

**Nordie stares at the Yank.**

**"You don't get it do ya?**

**Basically, there are two dreams that  
every Australian kid has.**

**"One is to kick the winning goal in the AFL Grand Final  
just on the final siren.**

**Win the game!**

**"The other is to play cricket for Australia  
and win Man of the Match.**

**"And that's exactly what you done!"**



### **A NOD TO CALDICOTT AND CHARTERS:**

Australians Rowson and Brown comprise a lovely nod to Caldicott and Charters who were characters in "The Lady Vanishes" (1938). They will bob up now and then (as they wing their way across the USA) in order to progress to their ultimate destination: Boston.

They are absolute cricket fanatics.

### **PRIOR TO OPENING SCENE and OPENING CREDITS/TITLES:**

It is a weekday morning (very early) in New York (but it is irrelevant that that is where we are). The usual early morning bustle can be heard and seen. However, overlaying this "expected" noise is some unexpected noise. We hear (vaguely at first) a well-spoken South African cricket commentator.

Our camera travels up the outer wall of a New York hotel. The cricket commentary becomes more distinct. Our camera enters one of the rooms. Brown is fast asleep in an armchair which faces a TV screen. Now we see the cricket on the TV: highlights of today's play in Bloemfontein (local time). The two cricket sides are: New Zealand and hosts South Africa.

Rowson *voice-off*                      What did that bloke say about Deeping?

*Brown sleeps on.*

Rowson *voice-off*                      I'm not one iota surprised that Toby Deeping should be discussed in that fashion. Nothing but an arrant troublemaker!

*Brown sleeps on. Rowson appears in a doorway. Rowson seems to be disgusted that Brown has fallen asleep in front of the TV. He raises his voice.*

Rowson                                      Mate! Wake up! Did you hear that dude rabbiting on about Toby Deeping?

*Brown stirs in preparation to awaking. Meanwhile Rowson locates the TV remote and proceeds to rewind the cricket highlights. He mutters incoherently as he does so.*

Brown *dopey from sleep*                                      What'd you say?

*Rowson begins the replay at a point already past. He points triumphantly towards the screen.*

Rowson                                      Watch this! I'm sure the bloke rattled on about some **further** problem with Deeping.

*We focus on the TV screen. An identifying display announces that the telecast is a replay of action from Bloemfontein played earlier.*

*There is some by-play amongst the New Zealand fieldsmen as the ball travels from one player to another between deliveries.*

Commentator #1 *voice-off*                      I'm fully aware that it's not my place to discuss selection problems (especially as regards Australia) but what I've been told about issues in relation to the wicket-keeper Down Under ...

Commentator #2 *voice-off*                      Yes! Well let's keep it in the bag. We have to focus on this New Zealand attack right now.

Toby Deeping is something like 11,000 kilometres distant from us, probably sunbaking on Bondi beach. Let it drop. Okay?

*The cricket commentary continues. Rowson hums meditatively as he turns down the volume on the TV.*

Brown *reasonable*                      That bloke didn't say **anything** about Deeping actually ... just hinted that he had something to say. But wasn't going to spill the beans.

Rowson *meditative*                      What was our understanding from the Bureau of Meteorology re Steak-and-Kidney?

*Brown digs out his phone. He mutters to himself as he locates the "bom" page.*

Brown                                      Today for Sydney. Top of 21 with squally rain and drizzle all day, apparently.

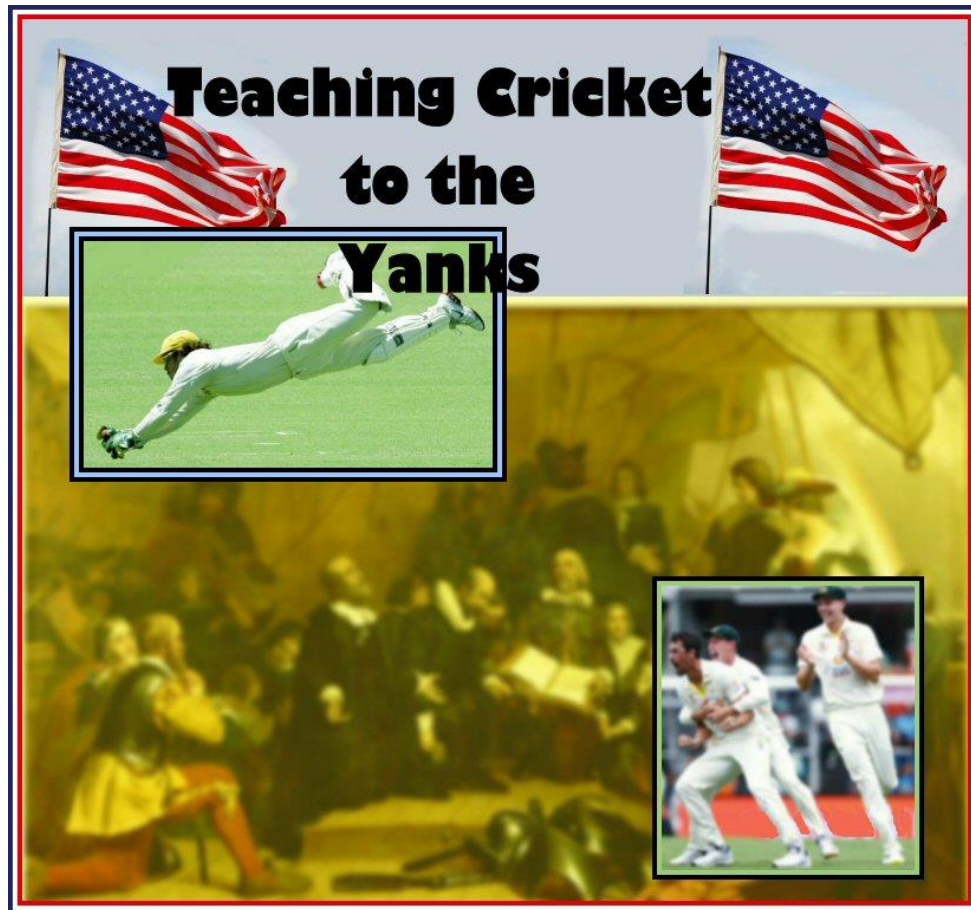
*Rowson nods. He is thoughtful, interested.*

Brown *even more reasonable*                      Which instantly begs the question ... Where does that prick come up with the idea that the Oz wicket-keeper would be flopped down on a towel at Bondi during rain squalls? Like – does he even know what time it is in Bondi if he's 11,000 K away? It might be midnight for all he knows. What a tosser!

