

This is where we shall catch up with the first section of Georgia's  
"The Book of Common Prayer" TV programme.

It is up to the Director to apportion a smidgeon of time to this object.  
I would like to see a mock-up of a stunning, sumptuous TV documentary  
(as if actually going to air). But excerpts only (time-wise).

## **"The Elizabethan Compromise"**

[Please refer to "bocp\_cast\_synopsis.pdf" pages 11 to 23.]

## PREQUEL MODULE (A)

**The actual Prequel begins in New York.**

*Dr John is played by the same actor who plays Aintree.*

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

**CRANMERRY HOUSE, NEW YORK.**

Cranmerry House is a huge, robust and impressive house found in the outskirts of New York. The garden and grounds are superb. The name "Cranmerry" is a play on the surname "Cranmer".

This is the home of Dr John (John Parland Doctor of Theology Oxford). He is by faith an Anglican and is played here by the same actor who plays Aintree.

His stately manservant is Ridley.

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Currently in Cranmerry House we find Roger (Anglican Archbishop Roger Thessaly). Roger will be played by a coloured actor. His palace is called Nonesuch Palace.

Later, Roman Catholic Bishop Eric Dalton (Bishop Dalton) will appear. His domicile is Alfriston Palace.

Here, the physical location flips quickly between bathroom and sitting room. We begin in the bathroom.

The protagonists: ROGER, DR JOHN & RIDLEY.

### **The Bathroom, Cranmerry House, New York**

Roger is stripped down to t-shirt and boxer shorts. He has just had a shower, started to dress himself and then shaved. He now cleans his teeth.

Roger tries to speak to John (who is seated at his ease in the sitting room).

Mild humour: Roger's words are almost indecipherable (as he is vigorously cleaning his teeth). Yet John (while making fun of Roger) pretends to be part of this conversation.

Roger *thickly*

You know it was fine of you to offer me your amenities such that I could ready myself up for the Diocesan Conference. Freshen up and so on.

**SCENE CHANGE**

### **The Sitting Room, Cranmerry House, New York**

Dr John hears a mumbled squawk (from Roger) and raises his eyebrows.

Dr John

*[Aside]*

Sounds like waffles ... He wants me to whip him up a stack of Belgian waffles laced with boysenberries and lashings of soft butter ...

*[Aloud]*

That sounds the ticket, Roger. Really hits the spot!

## SCENE CHANGE

The Bathroom, Cranmer House, New York

Roger continues to speak through a glump of lather on his lips.

Roger *thickly*

Those fellas just have no idea ... No idea at all! It might be a week or more before I can sort them out.

## SCENE CHANGE

The Sitting Room, Cranmer House, New York

Dr John chuckles as he returns to his reading matter.

Dr John *to himself*

Although how a waffle can know if it's Belgian or Dutch is more than I could say.

*Roger enters, wiping his face vigorously with a towel. During the following conversation, Roger will be attired (by stages) in the robes of an Archbishop. These garments are arranged on the couch.*

Roger

Mmm?

Dr John

Yes, I've always found that the Dutch varietal bears a certain hallmark which --

Roger *confused*                      What?

Dr John *amused*                      Never mind, old boy. Your vestments are over there.

*Dr John indicates the couch negligently. Roger glances about in concern. Then he nods. Roger dresses as per previous direction. But it is proving a real struggle for him.*

Roger                                      No, I was saying that I might have my work cut out for me with this Diocesan thingummy. I might not see the sunshine for days.

Dr John *waspish*                      Pity. Such nice weather as we're having, too.

*[Sighs]*

Bishop Dalton has described to me over the telephone the delightful vista of magnolias such that he has at Alfriston Palace. Rhapsodic he was: a positive symphony of adjectives gushed over the wires as we spoke.

Promised me a bucketload of them when he visits later on.

*Dr John rises. He hands to Roger the document that he himself has been studying. Roger requires his reading glasses. Dr John raises his eyebrows.*

Dr John *concerned*                      Do you need assistance?

Roger *reading the document*                      Sure. If you can lend a hand here.

*Dr John makes a face then reaches for a bell which he rings.*

Dr John                                      My man Ridley is most adept with cassocks, Your Grace.

