

# ERROL FLYNN'S GREAT BIG ADVENTURE BOOK FOR BOYS

By Rob George

## ACT 1

### SCENE 1 - HARRY'S PIANO BAR - LATE 1950'S

THE BAR IS SEEDY AND PAST ITS PRIME - A BIT LIKE ERROL.

A PIANIST IS PLAYING AND A GIRL SINGING A SLOW, BLUES NUMBER 'ONE MORE TIME'.

HARRY, THE BAR MANAGER IS IN ATTENDANCE.

LOIS IS WAITING PATIENTLY AT A TABLE.

THIS SETTING IS THE 'REALITY' OF THE PLAY.

#### SINGER

Just one more time  
You haven't learned it yet  
It's there, right there on your face.

Just one more time  
And it will burn you yet  
It's not the time or the place.

Sparkling eyes, more than you can endure  
You're too old  
Still you need to ensure  
Just one more time

You've hit the high spots  
And you've been low  
What else is there to do.

Just one more time  
You know you can't go slow  
But one's too many for you.

DURING THE SONG, ERROL FLYNN BURSTS IN SHOWING OFF TO HIS CONSORT BETTY AADLAND, WHOM HE CALLS 'WOODSIE'.

WOODSIE IS 16 YEARS OLD, ERROL IS 50. HE IS INTOXICATED BUT NOT EXACTLY DRUNK.

ERROL

Here we are Woodsie, Harry's Piano Bar, the entertainment centre of the Universe.

WOODSIE GIGGLES.

ERROL

I say old sport, don't you know any other songs? Do you have to keep playing that depressing shit?

HARRY

Would you like a drink Mr Flynn?

ERROL

(ignoring him)

Why don't you play something up-tempo like ...

(sings)

'She's five foot two and her eyes are ...'

HE PEERS INTO WOODSIE'S EYES. SHE GIGGLES.

ERROL

'..... Umm, greyish green. She's eighteen years old, with the biggest fanny you've ever seen!' Ha, ha ...

HARRY

No one under the age of twenty-one is allowed on these premises Mr Flynn, you know that.

ERROL

Of course I do - and in fact this little hunk of quivering sensuality is exactly twenty-two years old. I always insist on seeing their birth certificates these days.

Woodsie's on her thigh - would you like a look?

WOODSIE

(giggles)

No it's not ...!!

HARRY

Do you want a drink?

ERROL

Yes old boy, two whiskies - one straight, the other double and fill it up with lemonade and raspberry ...

(whispers to HARRY)

.... Tell you what sport, I'm supposed to be meeting someone here but I'm bugged if I can remember who.

HARRY

(indicates LOIS)

It's the lady at the table. She's been here a long time.

LOIS IS AWARE OF THE CONVERSATION. SHE LOOKS AT ERROL.

LOIS

Mr Flynn. I liked the song.

ERROL IS UNIMPRESSED BY HER PLAIN, RATHER DOWDY APPEARANCE. HE WHISPERS TO HARRY.

ERROL

(whispers)

My God, I couldn't have been that drunk could I?

LOIS

Mr Flynn, we did have an appointment for five o'clock, it is now nearly seven.

ERROL

Oh did you mean local time? I always operate under Greenwich Mean Time like every good sailor.

LOIS

If we could get down to business.

ERROL

Can I get you a drink honey?

LOIS

No thank you I don't indulge.

ERROL

You don't what?

LOIS

I don't drink.

ERROL

I don't drink either, I bloody well drown in the stuff! Now what did I promise I'd do for you?

LOIS

We were going to start work on your book.

ERROL

Ah the book, the book .... I knew I recognised your face from somewhere. You weren't wearing glasses last time were you?

LOIS

Yes.

ERROL

Ah .... you'd look a lot better without them. What do you think Woodsie?

WOODSIE

What?

ERROL

Don't you think .... umm .... what's your name again?

LOIS

Lois Tudor.

ERROL

Don't you think Lois would look a lot sexier without her glasses>

WOODSIE

She looks okay.

LOIS

Mr Flynn, if we could ignore your sordid lusts for a short while we might be able to get down to business.

ERROL

I thought it was my sordid lusts that interested you!

LOIS

We intend producing an entertaining and hopefully educational product for adolescent boys Mr Flynn.

ERROL

The lovely lady here is going to write a book of stories based on my own fascinating and incredible life.

WOODSIE

What sort of stories?

ERROL

Exciting ones! Full of big words that you wouldn't understand, with adventures like 'On the Trail of the Smugglers' and 'The Witchdoctors of Rattlesnake Rift'.

WOODSIE

Oh!

ERROL

And the book is going to sell millions of copies and make us all very rich.

WOODSIE

Does that include me?

ERROL

When I say we, I mean Miss Tudor and all my various creditors and wives.

WOODSIE

(confused)

Do we have to get married?

ERROL

Listen Woodsie, why don't you catch a cab, go home and get the bed warm and yourself hot with anticipation for my early arrival.

WOODSIE

Oh but .... all right .... but don't drink too much.

ERROL

Right, now run along like a good girl.

WOODSIE

'Byeee ...

WOODSIE KISSES ERROL, GIVES LOIS A JEALOUS LOOK THEN LEAVES.

ERROL

(to LOIS)

The perfect female - big arse, big tits, and no brain.

LOIS

(abruptly)

Mr Flynn, I would like to check one or two details if you don't mind.

ERROL

Fire away.

LOIS

Correct me if anything is wrong. Full name Errol Leslie Thomson Flynn.

ERROL

Never did like the Leslie. Bit effeminate don't you think?

LOIS

No.

ERROL

Listen this stuff can be found on the back of any old Fantaes wrapper.

LOIS

Perhaps, but I want the truth.

ERROL

What on earth for? I always find fiction much more exciting than fact.

LOIS

Let's say it's for posterity.

ERROL

The only posterity that interests me darling is the one you're sitting on!

LOIS

(very bland)

Really!

ERROL

Yes .... umm ... didn't you find that witticism just a teeny bit amusing?

LOIS

No.

ERROL

I see .... I gather you're not a fan of mine then?

LOIS

No. Quite frankly I find your films simplistic, unconvincing, sentimental and stupid.

ERROL

So why are you doing this book?

LOIS

For money. Why did you make your films?

ERROL

(sarcastic)

In order to make an artistic statement about the cultural milieu of which I am a part, of course .... and money!

LOIS

(pause)

You were born in Hobart, Tasmania, on the 20th June 1909 at the Alexandra Private Hospital.

ERROL

No sooner did I get out than I wanted to get back in, and that's what I've been trying to do ever since.

LOIS

Pardon?

ERROL

Don't worry sweetheart, you wouldn't understand.

LOIS

Your father ....