*Brown wanders off.*

*Rowson is still very interested in his cogitations.*

Rowson *musings to himself*                      I'm going to make a few phone calls ... ring somebody ... this could be bloody interesting ...



Presented by AINTREE & MOSS.

With command performances by Australian cricket fanatics

Rowson & Brown

who espouse the notion that

“Wicket-keepers are born – not made.”

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## MODULE (A) – of the ACTUAL MOVIE

### Getting Rozzo from Chicago to Minneapolis.



#### OPENING SCENE and OPENING CREDITS/TITLES:

The screen is black.

Then coloured sparks emanate from the centre of the screen.

This is the exciting, dramatic start to a very in-your-face commercial for the TV cricket coverage (men's cricket). However, the film's credits will also appear. They will be clear since parts of the screen is black. With the credits, we'll see some totally exciting cricket moves. (Note that the South African version of this ad is virtually the same as this.)

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

At a strategic point in the TV commercial (cricket) we seamlessly switch to Chicago.

The following Chicago grabs will be crisp, dark, claustrophobic: all tinged with a weight of fear. A frisson of impending doom.

**SCENE CHANGE**

We will need a screen message to indicate that we are in Chicago.

Night-time. Light rain falls. [This provides a huge contrast to the vibrant colours of opening "ad" scenes.]

Music: continue with snare drums only. Incidental burst of cornets will jut into the action.

Rozzo runs through the wet city streets splashing water that lies about.

Rozzo comes to a high cyclone wire fence. He vaults over this with ease.

Landing on the other side of the fence, we see Rozzo quickly check out his surroundings. His face is watchful, fearful as he sucks in deep breaths.

Rozzo seems to be in the midst of a parkour session (such are the physical demands on him): he has to shimmy over crates, garbage disposals and parked cars.

Rozzo runs.

Finally, Rozzo arrives (utterly breathless) at an ancient door in an ancient laneway (slums). This is the low-point of his ghastly journey. Rozzo taps quietly but urgently on the door with his signet ring as he desperately sucks in huge breaths.

The door opens only a fraction.

When Rozzo speaks, he is so out-of-breath that he can hardly utter the words.

But we ***must*** be able to discern his name.

Rozzo

It's Rozzo.

*[Whispers]*

Open up!



**SCENE CHANGE**

The door partially opens allowing Rozzo to whip himself inside.

The door closes. Music stops abruptly. We pause for a moment in the lane such that night noises are now evident.

Now we are inside.

*Valda is crisp; no-nonsense. Rozzo wants to get on with his escape with minimal fuss and even less discussion.*

Valda                      Your ultimate target (for this leg of the journey) is South Africa.  
Bram Fischer Airport, Bloemfontein.

*Rozzo strips off his wet clothes. His new outfit is piled up on a kitchen chair. He dresses without ceremony. Valda nods to the discarded wet clothing on the floor. Valda is crisp and businesslike.*

Valda                      I'm burning those. Anything that identifies you will also have to be burned.

*Rozzo grunts.*

Valda                      That signet ring! It stands out like a sore thumb. I guess I know how much that ring means to you, but it's gotta go, too. Sorry.

Rozzo                      No. I fully agree. I'll drop it into someone's pocket at the airport.  
No sweat.

Valda *nods*                Your new temporary name is Ry Stockbridge. Pick your favourite occupation if questioned – it's just to get you out of Chicago. Those guys will be hot on your tail, so we have to extemporize a little bit.

Rozzo *nods*                Ry Stockbridge. Let's say "cabinetmaker".

Valda                      You'll fly to Minneapolis and from there to Huston.



Rozzo As Ry Stockbridge?

Valda Sure.

Look! You'll have to beetle around between major cities until you become Gregory (Greg) Horton. English. And then you can clear out to South Africa. Hopefully (by then) your Rozzo Dezario trail will be cold. Let's hope so!

Rozzo *repeats* Greg Horton.

Valda Correct.

Rozzo Is he the cricket fanatic?

Valda No. That guy turns up later.

At these various airports, keep your head down. Be busy reading your travel documents.

As Ry (if you opt for a tradesman type of rôle) then he can be busy with his mobile phone, keeping his back turned to other travellers.

On the other hand, Greg Horton plays out as an academic. When you take on the Horton persona, make your movements slow. Not likely to be up-and-running. Do ya follow?

*Rozzo grunts. Valda inspects the new version of Rozzo.*

Valda Well, you don't look much like you, I'll say that for you. Nice work.

*Valda hands to Rozzo his official papers and documents. She also hands Rozzo a hard-cover book.*

Valda On the international plane itself, bury your head in this hefty novel. Dickens. "Bleak House". Hopefully the guy or gal in the seat next to you isn't a Dickens aficionado.

*Valda watches Rozzo stowing his gear and making his final preparations.*

Valda Take the bus from Bram Fischer to Joh'berg. You'll be on that coach for hours but I'll be there to meet you in Joh'berg. And

remember I'm supposed to be your wife so a warm hug and smacking kiss will be in order.

