William not to be
outdone* No it's not. This bit of detail was something outside, and you're embarrassed to tell me.

Hey, I bet George knows.

Holly *girlish* He might ...

William *standing* Well then. I'm just going to find out from Georgie.

With a rueful look at his demure mother, William seeks out George among the crowd of his relatives gathered in close proximity to the food. William touches George on the shoulder. The latter turns with raised eyebrows.

William George! What is the "naughty" thing that happened in Westania, involving Mum and Dad?

George stares at his brother, shrugging his shoulders. Toby (handing out cold drinks to the children) butts in, as he has overheard the question.

Toby I **was** going to demand £1,000 for that intelligence, but today, you can have it for the bargain basement price of one cold beer.

George Is there any?

Toby *nods* In an ice box under the far trestle. I'll be your devoted slave.

George manages to snaffle three cold cans of beer from the ice box, and these he shares out to his brother and cousin. Toby (now able to pass on the duty of drinks waiter to the children) takes a long swig of his beer, then sighs.

Toby Ahhhhhh, that did the trick. One thing that Jack Bradley taught me: always drink beer **cold**.

Alright, here's the gen. The natives of Westania were heavily into human sacrifice. Females. To wit, human **virgin** sacrifice. And only one adult member of the party from Segler's happened to be in any danger thereby. Guess who that was?

William *grinning* Poor Mum!

Toby So, Gordon Pendlebury Esquire (urbane, charming and ready for action as he was) heroically offered to ... er ...

Toby gestures as if he is a magician.

William *crack of laughter* You're joking! He never did!

Toby *grinning* He certainly did. And by his act of **supreme** gallantry, your mother was rendered safe. Deflowered, but safe.

William laughs heartily, but George is positively appalled. He stalks off to earwig his father, who is deeply engrossed in a conversation with Judith. Meanwhile, William sees Laurence. Laurence has taken up in William's discarded director's chair. He and Holly are enjoying a cosy conversation. William strolls up to greet them.

Holly *grinning* Did you find out what you wanted to know?

William Yeah, it's a gasser, you little minx!

[Turns to Laurence]

But ... I need a minute or five of your time, Cuz.

Laurence *surprised* Yes, of course. Love to.

Holly *concerned* Is it private? Shall I drift off?

William drags up a picnic stool, then sits in it.

William Nah. Stay there.

A plate of sandwiches wafts by them. William takes a handful, whereas Laurence delicately picks a single morsel. Holly turns away to enter into a pleasant discussion with Molly.

Wordlessly, William retrieves his notes from his back pocket, and then hands them to Laurence. With a lift of his eyebrow, Laurence reads the notes. He looks a question at William who eats ravenously.

William *thickly* "Blaggard". What in God's name is a "blaggard"?

Laurence If you had spelled it correctly, you'd see it for yourself. It's "b-l-a-c-k-g-u-a-r-d", pronounced "blaggard". A ne'er-do-well, rogue, shyster

William *impressed* Okay, good. And --

Laurence And if you are in need of a casket-key (as is mentioned here), then one was recently found. In Dad's cellar. Well, Toby's cellar now. Possibly early 18th century, or thereabouts.

My Edwina (bless her little cotton socks) was using it in her doll's house (with Ma's kind permission, might I add). We've since

hidden it in Helene's famed china cabinet. So if you want it, there it is.

William *thoughtful* Mmmmm ... alright ... that may help.

And "cappel"? What's a "cappel"?

Laurence *frowning* Chapel?

William No, he said "cappel".

In silence, Laurence reads the note over twice, and then he gives a "Eureka!" start.

Laurence *keen* Ah! Might it have been "cabal"?

Cabal, C-A-B-A-L: the recent talk of Charles The Second lies at the front of my memory. That might be it!

A mnemonic.

William pouts, lost.

William A what?

Laurence *wafts off into his thoughts* One was given a slew of mnemonics at school. Aides-memoire. Acronyms.

You know, our solar system is: "My very excellent man, just show us Nature's plan". Of course, ROYGBIV is the light spectrum.

And "Every good boy deserves favour" is your music (the lines), whereas F-A-C-E is the spaces.

William *not mincing words* I used to argue with George about you. When we were kids. That you were what Trader politely terms a "dipstick". Then you proved yourself to be an out-and-out hero on the Old Silk Road and then in St Paul's. What a man! But now you're regressing ... do you know that?

Laurence *blushing* Am I?

[Gives a weak laugh]

Oh, and was it "vast red pram" for the French intransitives ... ?

William *horrified*

What????!!

Laurence *on a roll*

... "CABAL" stands for the five courtiers who secretly advised the King: his unofficial committee. King Charles the Second. I'm reminded that your charming soldier girlfriend (the "Right Honourable") expressed a love of Restoration music. Anyway ... Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley and Lauderdale.

Cabal. But "cabal" was already a real word in its own right prior to King Charles. It was simply serendipitous that the initials fitted so well.

You see? Aide-memoire.

William and Laurence stand, as the cricket game is re-starting.

This cricket game is not scripted. Just let it happen ad lib. Apart from Toby's three sons and Rylance (they definitely play), anyone who wants to be involved can be involved, and those who don't wish to partake can sit it out. Tess and baby probably fall amongst the latter: I see Tess and Fiona cosied up on the canvas seats, playing with the baby.

William wanders onto the lawn beside Laurence, squinting at his notes.

William

So it reads:

"The blackguard stowed the state papers and the coins in a casket. A solid box that no-one could open, save they had the key." Which might well be the key you've found, but the casket is still who knows where.

And:

"You've sung like a songbird to the Cabal. You shan't escape the guilt".

The Cabal being five gents serving a king of England --

Laurence *interrupts*

Via a secret door to the Privy Chamber. Oh, yes! It was all subterfuge and stealth. There were arcane notes, discreet conferences on the back stairs and all manner of plots and

schemes. Derring-do at its finest.

However, rather than the Cabal **serv**ing the King (as you've suggested), England was literally **being run** by those five men, with His Royal Majesty acting as a mere cipher. Signing and sealing and whatever was required.

[Calls out to one of the cricketers]

Good shot, young man!

William *confounded* I wish we could --

Laurence And I'll tell you something about your ruddy casket. My Dad had been muttering for weeks about a missing box. **He** had the key first, before Edwina later found it. And on the night he died --

Laurence becomes keen, watching something.

Laurence *shouting* That's mine!

Laurence moves forward, eyes solely on the cricket ball. He takes a catch on his chest. There is an eager round of applause and congratulation.

Laurence *grinning* I'll take that one!

[To William]

My turn to bat.

As Laurence marches towards the makeshift pitch, William strides along beside him.

William *keen* Don't leave me hanging! On the night he died your father was ...

Laurence Oh, yes! He'd been rooting about in the cellar, very keen. So Ma told me. And he came up from the cellar, white as a ghost. Ran to the phone and rang that Arnold busy. Started panting and gasping. Then – POOF! Popped his clogs. Died with the telephone handset still in his grasp.

Laurence is handed a cricket bat by one of the boys. Someone asks if he wants pads, but he gallantly refuses these. William, stuck on the pitch as he is, wordlessly offers to bowl.

William paces out his run, then runs in, bowling a hittable delivery which Laurence barely misses. A shout goes up from the crowd.

Laurence *calls out* Ask your brother. The old stooge was ear-bashing George at Dad's wake. Might have told him something cogent ...

William catches the ball (returned to him by a fielder) in one hand, then wanders back to his mark, idly tossing the cricket ball about in his hands. There is some cat-calling from the other players.

William *absently* Righti-ho ...

William looks out towards the River Thames, not far away. We see the glistening of the water. A few little boats ply along it. On the towpath, sitting on a pony, is Witt Baldface. Beside him, sitting on an old wooden cart is Aethelbart, busily sketching the happy family scene. Red the dog bounces about, happy to bark at all and sundry. Witt waves to William, who acknowledges with a nod and smile, as he still tosses the ball about.

William turns, and runs in, bowling a leg break which sends bails and stumps flying. A shout goes up. Laurence pretends to tremble, as he hands the bat over to William. The latter turns, to look back to his mark. Will, the pony, Red, the cart and the artist Aethelbart have disappeared.

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

The visitors are leaving. George has managed to put the sleepy baby into her car seat. His son, Laurie, is weakly crying (from his back seat position) over some imagined injustice, so George is also busy trying to calm him. And then Sarah, who is still talking with other family members, needs to be shepherded into the car. William has caught George at his most distracted. George is utterly frazzled.

George *frustrated* Come on, Sallyanna. Let's get these kids home, bathed and in bed. I want to watch that new Attenborough thing tonight on Channel 4.

George spots William nearby, smirking at him.

George *rueful* Spot of red wine and feet up. That's the ticket. Anything to wash away the horrible truths I heard today about Mum and Dad. Ugh!

[To his son]

Come on, old chap. That's enough. Uncle William doesn't like to hear you bawling, you know.

William *mocking*

Now, who was it who told me that married life is utterly blissful. Everyone should try it.

George *stoic*

Bed of roses.

Now I thought that that six I hit off you was a superb effort, for a man of my advancing years.

William

It landed in the river. That's not a six.

Day of Roger's funeral. You were found to be in serious confab with one of Roger's dearest friends. The other pallbearer. What exactly did he tell you?

George *disgusted*

Hmph! It was a six in my book.

No, that garrulous old fossil (Arnold Penleigh-Smythe) was rabbiting-on about how Roger had actually telephoned to him and then died during the conversation. Something about Segler's being used for nefarious purposes at some point in history. Load of all cobblers.

[To young Laurie]

You'll get your wamwam when we reach home (if we ever do). Now there's a good boy. Stop your crying and try to have a sleep like your sister.

[Loudly to Sarah]

Time to move it, Dear. The natives are getting restless.

[Back to William, rueful]

I suppose that I should have sparked-up about that at our lunch at Clifford's when that TA girl turned up. Hey! She's a bit of a looker: why are you bucking for the sister? Why not have her?

William *witty* Because I've tried to envisage making love to Lisa except that every time I'd get going, she'd probably salute me!

George *catching-on, sucks in his breath* Ah, yes ... Well, the modern woman is all for military precision along with her domination of the male. It's all about who's in charge, isn't it?

Talking of which ...

Sarah reaches the car, swinging herself into the passenger seat before George can assist her. Sarah maintains a steady flow of jolly conversation with her husband, several females, William and her children. William wanders around to the driver's side, as George is now preparing to leave. George guns the engine. William leans into the car, with the sun over his shoulder.

Music: sullen, "something-is-about-to-happen".

George *squinting* According to Arnold P/S, Roger was rooting about in his cellar for some largish trunk or box or what have you.

William *quickly* Could it have been a sturdy wooden casket?

George *shrugs* I suppose so ... yes ... He (that is, Roger) evidently heard voices and noises down there. Or imagined he did. But then Roger was a "meat-and-potatoes" sort of chap, wasn't he? Not given to anything in the imagination line.

So, Roger's in the cellar, gets a fright, tears upstairs and telephones gabby Arnold.

During this famous phone con, he told Arnold that men were scuffling, throwing each other about ... He could only just make this out in the gloom.

Of course, it was all nonsense. The bloke next door came over with his torch and he found absolutely nothing like that could have occurred in the cellar. No footprints in the dust. Roger must have been fantasizing. Off with the fairies.

At any rate, Uncle Roger ups and dies ... of a seizure. No doubt brought on by the fright he received in the cellar.

George nods to his brother, and the car takes off. Through the open car windows, we can hear George and Sarah's merry voices, along with young Laurie's wailing.

A recent memory of something he said to his parents returns to William.

William *voice-over* I absolutely know that I woke up at 11:14 that same night,
because I could have sworn that I was involved in some sort of
melee in the cellar at Segler's.

William, thoughtful, watches the car as it disappears in the distance. The music swells.

END OF SCENE

END OF ACT II



ACT III

III, Scene i: 1986 The Cadbury Street Railway Station: Evening

William Pendlebury wears his RAF uniform, plus a very warm overcoat. He reads his newspaper by the light of an overhead lamp on the platform. There is a throng of people waiting for their train.

We overhear a group of airforcemen discussing some current political scenario.

Male #1 *voice-off* Someone'll have their balls shot off for this. They've lost millions, it says here, over a number of years.

Male #2 *voice-off* I'd never even **heard** of Grimsby's until this thing blew up.

Male #1 *voice-off* They were something else; some other name.
The government could go under you know ...

William looks up, and to his right, searching for the train. The camera follows his gaze.

SEGUE INTO THE NEXT SCENE

III, Scene ii: 1668, Segler's Landing: Evening

The view which William now sees is that same view to which his mother (Holly) was glued in 1936. [Refer Film #1 "M'Coure", ACT I, scene (ii)] The railway line morphs into the River Thames, and the railway platform becomes Segler's Landing.

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In the distance, rounding the bend of the river, can be seen the first of the lantern-lit boats arriving, filled with merry partygoers. On the landing itself, at the riverside, a group of male servants gather, ready to assist those alighting from the boats. These men have flambeaux and lanterns to hand.

Music: woodwinds, horns in a very bright Restoration tune.

SEGUE BACK INTO THE PREVIOUS SCENE

III, Scene iii: 1986 The Cadbury Street Railway Station: Evening

Note: Hugh Lemmeter is played by the same actor who represents the murder victim, Michael Cremorne.

Back in present day (but with the light music continuing), the train appears, and is approaching the platform. A rasping announcement over the tannoy is heard.

Railway announcement The train approaching platform 2 is the Marquis-Dunberry train, travelling express to Marquis. Please stand clear of the train until the doors automatically open. Stand clear!

| |
|---|
| William Receives an Invitation to Meet King Charles II. |
|---|

A businessman (played by the same actor playing Hugh Lemmeter/Michael Cremorne), bustling along the platform, drops a bunch of envelopes (clear-fronted, business type). With an audible gasp, and groan, the man drops down to squatting position. He is in William's way. As William steps aside of the man, the latter stands, making a relieved sound, and then he passes to William an old-fashioned stiff folded paper. William goes to give back the paper to the man, then notes that his alias (Jack O' The Greene) is written on the outer fold of the paper: written in a superb, flowing hand, with black ink styled by quill pen.

William quickly flicks his head back, as he piles onto the train with everyone else. But the man is gone.

III, Scene iv: 1986 Lisa Arlington's Bedroom, Arlington House (into 1668)

The music from the previous scene has ended.

Lisa wears her nightdress. She stands at her bedroom window, staring out into the night. Her face is very unhappy. She may have been crying.

We hear a distant bustle. There is a quick tap-tap of a violinist tapping his bow on a music stand.

Orchestra leader *voice-* Are we ready, gentlemen? Follow my lead, if you will.

off

As the most entrancing, bright, lovely late 17th century music is heard, Lisa quickly scrabbles about, collecting her TA combat fatigues. She rolls these up at lightning speed, then scrunches the parcel of clothes under her arm. She turns.

From behind, we can see that Lisa is now attired correctly for a ball, with coiffeured hair and a fan in her hand. She floats lightly past the flamboyantly-dressed musicians, to stow her rolled uniform in an ornate tallboy.

The interior of the house at Segler's Landing has altered. In 1668, this is a huge ballroom, and all the Georgian additions (of course) are missing. In this ballroom, long tables groan under the weight of cups, plates, cutlery and wine glasses.

Apart from the musicians, and a couple of busy wenches, Lisa appears to be the only guest.

An older woman, the housekeeper, bustles into the ballroom, followed by four maids. The housekeeper looks about her in a critical manner, her hands folded.

Housekeeper Tend to your post, Berlum. And do you go with her, Marks.

Two of the maids scurry over to the long tables. Then the housekeeper spots Lisa. She quickly curtsies to Lisa.

Housekeeper *gesturing toward the door* You'll find the ladies and gentlemen arriving on the river. Perhaps you should like to join Mister Luke in welcoming them, Mistress Lisa?

Lisa Oh ... yes! Of course.

With dignity and grace, Lisa walks quickly to the large, imposing doors, which are promptly opened by two bewigged footmen. The scene outside is grand, tumultuous and filmed in the most glorious colour.

Here we see the arrival by boat or barge of the various high-society toffs (the racy ones, at any rate) arrayed in gorgeous silks, furs, rich jewels and finery. We in the 21st century are used to the ladies being prettied-up, while the men maintain more sober hues. However, in the time of King Charles, the men also dressed in loud hues, and thus the spectacle at Segler's Landing is utterly awesome.

Outside (the music being audible, but only just), merry parties continue to arrive by boat. Lanterns, flambeaux, servants, jolly voices (male and female) and laughter swell the scene. "Watch your step there, m'lady" and so on can be heard.

Lisa sees the Barbara Villiers boat draw near the landing. When its jolly, roistering occupants (including the tiny black page) begin to disembark, Lisa shoots forward so as to appear to be one of their party. She is just in time.

Barbara *looking about* Is Lisa not ... Ah! There you are my dear. You look superbly.

[Leaning forward to speak in confidence]

Remember what that I showed you: coquette with your fan. Tease with your eyes. *La Grace* is **nothing** to you. She's playing the simpering fool, but to my mind, she has deep intentions, and they've nought to do with the Royal todge. We'll supplant her in how-long to shake a lamb's tail, dear Lisa. Mark my words. Come! Tarry not.

Lisa is cold and shivers noticeably. The other women wear huge flowing silken cloaks. Then Lisa finds that a warm coat has been placed over her shoulders. She swings around, to see who her gallant might be. It is William, dressed in a dandy outfit of bright green. Lisa blinks at him, awestruck, unable to find words of thanks. William makes a face.

Lisa *whispers to* Barbara Villiers wants me to jump into bed with the King.
William

William I'll try to distract him.

Lisa *sceptical* I know that I told you that you were everyone's idea of a

dreamboat, but that wouldn't necessarily include His Royal Majesty. I wonder if your chest might not be a wee bit too flat for his taste ...

William emits a crack of laughter. No-one notices, as everybody else seems to be making loads of noise around him.

William You might not know this, but I spent several months in Saudi, so I'm pretty good at gaming. The King will like that.

And I've seen Danny Kaye in "The Court Jester". So, I'm pretty much up on the funny stuff drill.

Lisa Oh ... Good!

And you'll have to bow to King Charles. They called it "making a leg". Just watch the other men and copy them.

William *Ja, wolle.*

Lisa *shuddering* Squad, I'm sorry if I'm being bossy, but I'm absolutely terrified.

William *shrugs* We'll wing it.

[Refer "Special Notes" for details on the King and his 5 henchmen.]

| |
|--|
| The Sumptuous Barge Bearing King Charles II. |
|--|

A much grander affair rocks up, and there is a huge fuss. The King's royal barge nears the landing. Two footmen stand on the bow of this vessel to sound a trumpet clarion. This is met by riotous applause from those awaiting him. The King (extremely tall and distinguished) disembarks (refusing all offers of help). He strolls in a very leisurely manner, as all about him bow or courtesy. He has a large retinue of regally-dressed followers. None of the gentlemen in the King's party is accompanied by his wife.

The music from inside the hall can now be heard more clearly, as the large doors are swung open.

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

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Then we see a close-up of three Cabal members discussing something, where no-one can hear them. They are Ashley (Tonishandy), Arlington (Hennet) and Buckingham (Georgie). They watch the arrivals by river.

Arlington *ironic*

Busy Beaversnade pays court to Bouncing Barbara, I note.

Would that he had benefit of dancing master. He steps out of turn, oddsfish, at every opportunity, and invariably oversets his fair partner. And his wayward steps are not only of the dancing kind, I'll warrant. Why do you have him by, Tonishandy? Eh?

He has less of wit than a gnat, surely.

I trow that you would be wishing him elsewhere, but that he trails in your wake as do pelicans after a fishing smack.

Ashley *joyial*

He is a distant relative of mine through my Father's cock. I can but choose to ignore him, but he *will* insist on trading upon our relationship.

Buckingham *mysterious*

And even more wondrous: how is it that we dare to dance at the abode of Allen à Dale? He whose wits are in question, to say the least. Do we tread softly or march bold and carefree into the monster's arms?

Arlington *laughing loudly*

Aye! Good question. Ye've heard, no doubt, of his husbandry in regards to a cow that gave up no milk. Atrocious butchery!

Buckingham

I have heard, my friends, that that same cow when carted off was so full of knife cuts that the guts spilled out onto the grass.

Clearly, the man is dead to any kind of common sense.

Ashley *smooth*

I can allay your fears. I've checked with his servants, and he is in his best behaviour this night. So, Georgie, we shall march into the Hall with heads held high. Come, gentlemen!

The rest of the conversation is lost in the crowd.

END OF SCENE

III, Scene v: 1668 Segler's Hall, Dancing

Merry music styled for dancing is played with gusto. The dances at Segler's Hall are not the formal sets as would be seen at Court, or in the ballrooms of the well-born. Due to the racy nature of many of the guests, the dances tend to be flirtatious romps.

That having been said, the King dances elegantly, and his partner (whoever she is at the time) behaves herself. In turn he partners Barbara Villiers, Nell Gwynne and Eva Grace. The King makes a special effort to chuck Eva under the chin.

Ralph Beaversnade is a very keen but largely uncoordinated dancer. Those around him keep a safe distance from his flailing legs.

This scene only lasts long enough for the audience to get the feel of the jollity, the colour and the brightness of the music.

END OF SCENE

III, Scene vi: 1668 Segler's Hall, The King Asks William To Sing

The King wanders about during a break in the music, at his ease. All the guests in his immediate vicinity bow or curtsy deeply (at this time the male bow and female curtsy were very close in form and style). The King acknowledges with a lazy smile or even an off-hand nod. Every so often, the King is introduced to a lovely young thing, who flirts with His Majesty.

King Charles joins a small party of convivial young men. They make general conversation with His Majesty. We can discern that he is pleased to be in their company.

King Charles What must you do, if poxy knave? Speak truth to the King,
 bringing him to the Blush? Or rebel against authenticity as any

over-flattering lickspittle doth?

The King and the young men roar with laughter. We hear one of them utter the word "treason".

King Charles *grinning* Yet I do call it "Treason" when men do season their regard for good King Charles with pithy japes and nasty 'scapes. "Treason" shall it be where lack of gallantry prevails.

A well-dressed gentleman has spoken to the King, indicating with fulsome gestures a pretty girl. A round of loud laughter greets this man's words, and the King grins appreciatively.

King Charles Come, come! You can see that the young virgin flies two delicious spots of colour on her cheeks.

For, either, she knows not to what you refer; or otherway, she does know and it injures her maidenly modesty.

You lose in any case. Learn to read the signs, lad.

There is more laughter, and the King saunters off to see more of his grovelling subjects.

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

An older woman with a raddled complexion gushes to His Majesty.

Woman *gushing* Oh, Majesty! What dancing! Such a light foot. You were undoubtedly the paragon of the school of Terpsichore.

King Charles *at him* Do you call that "dancing"?

most haughty

Why, to my mind, M'Lady, 'twere naught but a promenade.

"Step up, take the fingers, step away, turn, step up, take the fingers" ...

Don't you believe that any one of my loyal footsoldiers would perform it just as well, Madame?

The woman takes the insult in good order, merely smiling and bowing.

Charles then spots William, dressed all in very bright green. The King raises his looking glass to his eye, the better to survey the outlandish get-up of William, who bows low and in a very theatrical style. Lisa curtseys demurely, eyes downcast. Beside her, Barbara Villiers makes a very elegant curtsey, using her fan and her eyes to great effect.

Barbara Dearest Majesty, may I present to you my lovely protégé, Mistress Lisa of Grove? And her gallant is the worthy Jack O' The Green: a most entertaining fellow, I'm sure that Your Majesty will find.

William *with bravado* I've come to Segler's Landing with only one purpose in mind, Sir, and that is to provide sport and enjoyment at your marvellous court.

Barbara *encouraging* I' faith: a court jester, Sire.

Buckingham *jolly* Why, we've not had a jester these many years. When was the last?

Ashley One would have to stretch back to Henry, Sixth of that name. His jester was a libidinous toss-pot, by all reckonings.

King Charles *sardonic* Now, I thought that Henry the Sixth ***himself*** was the jester, so silly was his reign.

This is met with a titter of appreciation.

Charles is in a mood to be diverted. He studies William for a moment, then gestures to the other guests.

King Charles *sarcastic* Be generous, then, good Jack, and lift our cankered spirits on this maudlin night.

William bows again, very deep and extravagant. Then, quick as a wink, William grabs a chair and performs his party trick, which is to execute a handstand on the seat of the chair, flipping over the back of the chair, and landing on his feet. This feat is finished-off with a wide gesture to the audience requiring applause. With gasps of appreciation, there is a round of polite congratulation.

The King signals for chairs to be brought forward, and this is quickly achieved by the various servants lurking about.

King Charles Have we not a lute to hand?

Snapping his fingers towards the musical group, the King indicates that he is looking for a lute. This is quickly provided.

So, the King and his various offsidars sit at their ease in straight-back chairs. William also sits, facing them, and he now has a lute in his hands. Other people have gathered about behind the King.

King Charles *pleasant* Sing for us, won't you, Jack. Something bright and sparkling is what's called for. And don't spare our blushes: if your song hath a bawdy tale in it, we shall certainly wish to hear it!

There is a loud chorus of appreciation for what the King seems to be suggesting.

Lisa is concerned. She looks about, worried, as William nonchalantly fiddles about with the lute. Suddenly, Lisa steps forward, curtseying beautifully.

Lisa If I may, Majesty, I should love to sing with Jack.

King Charles *charming* Certainly. Lift your sweet voice in song, beautiful Lisa.

Lord Ashley Ah! There now. The lark and the nightingale together!
encouraging

William *off-hand* I played the acoustic guitar when I was at school.

Lisa *smiling, to William* And do you know any songs?