ERROL

Anyway you're safe, I prefer younger stuff.

LOIS

Your father, Professor Theodore Flynn was a graduate of the University of Sydney, with a science degree in Biology and a reputation as an eminent member of his profession.

ERROL

Can't argue with that.

LOIS

And your mother ....

ERROL

Look darling, do we have to go into all these depressing details? After all the lads don't want to hear this. They want to get stuck into the meaty bits like fighting off Kanaka headhunters and swimming crocodile infested waters to rescue damsels in distress.

LOIS

It's just for the record Mr Flynn.

ERROL

My mother ... God bless her ... the lady wants to know about my mother ....

## SCENE 2 - YOUNG ERROL'S MIDDLE CLASS HOME - HOBART 1916

MRS FLYNN (LILY MARY) HAS BEEN SITTING ON STAGE FROM THE START - AN UNOBTRUSIVE PART OF THE BAR ROOM SCENE.

SHE POURS TEA.

LILY

Tea Miss Tudor?

LOIS

Thank you.

LILY

Of course, like any seven year old, he can be most charming when he wants to be, then again he can also be quite difficult.

LOIS

Hmmmm ...

LILY

Sometimes I admit, I don't know what to do with him. He is naughty and impudent and when I try to punish him, he laughs in my face. He has also inherited his father's enquiring mind. Last week I caught him and the little girl next door standing out the back with their pants down.

LOIS

Oh, what did you do?



LILY

I confronted the scoundrel of course. 'What on earth is going on here?' I said. 'Oh I was just interested to see what was underneath' he replied casually. So I told him he was a dirty little brute and gave him three or four good hard smacks on his bare backside.

LOIS

Mrs Flynn, would it be fair to say that you are a society person?

LILY

Oh most definitely.

LOIS

Well how do you cope living in Hobart?

LILY

Not very well I'm afraid. Look I don't want this to go beyond these four walls, but I detest the place.

LOIS

You regret having come here?

LILY

Most definitely.

LOIS

And do you also regret marrying and having a son like Errol?

LILY

Oh but Errol is a charming little chap - most of the time.

LOIS

But he does hamper you doesn't he? He does .... cramp your style?

PAUSE.

LILY

Oh my, look at the time!

THEODORE ENTERS.

THEODORE

Good evening Lily .... Oh excuse me, I didn't know we had company.

LILY

We haven't! This is Miss Tudor darling, I was telling her about Errol.

THEODORE

Oh yes, he's a lively little chap Miss Tudor.

LOIS

Yes, so I've heard.

THEODORE

He should be in soon .... I say, did you tell her the story about the ducks?

LILY

I hardly think ....

THEODORE

Oh look I must tell you, it's quite amazing, it really is.

LOIS

Oh good, this might be the sort of thing I'm looking for.

THEODORE

Yes, you see the duck has a digestive system that firstly does not digest pork, and secondly is very fast acting - in other words the pork remains pork and is eaten and then defecated in a very short time.

LILY

Theodore is this necessary?

THEODORE

Quiet please Lily. Well Errol discovered these facts about the duck, and so he tied a piece of pork to a string and fed it to the biggest drake in the flock. Well the pork passed in and out of the drake and was then picked up by another duck which did the same, and so on. By the time I arrived there were six ducks strung together and Errol was selling tickets to his friends to see the 'living bracelet'!

LOIS

Yes, that is amusing. What was your reaction?

THEODORE

I broke my umbrella across the little bugger's backside.

LILY

He's a sadistic little boy.

SCENE 3 - HEADMASTER'S OFFICE SHORE GRAMMAR SCHOOL - 1924

SCENES 2 AND 3 ARE LINKED BY A SCHOOL CHOIR SINGING IN ANGELIC VOICES WHILE ERROL PREPARES TO RECEIVE THE CANE FROM THE HEADMASTER, MR ROBSON.

MR ROBSON IS ENGLISH, VERY OLD-SCHOOL. HE WEARS A MORTAR-BOARD AND ACADEMIC GOWN.

CHOIR

(sings)

You are my guiding light  
In all I think and do  
Your love is pure and perfect  
And all forgiving too.

ROBSON

This Flynn is for your impudence ....

(whack)

This is for being a liar ....

(whack)

This should teach you to play around during class ...

(whack)

And this is for poor Elsie Cullen's lost virginity ...

(whack)

Now get out, stay out, and don't ever cross my path again. You are expelled!

CHOIR

Hurrah ... beauty Flynny boy! Did you cop it Flynn ...!

ERROL

He's as weak as piss! I didn't feel a thing.

CHOIR

(sings)

They dragged her up the rickety stairs  
Pulling on her light brown hairs  
Inky pinky parlez vous.

ROBSON ADDRESSES LOIS.

ROBSON

Naturally I'm very proud of our boys, although one must always realise that they are at an advantage because they are from the upper-echelons of society and as such have superior minds and bodies to the umm ... common public school person. We select only boys who have, shall we say, notable pedigrees. We do not accept riff-raff here at Shore, after all we have a tradition to maintain as the leading Boy's Grammar School here in Sydney. But Miss Tudor, as any breeder of dogs or horses could tell you, there are always one or two in each generation that do not come up to standard. Perhaps they are genetic freaks or throwbacks. Whatever the reason, they are culled from the flock. Such is the case with Flynn. He has been culled. My only regret is that my culling could not have been more, shall we say ... permanent!

CHOIR

(sings)

They tied her to the end of the bed  
Fucked her till their balls were red  
Inky pinky parlez vous.

LOIS

Why did you accept him in the first place?

ROBSON

His pedigree, on paper, was very good.

LOIS

It has been reported that he's been in trouble before, at other schools.

ROBSON

Yes we had heard rumors that his reputation, even in Tasmania, was not beyond reproach. But .... the Professor .... Flynn's father, assured us that all the boy needed was more rigid control - one of our specialities here at Shore. But unfortunately for all concerned, the trouble with Flynn is not as simple as that.

LOIS

Why unfortunately?

ROBSON

Well the lad's a topping sportsman. Best tennis player in the school by miles and a jolly handy middleweight boxer as well.

LOIS

And the incident with Elsie Cullen?

CHOIR

(sings)  
Inky pinky parlez ...

ROBSON

I prefer not to discuss Flynn's sordid affairs.

CHOIR

(sings)  
Flynn knocked off the barmaid ...

LOIS

I believe Elsie was the laundress's daughter.

CHOIR

(sings)  
Then he went and undressed ....

ROBSON

I'm sorry my time is very short.

CHOIR

(sings)  
Right before the laundress ...

LOIS

And the coal pile was the site of the crime?

CHOIR

(sings)  
Didn't know her surname ...

ROBSON

Good day Miss Tudor.