*As Roger reads, Ridley enters. He is upright and stately. All that is required is the hint-in-a-look from Dr John. Ridley gets the hint and approaches Roger. Roger is thus able to read the document as he is being outfitted by Ridley.*

Roger *frowning*                      "A superb dagger (wrought in France by renowned swordsmith Gervase Brubacker) hung in its scabbard from the belt of the Prince of Wales (as in the Scrots portrait, circa 1546). The dagger was undersized as might befit a dwarf or small boy".

*Roger looks a question to Dr John. Dr John pouts.*

Roger                      This ... ah ... this sword (or dagger shall we call it?) ...  
  
                                 These roustabouts want you to tell them its whereabouts, then?

Dr John *shrugs*              Apparently.

Roger *searching for an answer*      Well, it'll be with all the other Tudor stuff, won't it? I mean to say "regalia", of course. In some draughty Ye Olde English Castle, eh? Doesn't Horace Walpole's Strawberry Hill House ring a rather large and resounding bell there?

Dr John *definite*              No. It's not there. Not so far as I can reckon.

*Roger is surprised. He thinks. Ridley is nearly finished.*

Roger                      Then write back to them. Profuse apologies and all that ... But it appears that this priceless royal item has gone missing.

*Ridley bows. He leaves the room.*

Roger *calls out*              Thank you, Ridley!  
  
                                 *[To himself]*  
  
                                 I can never manage all this plumage on me own.

Dr John                      Not "missing".

Roger                      Oh ...  
  
                                 They could always try the lovely Georgia Paicecott. She's a mine of information on that subject.

Dr John                      My thoughts were hovering in that very same direction (as it happens).

Roger                      Well. I'm off. Many thanks for the lunch, the fortifying beverages and the use of the facilities. Very sporting of you, old man.

Dr John                      Oh! And hurry back quick as ye can, will you?  
  
                                 That famed nodologist Samuel Salme is dropping by. Shall put him

on the case: find the current whereabouts of the non-fake Brubacker dagger.

Roger *nods*

He'll be the very man to suss it out for you.

Toodles!

*Roger and Dr John heartily shake hands as they murmur their "goodbyes".*

*Roger leaves. We hear voices off: Roger thanking Ridley again as the latter farewells the guest.*

*Dr John stares at his bookshelf.*

*Music: sensitive build-up. "Something-is-going-to-happen".*

*Dr John goes to the bookshelf and extracts a large well-read tome. This he opens as the music rises in intensity. Dr John flips the pages of the book until he arrives at the Edward Prince of Wales portrait by William Scrots. Our camera focuses in on the portrait.*



## PREQUEL MODULE (B)

**Cranmerry House, New York. The Prequel continues as Knots visits with the divines and receives his commissions.**

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

#### **The sitting room at Cranmerry House.**

The only occupants of the Cranmerry sitting room are Bishop Dalton and Knots (who has flown in from Chicago).

The face of Bishop Dalton is wreathed in smiles. Bishop Dalton is a fake. He gives himself an aura of bonhomie. However, we will later learn who he really is.

The protagonists: BISHOP DALTON, KNOTS, DR JOHN.

Bishop Dalton                      Samuel!

*Knots and Bishop Dalton shake hands.*

Knots                                  Your Excellency, Bishop Dalton. Delighted!

*Bishop Dalton waves negligently towards a capacious armchair. The two men sit.*

Knots                                  Your home is charming, Eric. Charming! Right out of the glossy pages of a magazine.

Bishop Dalton *surprised*      This? But this shack isn't mine! No, no, no!

No, this modest cottage actually serves as a residence for John Parland, Doctor of Theology. An Anglican, y'understand. Schooled at Oxford in England no less!

Knots *surprised*                  Oh! But I thought ...



Bishop Dalton *shakes head* My humble abode is Alfriston Palace where the magnolias are a triumph this season.

*Bishop Dalton nods smugly towards a huge white vase brimming with specimens from his own trees.  
Ridley brings in drinks which he offers to the men.*

Bishop Dalton I don't believe there's anything to rival it.

Knots Why! Bless me!

Bishop Dalton Any hoot ...

We asked you to come here on another matter. John will join us momentarily.

And right on cue here he is!

*Dr John shakes hands with Knots. Dr John sits, with drink in hand.*

Dr John Samuel! Or may we be on familiar terms? Knots.

Bishop Dalton Your expertise in knot-tying and knitting is exemplary, we hear.

Dr John So, back to the subject at hand.