William finds a chord. The assembled audience smiles, and appears ready to be entertained.

William *muttering to himself* I can't remember: P J Proby or Screaming Lord Sutch. Anyway ...

William sings in the manner of a rock-n-roll star: he is loud, somewhat out of tune, raucous and over-the-top.

William *sings* I wanna jump but I'm afraid I'll fall
I wanna holler but the joint's too small.
Woe-hoe-hoe!
Young man rhythm's got a hold of me too
I got the rockin' pneumonia and the boogie woogie flu.

Lisa (horrified) signals to William to stop. He does so, looking at Lisa with a wicked sparkle in his eye. There is a dreadful hush amongst the assembled crowd. King Charles looks concerned and shifts his weight in his chair. Nearby, a lady quietly faints into her partner's arms.

William *jovial* My next selection was going to be "Roll Over Beethoven".

Lisa *desperate whisper* Perhaps ... Perhaps you know "Greensleeves", Jack O' The Green?

They perform a very passable version of Greensleeves whilst other things go on in the foreground.

Lisa possesses a sweet lyric soprano. She carries the tune well. We are able to hear the singing, but the spoken voices must predominate.

The camera moves back. Watching the entertainment from some distance, Buckingham speaks softly to Clifford. Arlington leans towards them to listen.

Buckingham *sotto voce* Nay, the cottage might have the appearance of a *boîte de musique*, but 'tis a varry nice little estate: Faissel. 'Twas sequestered during the Interregnum --

Arlington *snarls softly* The **foul** Interregnum!

Buckingham You have that right!

Clifford What you are trying to say, Georgie, in fewer words is that the property hath devolved upon the junior branch. And the senior branch aren't having any of it.

Buckingham Yes, indeed, those are my varry words. This Grace girl threw herself at His Majesty as a noble sacrifice. And when he's done with her, she'll go to the arms of ScotchJohn. That **cannot** further her cause, in him helping himself to her.

The camera moves back to Lisa and William as they complete their version of Greensleeves.

Immediately that Greensleeves is ended, William plays and sings "The Grand Old Duke Of York", with Lisa joining in. This jolly song seems to go down much better with the audience, even though it post-dates the Restoration era. William sings in a pleasant baritone, and Lisa in her lovely, sweet, lyric coloratura. The two voices sound very pleasing together, although the lute playing is dodgy.

William and Lisa *sing* Oh, The grand old Duke of York,
He had ten thousand men;
He marched them up to the top of the hill,
And he marched them down again.
And when they were up, they were up,

And when they were down, they were down,
 And when they were only half-way up,
 They were neither up nor down.

At the end of the performance, there is polite applause. The King seems pleased. Lisa curtsies.

William bursts out laughing.

King Charles Most enjoyable, apart from accusing my brother of being "old". He hath but five and thirty years.

The King stands, so William also rises and bows once again, prior to handing the lute back to one of the orchestra members.

King Charles Are you familiar with games of chance? How fare you at the card-table, Jack O' The Green?

William Quite passable, Your Majesty, if modesty permits me to admit that. Yes, we play all kinds of card games in the Air F—
 I mean -- and sing airs at the same time.

King Charles *utterly urbane* Excellent! Then join me for a round of Ombre in the card room. We'll take our refreshment there, gentlemen. Ah ... but less of the singing perhaps. Later, Jack ... in the garden ... you may serenade me to sleep with a ribald lullaby.

END OF SCENE

III, Scene vii: 1668 Segler's Hall, The Card Game Begins

Several card tables are set about in a salon adjacent to the ballroom. All the groups of men and women around each table are rowdy. There is a great deal of lewd behaviour visible.

The King sits at a small table with William sitting opposite him. A large group of hangers-on stand about, happy and determined to be pleased. William idly shuffles a couple of decks of cards during

this interlude whereby the King is at his most charming. Eva Grace is the closest of all the onlookers, with one hand resting negligently on His Majesty's shoulder.

King Charles's servant Thomas brings wine to the King, along with a plate of sumptuous looking snacks. With negligent grace, the King picks one of the treats, then nonchalantly waves away the plate.

King Charles *suave* I care not if the repast be fine or coarse, my dear Thomas. 'Twill pass through me eitherdoors, as you so well know.

A ripple of laughter greets this speech.

However, before Thomas can bow himself away, Charles draws the servant near enough such that (bending forward), the man is able to hear several words that Charles whispers in his ear.

As the King eats the treat, Thomas gives some order to a surprised-looking serving wench with a low-cut neckline over a large bust. In her hand is a crystal bowl filled with attractive shards of chocolate.

Nervously, the girl approaches the King, then curtsies. Eva eyes her with a combination of tolerance and annoyance.

King Charles *teasing* My dearest Hecate! Would that you could extract a painful splinter from my hand of gold.

The girl is confused.

Phoebe But Sire, my name is Phoebe.

Languidly, the King extends an elegant hand across the table. Phoebe examines it closely.

Phoebe *uncertain* I cannot see any splinters in your hand, Your Majesty.

The King caresses Phoebe's hands.

King Charles *gently* I apologize profusely. I sometimes become confused over my metaphors, Phoebe.

Phoebe frowns, mouthing the word "metaphors". This causes the King to laugh. He gestures lazily to Phoebe that he has finished with her. And then he turns his attention to the bowl of fancy chocolate shards which Phoebe presented to His Majesty. Idly, he gives Eva's hand (the one on his shoulder) a reassuring pat.

King Charles *to William* Ah! What are these? They claim to be chips of chocolate, but I believe them to be crocodile fangs.

I was offered a crocodile once, to keep as a pet. But I had to refuse it. I already had Lauderdale.

All those around the King laugh in earnest mirth. The King appreciates the appreciation.

King Charles What need had I for two monsters, both with such ravenous teeth?

The bystanders chuckle good-humouredly.

A Gentleman Your Majesty, have you had an opportunity to address our Host?

King Charles Nay, i' faith, I marked a man which might have passed for "a host", but I tarried not to chat with him.

Another gentleman But why not, my Liege? For I have heard that he is the very soul of wit.

King Charles. I thought he was dead but then he began to speak at me. And thus, I realized my mistake.

[To William]

Play and pay, Master Jack O' The Green, or give up your seat to a wealthy man!

END OF SCENE

III, Scene viii: 1668 Segler's Hall, Hugh Lemmeter Breasts Buckingham

A large fire burns brightly in a more secluded section of Segler's Hall. Several men and women (all behaving in a wanton, frivolous way) are gathered about the fireplace. Then, on hearing some lively music exuding from the ballroom, they scamper off, hand-in-hand, with whistles, shrieks and merry laughter.

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Throughout this scene, we can just hear in the background the indecorous mirth and music of the dancing and flirtations coming from the ballroom.

The lively exit is watched by the two men who remain at the fireside: the Duke of Buckingham and a well-presented senior servingman, Hugh Lemmeter. Hugh's position will be that of an estate manager, such that he is high enough in status to warrant the trust imposed upon him by Luke. He is well-dressed, and indicates that he can read very well.

Hugh and the 1986 murder victim, Michael Cremorne are both played by the same actor.

The firelight interestingly illuminates the faces of the two men as they speak. Hugh is (or pretends to be) the worse for the drink. He laughs in Buckingham's face. A look of extreme disdain passes over the Duke's face.

Buckingham *scornful* Ah! You are in your cups, man. Beware the Devil in plain raiment a-calling to chat with you.

Buckingham makes a move which indicates that he is about to leave the fireplace. Hugh grabs at the Duke's superb silken jacket.

Hugh *eager, slurring badly* Stay, good Sir! Please ... Lord Buckingham ... noble ... stay ... let me ...

Buckingham looks down at Hugh's hand, and quickly removes it from his person. He is evidently disgusted by Hugh, but something has been said (prior to our entry into the scene) to arouse his interest.

Buckingham *sneering* Well? I grow impatient of this tale that stinks of ale.

Hugh *apologetic, then sly* Wine, good Sir, not beer. The best of wine and ...
That pair of cherubs, Eva Grace and her brother: they have a rightful case (do they not?) to recover their ancestral property. What think you, my Lord?

Buckingham Perhaps they do ... I've put it to my accomplished acquaintances that the senior branch of the Grace family would certainly seem to have a varry good claim to Faissel. Naice property. Good prospects indeed.

Hugh But the incumbent don't think so.

Buckingham You mean Nathaniel Grace? He'll put forward his counter claims against this brother and sister, certainly. And around we go!

Hugh And what will come of it?

Buckingham *shrugs* Naith more than that the fraternity of lawyers will gain more work from this argument and thereby make more money.

Hugh The Grace's want to unseat Nathaniel in that he would leave Faissel of his own free will.

Buckingham He would hardly do that.

Hugh begins to chuckle drunkenly, winding and tapping the side of his nose with his finger.

Buckingham appears to be uncomfortable as Hugh pushes closer to the nobleman.

Hugh *low voice full of cunning* The proof of this Nathaniel's misdeeds came to my maister that owns this hall. You met Luke Allen à Dale, I think, and much admired his munificence, I trow.

Buckingham Indeed.

Hugh *even closer* With such proof as this, Maister Nathaniel could be unseated.

Buckingham Well?

Hugh There's a strongbox, see? Holds the very documents that will seal Nathaniel Grace's fate. And wouldn't that varlet love to get his paws on said casket?

Buckingham *interested* Do you know where it is?

Hugh It's come here, to my maister, who bade me to open it. Bade me to assure myself of its contents. "Eye it well", he told me.

Buckingham And?

Hugh *snaky* Sure as check, in that strongbox, there is enough dirt on Maister Nathaniel to send him to Tyburn Tree, let alone he'd be kicked-out of his fair Faissel estate.

Buckingham What's this to me? You have your gunpowder, apparently, so go

reasonable and fire it against this upstart squire's rear end. I'm convinced that the Grace's would reward you more than adequately for such a service.

Hugh steps back a little, shaking his head. He peeps at the Duke out of the corner of his eye, which unnerves the nobleman. There is a pause.

Hugh *dangerous* In that casket, there were other ...

Buckingham What "other"?

Hugh *low poisonous voice* Some high people in this Godly realm will have to look sharp, Sir. They'll have to think on ...

Buckingham studies Hugh, then makes a disparaging gesture. The Duke is tired of this conversation, deciding to call Hugh's bluff.

Buckingham I see. I have it pat.

You believe that you've accidentally stumbled upon some several scribblings which would implicate His Majesty's loyal servants.

Yes? Is that your plaint?

Hugh *very sly* Not just the servants ...

Buckingham stares at Hugh, no longer comfortable. Hugh changes tack immediately, putting on the guise of a busy servant. He straightens and adopts an altogether different tone and demeanour. His words are said in jest: he is of too high a station to act as a kitchen hand.

Hugh *pleasantly* Well, Sir, my maister will be requiring of my brawn to carry in the soup. Fare ye well, my Lord Duke of Buckingham.

Hugh stretches forth his leg and executes an artistic bow. Then Hugh turns on his heel and marches off.

Buckingham remains by the fire. A merry party of young flirts skips by him, as Buckingham watches Hugh depart. The nobleman finds his goblet of wine on the mantle, and sculls it. The firelight plays on his face malevolently.

Buckingham *to himself* Beware the Devil in plain raiment. He will chat with you withal and spin truths to trap the heart and mind.

Yet, the empty threats and bombast of a cup of wine may truly bring down the mightiest of men. Or perchance find the drinker prone in some gutter with his throat slit ...

Buckingham remains at the fireside. He stares down at the flames, and at his superb dancing slippers.

The camera backs away, in order to reveal that Lisa, in the shadows, has heard this conversation. We see by her face that she is frowning.

END OF SCENE

III, Scene ix: 1986, William Takes A Fencing Lesson At The Orangery

Griff Tabor, veteran stage director with credits in West End, New York and Melbourne, is now the owner of Nell Gwynne's former domicile, The Orangery. We saw snatches of the garden as it was in 1668 in ACT I, title-roll when Witt ran through it.

Griff Tabor had long been admired as a redoubtable swordsman. He directed many breath-taking scenes involving swordplay with great distinction.

It is a superb English afternoon. A delightful rustic garden path winds through the divine garden, which is now devoid of design and allowed to run wild. Yet in that lies its simplicity and beauty.

Laurence and Toby wear suit and tie, and William is in his RAF battle dress.

Laurence (smoking) has stopped to attempt an identification of a rather blowsy bush.

Toby puzzled

So ... **has** the King knocked-up your Lisa, or not?

William explaining

Look, don't get me wrong ... Lisa hasn't been bounced in the cot by the Merry Monarch **yet** ... It just seems that that's the way his thoughts are tending. She looks okay in her TA clobber, of course, but when those Restoration harridans primp and preen her ... well, she becomes a bit of a knock-out. Any red-blooded man would want to ... and the King is overstocked with red blood.

Evidently, William has said something which has tickled Toby's funny bone. Toby stares at William for a moment, then lets out a roar of laughter. William reluctantly laughs, too.

William *rueful* What? What have I said?

Toby *weeping with mirth* But ... But if Lisa **did** become pregnant to Charles Stuart, and the baby was a boy ... Then where would that place the current Royal Family, with a rival claimant to the throne?

William *rueful* Lord, I don't want to even think about it.

Laurence seems all-consumed in his botanical meanderings. Without looking away from the exotic plants, he pipes up.

Laurence A bastard isn't going to trouble anyone. And anyway, why isn't your Lisa on the pill?

William *annoyed* Aw, she's getting confused about whether she took it or didn't take it. She's getting addled with all the time travel.

[Shrugs and returns to his normal good humour]

Besides, the risk of her getting preggers by King Charles is on hold **for the moment**. He has a new dolly named Eva ... Eva Grace. Nothing to look at, but dead keen to bed His Majesty.

Toby And so Lisa (I take it) is safe, **for the moment**.

William *scratches head* Well, you see that's it. Lisa believes that this Eva's brother Henry wants to start up an affair with her. And she's indicated that I might have to go into bat for her. The shorthand for that is duelling, isn't it?

Toby Ah! The female needing the male to protect her. Utter romance! And as flirtation leads to seduction leads to rape ... You're in the right, Wills ... **You'll** have to call him out.

William *glad that he is being understood* Right on! Exactly. That's why I need to skill-up. That's why we're here.

Toby You've come to the right man. There's not much that Griff Tabor doesn't know ... We'll just have to fib a little about why you need

fencing lessons in a hurry.

Laurence *chatting* So, are you hating the Restoration court? Or --

William No, Laurie ... apart from trying not to offend anyone, I rather like it. It's not bad. Very colourful. I thought it would be sepia toned. But no ... it's very fresh and fair and ... and appealing.

Laurence *sighs* Before the factories ...

Toby England's green and pleasant land.

William and his cousins have strolled through the garden until their arrival at a large gazebo, within which (stretched out on a cushioned cane-lounge) is Griff Tabor. We can vaguely make him out through the mesh of the gazebo walls.

Griff *voice off* No entry unless you have the catchphrase at the ready.

Laurence *calling out* "Dastardly deeds afoot".

Toby No, that's so yesterday.

Try: "But might I of Jove's nectar sip".

Laurence sings this section of "Drink To Me Only" in the fashion of an operatic baritone.

Griff *voice off* Enter ye who dare.

Toby, smiling, opens the door of the gazebo, and the men wander in. Griff makes no effort to greet or meet: he remains reclined on his lounge, an indifferent host. There are no handshakes: Griff is not in the mood.

Toby *urbane* You'll remember Laurence, my younger brother ...

Griffith Tabor, may I introduce my young cousin, William Pendlebury. He's joining our little theatrical troupe as a diversion from his more serious military duties. He'll be on stage in doublet and hose, caped and buckling a mean swash.

And as that will require him to be more proficient with the foil than he is now, I'm begging you to give him the benefit of your training.

Laurence *Il duello.*

Griff *drawls* What role?

The visitors look at each other desperately.

Laurence *fudging brilliantly* Cyrus in Ben Johnson's "Omnipotence".

Griff *astounded* What? I've never heard of Johnson's "Omnipotence". Could have sworn I knew 'em all.

Laurence *extemporizing* New script ... never seen ... Lately discovered in a Petersham loft. Toby and his happy band of artistes will introduce it to the world. Major coup!

Toby *also extemporizing* It has a marvellous sword fight in which William will be the heroic victor.

Laurence Yes. He leaps about athletically as he parries and thrusts. Superb bit of drama. Keep the patrons happy.

Griff swallows the remains of his tot of rum, then ponderously rises from the lounge.

Griff *shrugs* Alright, if you say so. Done any fencing, William?

William Oh, yes. At school. But I didn't give it the attention it deserved. I was more interested in armaments, tanks, bombers ... not a dedicated swordsman, I'm afraid.

The four men drift over to the sideboard where several swords, visors and breastplates lie haphazardly about.

Griff Let's see what you can do, then. Toby will act as your opponent.

| |
|--------------------------------------|
| William Fences With His Cousin Toby. |
|--------------------------------------|

Whilst the practice session takes place, Griff will call out in "fencing-speak" as William will discuss his current progress with first Toby, and then with Laurence. So the practice (once Laurence joins in) becomes more and more exciting, whereas the conversation is pitched as admission/prognosis. This

gives us a chance to see some action whilst getting our bearings on where we are with the murder investigation.

William and Toby prepare themselves. They'll have to wear the visors on their heads such that we can both hear and see them speaking. They salute each other with their buttoned foils.

Toby *theatrical* On guard!

The two men go at it. They are at the same level of competence, and so are well-matched.

William One of the Restoration chaps is a doppelgänger for my pilot. He threw-up in my little Nellie, leaving behind him a thread, which I've retained.

Toby Excellent!

William You told Lisa to always take a return ticket with her. Maybe this is proof of the validity of that theory, but in reverse.

Toby Sounds like a fair cop. And have you deciphered the "songbird" speech? Any further with that?

William Absolutely! Lisa was being pursued by that Henry Grace snot, and so hid in a deserted room. Thus, she has overheard some drunk spilling his guts to Buckingham. About what that casket contains, and its significance. All very dark, but nevertheless important.

Toby That'll do with the swordplay. You've impressed me that you'll pass muster in 1668. King Charles will buy it. You'll do!

The cousins salute each other then shake hands warmly. Griff nods. But Laurence steps forward, shaking his head.

| |
|--|
| William Fences With His Cousin Laurence. |
|--|

Laurence No, I don't believe that you've pushed our cousin nearly hard enough. May I take a turn? Let's give old Ben Johnson a run for his money ...

Laurence kits up, using the same gear Toby wore. The cousins salute, and Laurence immediately harries his younger cousin.

William It's that casket. From what Lisa overheard, we absolutely have to get our mitts on that bloody casket. Hey! You're bloody good!

Laughing at being out-matched, William opens the door to the gazebo from behind his back, then backs out into the garden. Laurence adroitly follows him.

Followed by Griff and Toby, the cousins leave the gazebo, and head out into the garden, around the fountain, and finally onto the garage roof. William scales a ladder, and Laurence follows him, fighting from the lower vantage point. William does loads of athletic leaping and tumbling, but he is no match for Laurence. The final thrust ends with William doing a very stylish full-body flip off the garage roof. Griff claps ecstatically.

Laurence Dad spent literally hours in the cellar. I think that he was ready to pull it down, brick by brick. Found nothing. Toby and I have been over it many times: nothing.

Our best hope, in reality, is to contact Mother. I'm certain that she knew of the existence of a hidey-hole in the cellar which may be useful. She kept that information from Dad, of course, because by that stage, she despised him utterly.

Now, I've telephoned to Australia, only to find that my mother has trooped off with the Pitch's to some far-flung outpost of Empire, indulging in that time-honoured practice of "walkabout": living on bush tucker, damper, goanna meat and creek water . But eventually she'll come back into range, and we'll grill her for more information. If she happens to survive that torture, of course.

William Blimey! Where did you learn to fence like this?

Griff is very impressed with this display. He grabs hold of the sleeve of Toby's jacket.

Griff *thrilled* Tobias! This production of "Omnipotence" will be the greatest triumph of the British theatre. It has gusto, balls ... I'll set myself up as your learned assistant director.

You see that Laurence favours the French school, whereas Tabor himself inclines more towards the Italian.

But I like it, Toby. This is the sort of spirited action-drama that we've missed since the demise of Olivier. Well done! You'll have to recruit your brother, Toby. Can't let that talent go to waste.

Toby *really*
appreciative of
Laurence's brilliance

No ... can't let it ...

Laurence

You say that you've been here, to The Orangery when Nell Gwynne had it? And of course, to Segler's? Well, great-aunt Constance Rylance had a collection of gnarled old books and maps, dedicated to how these two fine edifices were laid-out in the times of Queen Elizabeth I. Then through the Charles's and the other Stuarts to Georgian England.

Those tomes and maps are up in our library at Gladesbrook. Feel that you could do no better than pop over to see us. Get your bearings.

William

That sounds like a great idea. I'll be over as soon as I can. Tess won't mind, will she?

Laurence

`Course not! Love it!

END OF SCENE

III, Scene x: 1986, Thornbury, Early Evening

Holly has been baby-sitting George's children: Laurie and Benita.

George arrives to pick up the children about 10 minutes in advance of William, who has come in the bus.

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George has been greeted by his son Laurie (which involves being tossed about in the air and whooshed along inches from the ground). George is now playing soccer with Laurie on the lawn. It is Summertime and thus there is still plenty of light. Gordon sits nearby giving instruction to his grandson. William strolls into the scene.

William *cheery* Hello, everyone! I've been happily riding on the bus, making copious notes. I'm going to lick this thing yet. Laurie Senior has put me onto a sure thing, and I'm riding the crest of the wave.

Without waiting to be invited, William joins in the game. The two brothers and little Laurie race about making noise. Suddenly, seeing his mother with little Benita, William races up to her, scooping the sweet little tot out of his mother's arms.

William coos to the child, allowing her to study his face with eyes and fingers in the manner of toddlers. Still chatting in a kindly way to the child, William carries Benita back onto the lawn to watch her brother and father play football. When the ball disappears into the shrubbery, Gordon offers to help find it. George, puffing, watches, arms akimbo.

William George! Cast your mind back 17 years, can you? When we zapped back from West Pakistan, what happened to all the stuff we'd amassed?

George *puzzled* What stuff?

William You know, I had loads of goodies from the Old Silk Road. Can you remember what I did with them?

The ball has been retrieved. George continues to play ball with his son and father, whilst still managing to talk to William. Laurie and Gordon interpolate comments befitting the game.

George Yes! I wound up with all the clothes when we landed in St Paul's and stripped off to put our suits on.

William So ... I hope you didn't throw anything out?

George Of course not.

Oh, nice kick, Laurie. I think we might sign you up for the Red Lions.

Anyway, no, you had all manner of trinkets and paraphernalia

sewn into that ghastly robe thing that you wore. I retrieved them for you.

William *pleased*

That's right! Jack put me onto that method, but it was poor Maglia who had to do the actual stitching.

Gordon

That wretched girl was bossed around by everyone. Except myself.

George *fires up*

And I! I was utterly gracious to her.

William *impatient*

So ... where?

George

Oh, yes! In a cash box in the attic. What's in it that you want?

William *matter of fact*

That black powder Marco gave me that came to him from Gandore. I'm going to try it out before the gentry next time I zap back to 1668.

George stops playing to stare at his brother, arms akimbo. William notices his mother nearby, so he hands Benita back to her.

George *as if William is mad*

Wills ... Don't want to sound like a wet blanket but ... It's not going to work ... as magic powder, I mean.

William *amused*

Never know ... even if it simply causes a flash or a crackling sound, I'll add it to my act.

George *disgusted*

Your act!

William *laughing*

After all, I'm a jester, aren't I? Got to "jest"!

END OF SCENE

III, Scene xi: 1986 At Gladesbrook, Catching Up With The Family

The three Allendale boys (sons of Toby and Maria: Garth, Francis and Geoffrey) are staying at Gladesbrook, given that Rylance is soon to return with his mother to Australia. Witt Baldface's dog,

Red has not returned to 1668, and has been adopted by the boys. The camera focuses on the boys and dog as they tear about, yelling and whooping. The dog is overexcited and barks wildly.

In the library at Gladesbrook, a mountain of old books is stacked on a solid desk, along with countless folded maps.

Behind the mountain of books, and in front of the window, Tess and Laurence are in a very passionate embrace.

William strolls in. The couple break apart a very little but only to look lovingly at each other.

William It's good to see that marriage is thriving in this day and age. We hear about all the society divorces, but ...

Laurence We'll keep the passion stirring whilst you hoe through those various tomes I've gathered for your edification. Unless the KGB has stolen in under our guard and removed the relevant volumes, they're all yours!

Tess If my suggestion is worth anything, I'd be learning all the secret underground passages in both houses. If you go back to the Restoration and need a quick exit, that might help, mightn't it?

Laurence and Tess stay together. Laurence smiles lovingly at his wife, chucking her chin.

William *smiling sadly* I wish that someone loved me that much.

Tess Not Lisa? Nor the vapid sister?

William *suddenly shy* I don't know ... maybe ...

The camera moves back, as William takes a seat, opening one of the many maps laid out for his perusal.

END OF SCENE

III, Scene xii: 1668 Another Soiree For King Charles, At The Orangery

In the ballroom at The Orangery, a small group of musicians work tirelessly to provide suitable lively music to which the large number of partygoers may dance.

The dance floor is a crush. With the usual amount of vulgar flirtation, lewdness and debauchery, the dancers romp about, shrieking and laughing alike. The King may be seen wandering about in dance-like movements, partnering a simpering Eva Grace. His Majesty is graceful and appears pleased.