CHOIR

(sings)  
Really can't take all the blame.  
Inky pinky parlez vous!

ROBSON AND CHOIR EXIT.

LOIS REMAINS.

SCENE 4 - SYDNEY - 1927

ERROL BOUNDS UP TO LOIS, WEARING TENNIS CREAMS AND A BLAZER.

ERROL

How did you fare?

LOIS

Quite well. I think with a bit of editing your adventures at Shore should be quite fun - oh and of course the ducks.

ERROL

Ah yes, he ducks. Now that was very funny.

LOIS

A bit cruel.

ERROL

Not really - I think they enjoyed it. Pretty kinky characters the old ducks, ha ha!

LOIS

And Elsie Cullen?

ERROL

Never look a gift horse in the mouth.

LOIS

Gift horse?

ERROL

Well trophy - but I won her fair and square.

LOIS

Who from?

ERROL

Everyone was trying, I just happened to be the best.

LOIS

Well what's next? After all you haven't exactly graduated with flying colours.

ERROL

Perhaps not, although my years of schooling have not been completely wasted.

LOIS

Oh, what can you do?

ERROL

What can I do? Why ....

(sings or recites)

I can strike a line through scrub or pine

Or play a hand of poker.

Or ride a hack or hump a black

With any other joker.

But scrapping is my special gift

My chiefest sole delight

Just ask a wild duck can it swim

A wild cat can it fight.

RADIO BROADCASTER

Scarfe swings and misses as Flynn bounces off the ropes and keeps moving very nicely. Now Flynn leads with his left, Scarfe replies with a right and ...

(ding)

That's the end of the second round and for mine young Flynn should take out the colours so far, he's certainly been the more impressive of the two boxers here at Bankstown Stadium tonight, but boxing's a funny game and anything can happen in the final round. Well, Scarfe's trainer Snowy Riley is looking confident but I don't know why, my money is certainly on Flynn to take out this match and move into the semifinals of the N.S.W. amateur heavyweight titles.

(ding)

And there's the bell for the opening of the final round. Flynn circles round his heavier opponent, he moves well, uses his feet to advantage. Scarfe jabs, Flynn leads with his left but doesn't connect. Flynn's in again, now he throws a left jab and another and a right hook, a beauty! That must seal the game!

DURING THE 'BROADCAST', ERROL SHADOW BOXES TO MATCH THE COMMENTARY. AFTER HIS LAST RIGHT HOOK, HE HOLDS HIS POSITION.

NAOMI APPEARS, TAKES ERROL'S ARMS AND THEY TANGO.

NAOMI IS ERROL'S UPPER-CLASS GIRLFRIEND. SHE IS FRIGHTFULLY WELL BRED AND SPEAKS WITH A TOO-CUTE LISP.

NAOMI

I thought you did frightfully well cuddlepoos. So did Daddy.

ERROL

I was robbed.

NAOMI

You were so brave too. He was much bigger than you.

ERROL

The judges don't know class when they see it .... either that or they were bribed.

NAOMI

Bribed! Bribed! Cuddlepoos whatever do you mean? Bribery is so frightfully uncivilised, and after all darling it is 1927.

ERROL

Sorry Naomi, I shouldn't have said such a beastly thing when I was in your company. I should have realised that, that was men's talk and therefore not fit for your delicate ears, which are as soft and white as gossamer on a sandy beach bathed in moonlight ...

ERROL IS GETTING ROMANTIC AND MOVING IN FOR THE KILL.

NAOMI

Cuddlepoos, I've never seen gossamer on a beach - don't be silly.

ERROL

And your neck is as smooth as the honey in a bumblebee's hive ...

NAOMI

But not as sticky I hope. Errol, don't put you sweaty hands on my dress, you'll crease it.

ERROL

And underneath your bodice I perceive that your breasts are round and full.

NAOMI

Errol! That will do! You're getting dirty now.

ERROL

Naomi darling, I've been thinking.

NAOMI

Have you cuddlepoos? You must be careful, you might strain yourself.

ERROL

You're such a dashed sweet thing Naomi, and your father is so wealth .... umm ... well thought of, that I wondered whether perhaps you might consider marrying me.



NAOMI

Oh Errol darling, I'm sure Daddy will approve. Oh you've made me so happy, now I can start having kitchen parties and collecting presents and everything.

ERROL

Sweetest I will love you forever and a day, and I will be true to you as long as I shall live, and longer. Even in the grave I will love only you.

NAOMI

Oh Errol!

ERROL

Now can I talk about your breasts?

NAOMI

Don't be silly!

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

A POLICEMAN ENTERS.

POLICEMAN

Master Errol Flynn?

ERROL

Yes?

POLICEMAN

Master Flynn, I wonder if you wouldn't mind answering one or two questions for me?

ERROL

Certainly not old bean, fire away.

POLICEMAN

Thank you sir.

NAOMI

I say cuddlepoos, what is going on?

ERROL

Nothing sweetest, just routine questions I'm sure.

POLICEMAN

Cuddlepoos?

ERROL

A term of endearment sergeant - Naomi and I are engaged to be married.

POLICEMAN

I hope you have decided upon a long engagement period.

ERROL

Why's that sergeant?

POLICEMAN

Master Flynn, you may or may not be aware that certain monies were stolen recently from the cash box of Dalgety's Limited, Sydney, in whose employ you were at the time.

ERROL

Yes I did hear about that.

NAOMI

But sergeant, Errol is still employed by Dalgety's, aren't you darling?

ERROL

No, not exactly. I resigned a couple of days ago.

NAOMI

Cuddlepoos, why didn't you tell me?

ERROL

I was going to sweetest, but you haven't given me a chance.

POLICEMAN

Master Flynn, did you see anyone tampering with the till at any stage?

ERROL

No sir, no that I can recall.

NAOMI

It was nothing to do with you was it darling?

ERROL

Of course not sweetest.

POLICEMAN

Can you explain then, Mr Flynn, how you came to place a large bet at the Randwick races the next day?

ERROL  
I pinched the money ....

NAOMI  
Errol!

POLICEMAN  
As I thought!

ERROL  
.... umm ... from my mother's purse.

POLICEMAN  
Your mother's purse?! She must be well off.

ERROL  
Oh she is sergeant. She's filthy rich.

POLICEMAN  
And does she keep it wrapped up in Dalgety's envelopes?

HE DISPLAYS THE EMPTY ENVELOPES.

ERROL  
Envelopes?

NAOMI  
I'm sure you must be making a mistake sergeant, after all, my father is the Commissioner of Police.

POLICEMAN  
(taken aback)  
Oh ... you're one of the .... umm .... Dibbs girls are you?

NAOMI  
That's right.