Now stop me if you've already heard this genealogy, won't you?

Think of the United Kingdom, won't you?

Her late Majesty's Mistress of the Chapel Ambry was one Lady Violet Andrea Paicecott from March Dorchester England. Let's give to her her actual title (won in many years of loyal service as one of the late Queen's ladies in waiting): Countess of Slough.

*Knots looks very perturbed.*

Knots Hey! I'm not gonna be examined on this, now am I? Your Excellency?

*The three men chuckle at this mild humour.*

Dr John Not at all. I'm just tossing about a few facts to put the upcoming ... er ... events into perspective.

So dear was this lady to Queen Elizabeth that Her Majesty affectionately called the Countess of Slough "Cottie".

Bishop Dalton

Cottie's husband is some distant relation of the Royal Family. He is the Earl of Slough: Charles George Wolfgang Paicecott. Obviously, he also emanates from March in Dorchester.

Knots *astounded*

Wolfgang?!

Dr John

The couple have issue. That is to say, children. The one **we** are interested in is The Honourable Georgia Marie Hildegard Paicecott.

28 years of age. And here is her photograph.

She has been pronounced to be one of the most beautiful women in the world.

*A page from a glossy magazine is passed to Knots. He is very appreciative.*

Knots

I agree. A beauty without parallel.

Dr John

And so the question must be asked, Knots.

Are you by any chance an aficionado of the sport known as cricket?

Knots *at sea*

Uh?

Sorry, Your Grace: I don't ah ...

Dr John

We (as men of the Church) will be welcoming this flower of British womanhood to our shores very soon.

Bishop Dalton

The country's television sets will be abuzz with Ms Paicecott's sterling adventure into Divinity. She hosts a sumptuous investigation of the Book of Common Prayer.

Dr John

And we will be her henchmen in this exercise. Prior to the launching of her superb tribute to Theology, we shall "warm-up" the viewers (as it were) by way of Introduction.

Bishop Dalton                      This venture holds a special place in our hearts.

Dr John                                We hope ... We trust ... That it all goes well.

Bishop Dalton                      Smoothly.

Dr John                                Swimmingly.

Bishop Dalton                      Without a hitch.

Knots *re-assuring*                Of course! Of course! Me and my boys would never –

*[Frowns]*

    But ... you mentioned "cricket"?

Bishop Dalton                      The Honourable Georgia Paicecott does not come graciously to our fair land simply to proselytize. There is also mooted an audacious TV series wherein the ladies of the USA will follow their oversea sisters onto the hallowed turf.

Dr John                                The title for the cricket show will be "The Popping Crease".

Bishop Dalton                      Using the maxim that "where the ladies go, the men will follow", it is hoped that this beautiful daughter of the Mistress of the Chapel Ambry will excite the sportswomen of America to don the whites in order to wield the willow.

*The penny drops. Knots gets it. He utters a long, long sigh as he rests back into his armchair.*

Knots                                If you most prestigious and divine gentlemen are eager to reassure yourselves that there will be no ... er ... "unpleasantness" to mar the visit of this lovely daughter of Chapel Ambry, then please allow me (as nominal head of the Chicago Brotherhood) to give you my firm promise in that direction. Trade union feather-ruffling, evil crooks running amok and so forth and so on –

**None** of that kind of nature will be allowed to occur. I give you here and now my solemn promise on that.

*The two divines are supremely pleased to hear this reassurance.*

Bishop Dalton, Dr John    Excellent! Excellent!  
*together*

*The three men sip their drinks in silence for a couple of seconds.*

Dr John                      And now tell me, Knots. Are you up-to-date with the English King Edward VI?

Knots                        Yeah, sure, Your Excellency. He got it off –  
  
Excuse me! I should put that more delicately. He was the lover of an American broad. And he was turned off the throne because of it.

Dr John                      That was in fact Edward VIII.  
  
Edward VI.

Knots                        Er ... Let me think now ...  
  
Sure! He was one of the little Princes in the Tower that his wicked uncle Richard the Lionheart whacked. Him and his brother.

*Dr John and Bishop Dalton glance at each other.*

Bishop Dalton              I'll make sure that you are introduced to The Honourable Georgia Paicecott. Together, you can combine forces to solve a little puzzle for us.

Dr John                      A little puzzle which centres on a missing dagger. It once belonged to the King we mentioned (King Edward VI).