To one side, two overdressed ladies are facing each other in a fierce quarrel which threatens to erupt into an indecorous "pulling of caps". These ladies are Nell Gwynne, the hostess, and Barbara Villiers. We cannot make out what they are saying over the volume of the music, but it is apparent that they are very upset with each other.

In a darker portion of The Orangery, William shows Lisa his little rice paper packet of black magic powder.

Lisa *sceptical* But will it work?

William *carefree* Who knows? It didn't work when Marco Polo used it. God, he was funny ... If I could get half the laughs he did.

Lisa You do alright. Just hold back on the singing perhaps.

William *laughing* My speciality.

The music ends. There is a loud, appreciative burst of applause. William sets his shoulders square and holds his head high.

William *as a boxing announcer* And in the blue corner: wearing the green raiment of the Court Jester, let's hear it for Jack The Widow-Maker Oh. Let's go!

William runs into the fray, yelling and whooping. The crowd quickly clears an area for him, such that William is able to perform handstands, tumbles, cartwheels and his signature chair balances.

William Is Able To Use Marco's Magic Powder

To Produce a Lion.

Then he takes a small pinch of magic powder and hurls it to the floor. With a loud bang and cloud of golden smoke, a magnificent male lion materializes. This animal is large, having a superb thick mane. The people nearby squeal and withdraw in fright. The lion roars loudly, to the added fright of the crowd.

William takes a chair in imitation of a lion tamer. After a few seconds, the lion dissolves.

William Is Able To Use Marco's Magic Powder

To Produce a Hula Girl.

Another pinch of the magic powder flung to the floor produces a Hawaiian hula girl. William imitates the hip movements of the girl, plus he performs some classic rock 'n' roll moves. The crowd claps enthusiastically. We see King Charles laughing heartily at this sport.

William Is Able To Use Marco's Magic Powder

To Produce a Dragon.

William shouting I vote that we go for a dragon. What do you all think?

The crowd applauds wildly as William performs some more of his simple acrobatics. Then with a great deal of fanfare, William dramatically flings some more of Marco Polo's powder to the floor.

William's wish is granted: a colourful dragon, breathing fire, appears. The dragon twists and turns, menacing the crowd. The partygoers remain unharmed by the bursts of fire emitted by the phantom beast. But it is very frightening, anyway.

William tries to inspire the dragon to attack him, bravely fronting-up to the phantasm. Then, realizing that nothing more can be expected here, he runs behind the dragon and mounts it as if it were a horse. Obliging, the dragon rears up. William cannot think of anything else to do, so (against Lisa's better advice) he bursts into song. A full symphony orchestra joins him, and the dragon rears and prances. Something like "Rhinstone Cowboy" would be fitting here.

The dragon dissolves, bringing William to the floor. He tumbles, performs a few more acrobatics, then runs (waving to the applause of the crowd) from the ballroom.

King Charles, with the clapping still continuing turns to his fair partner.

King Charles I know not what my jester sang, but he is a superb entertainer,
without ever a doubt.

END OF SCENE

END OF ACT III



ACT IV

IV, Scene i: 1668, The Orangery, Under Ground Level

Having studied the floor plans of The Orangery while visiting the Allendales at Gladesbrook, William now knows the layout of the cellar and other rooms which lie under The Orangery.

William and Lisa, armed with a flambeau, walk in very dark, stone-lined, narrow passageways. They must move about in single file. William seems very keen and happy to be stumbling along in this way. He reaches back to Lisa.

William *cheery* You okay? Not frightened?

Lisa shakes her head quickly. William squeezes her hand.

William You're a real trooper.

Lisa looks askance at her companion, shaking her head again. Then she stops, as William tries to lead her forward.

William *puzzled* What?

Lisa is listening hard. She raises a warning hand.

Lisa Sh! I can hear people talking ...

The camera moves steadily forward, and around a corner. There are two men lit by flambeaux standing just around the corner from Lisa and William: Clifford and Buckingham.

Clifford is wiping dust from his hands. He starts perceptibly on seeing Buckingham before him.

Buckingham That's what servants are for, Old Cock.

Clifford *nervous* I dare not entrust this task to a lackey, Georgie.

Buckingham Secrecy?

Clifford Aye.

Buckingham Secrecy from whom, I wonder?

Clifford nods and makes to pass. Buckingham grabs Clifford's arm, his eyes cold.

Buckingham Ye'll not keep mum with me, Cliff. I must be privy to your little scheme.

Cliff looks about, afraid, then laughs nervously. Cliff shrugs under Bucks fierce glare.

Clifford *waffling* I have many complicated interests to hand ... many ... many irons in the fire ...

[Forces a laugh]

You would be bored to death!

Buckingham *menacing* But not with **this** one.

Their eyes meet. There is an uncomfortable lacuna. Clifford shifts about uneasily.

Clifford *buying time, low voice* I've given a promissory note to my Swedish contact Ulrick Tönke for 10,000 florins. That VOC (what do you call those Dutch East India people...?) I need assurances that the port of Bergen would remain open to us in the event that we fail to re-open Antwerp. Do you fathom?

Buckingham *shakes head* A mere side-show. That's not news, my dear Cliff. The butcher and his aunt have heard of this long time since. Now **this** ... this is news!

Buckingham passes a small piece of parchment to Cliff who blanches on reading it.

Clifford *scared* I know nothing of this.

[His hands shake]

Buckingham You made a pledge to the Duke of York some many years ago that you intended to return to the Roman Catholic faith.

Clifford *urgent*

No!

Buckingham

Yes!

Beware, Cliff. Have a care for your dignity. You can do no good for yourself, your family and most especially the King with this foolish caper. 'Tis our path to ruin.

Clifford *bleating*

The Declaration of Breda promised toleration!

Buckingham

Words, dear one, words. Empty words. This plot ends the reign and mayhap takes off Charlie's head, should it come to light. Father and then son beheaded, and good-bye forever to the House of Stuart and all that would follow. Doth that consideration please you?

Were this business to be whispered about (and that indeed has already come to pass in some quarters) we are all in purgatory full fare.

Get that casket and burn all that you find in it that serves us ill.

Clifford *sweating*

I'm desperate ... I ... It's not here. It's not where I thought it –

Buckingham *patient
but still nasty*

'Tis to be found at Segler's Hall. See the estate manager: Lemmeter. Hugh Lemmeter. He hath the casket, and Eva Grace is to discreetly wrest the key from His Majesty this night. Find the casket at the Hall, extract from it the business relating to the Grace clan (for that we lay aside for Eva and Henry Grace to come into their dues), and then burn its other contents without compunction.

And Lemmeter will surely have to be dealt with ...

The two men glare at each other. Clifford gulps a couple of times.

END OF SCENE

IV, Scene ii: 1668, The Orangery, William Dancing With Lisa And Barbara

Lisa and William have left their underground listening post, and now try to speak to each other as they romp about with the other dancers on the rowdy, crowded dance floor. Thus, their speech is disjointed and interrupted by the progress of the country dance. They are both dragged away from each other and then back together again.

Lisa *shouting* You don't know what – you don't know what – what he looks like.

William *shouting* You'll have to dance about – dance around and find him – and tell him to beware the Cabal.

Lisa *shouting* What shall – what shall I say – say to him?

William *shouting* Say: "Watch your back!"
quickly

Lisa nods and then becomes quite separated from William.

William jumps about, grabbing this woman and then that woman, causing gales of laughter to erupt. And then he is with Barbara Villiers. She grabs William's hand to lead him away from the dance floor. In a quiet alcove, the pair laugh breathlessly. Barbara's intentions immediately become clear. She strokes William's groin. He is mortified and obviously does not wish for her advances.

Barbara Now, then! You and me could take a lovely roll in the hay, and no-one the wiser.

William *trying to* Madame! I should not dare to --
extricate himself

Barbara Villiers presses herself utterly close to William.

Barbara *purring* You glorious beast! Put your hand down at the front of my gown to feel my love-bumps. Feel how my bosom throbs for you, Big Boy.

William is acutely embarrassed and tries by every means to push Barbara away without hurting or offending her.

William *tongue-tied* I ... I must ... er ... Look! Isn't that ... ? Excuse me, won't you?

William finally speeds off, in the direction of the upstairs rooms. He becomes lost in a rabbit-warren of pokey corners, skinny corridors and steep, narrow staircases.

END OF SCENE

IV, Scene iii: 1668, Segler's Hall, The Cabal In Deep Discussion

William is lost in a very dark wainscoted corridor when he stops abruptly. He peeks carefully around the corner of the stairwell, to see the six members of the Cabal tightly huddled together on these steep stairs, deep in earnest (but quiet) conversation. They all are seemingly reluctant to be overheard.

Lauderdale Ah! We can all piss straighter than this. Come along, gentlemen.
An action of some kind must be taken.

Buckingham And I tell you straight (for you of all of us can piss in a dead
straight line, as I know), we have no other course than to dispose
of the man before it is too late.

Lauderdale Know this: we dare not permit this tittle-tattle to spread. 'Twere
our immediate demise if this gets out. The rabble will squeal in
unison with the canting churchmen at the pulpit.

Ashley He would undo all our fine work. You **must** take action!

Clifford Stay! Does not ...

Buckingham *to Ashley* Take action? I'm watched as close as a virgin in the stews, man.
Were it possible ... but of a surety, I'd act.

Clifford *to Buckingham* Your cousin, then? He that married the brewer's widow.

Arlington *grinning* (Is there any man alive in this England who hath not daydreamed
of such a wedlock?)

The men chuckle softly at these words, but they immediately return to the serious tone.

Buckingham *dismissive* Nay, he hath the care of his estates in Leicester. As soon prise a baby from its barley sugar than that.

Lauderdale *to Buckingham* You are of habit so full of notions. Where lie your noble ideas now?

Buckingham *menacing* Take care how you address me on that score, ScotchJohn.

Ashley *grim* This unravels our carefully woven plans.

Lauderdale *to Buckingham* You have the ear of the King, not I.

Ashley *to Buckingham* You had no such qualms when you passed to His Majesty your neatly-penned personal memorandum. Aye! You may redden, Sir, but an ill-shot arrow may yet safe reach its target.

Buckingham *like a cornered rat* What would you have me do?

Clifford *to Buckingham* Get thee to the Burberry Inn and seek out your famed contact therein. You know to whom I refer. He that hath the dark gypsy eyes. Have him quietly knife the fellow and then dispose of his body in some ditch or other. And mind that you pay him well. The Royal coffers can well afford it.

Lauderdale I know the man you mean ... a good choice, there!

Buckingham *sneering at Clifford* Those words roll so smoothly off the honeyed tongue of the varry man whose rash actions have put us in this foul predicament.

Ashley This likes me not.

Lauderdale *to Ashley* I'll wager that the hangman's noose would suit you better?

Clifford Gentlemen, please!

Buckingham Well, at least we have one thing in our favour. That Grace girl is busy extracting a certain key from our beloved Kingy this night and --

Lauderdale Nay, ye have that in the wrong, Georgie. For *La Grace* comes to

IV, Scene iv: 1668, The Orangery, The Private Apartment Of King Charles

The scene: We find ourselves in the King's private chamber (which he was intended to share with Nell Gwynne) just as he is seducing Lisa with a goblet of wine. The King's eyes and smile display the lustful nature of his admiration for Lisa, who looks lovely, but anxious.

Behind a screen, the small group of musicians play Lisa's love-music. This is a superb romantic tune which we shall hear from time to time in association with Lisa.

Lisa is still in her glamorous ball gown. The King wears a sumptuous dressing gown.

William Rudely Interrupts a Royal Seduction.

With a loud crash, William bursts into the room through a secret panel. He steps forward towards the King and Lisa. Barbara Villiers peeps around the portal but does not yet enter the room.

In much disorder, the musicians cease to play. They are startled. Two sturdy male servants step forward and stand close to William. He is wearing his jungle combat fatigues. The men roughly remove all trace of weapons from William. During this time, the King turns to face William. His face is a mask, but his eyes declare that he is seething with anger (but this anger is under tight control).

William *as he is being manhandled* Don't burst a blood-vessel! I haven't come here to harm His Majesty.

Lisa is terrified, on William's behalf. The King stands: aloof, haughty, offended that any man (let alone William) should burst into his bedchamber during a proposed seduction. Throughout this scene, we are reminded of that fabulous painting by John Pettie (1882) where the artist depicts Charles's illegitimate son (the Duke of Monmouth) grovelling at the feet of King James II (Charles's younger brother).

The King stares witheringly at William but speaks rather to the leader of the musical group.

Remember that the musicians are behind a screen, so the camera will have to be in position such as to include the musicians in camera range.

King Charles *coldly* Master Briar! This piece (at which you had been exerting yourself ere this jackanapes vaulted in) is very fine. It pleases me well.

Master Briar quickly stands to bow to his king.

Master Briar *somewhat obsequious* Thank you, Sire.

King Charles *still staring coldly at William* 'Tis your own invention, then?

Master Briar Yes, My Liege. Indeed ... I fashioned it in honour of your very gracious majesty.

King Charles And doth it have a title, this lovely air?

Master Briar Indeed, Sire. Begging Your Grace's pardon! It is named "Chamber Musique For A Witty King". I meant no offence, of course.

King Charles *still cold and incalculable* A witty king? Shitty more like it, how ill am I used!

William (with the two henchmen still very close) begins to speak, merely getting out some sound, which is overborne by the King.

King Charles *now commanding authoritatively* Then continue to play, Mr Briar, until otherwise commanded, and do not allow the ingress of a vile upstart knave (such as we see before us) to intrude upon its rhythmic stanzas.

The musicians all stand and bow, and then (under the direction of the nervous Master Briar), they recommence the lovely piece of music. Charles, still not averting his steely gaze from William's face, signals lazily with his elegant fingers that the two servants should stand back, away from William. They do so. William (breathing hard) and Lisa share a look, and then William drops to his knees. The King folds his arms.

King Charles *haughty* Well? Let us hear your plaint.

William *impulsive* Sire, take off my head or any part of me: but spare the girl. Let me have the girl. I love her: I love her to the world's end.

I promise you, with all my faithful, loyal heart, Sir, that I will reward your munificence by taking you into the sky to fly like a bird. Then safe to Earth again. I swear it if you let me have my girl as my wife. I can do it. You'll see your most beloved country

spread out before you: rivers, lakes, hills, meadows. All your subjects who love you and wish you to prosper ... you'd gaze down on them from on high.

Please, please ...

You could get any woman, so great is the love of your people for your Royal Majesty.

But I love only Lisa, and I want her to be my wife. And she loves me to Hell's gate.

William looks up into Charles's eyes. There is absolutely no change in His Majesty's demeanour.

William *whispers* For pity's sake, Majesty: let me have my Lisa.

We see Lisa, trying to stop herself from crying, her fingers to her lips.

We see Barbara Villiers who is absolutely emotional on having witnessed this scene. She dabs at her eyes with a shred of lace.

King Charles relaxes. He has given in. He gives a mocking smile and bows with a flourish to William.

King Charles *pleasant* Get up man! You create a hazard to the horses by stooping there.

As William stands, relieved, the King turns his attention to Lisa. Charles kisses Lisa's hand, and then, with delightful affection, her lips.

King Charles *gently* Who then shall bed me this night? For I dare not sleep alone. That might cause me to caress my royal member in my sleep, and you must know, sweet Lisa, that such self-meddling could damage my reputation with the angels.

Lisa looks askance. She has no idea how to respond to this. Barbara Villiers saves her, by revealing her presence to the King. In a slightly stooping posture, she sneaks into the bedroom.

Barbara I am so touched, My Liege. I ... Oh! this is so very romantic. A proposal in a king's own bedchamber ...

As the lovely music continues to play, the King looks about at all the people now gathered in his bedchamber. Barbara decides to steer the situation to her own advantage. She steps forward, no longer adopting a "menial" posture, and holds out her dainty hands to her King.

Barbara *sweet as honey* Your Majesty ... I offer to you my womanly services for this night.
 Nothing could please me more. It will be as it used to be.

King Charles gazes at his former mistress in a measuring way. Meanwhile, William takes Lisa's hand to support her, and makes to lead her from the room. Without looking at these two, without taking his gaze off Barbara, the King makes further demands.

King Charles *authoritatively* Stay! I have more to speak towards you love-doves. Remain just
 as you are until I settle my accounts with *La Villiers*.

Barbara blushes, fanning herself quickly.

King Charles *to Barbara* Lady, I understand that you wish to be restored to your former
 position as *La Maîtresse En Titre*, to once more share my bed. But
 know this: I am a demanding king. I trow that I make such an
 indifferent cuckold.

There is malice in his words. But Barbara is more than a match for him.

Barbara *silken* And in your bed, I rise to the very peak of perfection, my Liege.
 Yet, could I envisage the height of my ecstasy were I not to taste
 of other fruits. Merely for comparison, Sire.

King Charles *sneers* As an excuse for infidelity, that one is *ne plus ultra*. Next you'll
 claim to be practising new skills with the men of Cathay in order to
 please me.

Charles's eyes bore into Barbara, like flints. His mouth hardens.

King Charles *stern* Apart from God and the angels, I am the highest and most
 majestic body in this land. I'll fuck where I want to fuck. Whoever
 pleases me (and let me be plain that the lady must be willing: I
 will not indulge in rape) shall enjoy the loving company of my
 person and will not suffer from my passion. Your bastards from
 my loins are my beloved children, come what may.

But I expect fidelity of all things. If my lover strays to the beds of
 other men, she is no more to me.

Barbara resorts to weeping, whilst at the same time appearing beautiful and desirable.

King Charles *softening* No tears, Madame. I cannot resist tears, as you know. My iron will is broken at a stroke.

[Turns to William: jovial]

I blame my jester for my unmanly softness which rivals the butter pat. Aye! He hath brought me undone with his kneeling, and his desperate pleading ...

The King wanders over to the musicians to dismiss them for a break. In deep background, with bows towards the King, the musicians exit the bedchamber, along with their music stands and instruments. The King wanders back in the silence, towards William and Lisa.

King Charles *businesslike* Now, Jack! 'Tis clear that you love this very handsome maid whom you have stolen from my arms. Owing to this grating loss of mine, you will be held to your promises to marry your lover. And that as soon as may be.

The King studies William, then shouts for his servant Thomas. The man whisks himself into the room, making an elegant leg as he bows to his King.

King Charles *to Thomas* Fetch my lords Buckingham and Arlington to me this instant, even should they be amusing themselves withal.

Barbara now hits the King in his raw spot: his self-worship in regard to his flight from England whilst under attainder as plain Charles Stuart.

Barbara *eager* Sire! Let it be a green wedding, befitting of Jack's calling.

William and Lisa are mystified. King Charles looks a question.

Barbara He is Jack O' The Green! So, his wedding must be all in green: all the witnesses, and all the wedding party ... even **you**, Your Majesty. All dressed cap-a-pie in woodland green.

King Charles *pleased* That likes me well, my dear. I' faith: I'll be your supporter, Jack, as you cleave to Lisa.

William *nodding* "Cleaving" sounds handy. I might prove to be good at that.

Barbara *eager* All of us waving oak branches!

They must be married under *your* oak tree at Boscobel. 'Twould be a triumph! 'Twould honour Your Gracious Majesty's marvellous deliverance from the hands of Cromwell's filthy Roundheads. And add glamour to your already glorious reign.

King Charles *more pleased, musing*

This ... This likes me very well. I'll commission an artist to --

Thomas bows in Lord Arlington and the Duke of Buckingham, both of whom have slung on silken dressing gowns over their nightshirts and their wigs are somewhat askew. The two men are surprised but manage passable bows.

King Charles *to Buckingham*

Ah, Georgie. Won't you send out to our dear friend, Father Huddleston that we make almost immediately for the Royal Oak at Boscobel. He is to ready himself to officiate at the troth-pledging of these two turtledoves here. It is my wish that their liaison be formed correctly before the eyes of God. I trust no-one more than Huddleston for this. He hath proved himself my saviour in many ways, all things considered.

Thither we'll travel on the morrow, and you must kit yourself out in forest green. Such a restful colour, is it not?

Further, if any matter should require my attention, 'twill be dealt with on our progress to Boscobel.

The Duke of Buckingham bows low, then leaves the room.

King Charles *to Arlington*

And Hennet, you will stand as father to this comely bride. Permit her to lean upon your arm as she approaches her bridegroom, all pale with trepidation as she must be.

So, I shall support the groom, and you will support the bride.

Lord Arlington is surprised but recovers quickly. He makes a small bow to Lisa.

Lord Arlington

'Twill be my honour, Lady.

King Charles

And green attire is *de rigueur*, my friend. Let that be clearly understood by all those courtiers and leaches who may choose to

accompany us thence. In green, or they will be sent home.

King Charles waves Arlington away, and the latter exits with grace and dignity.

King Charles *urbane* You see, Jack? I wish it and it shall be done. And do not forget, my friend and jester, that you have promised me a bird-like tour of my lands. I doubt it that you can compass this, but then: you have surprised me greatly and yet proved to be a man of your word.

William I look forward to taking Your Majesty into the skies.

King Charles *dismissive* Then go. I have much work to do here.

The King indicates with a wave of his hand that William and Lisa are to leave his bedchamber. They bow/curtsey, and then escape the bedroom.

King Charles nears Barbara and begins to stroke her.

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

William and Lisa rejoin the merry party-makers.

William *wondering* How long will that take us on horseback? From London to Shropshire?

Lisa *disgusted* No idea.

Erg! He was actually going to make love to me with all those people in the room. Can you believe it?

William Yes. All things considered, they'd be quite used to it.

Lisa Well I'm not! Thanks for rescuing me, by the way. Your speech was gold.

William *shrugs* We'll go through with it (the wedding, I mean) and then forget all about it, when we get back to normal. It's just too weird.

Lisa Oh, of course. It can't be legally binding, can it?

Just think, the King kissed me on the lips. In one way it's a gross-out, but in another way ...

William Tongue?

Lisa No, just lips. And no touchy-feely, thank God. I'm sure he was about to give me the old "Royal fondle" when you burst in.

William laughs.

🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀 **Break** 🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀

Back in 1986, Lisa finds herself alone at her front door.

Lisa No ... our marriage will not be legally binding, Squadron Leader Pendlebury ... even if you gave a faithful promise to an English King. As you said, just too weird ...

END OF SCENE

IV, Scene v: 1668 The Royal Oak at Boscobel, The Green Wedding

A majestic cavalcade has made its way from London to Boscobel, in Shropshire.

Over a few days, King Charles II and several members of his court have ridden on horseback, staying at the homes of royal supporters along the way. On this (the day of the wedding), wedding guests and horses alike are sporting various shades of green.

| |
|---------------------------------|
| The Majesty of King Charles II. |
|---------------------------------|

King Charles gives the impression of being a natural horseman and keen rider. His beast is a superb creature: a huge, imposing animal with perfect points. On his steed's back, the King appears lazy and careless of form, so relaxed is he.

| |
|---|
| A Special Day For The Bride and Her Bridegroom. |
|---|

A very large, handsome animal bears a cumbersome, heavy double-saddle designed for a mounted rider/servant with a passenger sitting in comfort directly behind him. (Other than in a coach, this was probably the safest way to convey gentlewomen in those times. It was just such an equipage which formed part of Charles's disguise when he acted servant to Jane Lane.) William, wearing his green jungle camouflage kit, is the rider, with Lisa (a vision in apple green silks, feathers and lace) perched behind him. Her hands rest lightly on William's waist.

Lisa for William's ears only Here we go again! I was sorting out my dirty washing when –ZAP! – and here I am in an antiquated saddle. What were you doing?

William chuckles Actually, if you must know, I was doing my duty to Ma's garden, and I was pissing on the lemon tree. I'll just quickly check that I've disposed myself correctly, having been interrupted at such a crucial moment ... Ah, yes! All good!

Lisa giggling This is really too bizarre!

| |
|--------------------------------------|
| The Wedding Party Approach Boscobel. |
|--------------------------------------|

As the party nears the Royal Oak, well-wishers and other locals line the way, waving oak branches, and passing same to the equestrians.

There is much disjointed, lively and merry chatter, and several of the riders are heard to complain that they have been in the saddle for days.

Father Huddleston and a couple of local dignitaries take up their position under the oak tree. They bow as Charles rides near them.

Lisa for William's ears only God! I was just thinking: we'll have to give up driving for a while, until this time-travel business fades away. Can you imagine how grisly if either you or I were to be whisked off to Court whilst tearing along the M4? I can't even think of what could happen!

William puzzled I don't get it. The Cabal boys know that their world is about to cave-in on them; yet, they're as happy as children at a Christmas party.

Several young woman and children waving oak branches which have green and white ribbons attached rush up to the horse carrying William and Lisa. They continually call out "Hail to the bride! Hail to the bride!" William slides easily from the saddle, then stretches up to assist Lisa to dismount. For the benefit of the small crowd gathered around them, William pulls Lisa into his arms and kisses her ardently. Funnily enough, this is the first time that he has kissed his bride.

The assembled women give out a collective sigh.

William whispers as he holds Lisa I'm not holding you to this marriage, even though it's starting to look very serious in the Man of God department.

Lisa You've already said that. Are you going to tell my sister Rachenda about this?

William appalled Christ no! I'm pretty sure that she's gone off me completely.

Lisa wicked Stephan Roth the Second has ditched me as a lost cause and is in the running for my sister. You'll have to lift your game.

William surprised Joking.

At this point, the females gush around Lisa. Our camera backs away as William wanders up to Father Huddleston, and the King (to whom he bows before shaking his hand). Further back goes our camera: Lord Arlington approaches Lisa and takes her in hand, patting her dainty fingers as they rest on his arm.

| |
|-------------------------------------|
| The Holy Union of Lisa and William. |
|-------------------------------------|

From a nice distance, the simple green wedding of William and Lisa takes place under the oak tree at Boscobel. It is a beautiful, bucolic scene. Girls hold flowers, the wedding guests hold and wave oak

branches. Lisa is accompanied to the oak tree by a sympathetic Lord Arlington (working at comforting any misgivings felt by the bride), while William looks on fondly.