POLICEMAN  
Yes hmmm ... well .... all right Master Flynn, but if you should happen to hear of anything ....

ERROL  
You'll be the first to know old chap.

NAOMI

I'll show you out sergeant.

NAOMI AND POLICEMAN EXIT.

LOIS ENTERS.

LOIS

Well what shall we call that chapter? 'How I was Caught with My Fingers in the Till'?

ERROL

There's no problem, my innocence is beyond doubt.

LOIS

I suppose the story at least contains valuable information for up-and-coming criminals who, after all, must constitute a certain percentage of our intended audience.

ERROL

You do exaggerate.

LOIS

And I suppose the amateur's guide to seduction could be seen as a bonus.

ERROL

My God what is wrong with you? It was just a nice little domestic scene.

LOIS

What do you intend doing from here?

ERROL

I intend leaving my mark upon the world.

LOIS

Aha! Any particular part?

ERROL

No, but I think I might leave Sydney. There don't seem to be the opportunities here.

LOIS

But what about your friends? You seem to be such a hit with the fast set. And Naomi, to whom you have recently vowed such undying affection?

ERROL

Hmmm, yes they're a rum crowd, and Naomi's a dashed sweet sort of a girl, the sort one marries don't you know. But I'm a bit young for that, and luckily I'm still a minor so I don't have to keep to my promises. I think I might move around a bit - sow a few wild oats before I settle down. Don't worry though old girl, Naomi'll still be here when I want her.

SCENE 5 - A SIDESHOW TENT - 1929

A BARKER ENTERS WITH TWO STRIPPERS.

THEY START TO DRUM UP BUSINESS FOR THEIR TENT SHOW 'PAPUA AND NEW GUINEA'.

THE MAIN SIGN ON THE TENT IS 'THIS IS THE SHOW' WITH THE FIRST LETTERS OF EACH WORD MUCH BIGGER THAN THE REST, 'T.I.T.S.!'

BARKER

This is the show boys, this is the show. Step right up here for the opportunity of a life time. Yes if you've got the call of the wild in your blood, if you want a feast of tropical delights and exciting adventure, then this is the show for you ....

ERROL ENTERS AND WATCHES THE SHOW, ESPECIALLY THE STRIPPERS.

BARKER

And just five pounds buys you a ticket to the last frontier, the Jewel of the Pacific, the Papuan Paradise. So come on boys, this is it, step inside, you won't be disappointed, it's all here. Come on boys, this is it, the Papua and New Guinea spectacular, and we've got the lot here ....

HE PICKS UP A LARGE YELLOW ROCK.

BARKER

Your eyes will be dazzled by tons of precious gold, straight from the highlands, and there's much more there just waiting to be picked up off the ground.

HE SINGLES OUT ERROL.

BARKER

Come on sonny, what's your fancy? Hunting crocodiles in tropical swamps, fishing for sharks in the blue Pacific? Well then we've got it all, no worries. How about the native girls, delicately scented with the perfume of frangipani and trained to take scare of your every desire.

THE STRIPPERS LOOK BORED AS AS THE BARKER USES THEM TO ILLUSTRATE HIS POINT, BUT ERROL IS DROOLING.

BARKER

Come on then, step right up, this is the show boys, we've got the lot here. Don't miss the adventures of capturing black murderers with the Papuan Constabulary, or recruiting Kanaka labourers in the steaming jungles, or shooting birds of paradise in the dense forests. New Guinea is waiting for you, so step right up boys, this is the show ...

STRIPPERS

(sing)

If you want a piccaninnie  
 Just come down to old New Guinea  
 If you want some tit sir  
 It's the place for you.  
 Make your fortune  
 Grab some crumpet  
 Then get all the blacks to lump it  
 Come to old new Guinea  
 Do what you want to do.

ERROL PICKS UP A SUITCASE, HE IS BUBBLING WITH ENTHUSIASM.

ERROL

Are you sure there's lots of girls?

BARKER

Couldn't be surer!

ERROL

And how much do they cost?

BARKER

Good looking lad like you shouldn't have to pay for it.

ERROL

I'll have a ticket.

BARKER

Best decision you ever made son.

ERROL

Oh ... by the way, are there any real dangers?

BARKER  
None whatsoever ...

ERROL  
Goodo!

ERROL EXITS THROUGH THE TENT.

BARKER  
..... apart from malaria, dysentery, crocodiles, sharks, VD, poisoned arrows and troublesome husbands! Just a joke! Well there he is, on his way to a life of adventure. So come on, who's next, who'll be in it? This is the show boys ...

BARKER AND STRIPPERS EXIT TO REFRAIN OF SONG.

STRIPPERS  
Come to old New Guinea  
Do what you want to do ....

## SCENE 6 - SOMEWHERE IN NEW GUINEA - 1929

THERE ARE ANGRY VOICES OFF-STAGE.

SIMPSON  
You bloody little upstart! You dirty, immoral, greedy, slimy, poxy bastard!

ERROL  
How was I to know she was married?

SIMPSON  
By the ring on her finger, by the pictures on the wall, by the cut of her clothes, by the way she talked! By a hundred different ways!

SIMPSON BUNDLES ERROL OUT OF HIS HOUSE.

ERROL  
She likes me!

SIMPSON  
I'll murder you!

ERROL  
Come on then!

SIMPSON  
Steal my wife would you?

ERROL  
She's a free person.

SIMPSON  
You cuckolding asshole ... Get out!

ERROL  
No.

SIMPSON  
Get out!

ERROL  
No, she likes me.

SIMPSON  
Will this convince you ...

HE PULLS OUT A GUN.

SIMPSON  
Will this satisfy your carnal urges you disgusting animal!

ERROL  
Now hold your temper.

SIMPSON  
Now get out - or I'll blast you into a perpetual orgasm.

ERROL  
Fair enough old sport. I've forgotten all about the lady.

SIMPSON  
My wife is a beautiful creature. A creature of the wilds. She's gentle and sweet, she doesn't deserve to be tainted with your stink Flynn. Now get out of my sight.

ERROL  
Certainly .... right away old sport ... you've talked me into it. Oh, just one thing.

SIMPSON  
Are you deaf? I said get out before I send a lump of lead smashing through your cranium.



ERROL

The thing is I haven't been here long.

SIMPSON

So?

ERROL

Well you see I'm not familiar with local customs.

SIMPSON

I am - it's a local custom to de-knackerise bastards of your type Flynn!

ERROL

Oh fair enough. And the other thing I wanted to talk to you about ....

SIMPSON

Get out!

ERROL

I was wondering Mr Simpson, if you had any vacancies at the moment for patrol officers?

SIMPSON

Scum of the earth!

SIMPSON EXITS.

ERROL

Does that mean no? Oh ...