*Knots is pleased that something in this conversation gels with him.*

Knots *grins widely*        Ah! A dagger. That's right in my line.

*Music: dark, provocative, meaningful.*

Bishop Dalton *voice-over*    Rot in Hell! That dagger will not be found. Not by you Mr Salme nor any of the devils who serve you ...

## PREQUEL MODULE (C)

**Strawberry Hill House, England. The Prequel continues as Knots visits with the divines and receives his commissions.**

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

#### **The sitting room at Cranmer House.**

The only occupants of the Cranmer sitting room are Bishop Dalton and Knots (who has flown in from Chicago).

The face of Bishop Dalton is wreathed in smiles. Bishop Dalton is a fake. He gives himself an aura of bonhomie. However, we will later learn who he really is.

The protagonists: BISHOP DALTON, KNOTS, DR JOHN.

#### **Strawberry Hill House, England.**

**We shall experience very strong mood music whenever Bishop Dalton “thinks” aloud. This will be “something-is-REALLY-about-to-happen” type music: lush, threatening, and virile. When Bishop Dalton ceases to “think” aloud, this music will fade off gracefully.**

Here, the true nature of Bishop Eric Dalton will be revealed (to us, the movie audience) as he speaks only to us. No-one else hears his secrets thoughts. It is clear that for some time

he has bottled-up his venomous spite and outraged anger.

Bishop Dalton is a tall, well-set man who bears himself in a soldierly fashion. His face is set as he discusses his complaints with us (the audience). His voice contains a forceful baritone timbre.

However, in conversation with others, Bishop Dalton is charming, urbane, and likeable. Roger is with Bishop Dalton at Strawberry Hill House.

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Bishop Dalton's dark, satanic mood is crushed and stifled by the ever-reliable Moss.

Bishop Dalton *voice-over, crisp*

Overweening.

Conceited.

Shallow.

Without identifiable form ...

*Bishop Dalton strolls along, trying very hard to mask his emotions.*

Bishop Dalton *voice-over*

The Right Honourable Georgia Paicecott blathers on about the Reformation. However, she might better have turned her attentions to the Catholic Revival (known to scholars as the Counter-Reformation). Had I been asked by the heavyweights of the television industry to bring forth a 90-minute study on **that** subject, why! I would have made their hair stand on end.

As it is --

*Like Bishop Dalton, Roger strolls about. However, his face depicts his scholarly interest in what he sees.*

Roger *to anyone in general*

How certain are we that the dagger was not entombed with the child King?

*Bishop Dalton strides up to Roger. Bishop Dalton feigns interest. When he speaks, Bishop Dalton is precise and smiling in an almost unctuous way.*

Bishop Dalton                      My understanding is that he was regally interred under the auspices of his lifelong servant Edward Tewkes whose loyalty cannot be questioned.

A list was made of all the private and public objects which entered the tomb (never to be seen again). A small replica sword of minimal value was indeed included in the grave goods. However, there remains no doubt that this token armament was **not** the Brubacker original.

*Roger swings about such that he faces Bishop Dalton.*

Roger *suspicious*                      Tewkes might have been lying in order to ... Well, in order to ...

*Bishop Dalton shakes his head with determination.*

Bishop Dalton *firmly*                      That kind of duplicity was not in his line, Your Excellency.

*Roger nods thoughtfully as he moves on, hands behind his back. Bishop Dalton schools his expression to one of polite, well-bred interest.*

Bishop Dalton *voice-*                      Loathsome cant.

*over*

Humbug: brittle, obvious, worthy of our despise ...

*Bishop Dalton pretends to return to the study of the painting which has appeared to interest him.*

Bishop Dalton *voice-*                      As it is, we are forced to stomach the lacklustre bilge spewing  
*over*    from Mademoiselle Paicecott's critique of the Anglican Book of  
Common Prayer. Tsk!

*Roger fiddles with this and that.*

Roger                                      It occurs to me that all we can do at this juncture is to follow through with the records of sale. Who purchased what when Horace Walpole's booty was knocked down to the highest bidder. What are your thoughts, there?

Bishop Dalton *bows*                      That would seem to be the most evident course, dear Roger.  
Tedious, yes! But necessary.

*Roger nods. He likes to have people in agreement with him.*

Roger *with decision* Okay. Let us apply to the administrator. We'll set aside a bare two hours of remorseless research and then we'll take a break. How does that sound?