We can see, but not hear, Father Huddleston marrying the young couple. William and Lisa kneel on green cushions, provided by the local gentry. The King seems pleased and in his best mood, as William's supporter. The chamber musique composed by Master Briar plays delightfully (full orchestra) and the whole effect is utterly divine.

| |
|-------------------------------|
| Aethelbart Is Busy Sketching. |
|-------------------------------|

The camera backs off even more, to indicate that Aethelbart is sitting at a safe distance, sketching the wedding scene. William spots him, and walks purposefully towards the artist, leaving the guests standing about chatting as they drink wine. We can see William's camouflage kit as we look at Aethelbart's sketch. Music: same lovely theme, but very much softer.

William Hi! I notice that you've been busy sketching. Could I ask you to lend me some of them? You see –

Aethelbart Yes, they'll come to you, young man, but not directly.

William Witt Baldface told me that you've been around since the Conquest, pencil-sketching scenes from history.

Aethelbart Yes, I've seen it all. But the pencil only came in about 100 years ago. Before that, it was charcoal. This is a very nice remembrance of your wedding. I'll take it home and wash it over with colour for you.

William Do you know who killed the Princes in the Tower, then?

Aethelbart Well, I can tell you that it definitely wasn't Henry VII.

William Shit! Then it **was** Richard III.

Aethelbart And it weren't him neither.

William Who then?

Aethelbart laughs harshly.

Aethelbart And your other question was?

William Yes, I did think of something else. I just can't quite –

Aethelbart You want to know who was the real Shakespeare.

William Of course! That's it.

Aethelbart snorts.

Aethelbart It wasn't William Shakespeare, but you knew that already. He was just a crummy small-time capitalist who could barely string two words together without the aid of a lexicon. All he cared for were bums on seats, and something to show them. And keeping the talent happy.

William Then who?

Aethelbart snorts again, then spits deliberately.

William I really need those drawings you've done, especially at Segler's and at The Orangery.

Aethelbart *matter of fact* Yes, for your Pilot Graeme Threlkeld.

William *surprised* Do you know who I really am, then?

Aethelbart Squadron Leader William Pendlebury of the RAF base at Raxforth near Cadbury. You'll get them, just be patient.

William is dubious and makes that evident by his body language.

Aethelbart I told you that you'd get them! I promise you. You'll get them through the agency of a puck.

William *surprised* What? A Midsummer Night's Dream kind of Puck?

Aethelbart Boy, you really love your Shakespeare, don't you? They'll be wanting you at the wedding breakfast. Don't forget to thank everyone but most of all your bride. She's a much better bet than that empty-headed sister of hers. Oh, and by the way, I've no intention of bearing pictorial witness to your wedding night. You

and your pretty bride are safe from my scratchings.

William *grinning*

You ought to try it. Never know, you might make a fortune. Pornography is very popular amongst the dateless and desperate in my era.

Aethelbart

Nah, tried it. I got too excited and broke the lead in my pencil.

END OF SCENE

IV, Scene vi: 1668, The Royal Escape Inn, Boscobel, William and Lisa Are On Their Honeymoon

In the small inn (named "The Royal Escape") King Charles and the Duke of Buckingham are still dressed in green. They stand about in a narrow upstairs passageway (lit by lanterns). They drink wine, and both men appear to be enjoying the situation.

William steps into the passage from another room. He is dressed in a high-quality man's linen nightshirt, which probably had belonged to the King, and is followed into the passageway by the King's servant, Thomas. The King and the Duke turn to look William over. Thomas stands quietly in the background.

King Charles *smooth* Ah, Jack! Ready for your big night?

William bows with as much dignity as a man can find when he is dressed in a nightshirt.

William *smiles* Yes, Sire. Very ready. Hope I'll perform as befits an eager, loving husband.

This speech greatly pleases the King and Buckingham.

Buckingham Well spoke! Well spoke!

King Charles Excellent!

We move off to reside under the roof of the Earl of Cate. A sometime brute of a man, but excellent hunting to be found in his

company, naitheless.

Besides, he hath promised us a haunch of pork, and so on. And always the finest of wine and cheeses, along with fruits from his lady's hothouse. The temptations of the flesh, Jack, lure us thither with full force.

We shall progress back to London in some few days when we are fat with luxury.

Buckingham laughs heartily, toasting the King with his goblet of wine.

King Charles You, Jack, and your lovely bride may stay here under my grace and favour. That would hold good for any man, I trow.

And when you have done with your month of honey mead, as they say, my own man Thomas will safe deliver you to your cottage. Stay as long as you wish. That must please me greatly.

William *overwhelmed* Your Majesty is very kind. How can I --

Buckingham *twinkling* Get yourself between the flaps, Jack and make me proud of you. Be bullish, man! Be bullish!

William *humbled* I must thank you both for your kindness to Lisa and me. Truly, no man could be happier than I am.

Buckingham *becoming outrageous* Think of me, young bridegroom, as you plough your furrow. Make sons! Bonny sons to stride out with you through wood and forest. By Jove! If you do not bustle yourself, Jack, I'll take your place in the nuptial couch.

[As we learn in film #4, William and Lisa have five daughters (no boys), including a set of twins.]

The King lazily pats William's upper arm.

King Charles Fare ye well. Enjoy it ... They do not stay young and supple forever ...

The Duke gleefully rubs his hands together, and winks broadly at William, who bows once more as he disappears into the bedchamber set aside for the wedding night.

On entering the dimly lit room, in which a good fire burns merrily in the large stone fireplace, William sees two tire women fussing over Lisa. They are brushing her hair and tidying her few belongings. Lisa looks towards William. She is at her most beautiful. It is time for William to use his best Squadron leader voice.

William *loud, forceful* Out!

The two startled handmaidens quickly bob curtsies and then whisk themselves out of the room.

William locks the door, then leans back against it. William signals to Lisa (through the agency of mime) that there are people on the other side of the door listening, and that they must take care what they say.

Lisa *whispers* What are you wearing?

William *whispers* This is your basic 17th century gentleman's night attire.
Guaranteed to stir any maiden's heart.

Above the crackling of the fire, the married couple hear the King and the Duke chatting and laughing immoderately not far from the bedchamber. William seems unwilling to move away from the door. Lisa is concerned and bites her lip, then she perceptibly brightens. She smiles naughtily.

Lisa *aloud, so as to be heard* Oooh, Jack! Must you do that? Must your hands rest there? Is this what happens on a bride's first night?

William looks at Lisa, pensively, a smile almost playing on his lips. The bride holds up a warning finger. They listen. There are more unseemly comments from the Duke, which cause the King to laugh. Lisa grins very naughtily.

Lisa *even louder* Jack! Husband! What are you doing? Is that great thing supposed to go inside me? Will it not hurt?

Lisa lies on the bed and makes some movements which will sound interesting to their audience. She rolls about groaning, squeaking and loudly catching her breath. After a while she relaxes. William, still at his post at the door, appears to be listening hard. Then, he smiles. The King and the Duke have moved away. Lisa giggles, still lying on the bed, covering her mouth with her hands.

William strolls to the fire. He stares down into the flames, pensive. He speaks to Lisa without turning towards her.

Music: the chamber musique theme, played by full symphony orchestra.

William By all reports, you are supposed to have a "gypsy spirit". But the impression I got was of staid conventionality.

Lisa sits up on the bed, her head to one side.

Lisa *reasonable* I thought that I'd been going outside my comfort zone with great alacrity. For someone who didn't travel the Old Silk Road like some people did, I feel that I've done okay with all this time travel and et cetera.

William *staring at the fire* Your parents make out that you're living a Bohemian life, making everyone blush with embarrassment at your outrageous behaviour. I don't see anything outlandish in you. I wonder what gave them the idea in the first place.

Lisa *offended* It's not about that!

William *softly* What then?

Lisa *trying to explain* It's the Sloan Ranger thing. I just simply avoid all that stuff, and it seems odd to my family.

Oh, you know, PLU ("people like us") at exclusive clubs getting hopelessly drunk; despising anyone without a title.

Pretending to be avant-garde but in fact being plain useless. They get positions at companies because the boss likes to speak about all the "honourables" he has working for him. But they're a waste of time.

I do secretarial temping in order to help out people like your brother who seem to be drowning in disorganized work (rather than too much work). And I'm in the TA to really give me a sense of purpose.

William Your folks should be proud of you, then, and not deprecate you.

Lisa They want two Rachendas. They want the look, the persona, the lifestyle. Getting photographed at St Tropez or Ipanema.

Do you know? The only time my photograph made it to the paper

was when I joined a protest march and was dragged off by two policewomen. I tell you, my mother was mortified.

There is a long silence while William stares broodingly into the fire.

Lisa does not know what to do or say.

Lisa *tentative* Wills?

With a heavy sigh, William leaves the fire, turning and moving into the centre of the room. He looks at his wife measuringly.

William I can't see what any of this has to do with freeing the pilot. I'm no closer to understanding the strange words that the murdered man said. I thought I'd get a chink of light here, but ... Nothing!

Frustrated, William strolls over to the window.

William Don't jump down my throat; let me have my say out in full.

Lisa *surprised* Of course. Go ahead!

William Sledge-hammer frankness: this wedding is a distraction. A bloody distraction! However, it's got me in well with the King, and some of the Cabal. So maybe I can use it to advantage. I dunno.

[Pause]

I'm not making sense, am I?

Look, George is the one for the girls. As a boy, he was a sex-crazed, female-chaser. He loved loving women. And I just have never been like that. We're brothers, for sure! But I'm not like him in that absolute passion he has (had) for "the chase".

But when I walked into this room after bowing to a King of England, and I saw you ... I've never, ever seen anything or anyone so utterly beautiful. I never will again. It's my wedding night, and I'm the happiest man in the Universe.

However, I'm supposed to be concentrating on saving that poor, wretched boy.

William strips off the King's borrowed nightshirt.

William *smiling* See? I'm saluting you, now. Take off your nightie. To Hell with it. I'm wasting time with thinking of big-eared murderers and "singing to the Cabal". Let's have a raunchy wedding night, shall we?

Lisa *nervously* I'm up for it.

William *trying to amuse* Actually, of the two of us, I'm more "up" than you. Just a slight biological difference. Nothing to worry about ...

Naked, the couple come together, kissing. Initially they are somewhat circumspect. Then they become ardent. As William buries his head in Lisa's breast, the scene ends abruptly.

END OF SCENE

IV, Scene vii: 1986, The Garden At Thornbury, Night Time

It is a beautiful summer's night, with a clear starlit sky and a half moon. George is pissing on the lemon tree at Thornbury, whistling through his teeth.

Suddenly, William (stark naked) appears in the garden nearby to where George stands. George gets a helluva fright. We don't have to see all of William's anatomy: the conversation between the brothers will give enough detail!

William *horrified* Shit!

George *startled* What?

William *devastated* **Oh no!**

George You idiot, what are you ...?

George then takes note of his distraught younger brother's nakedness, and of his aroused state.

George *blinking* Wills, you have the most stonking todge; gold medal Olympic standard. Now, if this is a declaration of brotherly love, I can tell

you right now that it's a total waste of time.

William is in a world of disappointment.

William *devastated* Oh no! I was just about to make the grand entrance. Ready to slide into Loveland. Shit a brick!

George looks around quickly, as if searching for someone hidden in the garden.

George Where's the lady? Are we not alone in the garden? Have I been pissing on the lemon tree in full sight of your lady-love?

William No! She's not ... I'm married! I was on my honeymoon at Boscobel. Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

George Wha'? **Married?**

George watches William stalk off.

George Where are you going?

William To get dressed, borrow Dad's car, drive over to Arlington House and bonk the missus.

George *roundly* Well, you're not going inside like that for my wife and children to see. Just stay here. Whilst you recover your equanimity, I'll find you some clobber, and fetch the car keys. Can't go in like that.

George stares at his brother, shaking his head, then they both burst out laughing. They shake hands very warmly.

George Congrats on getting married, by the way. Mum'll be delirious. It's the lovely Lisa, isn't it?

William *nods* Lord Arlington gave her away and King Charles was my best man.

George *lifts eyebrows* Oh ... Right ... Of course. I expected no less.

The phone rings inside as George wanders inside the house. Then George calls out to William.

George Phone for you, Wills. I've a towel here. Cover your dignity.

William Who is it?

George Your new father-in-law, as it happens.

William *worried* Christ! He's found out ...

William hurriedly wraps the towel around him, at the same time holding the handset to his ear by clinching his shoulder.

William *into the phone* Lord Highgrove. How are you, Sir?

[Listens]

Oh ... I see.

Well, yes I am very disappointed.

[Listens]

Yes, I'm sure she'll be happy. My heart is broken, of course. But that's neither here nor there. I'd planned ...

[Listens] Her sister? Yes ... I'd like to meet her. Would tonight be convenient? I'm rather ...

[Listens] Of course. I'll motor over right away. And thank you for calling.

William replaces the handset. Wills makes a mischievous face. George is looking at him.

George Well?

William looks utterly innocent.

William That was my father-in-law. Lisa's father. He was riven with guilt that my fiancée (Rachenda, with whom I'm barely acquainted) has fallen in love with Lisa's intended (whom Lisa doesn't know from Adam): and he wonders if I might care to meet the sister as consolation. He'd like to introduce me to Lisa, in spite of her rather unorthodox lifestyle. I'm heading off straight away so to do.

George Ah! ... I hope you find this substitute sister all that you'd hoped. Really, isn't all this kind of medieval: hereditary ties, marrying into the right family, meeting the bride for the first time at the altar?

William Maybe so ... The landed gentry *do* cling rapaciously to the past. With merry Charles Stuart involved, it might well have been *droits*

de seigneur.

Anyway, I'm sure that this sister (Miss Lisa Arlington) will prove a lovely girl.

[Confidential]

Matter of fact, I was just getting very familiar with her tits when –

George *interrupts rudely*

Are you going to tell him? Lord Highgrove? That you're his SOL?

William *thinks for a while.*

William

Nah. Let him sweat. He's feeling dreadful about the whole situation, and I'm just snaky enough to use that fact to my advantage. Machiavelli's got *nothin'* on me!

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

William *is about to take off in Gordon's car.*

William Rightiho! Off we go to consummate the nuptials.

George Have fun!

William What's this called exactly: "whoring for Britain"?

George Yes, but will it get your pilot off the manslaughter charge?

William Anything's possible!

William *drives off into the night, waving briefly to his brother through the window. George watches the car disappear, then shakes his head, chuckling.*

George *to himself* "And King Charles was my best man." Typical ...

END OF SCENE

END OF ACT IV

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## ACT V

### V, Scene i: 1986, Arlington House

*Lisa takes an opportunity to inform her parents of her changed status. No music.*

- Lisa                                    I'm moving out in the next couple of days. Just so you know. It's not because I don't love it here ... of course, I do, but ...
- Mum ... Dad ... I met William Pendlebury in another life, and we've just recently re-united and then we fell in love.
- The short version is that we've ... we're married. We were made man and wife under the Royal Oak at Boscobel. Everyone was dressed in green. People actually waved oak branches. It was a very beautiful ceremony, with the sun shining and –
- Lady Highgrove *aghast*        A hippy wedding! Oh, my God! How **could** you, Lisa?
- Lord Highgrove *severe*        I know this Pendlebury. Seems a decent, no-nonsense sort of chap. What did he think of this unorthodox ceremony?
- Flabbergasted, I suppose.
- Lisa                                    It was his idea. You wanted me to find someone nice. So ... I did. And I'm married.
- Lady Highgrove                    You assumed that your parents would not want to be present at your wedding?
- astounded*
- Lisa *inventive*                    I told you, William decided that we would marry, there and then, under King Charles's oak tree at Boscobel. There was a festival of people dressed in green and they gathered around us. It was

magic, that's all. I'm so sorry that you missed it, but it wasn't actually "planned".

*Lisa's parents are bereft, as if she had just delivered the worst possible news.*

Lisa *cajoling*                      Come on, be happy for me. I really, really love him.

*Lady Highgrove cries, but manages to hug her daughter. Lord Highgrove is also very affectionate.*

END OF SCENE

## **V, Scene ii:** 1986, George's Office at Stradbrokes

*No music.*

*George is in his office, which is utterly choked by all sorts of badly placed furniture, piles of folders, papers and books, and general untidiness. George is speaking sharply to someone on the telephone.*

George *frustrated*                      Has that blasted temp turned up yet? I'm sinking into this quicksand up to my armpits as we –

*There is a brief knock on the door of George's office.*

George *calls out*                      Ah! Come in, for God's sake.

*[Into the receiver]*

Thanks, she's here.

*George hangs up, runs his hand through his hair, then looks lost. He stares at Lisa, who smiles at him. George tries to remember.*

George *surprised*                      But you're ... aren't you Lisa?

Lisa *smiling sweetly*                      Hello Mr Pendlebury. Nice to meet you again. I'm your new temp.

*George recovers, breathes a sigh of relief, then steps forward to shake Lisa's hand. Going for broke, he moves in and kisses her cheek for good measure.*

George                                      Mrs Pendlebury. You're a sight for sore eyes. Call me George. Can

you drag me out of this morass?

Lisa *looking about*

Yes.

George

Confident. I like that for starters.

Lisa

Of course. Best way to jump out of the starting blocks.

Wills introduced me to your parents last evening. They're wonderful.

They've asked Wills and I to move into your old bedroom until we get organized. That's not too spooky for you, is it?

George *delighted*

My old room at Thornbury? No, I love that notion. Absolutely super! Fab!

*Lisa puts down her handbag and looks about her in a speculative way.*

Lisa

So ... let's get this lot sorted out, shall we?

END OF SCENE

### **V, Scene iii:** 1986, "Our First Fight", George's Old Bedroom

*Music: The "love theme" written by Master Briar played by a solo flute.*

*William and Lisa have temporarily moved into George's old room at Thornbury. But it looks like the honeymoon is absolutely over.*

*Lisa is angrily hurling anything that she can find into a suitcase. William stands in the doorway, appearing utterly lost and at sea. He does not understand what he has done to upset his bride. She is close to tears and shakes with her temper tantrum.*

Lisa *angrily*

Why do we bother to go on faking this bloody marriage? It's only a rotten distraction for you, anyway.

William

What have I said to upset you?

Lisa *vicious* You spoke your mind, as usual, expecting me to go along with your crappy ideas. Well, no more, Flyboy! No more!

William I just mentioned that I thought it might be a good idea to keep going with the fake marriage until at least we see this thing through. That's all I said, Honey.

Lisa *uncontrolled rage* Here! You moron! Take your stinking ring and shove it up your arse. I'm going home to the complete humiliation of having to tell my parents that I'm **not** going to be moving out after all.

*Lisa drags King Charles's ring from her finger and hurls it blindly at her husband. It bounces off the mirror and lands somewhere on the floor.*

William *surprised* **My** ring? I never gave you a ring.

Lisa *furious beyond words* Oh, yes you did, you swine. You bastard! "This wedding is nothing but a distraction." Rachenda and you would have been **perfect** together.

William No, Lisa, where did you get the ring?

Lisa *savage* You put it on my finger at just about the same time that you swore undying love to me. I could just claw your eyes out, Squadron Leader Pendlebury.

*Lisa (acting like a she-cat) lunges at William, wanting to maim him with her fingernails. William steps deftly around his wife and has pinned her down from behind as she struggles and yells at him. He tries to calm her by speaking normally, and by rocking her gently.*

William I remember ... I remember ... King Charles handed me that ring ... It's his ring! God almighty ... How many people can say that their wedding ring belonged to King Charles!

Lisa *weeping and savage* I can't even begin to tell you how impressed Father was when he saw you in your RAF mess dress, No 5 uniform weighed down with all your shiny medals. His eyes lit up: "damn good breeding stock there". That's how he sees you. That's why he passed you from Rachenda to me. You're nothing but a bull with semen-laden

testicles in his eyes.

William *trying not to laugh* Sh! Sh! Just relax. Just relax. Sh! Sh!

*Lisa sobs, but is no longer fighting against William. He continues to rock her gently from behind while trying to hide his laughter, his cheek pressed against her hair. He kisses her tenderly, humming softly. After a few seconds, William lets Lisa go, and hunts on the floor for the ring. Lisa sits on the bed, sobbing.*

William *triumphant, holding up the ring* Found it!  
I'll give it over to Laurence. Do you have a chain or something? I could put it around my neck for safe-keeping.

*There is no answer.*

William Never mind. I might have a neck chain somewhere.  
And I'll buy you a proper wedding ring of your own, with a matching engagement ring. Wedding cake! I'll get you some wedding cake and champagne. That'll cheer you up.

*William walks over to his wife, then scoops her up into his arms, sitting down on the bed while still holding her in his arms. There is more soothing and rocking. Lisa snuggles her head into William's neck. The scene looks ready to become a love-scene.*

END OF SCENE

## **V, Scene iv:** 1986, Thornbury, Interview With Dynon: Night

*Walter and Sylvia Dynon have long been in the habit of visiting with the Pendlebury family once a month. This month, the venue is Thornbury. William and Lisa have just arrived. They will be taking up residence at Thornbury as a temporary measure, taking over George's old room.*

*We interrupt them as they sit down to dinner, amid lots of laughter, good-natured banter and merriment.*

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*Music: background music from a radio or gramophone.*

William I call her my better half, but we're not really married. Not in the strict sense of the Law.

Gordon *glancing at Lisa* Look out! You'll catch it, talking like that.

Lisa *pretending to be miffed* I just can't imagine why anyone would claim that we are not man and wife, when the officiating priest was one of the most famous RC clerics in English History.

Gordon *surprised* RC?

William *argumentative* "Most famous" if you don't count Cardinal Wolsey and Thomas à Becket that is. It was Father Huddleston who spliced us. Not many couples around these days who can claim that honour, I should think.

Gordon It was a Roman Catholic wedding? You never told me that.

William The King organized it in a hurry, and that's what he came up with.

Dynon *surprised* The King?

*Sylvia leans forward, excited.*

Sylvia *to Lisa* What did you wear?

William *crushingly* We all had to wear green. It was a shocker.

Lisa *ignoring the interruption* Barbara Villiers somehow took me under her wing, and I was loaned a superb silken round gown, with a divine Flemish lace tucker and --

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

*Dynon and William stand in the sunroom. Dynon has been provided with a balloon of brandy. William prefers Scotch on the rocks.*

Dynon Now, about your young pilot. I'm no longer on the case, see?



They've brought in a whizz-kid: nosing about like a terrier that's sniffed-out a rat. Arjun Karpeth is his mono. Upwardly mobile in the sense of "bring your own stepladder and kick anyone off it who might stand in your way".

He wants to interview the Allendales and (drum roll), I believe he's sought a search warrant so that he can go-over Segler's Hall.

William *astounded*

The Allendales? But Pilot Threlkeld has never *met* them? What's he playing at, this gun investigator?

Dynon *closer*

Listen, Wills! This conversation we're about to have never took place, right?

William *nonplussed*

Sure ... okay ...

Dynon

I have to tell you because it might help with the pilot.

You've been keeping up-to-date with this Grimsby financial mayhem, I suppose?

Michael Cremorne (who was the victim of that murder your pilot is implicated in) used to work for Grimsby's. But before that it was called Otterhead Financial Services. Big boys in the City. Highest stakes. Grimsby's took over Otterhead a few months ago.

William *amazed*

Is that the link? Both Roger and Michael Cremorne worked at Grimsby's?

Dynon

Yes. And the fiscal tiddly-winks came to light because this Cremorne bloke discovered it.

This is the bit you're not going to like: Roger Allendale was one of the chief fiddlers.

*William gasps. Dynon looks at him in a measuring way, sips his brandy and nods solemnly.*

William *disbelieving*

I just can't grasp it.

Dynon

Way back in 1969, your uncle was up to his eyes in debt on account of the forthcoming society wedding of his only daughter

to an English baron. He and a few cute co-workers --

*William interrupting quickly*

But whoa! whoa! whoa! Hang on ... Roger made a packet from the Westania business. So did you, come to that.

Dynon

Certainly. A nice tidy little nest-egg. But Uncle Roger wasn't the clever money manager he thought himself. Ran through his share of the Westania money in world record time.

So, he turned to a lark which better suited his talents.

*William appalled*

That's right! I remember Laurie saying something at the time ...

*Camera focuses on William who appears shell-shocked. He goes back to something Laurence said in 1969.*

## FLASHBACK

*William relives the scene from Film #2, ACT I, scene v, where William was only 15 years old in 1969.*

Holly

What else, Laurie?

*Laurence draws a breath*

I was smoking out in the garden last evening (so as not to ignite the ubiquitous swathes of tulle and organdie) when Dad stalked up. He began to wax lyrical about the current credit squeeze and his major role in its inception. The fact that thousands of his fellow Englishmen will go down the drain seems to please him no end.

## END OF FLASHBACK

*William appalled*

Yes! Roger bragged about it in front of his family.

Dynon

White collar crime, it's called. Much less dramatic and less dangerous than holding-up a bank or credit union. And to a large extent, a certain amount of glamour and sophistication associated with it.

However, not so easy to get away with now that computers have taken over. That's another story.

*There is silence. William wanders about, trying to master his shock. Dynon relaxes with his brandy. He lowers his bulk into a chair.*

Dynon                               No ... it's the simplest plans that often land the best results.

For all those years, since 1969, Allendale and his chums had been bleeding Otterhead. Drip by drip ... But not so much that it would ever be noticed. Or so they thought. Grimsby's took over, which is when crafty Cremorne began his sleuthing.