ERROL NOTICES A NATIVE GIRL (OFFSTAGE). HE PULLS OUT A PHRASE BOOK AND READS OUT TO HER.

ERROL

Hey, lik lik Mary, you me tufella go pus pus eh?

TRANSLATION - DO YOU WANT A FUCK!

LOIS ENTERS.

LOIS

Isn't that enough?

ERROL

What are you doing here?

LOIS  
Haven't you caused enough trouble?

ERROL  
What do you mean?

LOIS  
(yells)  
Why don't you stop? Why don't you give up your carnal desires for just one minute?

ERROL  
What do you mean? What's wrong?

NOTE - ERROL REALLY DOES FIND NORMAL MORALITY CONFUSING. ACCORDING TO HIS WAY OF THINKING IF HE DESIRES A THING THEN HE TRIES TO GET IT - RIGHTS AND WRONGS DON'T ENTER INTO IT.

LOIS  
(still shouting)  
You know what's wrong.

ERROL  
I don't.

LOIS  
You're a pig!

ERROL  
Why?

LOIS  
Because of the girl.

ERROL  
But I liked the girl.

LOIS  
But you've hurt her.

ERROL  
How have I hurt her?

LOIS  
Because of her husband.

ERROL

It's not my fault that she's married.

LOIS

Or that her husband beat her?

ERROL

No.

LOIS

See, you're a pig. A blind, ignorant, selfish pig!

SCENE 7 - A BAR IN NEW GUINEA - 1930

JACK HIDES, A PATROL OFFICER IN THE PAPUAN CONSTABULARY, JOINS ERROL AT THE BAR. JACK IS A SIMILAR AGE TO ERROL (IN REALITY HE WAS ALMOST FLYNN'S DOUBLE).

JACK

I say old man, what on earth are you trying to do. Start up a war or something?

ERROL

Eh? Oh that, no, I was just looking for a bed for the night.

JACK

Dash it all old man, you can do better than an old flea-infested native hut, surely.

ERROL

Any port in a storm old cock.

JACK

Come on in, I'll buy you a drink. I'm sure the publican will be able to see you right for the night.

BARMAN

(stutters)

Wwwwwwwhat'll it be lads?

JACK

Beer thanks Paddy.

BARMAN

Cccccccoming right up.

JACK

Anyway Hides is my name, Jack Hides. I'm a patrol officer with the Papuan Constabulary.

ERROL

Ah, Flynn - Errol. Pleased to meet you Jack.

BARMAN

Hey ddddoes any of youse two llllads want a ggggirl for the nnnnnight?

JACK

Hasn't Granny retired yet Paddy?

ERROL AND JACK LAUGH.

BARMAN

(doesn't hear)

Eh?

JACK

We'll be right.

BARMAN

Oh yeah, fffffair enough.

JACK

What are you doing in these parts Errol?

ERROL

At the moment nothing.

JACK

I say that's pretty steep old chap. Thought you'd certainly have been considered patrol officer material.

ERROL

I did have hopes in that direction but unfortunately my climb up the ladder of success came to a sticky climax involving a hot wife and a hotter husband.

JACK

Never mind, there are plenty of opportunities up here for someone with a bit of spunk.

ERROL

Well spunk is not something I lack, but I can't say that many openings have come my way so far.

JACK

I'm sure they will.

ERROL

You can afford to be optimistic but quite frankly as far as I can see, this malarial-infested stink-hole has very little to offer.

JACK

As a Papuan and a gentleman, I consider that to be an insult to a beautiful country.

ERROL

Ha ... there's more beauty in my arsehole old chap.

JACK

You sir are a cad.

ERROL

Those sir are fighting words.

JACK

I don't fight with words Flynn, I fight with fists.

ERROL

I doubt whether you fight with anything at all.

JACK

Would you care to step outside?

THE BARMAN PRODUCES TWO SETS OF BOXING GLOVES.

BARMAN

Now we don't want any fffftisticuffs here - it's to protect the ccccccystal chandeliers.

JACK

Or do you wan to apologise and be done with it?

ERROL

Oh no ...

(sings or recites as before)

Scrapping is my special gift

My chiefest, sole delight.

Just ask a wild duck can it swim

A wild cat can it fight.

ERROL AND JACK MOVE CENTRE-STAGE AND START BOXING EACH OTHER, ALL THE WHILE CONTINUING WITH THEIR DIALOGUE.

JACK

Now what was it you said?

ERROL

This dump is the arsehole of the universe.

JACK

And you're just passing through I suppose ...  
(swing)

ERROL

The natives are ugly savages and the whites are uncivilised bores ...  
(jab)

JACK

The splendour of the jungle is incomparable ...  
(jab)

ERROL

It's not worth a bucket of dried dog turds ...  
(punch)

JACK

The gold discoveries will bring enormous wealth.

ERROL

(stops)  
Gold!! Where?

JACK KNOCKS HIM DOWN.

JACK

In the highlands.

ERROL

Oh!

JACK

About 50 miles from Lae.

ERROL

(on his feet)  
Is it accessible?

JACK

Only just, but there's a fortune to be made.

How do you get there? ERROL

You walk. JACK

(stops again)  
Walk?! ERROL

JACK FLATTENS HIM AGAIN.

It takes about ... JACK

(counts Errol down)  
One ... two ... three ... ffff ... seven! BARMAN

ERROL IS BACK ON HIS FEET BY THE COUNT OF SEVEN.

..... days, barring incident. JACK

What are the problems? ERROL

There's not many, just hostile natives, leeches, crocodiles, dysentery, typhoid and blackwater fever. JACK

What's the track like? ERROL

Extremely rugged and mountainous. JACK

Sounds interesting ... ERROL  
(whack)  
Where do I start ...?  
(wham)

(getting a beating)  
Go to Lae ... JACK

(crash)  
 ..... on the northern ...  
 (crash)  
 .... Coast.

JACK IS OUT COLD.

ERROL

Thanks old sport. Couldn't lend us a couple of quid while you're at it could you?

HE TAKES MONEY FROM JACK'S POCKET.

ERROL

Much obliged. I say barman, another beer for my friend eh? And put it on his account will you?

JACK GETS UP AND SINGS 'THE NEW GUINEA SONG'. HE IS JOINED BY THE CHORUS OF BLACK WORKERS.

JACK

It may be 1930  
 But there's plenty that is dirty  
 Up in Papua New Guinea  
 Where the sweet-potato grows.  
 For the blacks all know their place is  
 Tying up the white man's laces  
 And all doing what is their duty  
 With a bone right through the nose.

CHORUS

Kanaka, Kanaka  
 Here's your quid of cheap tobacco.  
 Kanaka, Kanaka ... oh ... ah.  
 Now your body you have sold for to dig up tons of gold  
 'Cos we are riding high upon your backa, Kanaka.