*Rozzo smiles and grunts.*

Valda                      Oh, and when you get a moment by yourself, give yourself a heads-up on the rules of cricket.

Rozzo *shrugs*              I know diddly-squat about cricket.

Valda                      That's the point. They'll be looking for a baseball fan.

*[Pause]*

Buy a "Big Dummy's Guide" at a bookshop at the airport. And then trash it before you hit Joh'burg.

*[Pause]*

Cheer up! You might like it. Millions do!

Oh! And if you get into a tricky situation and you have to throw a "Help!" codeword at me -- it will be "duck".

*Valda is distracted before Rozzo can answer. She charges off to immediately re-appear.*

Valda                      Great! Meths has arrived. He's out back. Get going.

*Valda hands over Rozzo's travel bag.*

Rozzo                      See you in Johannesburg. So long.

Valda *to herself*              God be with you.

*As Rozzo leaves the slum house, our screen returns momentarily to the cricket ad with resumption of music.*

## MODULE (B)

**At the Australian Cricket Academy, Canberra. Focus on why the Australian cricket team have a problem with their current wicket-keeper (as already hinted at by Brown and Rowson).**

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

A banner on the wall will proclaim where we are (since our last scene was the slum house in Chicago).

High on a wall (as passed by the trio of heavies) is a large screen showing cricket highlights. But our trio of cricketing heavies ignore the screen.

Amanda, Nunzio and Nathan speak as they move briskly along a corridor in a large, busy office. They seem not to care who hears them. There is a sense of alarm, outrage, despair and lack of direction. They are all flummoxed.

When they reach the end of the long corridor (which occasionally winds about), they will head into the boardroom. As they disappear, the speaking will fade out.

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

Nunzio *desperate*

Fuck! Fuck! Shit!

Amanda *urgent*

We'll get Lindsay on the case.

Nathan *scornful*

Never mind the press release! What we need at this very moment is a top-notch lawyer.

Amanda *shakes head*

He gets his own lawyer. We stay right out of it. We absolutely have to distance ourselves from this nightmare.

Look! The ACA is not involved. Right? We didn't know what Toby Deeping was up to.

Nunzio *snorts in disgust*

Didn't know!!!

That's a fucking lie for starters!

The very nanosecond that he got himself embroiled with that crooked racecourse spiv --

Amanda *firmly*

Nevertheless, our official take is that we didn't know what Deeping was up to. When we found out we acted in the appropriate manner.

Nathan

But will he go to prison?

Nunzio *very grim*

Absolutely! They'll chuck the book at him leaving us thrown under a big red bus with knives stuck in our necks.

Nathan *persistent*

No but what I mean is ... Does it have to be actual prison? Can't he be fined or put on a good behaviour bond or ...

Amanda

No way. Toby Deeping has priors as long as your arm. Now he's dug himself another hole but this time bigger than all the holes he's dug previously. He can't avoid prison, I'm afraid.

Nunzio

And the result is that we have no wicket-keeper on account of it. Honestly, we're right royally stuffed!

Amanda *hopeful*

Something will bob up.

Let's focus on the immediate collateral damage.

What we have to do is manage the fallout ...

*[Fades out]*

## MODULE (C)

### The plane from Chicago to Minneapolis.

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

**INTERIOR OF US DOMESTIC FLIGHT, SEATING AREA AT THE BACK.**

On the US domestic flight from Chicago to Minneapolis, Rozzo is seated at the very back of the plane. Next to him is Georgia. Rozzo glances at his fellow passenger, does a double-take and then zooms into conversation as she notices that he is staring at her.

The protagonists: GEORGIA, ROZZO (speaking in his everyday US accent).

Rozzo                      I'm sorry ... I didn't mean to stare at you but --  
  
Please don't think me rude but are you the lady who presented  
"The Book of Common Prayer" on the teve?

*Georgia's face is suffused with smiles.*

Georgia                  Yes. Yes, I am.

Rozzo                      Well, you gotta know that that program changed my life. It really  
did. More than you could ***ever*** know. ***Major!***

Georgia                  I'm overwhelmed. Thank you.

Rozzo                      The Pilgrim Fathers. You commented on what they suffered and  
why they suffered. Blew me away!  
  
Hey! It's not correct PL to say this, but you're even more beautiful  
than you were on the little screen.

You probably want to hit me now, I bet.

Georgia *blushing*

No. That's okay. It's nice of you to say that (even though it's hard to credit).

*Rozzo moves to shake hands. She takes his hand. Rozzo continues the handshake a teenie bit too long.*

Rozzo

Ry Stockbridge. And you (I know) are Chapel Ambry.

Georgia *laughs*

My mother, actually.

My mother was Mistress of the Chapel Ambry to her late Majesty. How funny that you should have remembered that!

Rozzo

You're English, then?

Of course you are. Need I ask.

Georgia

That's right. Born and bred. March Dorchester. Georgia. Georgia Paicecott.

Rozzo

This is gonna sound completely crazy but –

So ... are you up on the game of cricket? Like – could you explain it to a person in an emergency?

Please, please say "yes".

Georgia *astounded*

Why yes! As it happens, I'm thought to be something of an authority on all things cricket.

Rozzo

That's the best news I've had in a long, long while.

Okay. Here's what I think we should do (if you're okay with my brainwave).

Now: we land in Minneapolis in about 80 minutes. Is there any possibility that between now and when we land you could research me on cricket? "How To Play Cricket" in approximately one hour?

Georgia *astounded* I beg your pardon?

Rozzo I'm gonna be hobnobbing with some geeks who really get cricket. You see? Like ... I can't even tell a Chinaman from going out for a duck. So ... do you know ...? I mean ... can you explain to me ... ?

Georgia This is crazy! You do realize how wild this is?

Rozzo Please don't ever tell anyone that I asked. It makes me look a complete planker.