The standard premise for these little schemes is for the bookkeeper to destroy all the incriminating papers. Only he never does that, does he? And he holds a satchel full of proof (none of which bears *his* signature) that exonerates him, whilst at the same time shopping his former colleagues.

That's where Roger Allendale had the cunning of a marsh fox.

William *snapping out of his reverie*   The "whizz-kid": you said that he'll have a search warrant?

Dynon                               That's right.

William *thinking fast*       He's going after the casket mentioned in Graeme Threlkeld's "singing to the Cabal" speech. The papers and the gold ...

Dynon                               That would seem to be the most obvious assumption. That's why I've told you (in complete confidence). A sorry tale, but it might help you and Threlkeld ...

William *still turning it over in his mind*   Yes, thanks ... Shit!

Dynon *chuckles*               I know. It's not looking good for --

*Dynon jumps up from the chair, seeming to have remembered something.*

Dynon *apologetic*            Good Lord! I almost forgot. The photographs of the victim that you asked for.

*Dynon pulls a small envelope from his shirt pocket. With gusty sighs and grunts, Dynon opens the envelope, handing two small photographs to William.*

Dynon                                           That's all that I could get for you, now that I've been reefed off the case. Sorry that they are post-mortem.

*William ponders the photographs, scratching his head.*

William *musling hard*                   I've seen this chap. I've definitely --

*[Realization strikes]*

Blimey! On Cadbury railway station, he handed me a party invite. Can you believe it: an invite to a party at my own Mother's old home!

Dynon                                           When was this?

William                                       A few days after Cremorne's death, as it happens. Bit weird, isn't it?

*William is flicking the two photographs between his fingers.*

William                                       Walter, let's put the cards on the table. Let's stretch this out so we understand what we're up against.

This Cremorne bloke is the dead-ringer for the 17<sup>th</sup> century owner of Segler's Hall: one Luke Allen à Dale. Roger, who inherited Segler's is probably related (same name, more or less). Roger has been fiddling Otterhoad-slash-Grimsbys, which Cremorne found out, then he was murdered, only he turned up before myself as this Luke dude ...

Blimey! It's way too complex for my poor brain to handle.

*William gets up and paces about, still flicking the photographs.*

*[William was wrong. The flustered businessman who gave him the written invitation to Segler's Landing on Cadbury railway station was in fact Hugh Lemmeter. Refer back to note in ACT III, Scene iii.]*

Dynon                                           If I can, I'll introduce you to the "terrier": Arjun Karpeth, he's called.

But remember, young William: I've said absolutely nothing to you

on this or any subject.

William *determined*      Well, I've got one trick up my sleeve. I'll run it up the flag pole to see who salutes. Let you know how that goes.

*Both men look at each other. Dynon raises his eyebrows and continues to sip his brandy.*

END OF SCENE

### **V, Scene v:** 1986, William Expects Red To Save The Day

*Music: very bright, chirpy, delightful.*

*William has made a flying visit to Segler's Hall. He is in the garden with his three teenage nephews (Toby's sons) and Rylance Bradley. They stand around Red, the former dog of Witt Baldface.*

*William holds out to Red the single thread he salvaged from Witt's unexpected appearance in Little Nellie, William's aeroplane.*

William *encouraging*      Now Red! Be a good boy and sniff this, then take me to the casket in the cellar. Come on, Red! Good boy!

*Red barks excitedly. Without warning, Red jumps at William in his excitement, almost knocking William over. The dog then eats the thread rather than sniffs it. William rights himself, still squatting. The boys have begun to laugh.*

William *anxious*      What ... Where's the thread?

Francis      Red swallowed it.

William *aghast*      Oh, shit no! That's my only clue! Aw, come on ...

*With the four boys rolling about in helpless laughter, William, trying not to laugh himself, attempts to retrieve the thread by sticking his hand into the dog's mouth. This causes more mirth among the boys, and the dog to become totally unmanageable.*

END OF SCENE

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## V, Scene vi: The Newlyweds Discussing The Dog And Other Things

*As if he is in exactly the same pose as in Film #2, ACT I, scene v, William stands in the gloom of the unlit bedroom, with just the ambient light from the window to illuminate him. William wears only a pyjama bottom, slung very low on his hips. He is musing about the various events which have occurred over the last few days. Lisa lies in bed, on her back, arms akimbo, watching William.*

*No music.*

William *annoyed with himself* ... A simple thread from some historic garment ... Our one decent clue ...

Lisa *waspish* Which you fed to the dog.

*William mutters something. He is not pleased.*

Lisa *apologetic* I was joking, darling.

*William shrugs his shoulders and sighs long and hard.*

Lisa *laughing* Oh, come on. That thread wasn't a clue. That's just fairytale, TV show stuff ... the brainy dog that sniffs Fred's shirt, then leads the cops to the gravesite. Really, Wills!

William *self-deprecating* Yes, well ... I thought that the dog would ... you know, sniff the thread and then ...

I know that as a supposedly intelligent man I was acting like a complete dope. I admit that.

Now -- I have nothing to go on ...

Lisa *forceful* Yes, you have.

You're missing the point, darling. The clue is with ***the pilot*** and you've not found it yet, because you've not asked the right questions.

*William makes a movement to indicate that he is annoyed and frustrated, as if he's about to tell his new wife to shut her cakehole.*

Lisa *persistent* You and the lawyer and the gabby welfare officer ... you've all assumed that Threlkeld (is that his name?) went to the pub

because he was thirsty or out on a spree or looking to get laid. Or whatever.

If you were going to murder someone, and wanted to implicate someone else in that murder, you'd plan it. I mean, wouldn't you? You'd plan it.

So all I'm saying is that someone, somewhere made **sure** that your pilot was in **that** spot at **that** time. Get him in position, then strike. Otherwise, the plan to make him the patsy falls through as soon as forensics have completed their investigations. That's all I'm saying.

*William moves away from the window to sit on the bed close to his bride.*

William                      Someone invited him to go to the pub?

Lisa                              Sure. That's obvious, isn't it? What other explanation can there be? The pilot had to be the kind of guy who'd throw himself into a brawl, to break it up. He was chosen for that specific characteristic: a hero who would not be afraid to intervene in a bout of fisticuffs (for want of a better word) where the odds were unfairly stacked against the underdog. The choice being made by the killers, your pilot was then lured to the pub. It just can't have been accident or happenstance that he was there. Did you ask him about that?

William *awestruck*              No ... good call.! I'd better –

Lisa                              And Roger.

William *surprised*              Roger?

Lisa                              It's also about your Uncle Roger, if you want to know my opinion. Roger Allendale. He spilled the beans to that Arnold chap. That's who you should be questioning, in addition to the pilot. What was it that your uncle told the other pallbearer prior to dying.

William *at sea* Before dying?

Lisa Roger burred something to his close friend over the phone. That happened at the same time (round about) as the manslaughter business. The clever money is on there being a tie-in.

You'd better get back to that antiquated chap who was speaking to Roger when he (that is, Roger) died. The one who I understand harangued your poor brother at the funeral. The other pallbearer.

William *dismissive* Arnold Plimsoll Shoes? That won't do any good. He's an old man. He'll have forgotten what Roger told him. And even if he did remember, no-one can make anything out of it. Ask George. Complete waste of time to question Arnold.

Lisa If he were to be cleverly led, might be a different story.

Your mother was Roger's sister. If she were to ask him questions, but guide him at the same time ... it might work.

I'll go with her. We'll wheedle it out of him with feminine charm.

*William stares at Lisa, then his face softens. He reaches out to stroke her hair.*

William *lovingly* ... feminine charm ... You've loads of that, little wife ...

*They kiss. This is a long, loving, delicious kiss. William cups Lisa's left breast in his right hand.*

Lisa *softly* You'll see the pilot ... and your Mum and I will see Arnold ... And then we'll get together to share our information ...

*William merely hums his agreement.*

END OF SCENE

## **V, Scene vii:** 1986, William At The RAF Base, Raxforth Near Cadbury

*Music: No music until right at the end of the scene, where a snare drum is clearly heard.*

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*At the barracks, William and Graeme have provided themselves with steaming cups of coffee (in official RAF mugs), and William has provided a pack of cream biscuits. Throughout this interview, William and Graeme will drink the coffee and eat the biscuits almost continuously.*

*William lowers himself into a chair at a mess table on which many well-read, dog-eared magazines have been chucked about. As Graeme Threlkeld sits down opposite William, the latter points to a magazine with the title "British Cricket".*

William                    Hey, there's a jolly good read in here. Marvellous dissection of the county cricket industry in the UK: who owns which team. Explains why Hampshire has managed to snaffle that demon fast-bowler from Essex.

Graeme *chatty*            My uncle (Dad's brother) played for Nottingham. He was called Graeme. I'm named for him. But can't play to save myself, Sir.

William                    Well, without wanting to sound up myself, I'm a rather handy spin-bowler. Might have been a career there, if I hadn't been such a bloody fire-eater. Wanting to fly jets and shoot up some nebulous enemy. God, kids are full of shit!

*[Both men chuckle]*

Now, Witt ... Sorry, Graeme ... back to matters at hand.

Day before this Cremorne murder which you had absolutely nothing to do with: what did you do?

Graeme *enthusiastic*    Well, the chap from Brit Aero brought along some dude to give us the low-down on the new Harrier jump-jet: I think that there was a "GR" in the name, Squad.

*A disembodied male hand reaches over William's shoulder to take two biscuits. William and Graeme ignore this event.*

William *very interested*    The GR5, was it? This new technology they call "bird strike" capability.

Graeme *nodding*            That was it! Looks like a real winner. Marvellous increase in payload, and they've managed to get the earlier visibility problems

sorted out: got a bubble canopy. Can see almost 360 degrees, if your neck is flexible enough.

William *annoyed*

Oh, damn! Sorry I missed that. I might give Brit Aero a call and see if they're doing the presentation anywhere else, then gate crash it.

Graeme

It'd be worth the effort, Squad. If we're to fly around in that sort of kite, there'll be no stopping us.

William *nodding*

Speak to anybody, other than the Brit Aero people, and apart from our chaps, of course?

Come on, you must have chatted with someone else.

Graeme

Fellow from BrightSky ...

William

The usual bloke? Tommy ... er ... Gardiner, is it?

Graeme

No, he was on hols in the south of France (lucky dog!)

Another chap: he was alright. Affable. Happy sort of guy: good conversation. What was his name? Old-fashioned name: Eric or Wallace or ... Stanley! that was it. What I mean, Sir, is that you don't bump into many Stanleys these days. That's why I remembered.

William

And then what?

*Another male hand reaches down for a biscuit. This time, William slaps the hand as it withdraws.*

Graeme

I met him at lunch. Joined me and my mates in here, in the mess. Got on well with everyone. As I said, affable type. Good company. But don't read too much into that, Sir: as you might know, we get plenty of visitors in my section, and they always seem to end up messing with us. Especially on a Friday.

William

Did you kick on from there?

Graeme

Er ... Yes. Yes! Everyone piled into the train, including this Stanley bloke.

We wandered off to his club. The Harvest. And then to the Tally-Ho Inn. He went home. I'm trying to recall if he had a drink or ...  
No, we shook hands and he went home from there. It was quite enjoyable, actually.

William So he went home, leaving you at the Tally-Ho. Is that how it went?

Graeme That's right. With some of his pals from the club. Marvellous day, until it all went wrong.

I've been to the Tally-Ho numerous times, Squad. Got a nice ... what do they call it? Ambience. That's the word.

William And the club?

Graeme Yes, I've actually been there before, to The Harvest. Once with a stingy old uncle (not the cricketing one), and many times with his son, my cousin Robbie. Didn't register with me that this time was anything different.

William Then at the hotel you went to the lavatory, and on the way back, joined in the fight. Yes?

Graeme *deliberate* Actually, I wasn't fighting, Sir. I've tried to make that clear. I tried to break it up. I don't believe that I even threw one punch.

William Did the fight start while you were in the Gents?

Graeme *frowning, trying to remember* Possibly ... I ... yes, it must have done.

William This bloke: Stanley. Did he have a last name?

*Graeme thinks hard.*

William Look, don't stress. What I'll do is to check The Harvest. I'll get hold of the registration book. See which members with a first name of "Stanley" were guests on that day.

Graeme But we didn't sign in. The bloke on the desk merely nodded and

winked at the BrightSky chap.

He can't have been involved, anyway, Sir, as he'd long gone home before that fight erupted.

William *pointedly* Yes, but he got you there. He got you into the pub.

*Music: snare drum.*

*The biscuits are finished. William stands, and deposits the discarded biscuit pack into the waste bin. Graeme is seen to remain seated at the table, thinking deeply. William returns to his seat.*

William Damn! I need a photo or an artist's ...

*William stops, riveted to an idea.*

Graeme Yes, I could identify him easily if I could see him in a line-up, or his photo ... or one of those police identity sketches ...

*The volume of the drum increases noticeably. William stares into space, with an arrested gaze. William bangs his hand on the table.*

William *explosive* Bloody Hell! Those ruddy drawings of Aethelbart's ... shit! Where the Hell are they? Who and where is Puck?

*Graeme is taken aback.*

Graeme *confused* Sir?

*Without another word, William storms out of the mess, leaving Graeme startled and confused.*

END OF SCENE

## **V, Scene viii:** 1986, Holly And Lisa Visit Arnold Penleigh-Smythe

*No music until advised later in the scene.*

*Arnold Penleigh-Smythe lives in an extremely comfortable home which reeks of old-fashioned wealth and solidarity.*

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*Dressed-up in stylish outfits, and looking very swish, Holly and Lisa sit side-by-side in ornate chairs at Arnold's home. They look as if they have been talked-to for a very long time on some tiresome subject. Both ladies give the impression of wanting to escape instantly from their thralldom. Their host, Arnold Penleigh-Smythe, is holding forth without ever coming up for air.*

*Arnold merrily rambling on and on* Oh, some mythical beasts that some enterprising chap has invented in order to sell more comic books, I assume. Try: a kangaroo crossed with a mouse. Or an owl with a worm. Some beasts like that. Quite inventive, but nonetheless frightening.

*Holly* So, did Roger --

*Arnold bumbling on* A cross between an otter and a lizard. No ... no, wait ... an otter (I know it was an otter, because it reminded me of "eight"). And a ... No, it's gone.

At least it was something along those lines. It certainly frightened Allendale, I can assure you of that. He was petrified.

*Lisa* A beaver with a snake, was it? As in "Beaversnade"?

*Holly and Lisa glance at each other hopefully. Perhaps Lisa has hit pay-dirt.*

*Arnold becoming excited* Not a beaver with a snake ... No ... I know what it was! An otter with a toad: that was them! Quite terrifying when you think of it. What must an otter crossed with a toad look like, young lady? Eh? Bit scary, don't y'think? What Science has achieved! I ask you ... No wonder it did for poor Allendale. He was a war hero, y'know, but he'd never seen anything as chilling as those hybrids, I'll bet.

*Holly carefully* And might not the beast have been called ... um ... an "Otterhoad"?

*Arnold triumphant* Now you've got it. Of course: "Otterhoad". Well done, ladies.

*Holly and Lisa exchange a glance. Clearly, their efforts have been in vain. Unspoken, they indicate that they will now leave, empty-handed of useful information. Holly stands, followed by Lisa. Holly extends her hand.*

*Holly smiling* Thank you so much, Arnold, for the afternoon tea. You shouldn't

have gone to all that trouble.

*Arnold stands. Evidently, he wishes his lovely visitors to stay.*

*Arnold jovial* More than happy, more than happy. Sorry that your brother's death has cast a pall over proceedings. Ladies used to wear widow's weeds for months after the death of a brother. But it's much better now that they flip back into their usual pretty, flowery frocks ... Being a gent, of course, I like the low-cut variety of frock. Summer is such a fascinating season for gentlemen, don't you think?

*Arnold's guests are floored and gob-smacked. Lisa is totally appalled. Arnold promptly turns to Lisa, looking at her figure in a measuring way.*

*Arnold avuncular* And you're a bride, are you? A very pretty bride, indeed. What a very lucky chap your bridegroom must be, then. You've become wed to ... ?

*Holly helpful* To my son, William, Arnold. The boy in the Air Force. He and Lisa have lately tied the knot. We're overjoyed, Gordon and I, to have found such a lovely daughter-in-law.

*Arnold off on his dissertation again* William Otterhead. Yes, Roger must have been very worried that your son was being attacked by these critters, the otterhead things ... "William, it's William!" he called, and then "Otterhead". Course, it might have been that place he worked at for years on a miserly stipend. That was called "Otterhead" or some such ... Perhaps he wasn't referring to your husband at all, my dear, but to another man. Someone connected to the firm, no doubt. Found him in the cellar, bolted up the stairs and telephoned to me. That'll be it! I'd rush down to the police station and tell them, if I were you. A very good clue. Shall I call the rozzers? I could say that --

*Holly quickly* Oh, no, Arnold! We'll go straight to the police station ourselves now and ... and tell them that they must interview a man named William Otterhead in relation to --

Arnold *really wound-up* That's the good old-fashioned British bulldog spirit that made the Empire great. Pity it's all gone to seed as it has.

Do you know that Roger Allendale, my friend and your brother, Holly, never ever got over it.

*Arnold stops in his tracks to sadly shake his head. Holly and Lisa give each other speaking looks.*

Holly *careful* What ... Roger never got over the loss of Empire? Or ... ?

*A change comes over Arnold. His eyes fog over. He now becomes lucid, whereas before he was rambling and ranting.*

*Music: something-is-about-to-happen music.*

Arnold *low-voiced* His little son, Toby, was a child hero. Oh yes, Roger had performed admirably in his own War days, sure enough. But Toby had been a child and his father not with him when the boy was put in immense danger, yet managed to kill his captor. Bow and arrow, it was.

And his sweet little baby Laurence, who could not even crack a flea without squeamishness: Laurence behaved with outstanding heroism in the late 1960's. I'm sure you've heard of it.

And the daughter: rushing around like a madcap. No, Roger never survived that ... at least, his mind didn't.

*There is a taut gap. Arnold shakes his head as he winds back his memories. Holly takes Lisa's hand in a tight grip. Both women are spellbound.*

Arnold And now his nephew. That's who frightened Roger Allendale in his cellar just prior to his death. It was his nephew William. He had seen William down there, and been mortally threatened by him, too.

It's all come back to me, clear as crystal.

That's what he called out to me on the phone, at least, that's all I could make out. Roger was in fear of his life, calling out "William, it's William! He's going to kill me ... It's that business with

Otterhead ...”

*There is another ghastly silence, filled only with the spooky music.*

*Arnold is now extremely tired.*

Arnold                      I’m so sorry, Ladies, but I must go and lie down. That’s the first time it’s truly come back to me. You’d better avoid seeing the rozzers ... they might arrest your son, your husband. Good-bye, my dears.

*Music: now builds and suffuses everything, as Arnold totters off leaving Holly and Lisa staring in horror after him.*

END OF SCENE

END OF ACT V

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## **ENTR'ACTE: THE ROYAL ESCAPE**

### **England As It Was In The Autumn Of 1651, Following The Battle Of Worcester**

This is where the CGI people will blow us away. The sight of old England, before the advent of modern technology will be totally breath-taking, as seen from the cockpit of the small, low-flying aeroplane.

### **The Royal Escape, September and October 1651**

The events described by King Charles are those which he retold time and time again (often boring the pants off his audience). In 1680, he related these events in full to Samuel Pepys.

The Director will have to cull where culling is required. I've provided the story as it would appeal to me, with William's plane flying low over this glorious English countryside. But I can appreciate that the entr'acte may be just too long to hold public interest. It is up to the Director.

As well as enjoying the sumptuous falls of countryside (courtesy of our friends in CGI-land), actors will re-enact (in mime) the events described by King Charles. I envisage an overlay coming in and out of focus, whereas the scenery over which the two men fly is always in focus. But again – Director's call.

King Charles will commentate as voice-over, but not with the "tannoy" tone concomitant with his wearing headphones.





William *via earphones* Are you able to hear me, Sir?

King Charles *via earphones* Quite clearly, thank you. I'll absolve you of the requirement that you make your bow to me. I can see that you are otherwise occupied.

*An annoying beeping is heard. King Charles evidences surprise.*

King Charles *amused* Have we an African clicking beetle on board this flying ship, then?

*William (frowning) checks the instrument panel. A flashing red light indicates that his passenger is not belted-in. William pulls a face.*

William *via earphones* Look, I apologize, Your Majesty, but I'm going to have to touch your royal person. I'm going to have to buckle you in.

King Charles *via earphones* By all means. Buckle away!

*As he flies, William assists the King into his seatbelt. The process appears to further amuse and intrigue His Majesty.*

King Charles *via earphones* I am very much enamoured of your flying ship, Jack. Does she have a name, now?

William *via earphones* Yes, Your Majesty. I have named her Nellie. Her official registration number is G-5782. But I call her Nellie. She's a good ship.

King Charles *via earphones, very amused* Droll! I am often found in Nellie, you know. How apposite ...

William *via earphones* I'll take you to Boscobel, Sir, and then we'll fly over the areas where you journeyed as a younger man, in trying to escape the Roundheads.

We'll fly over the Midlands and the south of England and you can show me the sights. Does that sit well with Your Majesty?

King Charles *via earphones, relaxed and* The only time you have ever displeased me, Jack O' The Green, was to have interrupted my pleasure-taking with your wife-that-

*charming* now-is. Other than that, I am in sheer delight in your company.  
Proceed as you may, Jack!

*Music: our main theme, but subdued, non-intrusive.*

**The aeroplane flies low over the mid-to-late 17<sup>th</sup> century counties of Warwickshire and Worcester**

Mimed re-enactment of the Cavaliers walking through the night at Worcester.

Re-enactment of the tired young King stripping off his Royal regalia and handing it over to other men, who weep unrestrainedly.

*King Charles Voice-over*

There you see the Northern Gate of Worcester, where George Buckingham, John Lauderdale and other loyal friends trudged beside me, crushed to the soul in our late defeat by Cromwell.

Exhausted we were, be assured. I judged it that our only hope could be to hie to France or the Low Countries.

Thence, with mock optimism and no way clear, we made for Boscobel.

**The aeroplane flies low over mid-to-late 17<sup>th</sup> century Shropshire: Boscobel (a hunting lodge) and Spring Coppice**

Mimed re-enactment of the Cavaliers brazenly wandering about a small town, where Commonwealth soldiers study them from a distance. Charles finishes dressing in a yokel's outfit, with the onlookers being grim-faced. Then Charles is seen having his long curling hair badly hacked with a knife wielded by a commoner. Charles is seen to embrace and farewell tearful Cavaliers. He is introduced to Father Huddleston

*King Charles Voice-over*

We risked discovery in Kidderminster in that we passed ourselves off as Frenchmen: a rash piece of bravado indeed!

Nearby was White Ladies where Catholics gave us refuge.

There, to further confound my many enemies, my cavalier curls were hacked off. I wore the costume of a yokel. My shoes were ill-fitting and cut my feet to ribbons. To be sure, I was a sorry sight.

I had to lose myself of my companions, for a party of noble-born gentlemen such as we were would surely attract Roundhead suspicion.

And thus I first met Father Huddleston, the man who married you to dearest Lisa, Jack.

Mimed re-enactment of Charles trying to find shelter in the depths of Spring Coppice, spying Commonwealth soldiers wandering about nearby.

*King Charles Voice-over*

And hid out in the rain and cold of Spring Coppice. 'Sblood, I starved and thirsted in that place.

It was all confusion and setback. Whatever I planned fell away.

Branded a public enemy, and with a magnificent ransom on my head, I naithless jumped at chance after chance ... and each hope withered before my eyes. And all about were those filthy

Roundheads, braying for the capture of that rogue Charles Stuart, son of the late Tyrant. They dubbed me "Traitor": a man of over two yards high, with swarthy, dark mien.

Mimed re-enactment of Charles seated on a rough stool in a rough barn having his face stained with walnut juice by a thickset woman. We can see her chiding him and he smiles and gives cheek back to her. Then Charles strikes out across a river, having to return to assist a countryman who cannot swim. In the high boughs of a large, spreading oak tree, Charles rests his head on Carlis's lap, snatching sleep. Below, Cromwell's soldiers stroll about, poking at thickets with their pikes.

Charles sits astride a very ordinary, sluggish old horse. We see Charles put on a brave face to jest with his companions.

*King Charles Voice-over*

After an indifferent night in a reeking barn, my face was painted with walnut juice.

That river below! I swam across that very river, aiding Richard Penderel so to do.

Now we find ourselves at the Royal Oak. 'Twas there, with Major Carlis, that I climbed that very pollard oak you can see – see it?

I rode about along that lane there: do you see it, Jack? The heaviest, dull jade bore me about ... and

out of my restiveness and fear (which I kept private, not to discompose my few companions) did I learn how ordinary Englishmen fared.

Mimed re-enactment of Charles squeezing his tall frame into a small priest's hole, whilst his carers try to make him comfortable.

*King Charles Voice-over*

Then into a cramped priest's hiding place for such a long John as myself.

See them? There were no longer my subjects, but my saviours.

That lodge there! How clearly may we make-out Moseley from this bird-like vantage point. I took over from dear Huddleston in our hiding place, as priests were outlawed in those days as much as traitorous princes were.

**The aeroplane flies low over mid-to-late 17<sup>th</sup> century Midlands, heading South**

Mimed re-enactment of Charles (in better raiment) acting as servant to Jane Lane, mounted before her on a very grand horse (on just such a double saddle as was employed for William's marriage to Lisa). Then we see Charles with several other commoners and a blacksmith. The men (unaware that Charles is other than a servant) seen to converse easily with Charles, shaking their heads at something the young King says.