#### SCENE 8 - SOMEWHERE IN DARKEST NEW GUINEA - 1930

ERROL YELLS ORDERS AT THE CHORUS, WHO HAVE BECOME BLACK WORKERS. HE TELLS THEM TO PICK UP THEIR PACKS AND START WALKING.

ERROL

All-a-boy a long line one time all-a-cargo. Lipt im ip cargo, now walkabout. Is-a-loop.



LOIS

The publisher was wondering about the gold-fields. He thought there would have been a story there.

ERROL

There would have been if I'd been six months earlier, but when I got there all the good sites had been pegged and it's not the sort of place where you can take your time.

(to porters)

Talk im all-a-boy e cas in wind long head belong mountain.

LOIS

Must you use that condescending language?

ERROL

It's all they understand.

LOIS

I thought all that mountain air would have been invigorating.

ERROL

Invigorating! Huh! The work is backbreaking, the rain never-ending, the mud is knee deep and the climate so debilitating and unhealthy that one's bowels constantly shit out a fluid that has the consistency of lemon cordial.

LOIS

(embarrassed)

Hmmmm .... perhaps that's not suitable material.

NOTE - LOIS TAKES COPIOUS NOTES THROUGHOUT THE PLAY, WHICH SHE IS FOREVER RIPPING UP AS ERROL FAILS TO PROVIDE HER WITH SUITABLE MATERIAL.

ERROL

The gold-field is a bloody crippling place, for white and black men alike.

LOIS

So your search for a fortune was without success?

ERROL

Not absolutely, I did a spot of writing in my spare time.

LOIS

That's interesting.

ERROL  
 Already in print too.

LOIS  
 Really? Where?

ERROL  
 None other than Australia's leading publisher, the Bushman's Bible.

LOIS  
 The Bulletin? Oh splendid!

ERROL GIVES HER A COPY.

ERROL  
 Altogether boy e must walk about one time. No good some pella e go pirst.

LOIS  
 (reading)  
 I say this looks promising ...

ERROL AND LOIS EXIT.

SCENE 9 - KURT'S OFFICE PNG - 1930

KURT IS GERMAN. HE ACTS AS A SORT OF FREELANCE LABOUR EXCHANGE OR SLAVE TRADER.

KURT AND BLACK WORKERS SING A CHORUS OF 'NEW GUINEA SONG' AS A LINK.

KURT  
 (and others)  
 Kanaka, Kanaka,  
 Here's your quid of cheap tobacco,  
 Kanaka, Kanaka .... oh ... ah ...!

KURT CLOSELY INSPECTS THE BLACK WORKERS.

ERROL  
 What do you think?

KURT  
 (strong accent)  
 Hmm, they are very good specimens Herr Flynn, very good indeed.

ERROL

I'm glad you approve.

KURT

We don't get many like that any more. Not since the gold was discovered. It has .... umm ... been a drain on our resources.

ERROL

The climate is not kind in the highlands.

KURT

I know, I know, but it is all good for business ja? Now these boys, where did you get them from?

ERROL

They're from the hill country, behind Finschhaven Mission.

KURT

Very good, a fine body of men. Now price?

ERROL

As you said Kurt, they are good specimens.

KURT

Gott in Himmel, you are right, but how did you get them?

ERROL

Two pounds a head and I'll tell you.

KURT

Thirty-five shillings and a deal it is.

ERROL

Sold.

KURT

Well?

ERROL

I must admit to having resorted to black magic.

KURT

Black magic?

ERROL

Perhaps I should say, silver magic.

KURT

Mr Flynn you are tantalising me.

ERROL

I sold the chief a money-making machine. The stupid black bastard was so acquisitive that he traded me twenty-two of his best boys. He drove a hard bargain!

KURT

I presume your money-making machine is a cheap trick of some sort.

ERROL

Oh extremely cheap. It consists of a black box with inside it a dish of mercury. Now when the moon is full, a worthless old halfpenny is rubbed in the mercury, accompanied by a special magic chant. The result, hey presto, the cheap old halfpennies have been turned into shiny new shillings.

KURT ROARS WITH LAUGHTER.

KURT

Ha ha, it must be a very good chant.

ERROL

Oh yes, it's most effective. It goes something like this - There was a movement at the station  
For the word had passed around  
That the colt from Old Regret had got away.  
And had joined the wild bush horses  
He was worth a thousand pound  
So all the cracks had gathered to the fray.

KURT ROARS WITH LAUGHTER AGAIN.

KURT

Most ingenious. You must be a very popular man in that part of the jungle.

ERROL

I will be until the next full moon when the stupid old nigger realizes he's been done!

KURT LAUGHS THEN BARKS ORDERS AT THE CHORUS.

KURT

All-a-boy, lipt im pi cargo, now walkabout. Is-a-loop!

KURT FOLLOWS AFTER CHORUS AS THEY EXIT.

ERROL STARTS TO FOLLOW THEM BUT HE'S STOPPED BY THE APPEARANCE OF THE JUDGE AND PROSECUTOR MR HAWTHORNE.

THE DECREPIT OLD JUDGE BANGS HIS MALLET FURIOUSLY ON HIS DESK TO GAIN ATTENTION.

JUDGE

Just one minute Mr Flynn, I believe the Prosecuting Council wishes to proceed with further questions.

ERROL

Bugger the questions.

THE JUDGE IS CLEARLY DEAF.

JUDGE

Pardon Mr Flynn?

ERROL

Oh ... er ... nothing your honour.

JUDGE

I'm glad to hear that, after all, murder is a very serious charge Mr Flynn and I wouldn't like to think that you were being facetious about it. Proceed Mr Hawthorne.

MR HAWTHORNE

I would like to just recap on one or two points from your story. You say you were heading from Salamaua to the gold fields with seven indentured labourers whose services you were going to sell once you reached your destination?

ERROL

Correct.

MR HAWTHORNE

And you had been traveling for three days on the excursion, the going was tough, and you were sick with malaria?

ERROL

That's right, and we were ....

JUDGE

Just answer the questions please Mr Flynn.

MR HAWTHORNE

Suddenly you were ambushed by a horde of natives. Spears and poison arrows were flying within your close proximity and you felt your life to be in considerable danger?

ERROL

That's right.

MR HAWTHORNE

Then what happened?

ERROL

I could see that if we were going to survive we would have to get behind cover, and there were a clump of trees about fifty yards away, so just to distract the attackers I turned quickly before making a run and fired one or two shots in the general direction of our assailants. I hit one of them in the neck and he fell to the ground gurgling like a rubber balloon when the air is released.