Georgia *nods* The most important thing in a cricket game is the pitch. That's the 22 yards of rolled grass on which the batsmen run. It's one chain long (66 feet) by about 8 feet wide.

It goes like this: divide a mile into 8 and you get 8 furlongs. Divide a furlong by 10 and you get a chain (which equates to 22 yards). That's how long it is: the cricket pitch. 22 yards long.

And it is **everything** in a match. **Everything!**

*Camera moves away to indicate that the pair are deep in conversation.*



*The plane has landed. Everyone stands. The passengers fiddle about as is customary.*

Rozzo *whispers* You are a genuine lifesaver, Georgia. I mean that now.

Georgia *grins* I've never enjoyed a plane ride more than I've enjoyed this one, Ry.

Rozzo *whispers* Is it okay if I kiss you?

Georgia That would be lovely.

*Whatever kind of kiss Georgia expected, this kiss is a real heart-stopper. Rozzo holds nothing back. Georgia is left gasping for breath.*

Georgia Goodness me! That was a prize-winning --

Rozzo *urgently* I might never see you again unless I catch up on some reruns of



the "Common Prayer" show.

Sorry! Gotta go. Another plane to catch.

But thanks for the cricket lesson. I'm itching to bowl a maiden over and hit a six into the stand for some schmuck to catch.

Oh! And good luck with the "Popping Crease" thing. Crazy title!

**POINT TO NOTE**

*Rozzo dumps his all-telling signet ring into Georgia's pocket. She will later find it and put it on her own middle finger where it will be spotted by one of Knots' henchmen.*

**POINT TO NOTE**

*The passionate kiss will be repeated in the outfield during a cricket clinic (boot camp) to roll forward with "The Popping Crease".*

*This happens about page 50 in PART (3).*

**SCENE CHANGE**

*While waiting at the baggage carousel at Minneapolis airport, Georgia is on her mobile phone to her father. While she speaks, she will dive her hand into her pocket for some reason. Then she will be surprised to find Rozzo's ring there. Paicecott has a booming, all-English gent's voice.*

Paicecott *voice-off*      Well, that's the most stupidly incongruous load of old tripe that ever passed by my ears.

Teaching the Yanks how to play cricket? Never heard such arrant crap in all my days. Never did! Never will!

Georgia *patiently*      As it happens, Papa, I've just now managed to give an American a heads-up on the hallowed game during this short hop. They really are interested. Genuinely.

Listen! Why not relax on the couch with a brandy?

*This is where Georgia finds the ring. She stares at it as her father speaks.*

Paicecott *voice off*      Never mind the bloody drink! What's she going to say on the giggle-box? Eh? My daughter.

Is she prepared to explain "a googly" to those cotton-eared wherrets? What about "bowling a maiden over"? Ha? And "enforcing the follow-on" and "bowling a hat-trick" and "leg before wicket" ... Christ! What a ruddy –

Georgia      Yes. I managed to get all that over. They're not complete dopes, you know.

*Georgia finishes the phone call then slips Rozzo's ring (too big for her dainty fingers) over her middle finger.*

## MODULE (D)

**At Huston International Airport under a large electronic information screen (displaying multiple rows of scheduled departures).**

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

Rozzo has adopted the persona of the bespectacled Greg Horton. He pretends to stare at the overhead screen. A couple of Australians (Rowson and Brown) also stare up at this screen. Their conversation is overheard by Rozzo.

The following trail of dialogue serves to get Rozzo through the airport without arousing suspicion.

The protagonists: Australian cricket fanatics Rowson & Brown.

Brown *hopeful*

Let's look at the bright side.

Rowson *grim*

There is no bright side, Brown. Not one solitary ray of sunshine.

According to sources in the know, Toby Deeping is a poofteenth away from being dragged off to a gaol cell: never mind an "embarrassing scandal". When this blows --

Brown *urgent*  
*interruption*

But he can be replaced.

The Australian selectors have a bucketful of bright keepers that --

Rowson *firmly*

Look! Deeping is **out**. Okay? That's scrawled in wet cement ...  
He's been hung out to dry. He's history.

I have received official and incontrovertible confirmation of that.

Next in line was that South Australian dude: Kodiak. Note the use of "was".

Brown He's okay!

Rowson *firmly* He **was** okay.

My spies just now sent through a memo by carrier pigeon: looks like Kodiak broke his arm executing a cover drive this afternoon on the SCG. Christ! Things can't get worse, can they?

Brown Hang on! There's that bloke from Western Australia ... What's his name again?

Rowson Johnson. Nah! He's on-and-off with his batting average. Not quite good enough for A-class cricket.

*[Snorts]*

Nuh!

Whichever way you look at it, we're in deep shitsky.

*Rozzo is playing his rôle as instructed by Valda: he has become the English academic Greg Horton. Rozzo stops beside Jones, peering at the electronic departure board. He pretends to ignore the on-going conversation beside him.*

Brown *meditative* The trouble is that they're born, not made.

Rowson Who?

Brown Keepers. Wicket-keepers. They who squat down on their haunches as duly ordained custodians of the wicket. Like frogs ...

Rowson Wicket-keepers? You reckon that it's an innate gift, then? Is that what you reckon?

Brown *nods* Yes. Yes, I do. An inborn talent not able to be acquired.

You know what? You could be from West Woop-Woop and never played cricket in yer life. But if you've got the knack, you're a natural.

*[As if stating an established fact]*

Born. Not made.

Rowson *disparaging*      Huh!

Come on! Gate D-23. This way!

*Without a backward glance, Rozzo heads off in the opposite direction.*

## MODULE (E)

### Chicago: getting to know Rozzo's talents

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

The scene is a really down-at-heel kitchen in a crummy office-cum-flat in Chicago. There is extreme mess and filth everywhere. To eat off the table, one must swipe piles of junk to one side.