Bishop Dalton *nods, appearing pleased* Admirable! You appear to have nailed it!

*Roger speeds off to effect his plan. Bishop Dalton mooches along, thoughtful.*

Bishop Dalton *voice-over* The Church of Rome shines out over the whole world as does a bright beacon. A light in the firmament. It has done so from ancient times.

It was Martin Luther who nailed his 95 theses to the church door at Wittenberg in 1517. And from that moment on, the true believers like myself have slid further into the mire.

*Bishop Dalton stops. He looks about him. A dark shadow comes over his face.*

Bishop Dalton *voice-over* *Comme d'habitude*, Christian martyrs were burned at the stake. Barbaric, cruel, unnecessary and vile.

In England, something like 300 Protestant martyrs went to God through the grace of Queen Mary. 300! Whereas 350 martyrs of **my** faith followed that path to Heaven. Most of those 350 were the victims of Elizabethan compassion. That is to say – **lack** of it! Every ancient pile had its priest hole. Yet nary a one had a “vicar” hole. My gorge rises at it (to quote a famous quote).

Administrator *voice-off* Your Excellencies! If you will follow me, I will take you to the library where we store the historic records of Strawberry Hill House.

Bishop Dalton *voice-over* I believe that I have reached the very very end of all patience. In the interests of my frayed and baffled sanity, I shall be brief. In 1969 (as a 19-year-old seminarian) I followed the same lines of enquiry that we are now witnessing. Using my formidable mental



talents, I discovered the whereabouts of the Brubacker Dagger. After purchasing same from a crusty codger, I wrapped it in purple velvet, hiding that vibrant parcel of weapon-in-cloth in a sturdy trunk which even now resides in my dormer at Alfriston Palace.

The end. Amen.

*Bishop Dalton (unseen by the others) sneers.*

Bishop Dalton *voice-over* Let them search high and low. Let them search ...

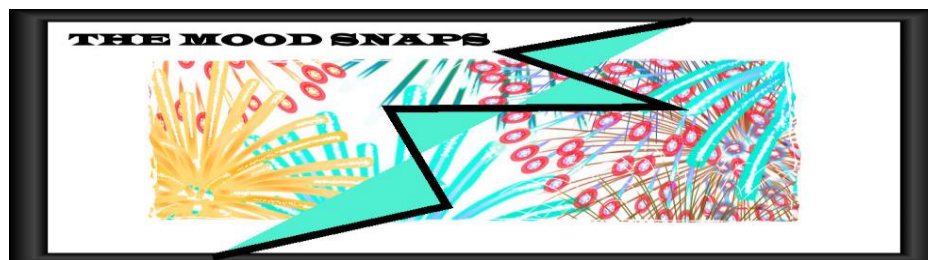
*With assistance from the Administrator, Roger makes a discovery. His voice echoes back to Bishop Dalton.*

Roger *triumphant, from afar* Lady Jane Grey! Queen Jane. Some of Edward's relics were passed to her. She would have had the Brubacker dagger as a souvenir of the prince to whom she was once betrothed.

Bishop Dalton *aloud* Which takes us to Partrimon House (if memory serves). Why! We could almost tootle over there in a train.

Bishop Dalton *voice-over* Hidden in a swathe of purple velvet it lies hidden from all eyes but mine.

And so it will remain ...



*Bishop Dalton lounges off. As he strides along (with a smug grin etched on his face), the screen freezes. Our camera moves back to find Aintree and Moss watching the Prequel. Their screen is wall-mounted and they stand in front of it to watch it. Both men are worried.*

Moss *frowns heavily* Aw! What's the point of all this? Clearly this Roman Catholic dude has the frigging sword-slash-dagger-slash-knife in his own

possession so why are we bothering to locate it?

*Aintree frowns*

Yeah but we don't know that ... That he in fact has it.

*Moss is affronted.*

*Moss testy*

Bullshit! I just heard him say that he's got it! He said so – clear as day!

*Aintree sighs as he begins to explain.*

*Aintree*

No! He told the viewing audience which does not include us!

*Moss is really worked up.*

*Moss gobsmacked*

Manure! Shit! Bollocks!

*Aintree*

Remember what the author said ...

"Here, the true nature of Bishop Eric Dalton will be revealed (to us, the movie audience) as he speaks only to us. No-one else hears his secrets thoughts. It is clear that for some time he has bottled-up his venomous spite and outraged anger."