MR HAWTHORNE

In your previous evidence you claimed that your personal servant, your 'monkey' as you called him, was speared prior to you using your gun.

ERROL

Oh, well, he was.

MR HAWTHORNE

Then why did you not say that?

ERROL

I was not sure just which particular incident you wished me to repeat.

MR HAWTHORNE

All right, tell us about the boy's death.

ERROL

It all happened very quickly. The ambush began and poor little Ateliwa was an immediate victim. The poor little chap was stuck like a pig - the spear went right through his belly and came out low down his back. Marjorie became quite hysterical at this point ...

THE JUDGE AND MR HAWTHORNE LOOK AT EACH OTHER AMAZED. THEY HADN'T HEARD OF 'MARJORIE' BEFORE.

LOIS SCRIBBLES AWAY ENTHUSIASTICALLY.

ERROL IS OBLIVIOUS OF EVERYONE AS HE BLITHELY TELLS HIS STORY WITH ALL THE PANACHE HE CAN MUSTER.

ERROL

I had to slap her hard to get her to come to her senses. 'My god darling' I said 'this is no time to have a nervous breakdown.' Suddenly a spear flew between us and just grazed my temple. Fortunately Marjorie took a grip of herself. 'I'm all right now' she said 'thanks to you.' It was at that point that I turned and fired, and after Marjorie made a quick adjustment to her hair and clothes we made a dash off the shelter that I mentioned earlier. On reaching it we were so relieved that we embraced tenderly in each other's arms, and I swore that one day when we got back to civilization, I would make Marjorie mine.

LOIS IS CAPTIVATED BY THE STORY.

LOIS

Bravo. That's more like it.

ERROL

Is that the sort of thing you want?

LOIS

Oh yes.

ERROL

Goodo!

MR HAWTHORNE

And what happened to the rest of the men?

ERROL

Men?

MR HAWTHORNE

Your indentured labourers. Did they stay to watch the touching scene that took place behind the coconut tree?

ERROL

Oh no, they dropped their packs and ran off like scared rabbits.

MR HAWTHORNE

Never to be heard of again?

ERROL

That's right.

MR HAWTHORNE

Mr Flynn, you have a very good imagination.

ERROL

Pardon?

JUDGE

Errol Leslie Thomson Flynn, I find you guilty of deceit, of laziness and of bigotry, but unfortunately I have no power to sentence you for that.

ERROL

I say, what about the murder charge?

JUDGE

It's a bloody good story old chap, why don't you write a book about it sometime? But in the meantime, just leave New Guinea alone will you!

JUDGE AND HAWTHORNE EXIT.

LOIS REALIZES SHE HAS BEEN DUPED. SHE TEARS UP HER NOTES AND WALKS OUT.

ERROL

But I've still got the scar on my temple where I was injured in the fight. Now look here, I don't think this is good enough.

ERROL FREEZES.

THE SINGER (FROM HARRY'S BAR) ENTERS.

SHE LEANS ON HIS SHOULDER AND SINGS A SLOW BLUESY SONG.

SINGER

Tell a lively story  
Live it if you can  
This is the way a young boy  
Grows up to be a man.

### SCENE 11 - FILM SET 'IN THE WAKE OF THE BOUNTY' SYDNEY 1932

CHARLES CHAUVEL IS DIRECTING ERROL, ACCOMPANIED BY A CAMERAMAN AND VARIOUS FILM CREW.



NOTE - THIS SCENE CHANGE (AND MANY OTHERS) COULD BE ACCOMPLISHED SIMPLY BY THE ACTORS FROM THE PREVIOUS SCENE CHANGING COSTUME ONSTAGE AND TAKING ON NEW ROLES.

CHAUVEL

Just a minute Errol, could we try try that again please? And .... action!

ERROL

Certainly ....

(very bad acting)

Now look here, I don't think this is good enough.

CHAUVEL

Cut!! God save me from inexperienced actors. Now let us get clearly in our minds what is happening here. Fletcher Christian is determined not to make the same mistakes as Captain Bligh who is by now several hundred miles away. So, he is also aware that he cannot take the bounty into any recognised port without risking immediate arrest and subsequent hanging for piracy, so, he is very upset. Now Errol, I want to see you feel upset. I want to see all of Fletcher Christian's anxieties written on your face, and I want to see them done perfectly at the next attempt, because we work in an impoverished industry with a small market and I cannot afford to waste another inch of film! So once more please - with feeling!

ERROL

What, now?

CHAUVEL

If you don't mind. I only have a ten year lease on the property.

(aside)

Oh well, what more can you expect from a pretty face that you picked up on Bondi Beach?!

SAM

All right everybody, quiet please on the set. Standby ... camera .... sound ... mark it!

CLAPPER

'In the Wake of the Bounty' 1932, Universal Studios. Written and directed by Charles Chauvel, with Mayne Lynton and introducing as Fletcher Christian in his first screen role Errol Flynn. Scene 25, take 2 ...

CHAUVEL

Action!

BEFORE ERROL CAN START HE IS ACCOSTED BY A NUMBER OF CREDITORS, STARTING WITH JOHN.

JOHN

Just a minute Errol, have you got that five pounds I lent you?

ERROL

Not now old sport I'm busy ....

(as Fletcher Christian)

Now we could sail straight for South America ...

NAOMI SUDDENLY APPEARS.

NAOMI

Oh Errol, Daddy wants to know when you are going to set a date for our wedding.

CHAUVEL GIVES UP AND BURIES HIS HEAD IN HIS HANDS.

ERROL

Look old girl, things are a bit hectic at the moment.

(as Fletcher Christian)

On the other hand there is this place called Pitcairn.

BILL, A DENTIST, SUDDENLY APPEARS.

BILL

Ah Flynn, notice you've still got the nice smile I gave you. Do you think you could pay me?

CHAUVEL AND THE CREW PACK UP AND LEAVE, BUT ERROL CARRIES ON.

ERROL

Got a cheque due tomorrow old chap. Get back to you as soon as I can ...

(as Fletcher Christian)

Yes it looks promising, good climate and well away from normal trade routes. Mr Midshipman Jones, set a course for Pitcairn Island, 25 degrees south and 130 degrees west.

ERROL FREEZES.

THE SINGER RE-ENTERS, LEANS ON HIS SHOULDER AND SINGS ANOTHER VERSE.

SINGER

This is the great adventure

Keep moving all the time.

Don't ever stop to think

Or you'll be out of line.

SCENE 12 - ERROL'S FLAT IN KINGS CROSS - 1932

A SPRUIKER WITH SANDWICH BOARD ADVERTISING 'IN THE WAKE OF THE BOUNTY' ENTERS.

SPRUIKER

Don't miss the latest cinematic extravaganza to hit the Australian screen. It's 'In the Wake of the Bounty', a thrilling drama containing sequences actually shot on Pitcairn Island and Tahiti.