The 5 men in the kitchen are drinking beer straight from the bottle. They play at darts.

As the scene opens, Jemmy is poised with a dart in his hand, gesturing expressively. He has already thrown 2 darts which appear on the dartboard. However, he is too busy debating with Razor to get in his next shot.

The protagonists: JEMMY, RAZOR, AITCH, STIFFS, ZATS.

Jemmy                      I'm talkin' about Dezario here. Rozzo Dezario.

Razor *doubtful*              But you're makin' out that he's a big dude. He's not a big dude.  
Just medium to average.

Jemmy *strongly*              Nah, he's heftier than that, my friend.  
  
I make him out about 160 pounds, give or take. That puts him in  
middleweight or even super middleweight division.

Razor *doubtful*              Well ... I dunno ...

*Jemmy's eyes are bright.*

Jemmy                      Sure! Could have been a contender. He's that good, pal.

Have you ever seen him in the gym? Boy!

Razor *shrugs*

Nah. I never did seen him doin' any boxing. Other stuff ... but not boxing. Got a great batting average. Steps up to the plate real good.

Jemmy

But in the ring he's real good also! You know what?

Aitch *impatient*

Come on! Are you gonna throw that thing or what?

Jemmy *snappy*

Shut up! I'm discussin' Dezario here.

Aitch *grumbles*.

Jemmy *persistent*

You know what? You can sum him up as very aggressive. He takes the initiative and moves in on his opponent. Very purposeful.

And he jabs right from the shoulder ... Impressive. I got a lot of respect for the guy.

Aitch *very impatient*

Throw the fuckin' dart or move over and let other people play here. Jeez!

*Jemmy angrily hurls the dart into the board. Jemmy makes a wild gesture of defeat as he steps out of the way to allow Aitch a turn. The darts game continues in the background with attendant barracking until advised below. Also, the darts players drift in and out of the boxing conversation.*

Aitch

Now watch here how it **should** be done.

*Jemmy moves much closer in on Razor.*

Jemmy *insistent*

He's a pressure fighter. Dezario. He works the body. Rhythmic. You can tell that he's got his opponent on a string. In a way he's predictable but not.

Method. There's a method. You know that he **will** strike, but the other guy just can't crack the code. And next thing he's on the canvas with little birdies flyin' round and round his head while Dezario is standin' over him with drops of sweat comin' off of his chin. It's like Victory suits him and he knows it.



Amazing! Amazing guy!

Razor *shakes head* Nah. My money would be on that guy who got shot out in Dallas (by a female no less) about a year ago it was ... Ahhhh ... What the heck was that dude's name, now?

Stiffs You mean Yazu Paton. Are you thinking of Paton? He sure could fist-fight.

Razor *clicks fingers* That's the guy! Yazu Paton. Thanks Stiffs for rememberin' that. He talked the talk, Paton. Set up the other guy. Sweat sprayin' off of his head ... Bam! Bam! Slam bam! Now that Paton could go the distance. 12 rounds easy and hardly out of breath.

Stiffs Shame he's dead.

Razor *sadly* Yeah. Shame he's dead. We sure miss him around here.

Jemmy *firm* And that's the very thing I'm tryin' to tell ya. Rozzo Dezario **ain't** dead. He is very alive and runnin' about who knows where. And any minute now our boss is gonna call for us to go after Rozzo Dezario and bring him down. He turned into a rat and rats gotta die. And Amen to that, by the way!

*The darts game once again pauses. Everyone else is watching Jemmy.*

Zats *confused* So?

Jemmy *firmly* We are gonna have to take on a job that couldn't be more difficult. Ya know what I'm sayin' here?  
  
Knots will not just order us to go **find** Dezario. We gonna have to finish him off as well.

Zats *spits* That stands to reason, don't it?

Razor *shrugs* A single bullet is all we need there.

Aitch *to Jemmy* Wait! Are you sayin' that that's gonna be a double-edged sword there? Findin' Rozzo **and** takin' him out?

Jemmy *nods* Correct! A man who is that clever in the ring makes a very very tough quarry.

Aitch You sayin' that he might just plug **us** to save his own skin?

*The kitchen door swings open. Gator appears.*

Gator Guys, the boss wants to talk with some of you. So looks like your darts game is kaput.

*[Points to each man in turn]*

Razor. Knots wants to rap with you. And with you Zats. And Jemmy there. He's not a happy boss, guys.

Stiffs Is this about Dezario?

Gator *shrugs* Might be ...

*Close-up of Jemmy and Razor. Jemmy looks straight at Razor.*

Jemmy *whispers* What'd I tell ya? Rats gotta die!

## MODULE (F)

### Various scenes in Fortitude Valley.

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

We are in Fortitude Valley, Brisbane. It is a sunny day. Most people are eating outside. They mill about: dressed in very smart casual and giving an impression of some affluence.

Note that the Australian scenes will seem expansive, lush. By contrast, the Chicago scenes will be cramped, closed-off and dark.

As we pan the crowds (hearing incidental chatter and welcoming voices) two narrators will rattle-on in voice-over (Aintree and Moss).

Note that (throughout the script) our two narrators will try to take the story in the direction that *they* wish it to go. But they buckle under the strain.

The protagonists: various minor characters along with Aintree and Moss.



*Aintree voice-over*

Okay.

So we shall start off with this beautiful scene in Fortitude Valley.  
The café society. The toffs. The good-looking toffs.

*Moss voice-over*

Why?

*Aintree voice-over*

Because aesthetically --

*Moss voice-over*

Aaaaaah!

Stick your aesthetics up your arse. We need to drill straight into  
Knots Salme because he is the complete star of this  
cinematographic triumph.

Knots wants to address his henchmen. So let's go and find out  
what he has up his sleeve for them.

*Aintree voice-over*

Sh ... Sh ... Sh ...