*Moss is beside himself with rage. He marches around with arms working.*

*Moss swatting the air*

Yeah well as far as I'm concerned our saggy-tit author can go and root herself up against a wall in her garden shed.

Who gives a flying fuckaroony about a middle-aged Mickey priest -  
--

*Aintree correcting*

Bishop. He's a bishop – not a priest.

*Moss swatting the air  
even more*

Yeah, yeah ... A Mickey bishop who's never spent even one rainy afternoon snogging a skinny girl in all of his life. Or a fat one!

Why can't this film take us to tepid tropical pools filled with girls flopping around?

*Aintree on the moral  
high ground*

That is beneath my contempt. That idea is prurient, adolescent and --

Moss *cajoling* Naked nubile bodies, mate. Soprano-voiced bodies. We could watch them floating about. Undressed ... Maybe even join them ... ?

Aintree *stern* Take a cold shower, will you?

Moss *low-voiced* It's gotta be more entertaining for the punters than this arsehole bishop, you'd reckon. Come on! Why not!

Aintree *uncomfortable* Because we are following --

Moss *clutching at something, anything* Okay.

What about a tribe of hostile Red Indians screaming their war cries as they launch down a rocky hillside?

Aintree They had better be termed "First Americans" and actually --

Moss *rounding on Aintree* Alright then. See what you think of this.

Some strategic (and non-strategic) ordnance explosions that would make 007 proud? Why can't we have something interesting? Why do we have to be bored shitless by this fucking RC planker with his bad vibes and his head up his arse?

Aintree *firmly* Look! He's having a hissy fit simply because he reckons that the RCs were badly done by. That's all he's doing, mate.

Moss *suspicious* No, no, no, no ... It's all sinister and spooky.

Aintree You're overreacting to what is in fact --

Moss *interrupts* Come on! I'd rather be watching the old RSL ladies performing a can-can than have to lump this bum-from.

Aintree *long, long sigh then a self-indulgent nod or two.*

Aintree *very calm* If I tell you what's coming up it will spoil it for you. So just lump it, will you? Lump it for now. It will all make sense when ...

*We move further towards the frozen screen as it jolts back to life.*

## PREQUEL MODULE (C)

**In the Prequel we meet King Edward VI and the young cricketers.**

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

It is a lovely late-summer day in England, 1552.

King Edward VI is nearly 15 years old.

He is a precise, priggish boy. When he speaks, Edward labours over presenting as precise a speech as possible (hence the slight hesitation, as if he deeply ponders his remarks before making them).

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A small stage has been erected in a superb meadow, which the cows and sheep have closely cropped. Carpenters have added timbers to this stage such that silken curtains billow about. Banners and decorations represent the Tudor rose. The gentle breeze ruffles the silken stuff in a delightful way.

A group of shepherd boys (in their smocks) play a game of cricket (which they call "croquette") for His Majesty's entertainment. Several older men surround the boy King who is perched on an ornate, heavy padded chair.

After a moment's conversation, one of the boys approaches Edward, bowing low. The boy holds forward a crook.

The protagonists: EDWARD, LORD TAMAR, TEWKES, SHEPHERD BOYS.

Shepherd boy

Your Majesty. Should you wish to join us in our croquette? We would like fine for you to have a turn with the bat. You could bash the ball about and have some jolly fun at it.

*Edward's attendants smile fondly. Edward nods to the shepherd boy in a friendly manner but raises an admonitory hand.*

Edward *wearily*                      We should like nothing better, young squire. However, we are not feeling robust today.

Some other time perhaps.

We shall continue to enjoy your sport (seated) from this vantage point.

*Lord Tamar signals to the shepherd boy with a brisk head movement that his address to Edward is at an end.*

Lord Tamar *solicitous*              Your Majesty is not feeling well?

Tewkes *more solicitous*            Should you wish to be transported back to the castle, Sire?

Edward                                  No.

No, we are well enough to watch the game but not to take part in it, we fear.

*Edward emits a tedious sigh. The King's minders glance at each other, wary.*

Edward *pedantic*                      Gentlemen. You must be aware by this that I am of habit a cold fish – liking not the convention of rubbing shoulders with my fellow men. The common man.

Yet today in this jolly meadow I might be thought to be almost merry.