*King Charles Voice-over*

'Twas then I became one William Jackson, servant to Jane Lane. There! There she lived with her father the Colonel at Bentley, near Walsall.

That's the smithy where I boldly chatted with diverse men on the vexed subject of the missing "King". And I blamed Charles Stuart for bringing in the Scots, so I did! And on we trudged to Stratford, Long Marston.

Mimed re-enactment of several disjointed episodes. (When riding, Charles is up before Jane Lane, as

her servant.) Disappointed faces, riding along roads where Cromwell's troops march in the opposite direction, turning horses about then riding in another direction, down another road. Charles's face is seen in close-up: he is sneering with angry eyes.

*King Charles Voice-over*

The kitchen folk at Abbots Leigh demanded that I "turn" for my supper: turn the jack. But, bless me, I'd no more notion of what that might mean than you would do, Jack O' The Green.

Along, and along with danger of my capture at every corner found I loyal men (and women, too) who would suffer any indignity to succour my Royal person. We were thwarted at Dorset and at Devon in forwarding my escape from any likely coastal town ... all seemed lost ...

**The aeroplane flies low over mid-to-late 17<sup>th</sup> century Dorset and Devon**

Mimed re-enactment of the continued journeys of Charles as William Jackson and Jane Lane. Then church bells in a steeple can be seen to ring out, with local bypassers looking up.

*King Charles Voice-over*

Wretched luck! Can you engage, Jack, to steer this device in a more Southerly direction?

Ah now! Now ... Sherbourne Dorset ... the Manor.

And on to Lyme. I dubbed that place "Regis" later on, for services rendered to my poor self by those brave people.

'Twas at this time that the bells tolled for my death. My poor subjects thought themselves bereft of a King.

Mimed re-enactment of an angry bearded man banging on a solid door, on the other side of which stands a formidable woman, rolling-pin in hand. A frowning stable-boy inspects the hooves of a large warhorse. The small party of disguised nobles and others seem to be arguing about their various senses of direction. Then, at an inn, Charles takes the demure hand of a lovely girl, who flirts with him outrageously.

I see Charmouth and Bridport. A vessel was arranged. Yet more ill-fortune followed: our captain was



locked in his room by his sharp-eyed wife and no end of bellowing could entice her to free him. And so continued our abysmal run of bad luck. The very shoes of my steed almost gave me away to one suspicious ostler. We were out of time, and our luck had all but run out completely.

Desperate, heart-broken, sure of being revealed, we all became thoroughly lost.

But be sure: I did not give away to my fellows that I was at my wits' end. I kept my counsel, putting forth to the world a brave, carefree face.

The lovely Juliana Coningsby ... I now took the role of a runaway bridegroom, Jack, escorting my quivering bride to a secret wedding.

Mimed re-enactment of the confinement of a wretched woman, on a cleared hotel table, with drunken Roundheads close by. We see stern-faced gentlemen storm into the hostelry. They attempt to load the howling woman and screaming new-born infant onto a litter, for the purpose of dragging them out of the parish. This causes a fracas between everyone. Charles can be seen peeking at this brouhaha from the top of the stairs.

Do you see that inn below? How we roared with laughter! Even at our most vexing hour of danger, with some 40 or so Commonwealth soldiers within touching distance, some camp-follower wench whelped that night. This caused the local gentry to move her on forthwith. A flurry of to-doing, screeching and wailing made my detection all the less likely.

Mimed re-enactment of Charles and Juliana in a cosy room, before a roaring fire, playing a merry game of chance. The girl is very lively, and seems to please the King greatly.

I then spent a fortnight at Trent Manor, a-playing at this and that with the beautiful Coningsby girl. My guardians, ever hopeful of deliverance, now bethought themselves of Sussex.

**The aeroplane flies low over mid-to-late 17<sup>th</sup> century Wiltshire and Sussex towards the coast**

Mimed re-enactment of Charles at his ease admiring Stonehenge. Accepting homage from the boat's

skipper, Charles then takes the tiller and seems absurdly happy to be on the sea, headed for Europe.

On my progress to Heale House (where I stayed five days) I actually lazed about at Stonehenge, gazing at the stones. We then made for Brighton Bamber, the Shoreham Harbour.

A loyal man, who later dropped to his knees to honour my rank, made me the happiest man in England, to have flown the coop. I was alive and on the water. With more desperate days ahead of me, trying to outrun the carpenter, trying to rub two ends together, my kingdom saw me not for nine long years ere I was invited back.

What a time that was! What a right-royal escape I had of it!

*The reminiscences are over. The music stops. King Charles reaches back for his wig.*

King Charles *via earphones, grunting*      Where is my hank of carpet wool and horse hair? I'll put that on my scone again ere I'm spotted by my minders.

*Charles reaches over to pat William on the shoulder.*

King Charles *via earphones pleasant*      Goodbye, my friend. I've enjoyed your company to great measure, i' Faith I have. Good luck to you and your Lisa. You'll not meet with me again.

*King Charles removes his earphones and dons his heavy wig. The King looks down at the contraption which pins him in his seat.*

King Charles *muttering*      How does one ... ?

*The King manages to unclick the seatbelt.*

King Charles *smiles boyishly*      There! Ingenious device.

*Our camera now focuses on the windshield. The note of the engine changes again.*

*William looks out of his side window to the right. Beneath him are steel bond sheds, and trucks. He flies over a busy motorway, and on a canal, a jet ski is whizzing along. From behind him, and in the air, we watch William's little plane disappear out of sight.*

*I trust that (like William and myself) the audience feels a huge sense of loss, that England (once so unspoiled and lovely) is now so changed.*

END OF SCENE

END OF ENTR'ACTE



## ACT VI

### VI, Scene i: 1986, Wash-Up From The Entr'Acte

*William slouches at his desk at the Air Force base. He is talking on the phone to Lisa.*

William                    He was really there, Lisa. The warning light came on to tell me that I had a passenger who wasn't strapped in. I fixed him up and the light flicked off.

I'll miss him. He was just the nicest person: always put people at their ease.

*[Slight pause]*

No. Apparently, I'll not be seeing him again. Does that mean that our time travel is over, too, I wonder? Hope not: too many loose ends.

*[Slight pause]*

What did you leave at Segler's? Well, can't you get another one? Ring Maria and ask her to –

In the tallboy? Oh, I see, you left it there on the night of the ball. Gotcha! I'll try to get it back if and when I shoot back there. Yes, I'll try.

Alright, better get back to the grind again. See you tonight, Darling.

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

Lisa, working at Stradbroke's (which is now looking well-organized), hangs up the phone.

Lisa singing *Puts people at their ease*
 Except his latest squeeze.

George pops his head around the door.

George brisk Just nipping up to the 9th floor. See Campbell about those licences. Ought to have them finished by this.

Lisa Your much-loved brother just phoned me. He's finally got around to taking King Charles up in the air. Quite marvellous, he says.

George interested Of course. Stands to reason.
 Oh, and Lisa: I'll be borrowing Eddie Waterson's Rolls Royce Corniche when I'm finished on the 9th. Got to take Queen Victoria out for what my friend Jack Bradley would term "a burn".

Lisa grinning Ha, ha!

END OF SCENE

VI, Scene ii: 1668, The Cabal Discuss The Next Moves

The centre of amusement for London's elite has shifted to a private house. The five members of the Cabal meet in a small private parlour. They are grouped around a roaring fire, sipping brandy.

In the background can be heard the usual roars of laughter and merriment which seem always to accompany the court.

ScotchJohn The fair Jester doth set the crowds to roaring. I've rarely met a funnier fellow, 'pon my soul I've not.

Hennet That capering is but a front, I'll warrant.

 His Majesty was boasting (you know his way!) of having fathered a child when only a lad of 19 or such years. But then this capering Jack thoroughly floored him: **he** had mortally stabbed a robust, grown man when still but a shaveling himself.

Tonishandy *aghast* He said that to His Majesty?

Cliff *disgusted* Braggadocio! Poltroon! An arrant knave and scoundrel trying to impress our King with high mendacity.

Buckingham Nay, I think that he spoke truly.

Hennet Aye! Think you, hath the Green Jack not the look of an hardened warrior?

Buckingham *nods solemnly* You are in the right, Hennet. He feigns the foolish jester, but steely-grey orbs betray him. He hath the cruel, hard eye of the assassin. I' truth, we might enlist this creature to rid us of that scourge who torments us. A polite knifing, or what have you.

Tonishandy We'll have him in. Mark me: a few gold florins and the trick is taken.

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

*William joins the Cabal in the private room. He is given a mean stool to sit on whilst they all have comfortable chairs. They all lean in close towards him as if this might intimidate him.*

Buckingham I've watched you closely this night, Court Jester. You have been flicking off the wigs of any long man you find and studying his ears.

*William imperceptibly starts.*

Buckingham *laughing* Aye! But I could have saved you all that trouble. Not that you were inconvenienced ... in truth, your audience doubled-over in mirth with your antics.

His name is Grace: Nathaniel Grace.

Let me see: he's been described to you as two yards long with black hair and a sunken visage, but with monstrous ears caused by a boyhood complaint. These ears you have not seen as they are ever hidden by his hairpiece.

*William looks steadily at all the men then nods slowly.*

ScotchJohn My! You're a cool one!  
Whatever pledge you've made to rid the world of this pestilence, we'll make a better offer.

Tonishandy We want him done away with too, but at a time of our choosing. Three nights hence at Segler's Hall. You know its cellar, I'm sure.

*William nods slowly.*

Cliff Our bunny will be that tyke who serves Missie Gwynne, who follows you about. The boy-man with the red setter at heel.

Hennet Ashley's man will lure Lemmeter to the cellar, and there he is jumped. Ralph Beaversnade likewise lures Baldface to the cellar with other eager young bucks who join with spirit in the fray.

Tonishandy Our man Grace knifes Lemmeter with a nice dagger stolen from The Orangery.

And then do they all set up a hue and cry for Luke Allen à Dale. Grace will deal with him in like manner, but leaves the fatal knife with the tyke, as if he were the perpetrator. The tyke will hang for the wilful killing of two men and we gentlemen bear not the stain of slaughter.

William *steadily*

Where do I fit in here?

Cliff *poking William's knee*

You! Your job is to follow Grace, slit his throat or strike him bold in the heart (the choice remains with yourself, Jester) and then dump his lard into the river. Job done!

Buckingham

But this plays out *after* the two murders. Mark that, Jack!

ScotchJohn

Shake hands with each of us in turn, Jack O' The Green, to seal and honour the pact.

William *wary*

I might not make it upon a specified hour. I cannot promise that --

*The members of the Cabal all break into harsh laughter at William's words.*

Buckingham

God's teeth! With your arcane powers, you can make it. Causing lions and dragons to materialize from the vary ether ... His Majesty hath spoken with great eloquence on the subject of your magical ship which takes to the air as if an eagle or rook.

You'll make it.

*Buckingham extends a beautiful be-ringed hand, which William grasps in his. Thus follows with each man a firm handshake and nod from William. He stands, bows and leaves.*

Hennet

Yes, gentlemen, that is as cold a fish as ye would ever find.

Cliff *drawls*

Pray he is also biddable ...

END OF SCENE

**VI, Scene iii: 1986, Segler's Landing, In The Garden**

*Tess, concerned, questions Edwina. Rylance, hitting up a tennis ball with a cricket bat, is wafting about in the background.*

*Tess squatting*                      Dear, why are you so reluctant to visit the cellar? Has someone been unkind to you there ... or ... or done something ... inappropriate?

*Edwina peevish*                      No, Mum. It's private.

*Tess insistent*                      But you must tell me. We mustn't have secrets, dear. Not you and I. You really must tell me what's ... what's happened in the cellar to make you so afraid.

*Edwina (now embarrassed by the fuss) twists and turns.*

*Edwina whispers*                      Mum, it's alright.

*Tess imploring*                      Edwina! Tell me.

*Edwina relenting but sotto voce*                      It's my secret place, and I don't want Trader to find it. So I'm keeping away from the cellar, otherwise he'll probably start snooping about and he'll find it.

*Tess trying to reason with the child*                      Daddy has finally been able to speak to Gran Allendale on the phone. Now, she's a long, long way away, on the other side of the world. Do you know where Australia is?

*Edwina nods.*

*Tess also nodding*                      Alright. Well, she told Uncle Toby on the phone that **you** knew where the secret hidey-hole is in the cellar. Is that right?

*Edwina stubborn*                      Uh-uh ... I'm not telling. That's my and Gran's secret. And not for Trader to know.

*Tess stands, non-plussed, and looks across at Rylance, who makes a face and shrugs.*

END OF SCENE



## **VI, Scene iv:** 1986, Segler’s Landing, The Lounge Room

*The television screen takes up the whole of our screen.*

*Toby Allendale, in his role as a British announcer has his face close to the TV camera. This is an advertisement for a children’s game: Hockoodoo Indoor Hockey game. The advertisement also shows:--*

- *rain teeming down outside an elegant home*
- *four schoolgirls (in sports uniform) playing indoor hockey with the Hockoodoo set*
- *the nature of the soft hockey sticks and soft pucks*
- *mother’s elegant crystal lamp being undamaged when the puck hits it*
- *a lazy Persian cat lying unruffled in the midst of the game*
- *the girls hitting each other in a friendly manner with the sticks*
- *a rooster perpetually screeching “Hockoodoodle-Doo!”*
- *a youngish mother appearing to be unbelievably pleased that the girls are having so much fun, and not breaking her precious crystalware*

*Toby is at pains to tell us (repetitively) that the Hockoodoo set is perfectly safe for inside use, with no damage to furnishings, structure, humans or pets. What better way to spend a wet holiday, Toby yells.*

*In front of the television set, during the course of this advertisement, we receive the impression that two children are in fact already playing Hockoodoo (presumably due to Toby’s connection with the television advertisement). These two are in fact Rylance and Edwina. Troy trots along behind, hoping to be included in the game.*

*There is an expected amount of shouting from Rylance and squealing from Edwina. Rylance demonstrates how “safe” the hockey stick is by belting Edwina with his stick. Edwina runs away, shouting out to her mother to save her. Rylance chases her. It is as if the cousins are becoming very good friends, but the male/female difference is intruding.*

*Tess and Fiona (sitting together on the couch) have been going through magazines while all this has been going on.*

Tess                                I’ll have to tell Toby that we’re all sick to death of that dreadful ad. How the mighty have fallen!

*[Loudly to Edwina]*

Stop that squealing, please. Come back here and let Troy have a turn.

Fiona *shouting* Rylance! Get back here now! Stop that rough play at once!

*Troy rushes up to a stationary puck, banging it with one of the Hockoodoo sticks. The puck whizzes into the kitchen, shies off the architrave, then straight under the fridge. Troy lies on the kitchen floor, face down and attempts to retrieve the puck. Maria re-enters the kitchen, seeing her nephew on the floor.*

Maria *kindly* What is it, Pet?

Troy I've lost the thing under there.

*Maria, muttering reassuring words to Troy, grabs the broom, and (squatting) then tries to sweep out the puck using the handle of the broom. She is rewarded for her efforts when many sheets of stiff paper shoot out from under the fridge.*

Maria *surprised* Is this what you're after, Troy?

*The boy is uninterested in the papers.*

Troy Nuh. It's a hockeydoodle-doo ball. I mean, a puck.

*Maria looks at the sheets of paper. They are Aethelbart's sketches. Maria is intrigued.*

Maria *wondering* But ... did you put these under the fridge?

Troy *uninterested* Nuh. They're Edwina's. She's hiding them from Trader.

*Maria puts aside the papers, rescues the puck, pats Troy's head as she gives the puck to him. Troy rushes off. Maria re-studies the papers, then wanders into the lounge room where Tess and Fiona are trying to find a recipe in one of the magazines. Maria hands the papers to Tess.*

Maria These are Edwina's, I'm told. They're very lovely. Do we have a budding artist in our midst, then?

*Tess is surprised. The sisters study sheet after sheet. They are amazed.*

Tess *slowly* No ... Edwina can only colour-in cartoon characters. These are ...  
These are quite charming!

*[Tries to remember]*

Laurie will know. He and William have had their heads together at Gladesbrook: all the old books, charts, structural plans and so on. They're researching the Restoration, for some unknown reason.

*Just then, Edwina (red in the face and extremely breathless) rushes into the room, diving onto the couch beside her mother, Tess. As Tess is about to ask her what she knows of the drawings, Edwina wails.*

Edwina *bereft*                      Oh no! Who found them?

Tess *surprised*                      But these aren't really yours, are they? To whom do they actually belong? Where did **you** find them?

Edwina *whining*                      Oh, please, Mum! Don't let Trader see them!

*Breathless, Rylance bounds into the room. Everyone looks at him, as he gasps for breath.*

Rylance                                  Wha'?

*Edwina squeals, trying to throw her body over the sheets of paper. The three ladies expostulate at once. Rylance appears to be unsure of what the fuss is all about.*

END OF SCENE

## **VI, Scene v:** 1986, Gladesbrook, The Study

*Laurence sits at his ease in his Gladesbrook study. He is speaking on the phone. Whatever is said on the phone makes him sit up, alert.*

Laurence *into the handset*                      Before you leave, do you think Maria will mind if you check to see if there's any more sketches under the refrigerator? I need them all – every single one.

*[Listens]*

Bring them here, will you? I'll take a look at them and then shoot over to Thornbury.

*[Listens]*

No, don't be angry with her. Just kid her along, and I'll see if we can't get her to show us this hidey-hole of hers.

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

Laurence is seen driving his car through the night. He appears to be very strung-up (for a man who is usually so utterly relaxed).

END OF SCENE

VI, Scene vi: 1986, Thornbury, The Kitchen

Sitting at the Thornbury kitchen table are Gordon and William in dressing gowns, Lisa in nightgown and large shawl, and Laurence. They pour over Aethelbart's sketches.

Lisa points to a sketch which Aethelbart has created of Ralph Beaversnade as he appeared in the very beginning of the film when he was paying court to Nell Gwynne. She and William laugh.

William Beaversnade! When first we met the redoubtable Ralph, I had to dress him. He was stark naked and hoping to get laid by one of *la Villiers's* maids. Do you remember?

Lisa *pointing to the sketches* That's right! Barbara Villiers was organizing him. He proved to be the most atrocious dancer and everyone was giving him a wide berth.

Gordon *yawning* Is it really 11:35? Do you good folk have to drag yourselves off to work tomorrow?

Laurence Gosh! I'm sorry that it's so very late. I merely assumed that it was blindingly important for you to see these.

Judging by the headshakes and grunts, no-one cares about the lateness of the hour.

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- Lisa *pointing to the sketches* I danced with this gentleman, too. He was a wealthy squire, I think.
- William *intrigued, also pointing* This is Lord Clifford, of Cabal fame. Quite a nice chap, when all's said and done. The others dubbed him "Cliff", naturally enough.
- What were these blokes called, again? Of course, Buckingham was "Georgie". Marvellous man. Great company. Says anything he likes to the King, and no offence taken.
- Ah! Lord Arlington was a bit stodgy: he had the nickname "Hennet", from his name, Henry Bennet. And the sex-machine ScotchJohn, who is Lauderdale. He's always lurking about in the background or else bedding someone.
- Who've I forgotten, Lisa?
- Lisa "Tonishandy". I mean, Ashley. He's a real turn-off. Very dour and dyspeptic. Frowns at everyone and everything. He wears a very unattractive black sticking plaster on his nose to accentuate (rather than hide) a nasty war injury.
- Laurence Would it be worthwhile to show these to your pilot?
- Gordon *trying to understand* But why? Does the pilot appear in the old times?
- William Well, sort of ... The guy who churns out these sketches is an old codger, and every time I've seen him, he's in company with Witt and the dog Red. That's the dog which the Allendale boys have adopted. Witt and Graeme Threlkeld are identical, except for (obviously) their clothing and hairstyle.
- Gordon Then yes! You can't do better than show these to the pilot. See if he recognizes any of these people.
- William But that'll do his head in if I show him sketches of a time that's what? ... 300 years ago? He'll flip out.
- Laurence *opportunistic* Tell him that this is all part of Toby's theatre group. Something

made you wonder if ... da-da-da-da ...

Lisa Wait! Wait! Wait! Make sure that you take that Inspector Dynon along with you, Wills. Get a positive identification from Threlkeld of any of these historical characters and **then** Dynon can have the police artist knock-up sketches of his own. Then the focus of the murder inquiry (the one in the "now" of 1986) will switch **away** from the pilot. After all, that's all you're trying to do, isn't it? Clear your pilot of any perceived wrong doing?

William *exasperated* Certainly! Except that I'm knee-deep in the Restoration crime. I can't move on from it. I'm now trying to protect Witt Baldface, the pilot's alter ego.

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

*At the barracks, in the private room, William shoves photocopies of the sketches towards Graeme, plus a heavy black marker.*

William *brisk* These are only photocopies, so you may scribble all over them, if you like. I want names. That's all.

Graeme *confused* I don't understand.

William Spot a face, identify him (or her for that matter). That's all I'm after.

Graeme But I ... This is me, isn't it? Why did someone sketch me like that?

William *serious* Listen to me, Pilot Threlkeld. Don't ask any questions. Give answers. Use **that** pen to write the names on **those** sheets of paper. Anything you can remember.

*Graeme looks nervous. He picks up the black marker pen, and removes the cap. He begins writing.*

*After a couple of sheets, his eyes light up. He looks quickly at William, excited.*

Graeme This is the BrightSky man, Squad! The chap whose first name was

Stanley. This is him!

William *brisk*

Write it in.

🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀 **Break** 🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀🌀

*At Thornbury, William has handed the photocopies over to Dynon, who studies them greedily.*

Dynon *pointing to the sketches as he speaks*

Ah! Your pilot didn't know this bloke, but I do. He has priors as long as your arm. And him. Quite a little rogue's gallery you have here.

William *pointing*

But this one is the most interesting. He's the chap who passed himself off as an employee of BrightSky. Stanley something or other, but that will probably turn out to be false.

BrightSky is one of our contractors, specifically in Pilot Threlkeld's section. This dude made sure that he placed Graeme precisely in The Harvest pub, on the allotted night and then he himself scarpered.

I checked with BrightSky and they've never seen him before.

Dynon *staring at the sketch*

No ... nothing ... I've not seen him before either. We'll have to comb the mug shots, unfortunately. But, I have a gut-feeling that he's clean. Pity ...

William

Now, in the times of merry King Charles, his name is Ralph Beaversnade: a pompous twat whom you'd think would be too unsophisticated to plan a picnic, let alone fake a manslaughter.

*The camera now closes in on the sketch of Beaversnade courting Nell Gwynne.*

END OF SCENE

*[There are actually two things going on at once, so the scenes are intermingled:*

- *Toby, Laurence and others are discovering the casket in the cellar and placing importance on what was discovered in the 17<sup>th</sup> century.*
- *William is up in the Jaguar GR3, believing that by doing so, he'll lure the elusive Nathaniel Grace into a confrontation.]*

## **VI, Scene vii: 1986, Segler's Landing, The Cellar (Part I)**

*Toby, Laurence and Edwina are in the cellar. Toby is dressed very casually, almost scruffily, and has a stout, well-equipped tool belt slung over his hips. This tool belt will remain on Toby's hips until the scene ends.*

*Laurence smiles at him.*

*Toby self-effacing*                      Yes, I know. This is more in the Pendlebury line, isn't it? With those boats which they build themselves.

But having three sons has more or less forced me to hone my tradesman skills. Do I look the part?

*Laurence simply smiles and makes a short snorting noise, as if he is reminiscing.*

*Edwina kindly*                          I think you look wonderful, Uncle Toby.

*Toby*                                          Thank you, Darling.

Now: where do I start poking about in the stonework?

*Edwina, reluctant, makes a face.*

*Toby encouraging*                      Rylance has been dragged out with his mother and Molly. He can't burst in on us. And I'll try with all my heart to put things back as I found them. For the rest of your life (well, as long as the Allendales own Segler's) you can call this secret place your very own.

*Laurence*                                      My cousin William is working like a slave to help a young pilot to escape a manslaughter charge. Remember how Mr Dynon explained to you what we must do?



We all need your help on this one, Edwina. Be a good girl and show us where we can start looking.

*Edwina looks from her father to her uncle, then back again. She has her lips pressed tight together. Then she marches purposefully through the rabbit warren of walls, shelves, nooks and crannies that compose the Segler's Landing cellar. The men follow her.*

*Edwina drops to her knees, then very carefully removes a tiny fragment of cement from between two sturdy stones. Then, the girl picks up a metal rod lying nearby, and pushes it into the hole she has made. By doing this, she is able to extract a large slab of cement. Putting this aside, she reaches in to the crevice with the metal rod, and pushes down on an antique lever deep within the confines of the stonework wall. With a grinding groan, the large stone reveals itself to be a façade only. This fake stone rolls forward and then falls with a "clump" onto the floor of the cellar. Edwina has provided a small battery-operated torch (which she has left in the hole). The girl flicks on this torch and shines it into the large cubby hole.*

*Laurence and Toby, in awe, squat down.*

Edwina                    You can imagine what Trader would have made of it. He'd have taken it over in five seconds flat. And stuck his stupid boy toys in it.

I found it. It's my cubby-hole. Gran Judith knew about it and she said that I could have it for my very own.

Laurence *soothing*        Yes, Sweetie. We'll try to --

*Toby, with the aid of the torch and the length of metal pipe, begins to poke around in the hole.*

*Laurence squats close beside him.*

Toby *grunting*            Is that a -- ?

*There is an audible click. The camera is now in the hole looking out, almost blinded by the torch, but just able to make out Toby's and Laurence's faces peering in.*

Toby                        Is this a casket which I see before me, the handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee!