We'll get to Knots in a minnie.

First, we must let the punters understand that this film is basically

a nod to that great game of cricket.

Moss *voice-over*

Right!

So ... you've already lost 92% of the audience because they either don't understand cricket or they find it boring. Or both.

Aintree *voice-over*

Nobody in their right mind finds cricket "boring", my friend.

Moss *voice-over*

Yeah, they do.

*[Dramatic]*

And in this fashion (with great fanfare) this movie plummets downhill in a wheelbarrow. The members of our audience are (even as I speak) vacating the picture house in droves.

Aintree *voice-over*

No way!

Moss *voice-over*

Yes way!

Cricket has that effect on all but a miniscule minority (they who run about naked with one leg in the air shouting "Howzat?!")

Whereas with Knots, you're rocket-launched immediately into the heady world of Chicago gangsters which everyone loves. A boredom-factor of zero or less. Playing to packed theatres world-wide.

Aintree *voice-over*

I'm turning the mike off, now.

## A LIGHT COMIC RELIEF

*We focus now on a group of young blokes (about 6 of them) who sit around an outdoor table. A couple of them are feeding chips dipped in tomato sauce to toddlers in highchairs. The faces of the toddlers fairly drip with tomato sauce.*

Bloke #1

Classy? Yeah, she was classy alright.

*Another bloke rocks up carrying pots of beer. These are distributed with the usual "Ta, mate", and so on.*

Bloke #1                      So I cleaned up the flat ... You know ... shoved all the junk into cupboards and raced around with the vac. And told me brother to clear out.

*There is an interruption. A very attractive young woman rocks up in order to speak to one of the young fathers. She hands to him a bowl of fruit (cut-up in order to be easy for a toddler to manage).*

Young mother              Is that all he's had for lunch? That's not very dietary.  
*accusative*

*The young father belonging to this young woman looks abashed. The young mother promptly removes the chips from the highchair, replacing them with the bowl of fruit.*

Young mother              And wipe his face.

*With that, the toddler bursts into fretful tears, banging his fists down on the tray of the highchair.*

*The young woman turns swiftly and marches off, back to the group of women at another table.*

*Swiftly, the young father switches the bowl of fruit back for the chips. The child immediately stops crying. The feeding continues. All the men snicker.*

Young father *sotto voce*              My argument in any crisis like this is that all the best chefs in the world are male **and** all the food critics **and** all the bon vivants.

*This dictum is met with many "Here! Here!" comments.*

Bloke #4                      Mate!

Get back to the ... I dunno ... Flat-cleaning and chucking out yer brother ...

Bloke #1                      Yeah, right.

So she shows up looking a million dollars and she steps inside and her first words were ...

Bloke #2                      What?

Bloke #1                      Get this!

Her first words were: "Where's your dunny?"

*A roar of male laughter bursts forth.*

Bloke #3                      Aw mate that's absolutely classy with a capital "C".

*The camera now backs off as the young blokes laugh.*

Moss *voice-over,*                      Now what would you call that? "Humerous interlude?" or "Comic  
*sarcastic*                                      relief?"

Oh, yes! That was fairly enlightening. Was that a conversational  
highpoint? Perhaps a gastronomic peak?

Aintree *voice-over*                      And your boys in the Windy City are pitched on a plane more  
lofty?

*[Pause]*

Oh wait! Here's a nice family group. This bit eases us into our love  
of cricket.

Moss *voice-over*                      Our **despise** of cricket, you mean.

*Now we focus on a family. Judging by the empty chairs, more members of the family are due to  
arrive. A little boy races up full of excitement to hurl himself at the group. He is followed by his young  
mother and father.*

Boy *excited beyond*                      Auntie Sandra. Dad took a crown catch at the cricket.  
*measure*

*The boy is immediately corrected by all at the table. They all respond in one or another: "Crowd  
catch". The concept of a "crowd catch" is echoed in the scene where King Edward VI watches the  
shepherds play cricket.*

*Chastened, the boy blushes.*

Boy                                      Sorry.

But it was fantastic! Dad was just sitting there and all of a sudden



he stood up and took the catch. He was really, really cool about it. Then he chucked the ball back over the fence. Everyone was yelling and cheering and clapping.

You should have seen it.

*FLASHBACK of the crowd catch (sang froid at its best!)*

Auntie Sandra                      Actually, we did see it.

We were watching the TV and saw it all happen. Several times, in fact. They replayed it as an example of the perfect crowd catch.

*The young father receives congratulations from all.*

Moss *voice-over*                      Great! Nod to cricket over.

Now switch to Chicago and --

Aintree *voice-over*                      Come on! Let's go for a walk. Stretch our legs.

Blessed are they that stretch their legs.

Moss *voice-over*                      Sure! So long as we eventually head back towards Chicago ...

*Aintree and Moss wander along through this glorious, sundrenched Fortitude Valley vista. Both men have their hands jammed into their pockets.*

Aintree                                      Okay ... So ... King Edward VI. What do you know about him?

Moss *proud of himself*                      King Edward VI abdicated the British throne in order to marry an American divorcee.

Aintree                                      No. That's Edward VIII. Edward VI. What do you remember?

Come on! We covered this young man in the Prequel.

Moss *deflated*                              Which of course I haven't seen yet.

Edward the ... Was he one of the Princes in the Tower?

Aintree                                      No. That's Edward V. Come on! Think!

Edward VI. We chased around after his distinctive boy's dagger in the Prequel.

Moss *annoyed*

And once again I have to remind you that I haven't been within a poofteenth of the Prequel. Not a bull's roar!

Aintree *scornful*

You are completely rabid to get yourself "in" with Knots Salme (your hero!) and yet you don't know about the task that the religious dudes set for him? To locate the dagger?