As merry (that is) as a king can be with such a weighty crown to wear upon his saintly scone.

*There is a silence as the game continues. Edward is gloomy and sullen. He speaks in a sermonizing way to no-one in particular.*

Edward                                  Do you see these young fellows here? They are the very flower of England's young manhood. And we doubt not that they have many brothers and sisters tucked away at home.

But our sainted mother's death followed hard upon our own birth. So (to say true) we are not just her elder child but her **only** child as well.

Our dearly remembered Papa of course had more children than us. We speak of our two dear sisters whom we love with all our heart.

Lord Tamar

Well said, Your Majesty. Well said.

Edward

It is our whole endeavour to provide a glowing, wholesome future for these lads and their ilk. Yet from the time that we ascended the throne of England upon the demise of our much-beloved Papa there has been nothing but tumult and despair in the Kingdom. There is not one bright note to be found in our reign, Gentlemen.

It must stop, you know. We command that the realm be brought into proper order. That is our solemn command. That is it!

*The ball is hit into the air and appears to be about to land in Edward's lap.*

*Without showing even the slightest emotion, Edward takes a neat catch. All the onlookers applaud.*

*The men attending Edward are especially fulsome in their congratulations.*

*Edward (glowing, ruddy-faced) grins and nods as he tosses the ball back to the nearest player.*

Edward

You shall instruct the Council of our determination, Lord Tamar.

Do you realize what they say of us? "Sheep eat men". That is how our Realm shall be recalled: a land of careless, Godless people whose one thought was to claw for gelt as does any merchant or grubby man of law.

### **INTRUDERS INTERRUPT THE BUCOLIC SCENE.**

Some people who don't belong in this scene (or this country or this century!) arrive in the pretty meadow. They are Aintree, Moss, Rowson and Brown.

Rowson and Brown wander over to where the shepherd boys are playing cricket. They

instigate an impromptu cricket clinic.

**NOTE: when we go to see the Northcote Nighthawks practise, the background scene of players going through the motions will EXACTLY mirror what we see below (except that the shepherd boys are not in modern outfits, obviously).**

Our two erstwhile commentators (Aintree and Moss) begin to bicker in the distant background. Edward hears them and becomes discomfited, especially when the disagreement becomes physical.

The protagonists: EDWARD, LORD SOMERSET, TEWKES, AINTREE, MOSS

Moss *through clenched teeth* Don't talk at me like I'm a budgie, mate!

Moss shoves Aintree's shoulder in a rough manner.

Aintree *angry* Take up your grievance with the author, Dickhead! And quit pushing me around.

The spat has now devolved into a push-and-shove, with tempers flared.

At the same time, Edward sees Aintree and Moss. He is alarmed.

Edward *to Lord* Does't thou hear that throb, Nuncle?

*Somerset* Might not that clamour betoken that the unwashed masses are rising up yet again in discord and revolt?

Tewkes, Lord Tamar and Lord Somerset appear to be on the "qui vive" with hands resting on sheathed swords.

Edward *somewhat alarmed* Is our sacred person in dire peril as a result do you suppose, sirs?

*Now Tewkes, Lord Tamar and Lord Somerset are at swords drawn. They are protective of their young charge. Our camera focuses on the noisy disturbance caused by Aintree and Moss. It is all gritted teeth, grunting and thwarted endeavour to take the upper hand.*

*Several of King Edward's household troops intervene, dragging Aintree and Moss apart. Both Aintree and Moss compose themselves immediately. They dismiss the household troops with negligent waves. They recover their demeanour and continue as if nothing untoward has happened.*

Moss *annoyed*                      We haven't got a fucking clue. Not a clucking few.

*Aintree looks about.*

Aintree                                So here we are in the middle of this paddock where some drug-fucked plunker has erected this billowing super-tent (talk about glamping!) standing around with our collective paws down our collective daks tugging ourselves through collective sheer boredom.

Moss *shrugs*                        I'm not wanking out of boredom.

I just happen to like it.

*Aintree takes a very long breath.*

Aintree                                Well, I was just watching the cricket. I reckon that tall boy with the woolly hair might turn out to be a handy spin bowler.

*Lord Tamar approaches with a deep, stately bow.*

Lord Tamar                          Lordynges!

His Majesty finds your strident tones unsettling.

What be the nature of your plaint, sires?