*We see Toby's hand reach right into the camera.*

*The camera switches back to its former position in the cellar.*

Laurence I hardly think that this is Macbeth country. More likely to be Hamlet ...

Toby *grimacing* Or better still, Troilus and Cressida.

*Side-by-side, the brothers push, pull and drag the casket from its long-lost hidey-hole. It is a very difficult task, and there is much muttering and grunting between the two men.*

Toby *gritty triumph* Here we go, then!

*An interruption occurs. Maria has accompanied Inspector Arjun Karpeth and two uniformed policemen into the cellar. Just as the jubilant brothers have finally heaved out the casket, the four "intruders" block their path. Edwina is scared, and clings to Laurence. Toby and Laurence look wary, and stand their ground.*

Karpeth *sombre* I'll need to view the contents of that strongbox, gentlemen. Please do not interfere with it at this time.

END OF SCENE (to be picked up immediately after following scene)

## **VI, Scene viii:** 1986, William At The RAF Base, Raxforth Near Cadbury

*William (kitted out in flak jacket and flying gear, with crash helmet under his arm) has appeared in a common room at the RAF base, causing several young pilots to exhibit strong reservations about his obvious intentions.*

Air Force man What's with the flakkie, Squad?

Graeme *appalled* You're never taking up the crate, Squad? You've no clearance. I thought --

Air Force man *put out* It were my turn, Squad.

William *in no-nonsense mood* I'm taking up the kite in your place, Duncan, and if you don't like it, I'll put you on a charge.

And Threlkeld: **you** are confined to barracks. Don't even think

about leaving. You men are commanded to guard Pilot Threlkeld. He's not to speak to anyone, and certainly under no circumstances may he leave the barracks. Understand?

I don't care if his mother dies, Threlkeld stays here!

And if the dimwit from BrightSky turns up (the one we're looking for) you are to chain him to the wall.

Give him a slap-up from me whilst you're at it.

Another airman  
*stunned*

But Sir, you've not received authorization to take out the Jag. You can't just swap with Duncan. It's against regulations, Sir.

William *brooking no opposition*

As my very good friend Colonel Jack Bradley would have said, had he been here facing all the shit that I'm facing: ***I don't give a flying fuck!*** Everybody and all their red tape can go to Hell in a wheelbarrow.

I want to end this thing, even if I'm cashiered for my trouble.

And if I die in the process, then at least I'll have the knowledge that I died trying.

Another airman  
*reasonably*

Yes, Sir, but you won't know anything: you'll be brown bread.

William *defiant to the last; almost shouting*

Lewis, shut your cakehole.

See you later, boys, and wish me luck.

I'll live our motto: "Fortis et Fidelis"!

*William puts on the crash helmet, and strides manfully out of the room.*

*Everyone else looks horrified. These young pilots gather in a huddle, watching William exit the room.*

*One young man looks downcast, Threlkeld utterly proud of his leader, and the others extremely surprised.*

END OF SCENE

**VI, Scene ix:** 1986, Segler's Landing, The Cellar (Part II)

*We had left this scene precisely when Arjun Karpeth appeared, demanding that he take possession of the casket (which Toby and Laurence had only just found, under Edwina's reluctant direction).*

Maria *pleasant* Inspector Karpeth, allow me to introduce you to my husband Toby Allendale, his brother Laurence, and my niece (Laurence's daughter) Edwina Allendale. You met her mother, Tess, upstairs.

Toby Dear, Inspector Karpeth has been working with Inspector Walter Dynon. He's a great family friend of ours, Inspector. Quite a favourite.

*The brothers relax. They wipe their hands of the dust and grime, then shake hands with Arjun Karpeth.*

Toby *smiling* Laurie and I will carry this thing upstairs. More light. And ... ?

*Toby glances at his brother.*

Laurence *airily* Oh, yes. I bethought myself to bring along the key from Gladesbrook. Well, hopefully it's **the** key.

*Karpeth, a little suspicious, stares intently at the brothers. Then he nods.*

Karpeth But you gentlemen have done all the physical work. My men will carry the strongbox upstairs.

*The two uniformed policemen step forward, picking up the heavy casket between them.*

END OF SCENE (to be picked up immediately after following scene)

**VI, Scene x:** 1986, William Flying The Jaguar GR-3 (Part I)

*Note: Luke Allen à Dale is played by the same actor who plays Roger Allendale as a man of about 40.*

*William speaks to a disembodied voice over the communications channel. His words and those of his auditor are very unclear. Then William speaks to himself, not really controlling his anger.*

William *darkly, not*                      Come on, Nathaniel Grace. It's your turn in the air with Flyboy.  
*"tannoy" voice*                      Calling Nathaniel Grace, come on. Let's finish this, Sport. Calling  
                                                  Nathaniel Grace. Calling Nathaniel Grace.

*There is no room in the snug cockpit for any passengers. William looks about. The camera will have to close right in such that we are able to discern his surly expression. After some more communications noise, William again speaks to himself.*

William *darkly, not*                      Nathaniel Grace. Nathaniel Grace. Flyboy Pendlebury calling  
*"tannoy" voice*                      Nathaniel Grace. Calling Nathaniel Grace.

*Suddenly, a man in normal day dress of the 17<sup>th</sup> century is straddled over William in the small cockpit. It is Luke Allen à Dale rather than Nathaniel Grace. The two men are crushed tightly together.*

William *very surprised*      Uncle Roger! I thought you were dead?

*Music: extremely dramatic, reflecting drama and violence.*

*Of course, due to his helmet, Luke is unable to hear William and would be at a loss to recognize him. Luke raises his arm and strikes at William with a small dagger. Luke strikes repeatedly, seemingly in some kind of murderous trance. He grunts loudly with each strike. Due to the constrictions of the cockpit, Luke is unable to get a good swing in, and so each blow is a short, chopping motion.*

*William can hardly fly the jet due to the stowaway straddling him. However, with the repeated dagger blows raining down on him, his job is made even harder. Over the communications medium, William tries to indicate (using m'aidez codes) that he is under attack, and must land the jet immediately. His flying is now very erratic and he is constant danger of crashing the jet.*

*William shouts out to the would-be murderer, and yells in pain.*

*The flak jacket (although designed to withstand ballistics) does a good job of protecting William. However, several slashing blows get through, especially on his neck, arms and sides. Blood gushes out of one very severe wound. William is unable to deal with his wounds, as he fights manfully to land the jet. We see a blow to his throat stopped by Lisa's wedding ring, which he is wearing on a gold chain around his neck.*

END OF SCENE (to be picked up immediately after following scene)

**VI, Scene xi: 1986, Segler's Landing, The Cellar (Part III)**

*When last in this "scene", the two burly policemen were carrying the heavy casket out of the cellar.*

*In the Segler's Landing dining room the large picture window reveals that the four Allendale boys are playing happily outside with the dog, Red. The two young policemen watch the sport, wistfully, then turn back to the activity inside. Gathered around the dining room table, on which a blanket has thoughtfully placed under the casket, stand Toby, Laurence, Maria, Tess, Edwina and Arjun.*

*Arjun frowning heavily* Do any of you know what we'll find in this thing?

*Laurence casual* Yes. There's some several gold coins from around the time of the Restoration, or possibly earlier.

There's some rather damning proof that a country squire came upon his property by nefarious means. That property had been sequestered during the Interregnum.

*Arjun puzzled* What?

*Laurence* Interregnum? Literally "the time between the kings". For nine years, following the execution of Charles The First, England was under the sway of one Oliver Cromwell. On his death, rather than carry on with the failed Republic, England chose to restore Charles II, the murdered king's eldest son.

*Arjun now entirely lost* And when did all this happen?

*Toby kindly* The Kingdom was restored in 1660.

*Arjun looks around at his policemen and looks a question. Their faces are blank.*

*Arjun impatient* Very well, so that's what's in this box, is it? Some stuff from 1660?

*Laurence* That, and some very important state papers from 1668 indicating that King Charles II was about to undertake some very drastic measures to put the Exchequer back in the black.

He was about to revert to Catholicism, and make a very handsome

treaty with Portugal to join forces with that country. After all, his wife was Portuguese. Why not cement the relationship at the state level?

Arjun *suspicious*

You've seen this before, haven't you, Mr Allendale? You've had this casket out before, and gone through it thoroughly.

Laurence

No, as it happens, I haven't. I'd say that it's been *in situ* since 1668, when it was put there: untouched and unremembered. It may have been the former owner of Segler's, or one of Charles's trusted ministers, perhaps. There's no way of telling ...

But I have to make you understand, Inspector Karpeth. The people of England saw Charles's father's head removed. The executioner cut off the head of an anointed king in full view of the public.

Policeman #1 *Cockney* You're makin' that up.

*Everyone turns to look at this policeman, who blushes vibrantly. Then they look away.*

Toby *ignoring the policeman's incredulity*

And in doing that, Charles The Second's fate was sealed. He could no more become a Roman Catholic (as King of England) than fly to the moon. His plan to join forces with Portugal would have ended England's independence. All the historical fighting between England and France, England and Spain ... the Armada, Cressy and Agincourt ... All for nought. Had Charles gone ahead with his wild scheme, then the England we know now would have been destroyed at a stroke. It would have been a complete disaster. And another king would surely have lost his head, just as his father had done, and then farewell the Royal family. Complete shambles!

The plan was scotched (thank Heavens!), and these papers were stowed away for posterity.

Laurence

Not destroyed, mind you, but stowed away, as a nice little nest egg in time of need. Somebody way back then knew a thing or

two ...

*Arjun is way out of his depth with all this historical detail. He sighs then looks about.*

Arjun                      And you think then that it's impossible for anything concerning the current government to be found in this casket?

Laurence                  Of course not. Not possible.

Arjun                      Right! Well open it, anyway, and let's have a gander.

END OF SCENE (to be picked up immediately after following scene)

## **VI, Scene xii:** 1986, Flying The Jaguar GR-3 (Part II)

*Refer scene (x). More of the same. The would-be murderer is now simply stabbing with robotic chopping movements in the same spot. William moves to one side, allowing the knife-blows to damage the back of his seat. But William has lost a great deal of blood. He yells into the communications medium but is not making much sense. His eyes close.*

END OF SCENE (to be picked up immediately after following scene)

## **VI, Scene xiii:** 1986, Segler's Landing, The Cellar (Part IV)

*Laurence finishes the explanation as he takes the key from his pocket, and then opens the casket, with much effort. As he slowly opens the lid, it creaks noisily. Tess and Maria gasp at the sight of the gold and the old parchment and vellum documents.*

Laurence                  What saved the financial impasse was the VOC and India.

Arjun                      India? Are you taking the mickey because I'm Indian? I don't take very kindly to that, Sir.

Toby *patient*              The money which Charles so hankered after eventually came from the nabobs of India, and also from his dealings with what we



know as the Dutch East India company. It was called the VOC ...  
some unpronounceable Dutch words ...

Laurence *grunting*        *Vereenigde Oost-Indische Compagnie.*

*Laurence steps back, gesturing to the Inspector that he should be the first in over 300 years to handle the contents of the strongbox. Everything is just as described. Arjun, his eyes blazing, scoops up the coins and pours them through his fingers onto the table. Awestruck, he glances over the stiff documents, careful not to rip them. Maria and Tess are simply agog.*

Arjun *awestruck*        My God! How did you know this would be so? You **must** have seen it before.

Laurence                You're the first person to touch that loot in a very long time, Inspector.  
  
And it will certainly have to be presented without haste to the British Museum. They'll no doubt want my expertise in connection with this find.

*Laurence smiles smugly at his brother, who makes a face at him. Meanwhile, Arjun gathers the several contents of the casket and replaces it. He relocks the box.*

Arjun *suspicious again*    So, if this is an unexpected find, how come you know about it, and more importantly, what it contained?

Edwina *unexpectedly*    They've been researching it with my sort of uncle, Uncle William. He is very concerned for a pilot who's been wrongfully accused of manslaughtering a poor man, and that's what they've come up with.

Arjun *at sea*            But ... there can't be any connection, can there? This stuff has absolutely nothing to do with the pilot ... Has it? How can it do?

Edwina *airily*            That and my drawings.

*There is a ghastly silence. Everyone freezes. Toby, Laurence, Maria and Tess look horrified. It is bad enough that this Inspector has possession of the casket without him getting Aethelbart's sketches as well. But Edwina, in her youthful exuberance saves the day.*

Edwina *expanding on*    Daddy showed my drawings to Inspector Dynon, and he thought that they were lovely. And my new friend Lisa, who's gone and

*her theme* married my sort of Uncle William is going to put hers in a frame, on the wall.

Of course, I had to hide them from my cousin Trader, because he would have made fun of them and he would have drawn moustaches and glasses on everyone and put arrows in their backs. Boys are **so** unruly!

*Inspector Karpeth is nonplussed. He takes Edwina's random chatter as just that, mercifully ignoring the mention of Aethelbart's artwork.*

Arjun *decisive* Alright, then. I've a murder case to investigate.

What you'll do, gentlemen, is to convey that strongbox and key to the Museum, as you said. I want them to prepare an inventory of what's been found in it. Then you'll bring to me the signed document of your surrender of that evidence, along with the list of contents, and I'll simply add it to the file. If there's any nonsense from those people at the Museum, Walter Dynon can be called in.

I don't think that we need trouble you any further. Good day, Ladies, Gentlemen. And the dear daughter, who sketches so beautifully ...

*The men nod to the Inspector, and the ladies smile. With as much dignity as he can muster, Inspector Karpeth and his side-kicks leave, escorted by Maria.*

*Toby breathes out a long sigh, then gives Laurence a speaking look. Tess bursts out laughing.*

Tess You almost did for us, Edwina. You mustn't just chatter like that. Some people don't understand.

Edwina *put out* Oh? I thought that my evidence was bang up to the mark. "Johnnie on the spot". Inspector Dynon thinks I'd make a jolly fine witness, whatever that means.

END OF SCENE

**VI, Scene xiv:** 1986, William At The RAF Base, Raxforth Near Cadbury

*Music: thunderous, dangerous, and over-powering.*

*With Luke Allen a Dale leaning over him, stabbing indiscriminately, William yells and shouts to Luke (whom he naturally calls "Roger") to get out of the way. Under this excruciating duress, using every fibre of muscle in his body, William manages to bring down the jet (even though the landing is extremely rough and uncontrolled). As he violently brakes, the wheels skid about with clouds of dust rising.*

*The music closes-off with a huge trumpet voluntary played such that each instrument plays slightly later than the one before it, overlapping it. The whole effect ends with one triumphal note.*

END OF SCENE

**VI, Scene xv:** 1986, George Pendlebury's Office At Stradbroke's (Part I)

*George and Lisa are clearing out and throwing out.*

*Lisa locates a dog-eared folder of photos. She begins to go through the contents. George (easily distracted as ever) looks on.*

George *brightly*                    There's none of William but several of me. And Roger. Did you ever meet Roger? No of course not. Better show you his photograph in case it has a bearing ...

*George riffles through the photographs. He pulls out a snap, which he hands to Lisa.*

George                                Here he is. That's my Uncle Roger. He's the elder brother of my Mother.

Lisa *frowning*                    But ... This is Ralph Beaversnade. And the man beside Beaversnade is Luke Allen à Dale, the man who owns Segler's Hall.

*George looks closely at where Lisa's finger points.*

George Really? I don't know that old coot. But ***that's*** my uncle Roger.

Lisa He's the man who died recently?

George Yes.

Lisa He died of a seizure – a fright or some such ... ?

George Yes. Yes! What is it, Lisa?

Lisa *aghast* He worked at Otterhead's ... Oh dear ... But ... Oh dear ...

END OF SCENE

**VI, Scene xvi:** 1986, Segler's Landing, A News Bulletin On A Television Screen

*The large television set in the lounge room at Segler's Landing is showing a children's show.*

Fiona *calling out* Edwina, have you finished with the tellie? Your Mummy and Aunt Maria want to flick over to a show about ladies' fashions. You might well like it. You're growing into a very pretty young lady, aren't you?

*There is no answer. Fiona makes a face, then picks up the remote control and finds the desired channel.*

The TV Broadcasts an Urgent Newsflash.

Only Fiona Watches It – Aghast.

*Just as an advertisement finishes the TV shows the News Flash symbols and dramatic music plays.*

Male *voice-over* We cross to our Finsbury:UK news desk for an urgent news update. Here's Sharon Barnsley with the latest bulletin.

*The TV now shows the news presenter with a large head-and-shoulders photograph of William Pendlebury in his RAF uniform in the immediate background.*

Sharon Barnsley  
*serious news delivery*

The financial collapse of the Grimsby Corporation has taken a dramatic and bizarre twist this afternoon with the attempted murder of RAF Squadron Leader William Pendlebury. Pendlebury is linked through family ties with one of the men behind what financial experts are calling "dubious dealings" at Grimsby's. Reliable sources have stated that the RAF pilot at the centre of the recent manslaughter of whistleblower Michael Cremorne is also connected with Squadron Leader Pendlebury.

*Now William's photograph is replaced with scenes showing bustle (police, RAF staff and civilians) at the Raxforth base.*

Sharon Barnsley  
*serious news delivery*

The attempted murder has resulted in one of London's biggest manhunts currently being mounted around the RAF's Raxforth aerodrome.

We now cross LIVE to Jeremy Aithness at the RAF base for more information. Jeremy!

*Camera focus on a wind-swept Jeremy with outside microphone in hand.*

Jeremy Aithness  
*newsman on the spot*

Thanks, Sharon.

We understand from RAF officials that Squadron Leader Pendlebury (a highly decorated young veteran of recent Middle Eastern skirmishes, and only just recently married) was attacked while flying one of the RAF's Jaguar jets on a routine practice run. He was believed to have been flying solo.

Medical experts describe the loss of blood (the blood in the cockpit has been positively identified as being that of Mr Pendlebury) as substantial and they are extremely concerned about his condition. His current whereabouts are unknown, and police are very anxious to locate Mr Pendlebury so that he can receive immediate medical attention. They just don't know if he is alive or what his condition is ... that's all we know at the moment. I'll update you immediately I hear anything more about that.

*Instead of being focused on Jeremy, the camera now gives focus to the jet itself, still sitting where William landed it. Dozens of RAF crewmen wander about it or stand in groups discussing the pilot's effort.*

Jeremy Aithness *voice-over* In what senior RAF officials describe as the ultimate in heroism, the 32-year-old pilot managed to land his jet safely and without danger to the public despite the fact that he had lost that copious amount of blood, and may even have been under personal attack whilst landing. He was probably close to passing out when he grounded the kite, so it's being hailed here as a jolly awesome show. How he has scrambled out of the jet and managed to go missing is a big mystery. But ... really, a miraculous effort there.

*Back to camera focus on Jeremy.*

Jeremy Aithness *newsman on the spot* But equally mysterious is the identity of his attacker. Witnesses have claimed that the stowaway in the jet, the man believed to have attacked Squadron Leader Pendlebury, leapt clear upon the jet's landing and has taken off on foot.

So police are looking for the suspect in this attack and they have a number of descriptions of this person. Now we understand from police that this man (the attacker) may have also been connected with the collapse of Grimsby's but was believed to have been deceased; so that's a bit of a shock for them.

However, they are very worried about Squadron Leader Pendlebury and they are asking the general public to give the pilot all possible assistance and to phone Crime Alert Club on 027-4632-5378 if they think that they've spotted Pendlebury.

That's it for the moment. Back to the studio.

*The TV now returns to show the news presenter with the large head-and-shoulders photograph of William Pendlebury in his RAF uniform in the immediate background, overlaid with 0-CRIMEALERT (027-4632-5378).*

Sharon Barnsley Thanks, Jeremy. We'll bring further news as soon as it comes to

*serious news delivery* hand, including Photofit identity clips of the alleged felon when these become available.

An amazing news item. And an amazing effort in putting the jet down by one of the UK's most decorated currently-serving Air Force men.

*[Sincere look towards the camera as she shuffles the papers]*

Our thoughts are with William Pendlebury's family, and of course, with his new bride.

We'll return now to normal programming.

*Fiona is in a state of shocked disbelief, her hand clapped over her mouth. All she can do is to scream "Maria!"*

END OF SCENE

## **VI, Scene xvii:** 1986, George Pendlebury's Office At Stradbroke's (Part II)

*The telephone in George's office rings shrilly. He is not in his office, and sprints up to the phone, answering breathlessly.*

George *businesslike* Yes ... What? Say that again?

Oh my sweet Lord ... Are you ...?

Yes, right, I'll get over there right away. Yes, I'll bring Lisa.

*George, shaken and pale, drops the receiver into its cradle. Then he yells "Lisa!"*

END OF SCENE

**VI, Scene xviii: 1668, The Orangery**

*There is no music.*

*William finds himself sitting awkwardly in an open field or meadow where horses, sheep and cows lazily graze. Nearby, Witt and the two maids of Nell Gwynne (Mary Luce and Jayne Smallett) gather herbs from the verge. They have been placing their gathered specimens into shallow cane baskets.*

*William is in extreme pain. We can see and hear this as he awkwardly removes his flying helmet. His flak jacket has been knifed more than 30 times and where the dagger struck his sides and upper arms, there are large globs of congealed blood.*

*In the background, we see Witt, Mary and Jayne rushing towards William. He is in shock and tries valiantly to stop himself from weeping. He groans with every movement.*

*Witt bends over William, looking extremely anxious. The two maids rush up, "ooh-ing" and "ah-ing". The three offer William assistance.*

**Witt** Dear God! You are savagely hacked, Jack. We must hie to the house and beg Mistress to mend thee. Do you need any brown paper to bind your head? Or an onion held in the armpit may sometime prove efficacious.

**Jayne** Quick! Quick! Mistress has ointments and salves to treat cuts, Witt. Shall we not bear him up to the house?

**Mary *warning*** Do not move him in such haste, Jayne. A litter! The gardener and his boy must help us in this, as we forge a litter from willow branches.

**Witt** Aye, well said! Rest here, Jack. Succour is at hand ...

**William *down and out*** Don't bother ... I'm dead ... I've been killed by a once beloved uncle. I was supposed to make sons with Lisa ... And now it's too late! That's a kick in the nuts for starters.

*William is bereft. He sobs from his shock and pain, but without allowing the entourage to see him do so.*

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



*With the camera backed away from William, we see the gardener and the gardener's boy rushing up. Now there are five people grouped around William. The men assist William to lie down on the pasture.*

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

A sketchy litter has been formed from willow branches and ropes. We see the men carefully lifting William onto it. Then all five carers lug William (moaning and tossing his head about) towards The Orangery.

William *hoarse but urgent* Witt ... Is Witt still with me?

Witt *calming* Yes, Jack.

William grabs at the first male arm he can bearly see. This belongs to the gardener.

William *desperate* Witt! You must not leave. Do not leave. All is lost if you --

Witt Jack! I shall stay with you come what might. I will be steadfast as the Northern star. Please do not alarm yourself in this troublous way.

William *rambling* But if Beaversnade comes to collect you ... Tell him "No!" ...

The Gardener *dour* His mind's wandering.

Jayne *concerned* He's lost so much precious blood. A body can only stand so much. I fear for his welfare. I do!

Witt *trying for optimism* Mistress Gwynne will know what must be done. Be assured, Jack. And I'll never leave your side. We'll get you well ... We shall!

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

*Now inside the house itself, the litter has been carried to the spare room under the direction of Mrs Baldface (who is Witt's mother: she helps the maids with the sewing and mending) and Nell Gwynne herself.*

Mrs Baldface                      Careful now! Try not to jag that carry-cot.

Nell                                      Into the bed with him. You men must shift him with all due gentleness.

*The act of lowering the litter down to the level of the bed and then gently rolling William onto the bed causes more moans and groans.*

Nell *authoritative*                      Scissors! Mrs Baldface, you and Mary must cut away all these clothes from this man. Jayne, do you come with me to gather our several remedies from the pantry.

*The two women nominated to cut away William's flying gear fetch scissors and begin their work.*

*And Nell and Jayne scurry away to fetch the various healing potions.*

The Gardener *dour*                      That there is a tedious handy vest of armour he's a-wearing, albeit it be made of cloth, whalebone and bark, seems like.

Witt                                      Yes! Thank Heavens for it, whatever it is. Seemingly the armour took the full brunt of the attack. But in God's name, what would cause a body to try so hard to kill Jack? See how many times he was stuck with a knife or dagger. Quite out of the ordinary, that.

William *weakly*                      Don't go off with Beadlesame, Witt. Stay! Stay! Don't go!

*The women return to the spare room and begin their work. They chatter to each other as they work. Nell leans over William, forcing him to drink some horrid liquid. William tries to push her away, but he is weak.*

William *as loudly as he can*                      I must get myself to Segler's Landing. I must go there tonight.

Nellie *scolding*                      You'll not go, Mister Jack.

*William tosses his head about and tries to get up. The carers hold him down.*

William *more forceful*                      Nellie! You must get me to Segler's tonight! Our lives all depend

upon it.

Nellie *relenting*

Well ... as it happens, there *is* a rout mooted for this evening at The Hall, and I had planned to boat thither. His Majesty will be absent of course, having found some more fashionable pastime, no doubt. But I shall attend the revelries. If only to watch Mistress Villiers and report back to the King of her various liaisons. I saw the way she tried to ravish you, Jack, not so long ago: outrageous scamp, she is! I'm glad that you told her "nay".

*Now, with most of his outer clothing cut away, the women wash and salve William's wounds.*

Witt *encouraging*

We'll bind you in these clean wrappings, and right as rain you'll be. See if I'm not right.

William *with all the force he can muster*

Witt, there is a plot a-foot which is intended to implicate you yourself. It is imperative that you do not leave this house. All of you, hear me! Witt is not to leave this house, even should his mother die.