### **POSSIBLE PLOT HOLE:**

Later on, we'll all be scratching our heads wondering why King Edward VI's dagger is dragged into this story. (Also: Georgia's big claim to fame is the TV show she hosts regarding the Book of Common Prayer. Which of course is Edward VI territory.)

And here is our answer: it is in search of the dagger that Knots Salme winds up in Sydney where he is slain as he wanders about. This happens in PART 3.

*The pair stroll along. Aintree is smug. Moss is long-faced.*

Aintree

It's because he is so wrapped-up in this historic-slash-religious quest that he comes a cropper.

Moss *horrified*

Knots dies?

*Aintree shrugs. They stroll on.*

Aintree *placating*

Look! Here's what I'll do. I'll organize a sneak preview of the Prequel. Just for you. Then you'll know.

Moss *not placated*

Yeah ... Well ... Yeah ... But I'm not happy that Knots does the big dirt dive.

Aintree

Edward VI, now. What can you recall from previous discussion?

Moss

Right! He was – I remember now. He was the only legit son of

Henry VIII.

Aintree That's it.

Moss His birth ties in with the reason that his mother (Anne Boleyn) died.

Aintree No. Jane Seymour. Anne Boleyn was the mother of Elizabeth I. And she (of course) was beheaded in order for King Harry to marry Mistress Seymour. Anne Boleyn didn't die of post-partum fever, whereas Queen Jane did.

Moss Yeah! Right! Jane Seymour. And darling old Queen Bess succeeded Edward VI when he died young.

Aintree No but you're nearly there.

There was an older sister: Bloody Queen Mary. So after Henry VIII died there came Edward VI, Lady Jane Grey (who was snuck in whilst Mary raised her forces), then Mary, then Elizabeth.

Moss God! Yes! I'd forgotten all about Lady Jane Grey.

Aintree But back to Edward.

He was the "sheep eat men" king. He was a Protestant king due to the regency of his uncle (Jane Seymour's brother). Died young. And the wealth to be garnered from the wool trade (in Europe) encouraged the entitled and privileged class to enclose the waste and common lands. That meant the people living close to the poverty line (and they had previously depended on the commons for sustenance) were now royally screwed. Literally.

Moss Ah ... "Sheep eat men"? What the hell is that?

Aintree *annoyed* I just said to you what it was.

The poor people saw these sheep happily grazing away on their

common land. In other words, they starved to support the sheep.

Moss Ah ...

Aintree I'm still waiting.

Moss *confused* What for?

Aintree The clincher.

Come on! The Edward VI clincher.

Moss Nuh. Gone blank.

Aintree *triumphant* The Book of Common Prayer!

Didn't you take **anything** from the Prequel to this movie?

Moss *really annoyed* When are you gonna get it through your woolly head that I haven't even **seen** the Prequel. Jeez! **Nobody** has!

Aintree *smug* Well ...

As it happens, I've just jetted-in from the US. From Boston.

Rather chuffed to say that they gave me a small but focal rôle in the Prequel to our movie: "Teaching Cricket To The Yanks".

I play a high-flying Churchie whose task it is to assist in the education of the American public (cricket-wise).

And they've put me on a quest for a certain priceless dagger.

Moss *loudly and rudely scoffs*.

Aintree *offended* I can bung on a twee accent. The Director loved me!

Moss *scoffing* You seeking a dagger! I'd like to see that. Really I would.

Aintree Yes! I'm on a mission.

*The pair wander along as the camera backs right off (upwards and backwards).*

*Aintree distant voice* Besides which, I got to rub shoulders with your precious Knots Salme.

*Moss distant voice* You're kidding me, right?

Is that an actual, factual fact? You're not pulling my leg here?

*Aintree distant voice, fading out* Would I really jest about something as important to you as that?

No sir!

I had a deep and meaningful with Knots Salme. Hand on heart. Ridgy-didge!

He's also in on the dagger quest, too.

Look, I'll make sure that you get a chance to see it. The Prequel.

*Moss voice-over* Whoa! Here we go. Fasten your seatbelts as the lady said.

Talons at the ready: it's Knots!

Drilling straight into Knots Salme because he is the complete star of the movie. Amen.

*There is a telling pause.*

*Moss voice-over* You should pull yer finger out and let me cop a decko at this Prequel thing.

*Aintree voice-over* Sure thing! I'll instruct the lasses and lads to roll it through just for you, Moss.

**MODULE (G)****Chicago: the crummy office of Knots Salme.****AS MODULE (G) OPENS THE SCENE IS AS FOLLOWS:--**

We find out later that Knots owns a private Lear jet among other fancy accoutrements.

His office however is very unimpressive. It is filled with so much macrame and various artefacts made from rope that it is difficult to move around in it. Knots himself is heavily ornamented with all kinds of knotted cords in various colours.

Knots points to a large blue Webster's dictionary resting on the table before him.

The protagonists: KNOTS, RAZOR, & JEMMY.

Knots

Razor. Look up "brotherhood" in that dictionary.

Razor *confused*

Knots?

Knots *forceful*

Pick up that very large blue book here and flick through until you find "brotherhood". Then when you do that, say the word "brotherhood" and then read out to me what it says there. Only the section starting with a (3).

*Jemmy helps Razor who is clearly at sea. Jemmy mutters and points. Razor clears his throat and stumbles a bit before he can effectively narrate.*

Razor *reading*

Okay I got it. Brotherhood.

(3) All persons engaged in a particular profession (trade – I dunno what the next bit means.)

Jemmy Et cetera. It means "like that".

Knots Razor you are as sharp as ever. Sharp as ever. Thank you.

Now Jemmy. Flip to "gang" and read it out. Loudly so we can all take it in.

*Jemmy quickly locates the correct page in the heavy dictionary. Razor looks lost but tries to follow.*

Jemmy *reads loudly* "Gang". A group of people who associate or act as an organized body especially for criminal or illegal purposes.