Moss                                    Look! They want to know the current location of the little sword.  
Tell us --

Aintree *correcting*                Dagger!

Moss                                    Right, "dagger". Thanks, mate.

They want to know the current location of the little dagger. Tell us



where to find it (the *real* one I mean!) and we'll get out of your hair.

Lord Tamar *at sea*      I have not even the smallest notion, Gentles. Of what "little dagger" do you speak?

Moss *aside to Aintree*      This is such a complete waste of time.

*Aintree retrieves a photo from his pocket. He shows this to Lord Tamar who is more than surprised: he has never before seen a photograph. Aintree points appropriately at the photo.*

Aintree      This one. It was presented to King Edward when he was just a little tacker by his old man.

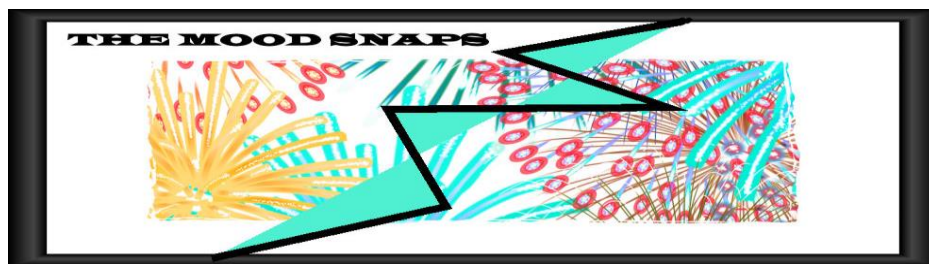
Moss      You know: the bloke who was as big as a brick shithouse with the huge codpiece in his chungsers. The Tudor guy.

*Lord Tamar is open-mouthed with shock. He looks from one man to the other.*

Lord Tamar *sotto voce*      That dagger which was wrought by Gervase Brubacker is for ceremonial use only, sires. It rests with His Majesty's other priceless baubles safe under lock and key in yon castle.

Fare you well, good gentlemen. I must return to my duties in service to the King.

*As Lord Tamar returns to the billowing platform, Aintree and Moss look at each other. Both mouth the word "castle". They bolt towards the castle only to be brought up short.*



*Aintree and Moss have returned to Fortitude Valley. Their location is a park.*

*Young people and their offspring make their way to their parked cars. Aintree and Moss look about them, disappointed.*

Aintree *worried* I wish that someone could just fill us in on what is going on here

...

*Moss speaks in a sugar-sweet voice.*

Moss *full of irony* Let's apply to the author, shall we?

*Aintree wanders over to the actual film crew. He finds some busy cameramen to interrupt. We cannot hear exactly what is discussed. Aintree converses with the cameramen while Moss looks on. We can barely overhear that Aintree is advised to check out the lady cricketers.*



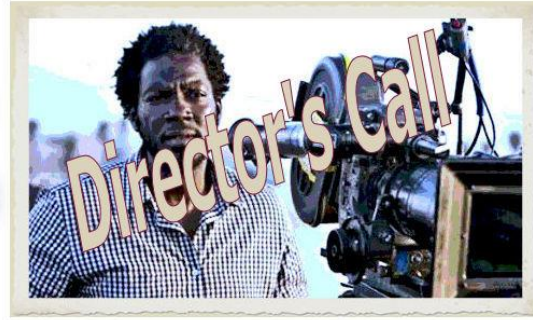
*Meanwhile, our roving camera discovers Rowson and Brown just as we last viewed them. They watch with interest as the shepherd boys play cricket.*

Brown *excited* The standard here is excellent! I'm thrilled! Let's push for a "King Edward Eleven". They could waft about in the countryside, proselytizing our noble game ...

Rowson *thrilled* Wonderful idea! The Don would be very chuffed.

*Both men launch into a scratchy rendition of the Jack Lumsdaine ditty "Our Eleven".*

*Our camera moves back.*



This is where we shall catch up with the second section of Georgia's  
"The Book of Common Prayer" TV programme.

It is up to the Director to apportion a smidgeon of time to this object.  
I would like to see a mock-up of a stunning, sumptuous TV documentary  
(as if actually going to air). But excerpts only (time-wise).

## **"Harried From The Land"**

[Please refer to "bocp\_cast\_synopsis.pdf" pages 24 to 29.]

## **CUT TO PART 3**