*Mrs Baldface, on hearing this, looks shocked and scandalized, then hurt.*

William *more faint*

If Beaverboy comes looking for him, he's to be refused entry. I'll personally murder anyone who ... who ...

*Nellie bends over William, forcing a draught of pungent liquid down his throat.*

Nellie *kindly*

Clearly, you're a man used to giving orders. But not in my house, Jack. This will settle you.

END OF SCENE

## **VI, Scene xix:** 1668, Nell Gwynne's Barge On The River Thames

*Music: something marvellous such as Handel's Water Music, but kitted-out to be 17<sup>th</sup> century. The music keeps time with the rhythm of the oars.*

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*On a glorious Summer's night, Nell and William relax on her barge (which was given to Nell by His Majesty). Several boatmen paddle the craft, and it is lit by bright lanterns.*

William I'm so weak. This is useless. Tonight I must be strong. I'm on a man's mission, but I'm as weak as a little girl.

*Nellie fiddles about in her reticule, then produces a phial of sal volatile. She snaps the head off the phial, and waves the phial under William's nose. This causes William to toss his head about, in obvious discomfort.*

William *disgusted* ***Fuck!*** What the hell was that?

*Nell, scandalized, slaps William's hand playfully with her fan.*

Nell *pouting prettily* William Bury-Le-Pend! Shame on you! That word is not to be uttered before a lady, such as myself. In the event that you must curse (and I understand that male persons like to blaspheme now and then) you should say "Lawks!" or "Fie upon it!" or even "Oddsfish!"

William I'll try it. Won't have the same effect, but ... You know my name.

Nell *arch* Your sweet Lisa told me it. She loves you very much.

William *a little sad* Yes ... I hope I get to see her again, but I don't think that's possible now.

*William looks sideways at Nell and makes a decision.*

William Nellie, in order to try to return to my beautiful wife, I might need to enlist your help.

Nell Of course, Jack ... I mean, William. So long as it doesn't involve any mayhem, that is.

William Not at all. It's just that I must get my hands on a bundle of clothes which Lisa left in a tallboy at Segler's Landing. If I lose my way, or become disoriented, could you kindly lead me to that tallboy so that I may rescue the clothes?

Nell That sounds simple enough.

William                                    Ah, I knew that I could depend on you. That's why King Charles is so very much in love with you. You're his favourite.

*Nell flushes with pleasure at William's words.*

Nell                                        Am I? Ooooh, if only he would be more demonstrative. Still, it pleases me well that you should say it. Thank you, kind Sir.

*William studies her. He reaches over to take Nell's hand and kiss the back of it. Then, William removes the chain from his neck, and hands both chain and wedding ring to Nell.*

William                                    I'll tell you something else. When the King finally comes to his end, he will speak a few last words. And do you know what I think that he'll say? "Let not my poor Nellie starve". I'm sure that his last words will be concerning you.

Here, this is the ring he loaned to me for my Lisa. I'll buy her a ring of her own; I can't take it back with me. This comes to you, for you of all Charles's' women seems the most deserving.

*Nellie is unable to speak from gratitude. She dabs at her eyes with her reticule and then quickly kisses William.*

END OF SCENE

## **VI, Scene xx: 1668, Segler's Landing**

*The scene is one with which we are now familiar: bright, joyous music, romping dancers, and voices raised in bawdy good humour. William appears to be escorting Nell, having given her his arm. But in fact, Nell is holding William upright. The pair is jostled continually by the party-goers, causing William great discomfort.*

William *low-voiced*                    Nellie, give me another sniff of that foul potion, will you? I need a kick-start.

Nell *surprised*                         The sal volatile, you mean?

*They stop. Nell fishes out another phial, snaps off the head, then quickly waves the open phial under William's nose. He reacts as he did before.*

William *disgusted*            Oddsfish! That is putrid, that stuff.

Nell *anxious*                Feel any better?

William                        Not really, but I'm all in favour of Dutch courage.

I'd better hit the cellar and finish this off. Get the dirty business over with. If I am wiped-out in doing so, you'll remember that I had the very best of intentions. I only hope that your folk managed to hold onto Witt. He must not come here tonight under any circumstances.

Nell *kindly*                 Just like His Majesty and the tales of his Royal Escape, you'll have a wonderful story to tell to your grandchildren.

*William holds Nell's hands and looks into her lovely face. He kisses her softly on the lips.*

William *low-voiced*        My grandchildren ... Thank you, Nellie. Thank you for saving me.

END OF SCENE

## **VI, Scene xxi:** 1668, Segler's Landing, Crunch time In The Cellar

*We are now at "crunch time". We have to get exactly the right mood here. No music until advised.*

*We can just overhear the merriment from upstairs.*

|                                               |
|-----------------------------------------------|
| The Hypnosis of Pilot Threlkeld Is Revisited. |
|-----------------------------------------------|

*This is a re-cast of what Graeme Threlkeld remembered during his hypnosis event.*

*There is a brawl in progress in the cellar. Hugh Lemmeter is being attacked by two men, one larger than the other. However, William barely manages to move down the stairs.*

Hugh Lemmeter *in great pain* Leave off! 'Twere nothing to do with me, I tell you. Leave off! Let me breathe!

*The bigger of the two attackers grabs Lemmeter by the scruff of the neck.*

The bigger man You've sung like a songbird to the Cabal. You shan't escape the guilt.

*William steps forward, forcing himself to remain solid, upright.*

William *loudly and with great authority* Stop! Stop this right now!

*The men obey him, transfixed as they look about to see who has disrupted them.*

*Ralph Beaversnade steps forward, looking peevish at being tricked by William. When confronted by Beaversnade and then by Nathaniel Grace, William's movements must be economical, swift and precise.*

Beaversnade *in a pet* Now, see here, you pestilential --

*William quickly draws back his right arm so as to get maximum force behind the punch delivered to Beaversnade's temple. Ralph's eyes roll as he slumps to the ground, concussed.*

*Nathaniel Grace frowns.*

Nathaniel This does not play-out as we schemed it, Jester. Where is the lad? And why are you here in his stead?

*William sucks in his breath for one last stand.*

William *cold, steely* Because I've come to do the job myself.

Nathaniel *shrugs, indifferent* Whither away, then.

*William walks forward, trying desperately not to stagger, and makes as if to knife Lemmeter. The latter screams, shielding his face with his hands. Then, William quickly spins around and mercilessly plunges the knife into Nathaniel Grace's heart.*

*The man dies dramatically whilst leaning on William (whose teeth are clenched).*

William *with finality* Fortis et Fidelis.

*Music: triumphant, glorious, overbearing.*

*The other men panic. William allows Grace's body to drop to the floor of the cellar.*

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

Nellie meets William on the stairs. Several men are grabbing at William from behind. With an almighty effort (his last gasp effort), William succeeds in grabbing the bundle of clothes which Nellie stretches out to give to him.

Nellie *aggressive* Leave him alone, you brutes!

[Concerned for William]

My dear William, pray let me help you. Lean on me ... You are very unwell ...

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

*The cellar transmogrifies to what it is in 1986. William, still holding the knife confronts his Uncle Roger who (as a man of 72 years old) pulls up short at the sight of him. Lips tight-pressed, William pulls back his arm to murder Roger, but the latter backs off, in horror. Screaming "No! No!", Roger plunges up the cellar stairs. William watches the cellar door swing open.*

END OF SCENE

## **VI, Scene xxii: 1986, Thornbury, The Sitting Room At Night**

*The news of William's supposed murder has resulted in the gathering of several people at Thornbury. Lisa sits in a chair, sobbing without restraint. She is comforted by Holly, also crying but not with such gusto. George can be heard speaking to some RAF official on the telephone.*

*Inspector Walter Dynon enters the sitting-room. Lisa looks up, and on seeing him, begins to make desperate, agonized noises.*

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Dynon *calming*

It's alright young Mrs Pendlebury. I've not brought bad news of your husband. As far as we can tell, he's managed to get himself somewhere, with some nasty wounds. He'll let us know where he is when he can.

*Holly mouths "If he can".*

Dynon

I've brought some interesting news, at least. Toby Allendale's three boys have just found a dead body in the Thames at the Landing.

Gordon

Really?

Dynon

Yes. A tall chap with big, peculiar ears. We'll see what the post-mortem drags up, but in all probability, this is the chap that the pilot identified under hypnosis. We'll get the pilot down to the morgue for positive identification. Saves us the bother and expense of a trial, anyway.

*Gordon looks a question. Dynon chuckles.*

Dynon

And for Karpeth, that's case closed. Thanks heavens! Smiling like the cat who's licked the cream, he is, and not a care about underlying cause and effect. At least, we won't be annoyed by him anymore.

What's more, the young pilot is a free man.

Lisa *weak, trying to stop her sobs*

But ... where is William?

*Holly resumes her cuddling and comforting of her second daughter-in-law. Holly leans her cheek on Lisa's shoulder.*

Holly *weeping*

I'm so sorry now that I didn't cry at Roger's funeral. I should have shed tears. But I didn't ... or couldn't ...

He was a fine man, whose life ran off the rails. I should have cared about him: minded that he was obviously in way over his head.

*Gordon can be seen nodding. George enters the sitting-room.*

Holly *sniffing* Lisa will bear me out: Plimsoll-Shoes insisted that Toby's little escapade with us in Westania (and Roger not being present) really weighed on him. As he got older, the enormity of that whole episode burrowed into his brain. Plus what Laurence did in 1969. And in the end, it all ate him away.

Dynon I'm with you there. Toby exhibited such courage and strength of purpose for a lad of ten. Roger should have been filled with fatherly pride. Both the Allendale boys ... Pity the daughter's skating about ...

*There is a lull, broken only by the pathetic sobs of the young bride.*

Holly Greed: it's always greed. There were supposed to be three, according to Chaucer, and three there were: Gandore, Trahilai and lastly, Roger.

*The camera slowly pans the occupants of the room.*

Holly *dreamily* Gordon, Biddles.

END OF SCENE

## **VI, Scene xxii: 1986, William Arrives Back At Thornbury, Night**

*The scene is almost black. It is a dark night. William has apparently landed under a thick bush. He would not easily be seen even were it daylight.*

*Initially, we hear the purring of Holly's black and white female cat, Biddles. She has found William under the bush and is nuzzling him with her velvet-soft head.*

*Out of the gloom, we can just discern William's hand stretching out to his Mother's pet.*

William *very weak* Yes ... Hello, Biddles ... Good girl ...

*Whistling happily, Gordon approaches.*

Gordon *encouraging*      Come on, Biddles! Inside. Mum's waiting for you.

*[Aside to himself]*

Anything to take our minds off the doom and gloom.

Come on, girl. Come and distract the females so they'll stop all the weeping.

*William, trapped under the bush, and extremely weak from loss of blood, tries to attract his father's attention. Unable to do more than groan "Dad", William grabs a branch of the bush under which he is pinned, then rattles it. Gordon is very suspicious. As he pretends to talk to the cat, he looks about for a stout piece of wood. William bangs his hand on the ground. It is all he can do.*

Gordon                      Come on, Puss. Mum's waiting for you inside.

*[Calling loudly]*

George! George!

*Continuing to speak to the cat, Gordon retrieves a nice, solid piece of wood, which he begins to poke into the bush where William is trapped. William yells as the wood hits his arm but is saved by George. The latter grabs Gordon's arm as Gordon is about to give an almighty swing of his piece of wood into the bush.*

George *warning*              Wait, Dad! That might be William.

*Together, Gordon and George rescue William. Judging by William's groans, moans and clenched teeth, the father and brother are finding it difficult to extract William from his landing-place, trying to be careful and gentle at the same time as dragging him free. They give encouragement to William, who nearly passes-out.*

Gordon/George              I thought you were a thug ... Easy does it! ... Where does it hurt?  
 ... Lisa's breaking her heart inside. ... Look out! ... Soon be right  
 ... Out of the way, Biddles ... Oh, shit! He's badly wounded, here,  
 in the side ... I'll ring for an ambulance.

*Squatting beside William, George rests his hand on William's chest, as some kind of comfort.*

George *calmly*              Dad's ringing for an ambulance. We'll soon have you --

*Desperately, William grabs George's hand.*

William *hoarse* Roger knifed me ... Roger ... In the Jag ...

*William, holding Lisa's bundle of TA camouflage gear to his chest, flings about. George tries to calm him.*

William *disjointed, but still desperate for George to learn the truth* I saw Roger ... in cellar ... that was what gave him the nasty turn ... was so horrified by what he saw me do, that he ... saw me murdering Grace ... Restoration, not now ... can't be pinged for that crime ... sorry if I'm ... but I don't regret it. Sorry. But that's that.

*We hear Lisa approaching, still sobbing, to be with her husband.*

END OF SCENE

## **VI, Scene xxiii:** In The Ambulance

*Lisa sits in a proper car seat, strapped-in with seatbelt. Beside her, partially strapped into a stretcher, lies William, eyes closed. A paramedic is removing the 17<sup>th</sup> century bandages, and is examining William's many wounds. He seems very concerned about the nature of the ointments and salves with which Nell Gwynne treated William.*

Paramedic *still working as he speaks* Jesus Christ and all the Angels! What the Hell is this goo? They keep stuff like this in the Pharmaceutical Museum, did you know that? From the 18<sup>th</sup> century, it is. Where did he get this? Who treated him?

Lisa *airily* He wafted home under his own steam and hasn't managed to tell us anything meaningful. Told me that Nell Gwynne mended him.

*The paramedic continues to work.*

Paramedic Yeah? What, is she a friend, or ... ?

Lisa The favourite girlfriend of King Charles the Second.

Paramedic Do you mean Prince Charles? The Queen hasn't died, has she? I

don't always get to hear the latest, locked in the boot, as it were.

*Lisa smiles and silently chuckles.*

END OF SCENE

## **VI, Scene xxiii:** Gladesbrook The Sitting Room

*The family members are scattered about idly chatting. I would have liked Arjun Karpeth to have been present, but as he was not aware of the time-travel element in the story, I had to keep him away.*

*Thus, I had to dredge up poor Walter Dynon to act in officio for Karpeth.*

*Attending this talkfest: George and Sarah, Laurence and Tess, Toby, Holly and Gordon and Walter Dynon. Edwina flits in and out.*

*While desultory chatter goes on, Edwina marches into the room, carrying two heavy briefcases (obviously stuffed full of papers). She positions herself in the middle of the room and clears her throat importantly.*

*Edwina in the grand manner*

Ladies and Gentlemen! Now that my cousin Trader has flown out with his mother and sister, I've rescued these vital clues from the Segler's Landing cellar. They were in a large wooden box there. Gran Judith and I had quite a struggle to get it out, and we decided to hide the contents in these two briefcases and keep them in my bedroom here at Gladesbrook. And so here they are, safe and sound.

*Everyone in the room is gob-smacked. Edwina, enjoying her triumph as much as she is being the centre of attention, marches smartly over to Dynon. She deposits the two briefcases at his feet.*

*Edwina*

There you are, Inspector Dynon. You'll be able to give these to Inspector Karpeth. They are vital clues: all about the "doings" at Otterhead's. Gran Judith was very worried that Grampa Roger wasn't entirely happy to have them around, so we plotted to remove them for his own safety and wellbeing. And of course, I

had to make sure that Trader didn't turn these important documents into paper planes or origami battle cruisers. He is a very troublesome boy, that one.

*Everyone remains astounded.*

Edwina                      And now! I've made pikelets all by myself, with strawberry jam and whipped cream. So, I'll let you all try them, shall I?

*Edwina's dramatic turn is over, and she has skipped out of the room towards the kitchen. All Dynon can do is utter a long sigh as he begins to peruse the contents of the briefcases.*

*Laurence recovers and goes after Edwina, with a brief "Excuse me!" Tess also stands and is about to follow her husband (presumably to upbraid Edwina) when she stops, frowning.*

Tess *to Toby*                      After all that, Roger didn't know about the casket at all, did he?

Toby *shrugs*                      Apparently not.

Tess                              So why in Heavens would Roger have tried to murder William in the jet? It was so uncharacteristic ... and senseless ... He quite liked William, I thought.

Holly                              But it wasn't Roger at all who attacked William. It was the Luke-chappie from the Restoration. He was psychotic. Quite off his head.

George                             Did you ever see that George Segal film where he smelt the pig's blood and then went on a murderous rampage? He slashed the waterbed in a straight line ... do you remember? About ten or so years ago it was.

*Toby begins to mime the robotic chopping actions of a psychotic knife murderer.*

Tess *appalled*                      Good grief!

George *solemn*                      Apparently, everyone was very chary of Allen à Dale. His eyes glazed over or some such thing ... Wills was telling me. He'd taken to a poor old cow that had ceased to provide milk and just stabbed and stabbed and stabbed ... All the witnesses were utterly sickened by such mindless, savage butchery.

Toby                                 And, as George says, that was enough to cause the gentlefolk of 17<sup>th</sup> century London to fear him. On his good days, he was charming and delightful. And then these unheralded murderous episodes ...

*Laurence returns to the room and stands beside his wife.*

Laurence                            Are you discussing Luke Allen à Dale? He was a legend for ferocity. I found a whole chapter about his doings in one of Great-Aunt Constance's tomes. It's here in the study if anyone is interested.

Apart from the cow-story (which made Luke a byword in savagery), one of the scullery maids went missing. They found her body in a ditch, so horribly mutilated that she was all but unrecognizable. There were other similar tales, too.

And this psychotic fiend actually died in his bed, surrounded by his faithful servants.

Holly                                But it wouldn't have been his fault, if he had a mental illness.

George                             If my brother had not had the protection of his flying helmet and the flak jacket, who knows what --

*Unexpectedly, George is overcome by emotion. He begins to shake with sobs. Sarah rushes to his side. Then, the couple leave the sitting-room, with Sarah holding and comforting George. Holly dabs at her eyes, and Gordon looks very close to tears himself. There is an uncomfortable silence for a couple of seconds.*

*Edwina returns, bearing a large plate of well-presented pikelets. Smiling widely, she begins to move from chair to chair, to dole out the goodies.*

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

Dynon                               Well, these documents square up with my initial thoughts. I suppose in a way it's damned lucky that young Miss Allendale

squirreled them away as she did. Else, Roger Allendale would have destroyed them. I mean, once Cremorne started nosing around ...

Holly *bravely*

Walter, tell the truth now. Did my brother plan to kill Cremorne? Was it his doing?

Dynon *cagey*

I'd rather not say, Holly.

Holly *insistent*

Walter, in 1950, you and I went through some pretty Hell-raising stuff. In Westania. You'd just better tell me. Come on, spill your guts.

Gordon

You know that she can take it on the chin.

*There is a pause. Dynon shifts about, fiddling with his teacup.*

Dynon

Alright. Yes. He did. It was his idea to do it. He left the assassin and the "Stanley" chap to organize it between them.

Toby is quite correct. Roger knew nothing of the 17<sup>th</sup> century casket, nothing at all. He only wanted to protect his role in the sordid crime at Otterhead's, since he'd syphoned-off so much money through it.

But, as I can't prove any of this, and Karpeth has more-or-less closed the case, that business stays here. No further investigation warranted.

*Dynon glances at the two briefcases.*

Dynon

I'll pass these over to Karpeth, who'll file them immediately and they'll be virtually lost for the next three or four centuries.

Tess *frowning*

But won't he ...?

Dynon *with finality*

Case closed. William Pendlebury had no hand in this, as far as Karpeth goes. The near fatality in the jet has been passed off as the work of a raving lunatic, unconnected to the case, and swept under the carpet. No, the unidentified body of Bigears washing up as it did, and Toby's boys finding it, gave our beloved Inspector his murderer. That's the man described by Threlkeld, anyway. And



the other man, the "Stanley" chap has, as you may or may not know, committed suicide just prior to his arrest, without anyone knowing his name or anything about him. That was enough for my worthy successor: end of story.

Gordon *nods*

William's pilot received a full and unreserved pardon, along with a bit of a *douceur* in a plain brown envelope.

And so my son and his wife may now happily get on with their lives.

As you say: end of story.

*Edwina marches back into the sitting room armed with another large plate of pikelets.*

END OF SCENE

## **VI, Scene xxiii:** William and Lisa Decide To Make It Permanent

*At Arlington House, in a very well-designed sitting-room. This is much grander than the sitting-room at Thornbury, and tastefully furnished. Lady Highgrove looks William over. After a moment, she risks a short smile, then nervously reaches up to kiss his cheek. He smiles warmly at his mother-in-law.*

Lady Highgrove            Are you quite recovered then, Dear?

William                    Not enough to get up to any mischief, but I'm allowed back to work next week.

*Lady Highgrove nods, then looks about for inspiration.*

Lady Highgrove *rushing into it*    Look, William, I'm terribly sorry about what happened with Rachenda. My husband and I were deeply, deeply shocked by the turn of events. I hope you're not --

*Lisa re-appears, beaming upon her mother and husband. Lady Highgrove composes herself, giving William "a look".*

Lisa We didn't have any photographs taken of the Big Day, Ma, but an artist churned out some glorious watercolours. Look! I'll have these framed.

Lady Highgrove *forcing herself to be bright* Oh ... they're enchanting ... and all in green, as you told me.  
Who is this man?

William *insouciant as ever* That was my best man, Charlie Stuart. Nice chap, but I don't see much of him these days, I'm afraid.

Lady Highgrove Didn't you say, Lisa, that it was a fancy dress wedding? He's got up to look like King Charles. Very like ...

William *extemporizing* That's right. That's his little party trick. His name leads him to ...  
Marvellous bloke: very witty and urbane.

Lady Highgrove Ah! Well, Lisa ... drinkies in the garden, Darling. Bring yourselves outside, won't you?

*Lady Highgrove takes herself off.*

*William (hands in pockets) looks down into the lovely face of his young wife.*

Lisa *imitating her mother* "Drinkies in the garden, Darling". What ho! Pip, pip!  
Shall we? I could throw back a stiff Smirnoff or two. What about you? You're allowed to take alcohol now.

William *smiling* Do you recall that pact we made to ditch the 17<sup>th</sup> century marriage on the grounds that it would be non-holding in 1986? I'm all for scratching that agreement. It's as stale as rancid cheese.

Let's stay married. Get a licence. Get it signed and witnessed.  
Have some little ones and a rose garden. Toby's cottage is coming up for lease, now that he's switched base to the Landing: we could take that, if you like.

Lisa *dreamily, looking up at her husband* Cane chairs, a bird-bath and wind chimes. And a dog called Red.  
You could take up pipe-smoking and I could learn to knit.

*William moves in, taking Lisa's jaw in his hands.*

Lisa *careful* You're not just salvaging my good name, are you? That's not a stable basis for a life partnership.

*William kisses his wife with a great deal of affection.*

William It's more that I'm taking on board something which King Charles said. He wished you and I luck ... In the first place, he organized our wedding, and then ... he seemed to give our union his ultimate blessing. As if it was meant to be ... I dunno ...

*William looks lost. He gives himself a shake. Lisa smiles. They hold hands and look lovingly at each other. Then they wander out, hand-in-hand into the garden.*

END OF SCENE

END OF ACT VI

## **POSTSCRIPT AND THEN CREDITS**

### **Postscript:** 1668 The Cemetery At Pitch (Near Segler's Landing)

*We are re-visiting ACT I, Scene (iii), except that this funeral is for Ralph Beaversnade (in the same spot that Roger Allendale was buried.)*

*Under a spreading tree, Beaversnade's coffin is lowered into the grave. The local vicar begins the funeral service (we cannot actually hear him very well). Those surrounding the grave are sombre. They exhibit no grief. The mourners are kitted-out in black, wearing late 17<sup>th</sup> century styles. One of the mourners is Witt Baldface; he looks back towards the camera, giving a sweet little wave.*

*The camera backs away.*

*William (in his RAF overcoat and cap) is seen to watch the funeral, from a distance, his face solemn.*

*The camera backs away, further and further until we see Aethelbart in nondescript costume propped against a stile, busily sketching the graveside scene. He is close by to William. Red the dog barks as he lollops up to Aethelbart and William. Both men pat and welcome the dog.*

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William *thoughtful*            Ralph got his own grave at last.

*Aethelbart merely grunts. He finishes his drawing with a flourish, and hands it to William.*

Aethelbart                    There! Last one. You've finished with me. But I must say that I enjoyed watching you work. For a fly-boy, you made a half-decent court jester. Had me laughing, anyhow.

*William looks at the drawing. It is very stark, engendering a feeling of sadness. As he speaks, William rolls the drawing, and sticks it in his coat pocket.*

William                        Thanks heaps, Aethelbart. Your artwork saved the day with the pilot. He's been exonerated and received a full pardon, you know.

Aethelbart                    Ah, good.

You'll notice there that only a very small assemblage flocked to say "Goodbye" to Beaversnade. That's what happens when you commit felo-de-se. Not very Godly. They'll not speak of it except in hushed tones.

*The funeral on-lookers have gone. The two men shake hands. William is surprised that Aethelbart and he are able to converse. Lisa approaches, holding some hand-picked flowers.*

Aethelbart                    Alright, I'll be off. Oh, and I meant to tell you. It was Marlowe who  
--

*Aethelbart disappears. William seems perplexed.*

*Lisa strolls up. Together, the pair wander up to the grave. The new gravestone clearly indicates that this is Roger Allendale's last resting place. It is as if Beaversnade's funeral never took place at all.*

END OF FILM

*As the credits roll through, we watch William and Lisa strolling off from the cemetery. The playful dog bounces and bounds around them as they stroll, arm-in-arm.*

*The fourth film in this series is called "The Birth Of Paris". It features Edwina as a beautiful young woman and her cousin Trader Bradley. Lady Highgrove is marvellous in the sixth film: "Cheetahs and Gazelles". This sixth film in the series will feature the five daughters of William and Lisa.*