*As this is being read out, Zats softly enters the room.*

Knots Zats! Please take the book from Jemmy and locate "renegade".  
You know the drill by now.

*Zats is onto it. Jemmy promptly hands over the dictionary and Zats flips to the "R" section. We can see him mouth words until (with Jemmy's help) he finds the correct page.*

Zats *nods, reads* Yeah. I got it. "Renegade (noun)."

It means a person who deserts his cause or faith for another.

*[Looks up at Knots]*

An apostate. A traitor.

Knots People look up to us. We are admired.

Zats *points at Knots* This is about Rozzo, yeah?

Jemmy Do you want me to look up "retribution"?

Knots We are a brotherhood slash gang. And we have found out that we have fostered a renegade in our ranks.

*Long pause.*

Knots What are you (my brethren) gonna do about that? Like what Jemmy alluded to: we need retribution here.

Razor *determined* We're gonna take the Rozz out for ya, Knots.

Knots *frowns* For us **all**, Razor. Not just for me.



Jemmy *cautious*

I dunno, guys.

That's a kind of a wild call there.

I been thinking long and hard about this one ...

You see ...

This guy is ... He's a brilliant athlete, Knots. Fast and feisty. And really, really clever. You know: disguises and fake voices. He could have done himself proud in the CIA. Like that.

Zats

You think then that we might never find him?

Jemmy *shrugs*

Well you know ... He's a genius at evading people (like I said) ... If he doesn't wanna get found, we might never find him.

*Knots is poker-faced. He nods to the dictionary.*

Knots

So tell me what old Webster says there about ritual execution, will ya?

*The 3 men start flipping the pages of the dictionary. Knots snatches the dictionary from them and slams it down on the table, just as before. The men are startled. Knots stares coldly at each man in turn.*

Knots *menacing*

Guys! Guys! Guys!

Excuses are shit. Not finding Rozzo Dazario is double shit. The fact that you are still standing around aimlessly in my room while you're all **not** out there looking for him is triple shit.

*[Menacing pause]*

Take Rozzo Dezario out, guys. Whack him real good. Bring me home his head wrapped-up in his very own baseball glove as incontrovertible proof that the deed indeed is done.

Do that, and we can get back to being a bona fide brotherhood again.

## MODULE (H)

**Whittier Cricket Oval in Fortitude Valley. We are trying to show the Prequel (first attempt).**

**AS MODULE (H) OPENS THE SCENE IS AS FOLLOWS:--**

**WHITTIER OVAL, FORTITUDE VALLEY featuring a Ladies' cricket game.**

The commentary box at Whittier Oval (Fortitude Valley) is nothing more than a hut with a few wooden steps leading to a side door.

We focus in on the commentary team. There are 3 young ladies, all of whom were noted international women cricketers. Two of the ladies are of Indian extraction (Aysha and Lavorna) and the third is a blonde (Fliss). These ladies are miked-up.

The protagonists: FLISS, AYSHA & LAVORNA.



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*Aintree voice-over* Okay fellas! Cue the Prequel.

*Aintree is ignored.*

*Fliss into mic* And it looks like that's lunch on the first day of the match between the Brisbane Blues and the Tazzie Tamars.

Floristan has hit a useful 66 but she has steadily been losing her batting partners under the relentless bowling of Lloyd and Camwright.

*Lavorna into mic* Fliss, I've received a signal from the station that we are crossing immediately to the Prequel to our movie. Hopefully we can pick up where we left off when the girls resume play in 40 minutes' time.

*Aintree voice-over* Thanks! Let's roll it!

## MODULE (H) (continued)

### Starting the Prequel (with a false start).

**AS MODULE (H) CONTINUES THE SCENE IS AS FOLLOWS:--**

**BLANK SCREEN.**

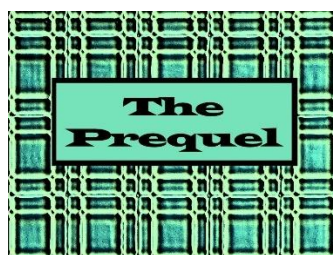
A very dodgy hand-made sign appears, announcing that this is the Prequel to "The Popping Crease".

Then a black pen appears and scratches that out.

**WHITTIER OVAL, FORTITUDE VALLEY featuring a Ladies' cricket game.**

We focus again on the commentary team. These ladies are still miked-up. However, they all appear extremely concerned and anxious.

The protagonists: FLISS, AYSHA & LAVORNA.



Lavorna *into mic*

So ...

*[Long anxious pause]*

I'm not sure if they're ready for us yet back at the studio ...

*Aysha is receiving some information in her headset.*

*Aysha into mic*

Okay. Yep. Gotcha.

Looks like they have everything under control now.

So it's over to the Prequel!



**AS MODULE (H) DRAGS ON THE SCENE IS AS FOLLOWS:--**

**RETURN TO FORTITUDE VALLEY as viewed in MODULE (F). (This is another false start for the benighted Prequel.)**

The screen unfortunately shows a revisit to the Fortitude Valley scene. The young couple who were having a disagreement over the toddler's dietary requirements have moved away. She has the baby over her hip. The husband stands about looking somewhat contrite.

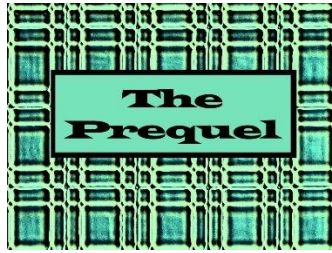
The protagonists: YOUNG MOTHER, BABY & HUSBAND.

Young mother *angry*  
*and accusative*

If anyone is going to be up all night rubbing his little tummy  
because he has the father of all belly aches, it won't be me!

Aintree *voice-over*

Stand by!



## **CUE PART 2 PREQUEL**