ERROL IS GROOMING HIMSELF IN FRONT OF HIS MIRROR.

LOIS

You've done very well.

ERROL

Yes, I quite enjoy this acting, it's quite a lark.

LOIS

Some of the reviews have been most complimentary.

ERROL

Thank you.

LOIS

Do you think you'll stay in Sydney?

ERROL

I'd like to old girl. Like to settle down and relax for a while. Saw a nice little place at Mosman the other day as a matter of fact - but, you know me.

LOIS

No. I'm not sure I do at the moment.

SPRUIKER

Never did a picture prove more definitely that truth is stranger than fiction. All the thrill of mutiny on the high seas when Lieutenant Christian sets Commander Bligh adrift in a rowing boat! The charms of the exotic when the sirens of the islands woo these sea-faring adventurers with the beauty of their native dances, will will set your pulses tingling too. And the dreadful aftermath of their revelry. It will hold you spellbound!

SINGER

Who knows what the truth is  
Who will realise  
If you sell your friends short  
Make up a few white lies.

MADGE, A RICH MATRON, ENTERS DRESSED IN NIGHT ATTIRE. SHE IS IN A TERRIBLE STATE.

MADGE

Darling, I can't find them anywhere.

ERROL IS QUITE UNPERTURBED BY MADGE'S MOOD.

ERROL

Have you looked under the bed?

MADGE

I'm not a fool, of course I looked under the bed!

LOIS

What seems to be the trouble?

ERROL

Nothing much. Madge has just misplaced all her jewelry, that's all.

MADGE

(boils over)

Rubbish! A half a million pounds worth of diamonds do not get misplaced. They have been stolen.

ERROL

(very supercilious)

Have you two met?

MADGE

No thank you. Oh God, what am I going to do?!

MADGE STORMS OUT.

ERROL

Can I get you a drink?

LOIS

Don't you think you should help?

ERROL

(very cool)

Oh they'll turn up. Madgy Wadgy is always losing things. She had the diamonds here last night when we ... er ... when she came around for a .... er ... cup of coffee, but unfortunately they seem to have run away during the night.

LOIS

Did anyone else visit you?

ERROL

(sniggers)

Gosh no old girl, we don't go in for that sort of thing. Now how about a cup of tea?

LOIS

Why don't you call the police?

ERROL

(pretends this is an inspired thought)

I say what a brilliant idea! Madge! Madgy darling, Lois has had this brilliant idea.

MADGE ENTERS, SUSPICIOUS AND FUMING.

MADGE

Well?

ERROL

Why don't we go to the police and let them solve the mystery?

MADGE HAS HAD ENOUGH.

MADGE

Errol, I don't know what your involvement is in this affair, but your superficial naivety is quite unbecoming! Miss ...?

LOIS

Tudor ... Lois Tudor. I work for ...

MADGE

Miss Tudor, you may or may not know that I am a leading member of Sydney's social set. My family are extremely well-respected and well-endowed with considerable commercial interests in this town. My husband is on five boards of directors, he is a member of the Synod and represents Vacluse in State Parliament. I madam, am visiting my sister in the country for a few days.

LOIS

I see ...

ERROL

(plays innocent)  
Look darling, if there's anything I can do?

MADGE

I'm sure you have already done your best my darling! Goodbye ...

MADGE STORMS OUT.

LOIS

What shall we call that chapter? 'The Great Diamond Mystery'?

ERROL

No, I prefer something like, 'Better Times Ahead'!

THE WHOLE CAST ENTERS SINGING. THE SONG HAS THE SAME LYRICS SUNG EARLIER BY THE SINGER, BUT DIFFERENT MELODY.

CHORUS

This is the great adventure  
Keep moving all the time  
Don't ever stop to think  
Or you'll be out of line  
Keep on moving forward  
Don't ever look behind  
Time will come when you will wish  
You hadn't been so blind.

END OF ACT 1

NOTE - TO DATE ALL PRODUCTIONS HAVE RUN ACT ONE AND ACT TWO TOGETHER WITH NO INTERVAL

ACT 2SCENE 1 - NORTHHAMPTON REP - ENGLAND 1933

OPENS WITH A REPEAT OF THE SONG THAT CLOSED ACT I.

THE NORTHHAMPTON REP IS REHEARSING IT'S NEXT PRODUCTION.

## CHORUS

This is the great adventure  
 Keep moving all the time  
 Don't ever stop to think  
 Or you'll be out of line  
 Keep on moving forward  
 Don't ever look behind  
 Time will come when you will wish  
 You hadn't been so blind.

THE SONG FINISHES WITH A RATHER INEPT FLOURISH.

THE DIRECTOR APPEARS AND STARTS DIRECTING.

## DIRECTOR

All right, that's not bad. Still a bit fuzzy on the opening beat, though we're getting there. And Tony love, make your kick at the top of the walk a bit more definite will you?

## TONY

Sorry?

## DIRECTOR

The kick, you know at the end, it's a one, two, three step and kick. You're tending to give a rather limp little push with your foot.

## TONY

Hmmm ... well I'll try and raise a good one next time.

## DIRECTOR

If you wouldn't mind.

## TONY

Not at all.

DIRECTOR

Yes, look, while we've stopped boys and girls, I would like to introduce to you our most recent acquisition. We are very honoured to have obtained the services of the distinguished and experienced Australian star of stage and screen, Mr Errol Flynn.

LOIS LOOKS AT ERROL IN SURPRISE.

LOIS

'Distinguished star?!'

ERROL SHRUGS AND SMILES WINNINGLY.

THEY ALL APPLAUD, ALTHOUGH ONE OR TWO LOOK AT EACH OTHER AND ASK 'WHO'?

DIRECTOR

Errol, meet the Northhampton Repertory Company.

ERROL

How do you do Northhampton Repertory Company, ha ha ..

CHORUS

Murmur ... laugh ... pleased to meet you ....

TONY

Pardon me for asking Errol, but I'm not very well informed about the theatre scene in Australia. What roles have you been in recently?

ERROL

God, so many I don't know where to begin old sport.

TONY

Any Shakespeare?

ERROL

Oh yes .... er ... Richard III with the Balmain Ensemble.

TONY

Oh? What part?

ERROL

Er ... part two.

THE COMPANY FIND THIS VERY FUNNY.



TONY

Oh, I'm not very familiar with that.

ERROL

(realises he's made a blunder)

Yes, it's a sort of colonial version.

TONY

I see, I suppose it starts off with 'Now is the summer of our discontent' does it?

ERROL

(doesn't understand the parody)

Well er ...

TONY

And I suppose poor Clarence is drowned in a barrel of emu wine!

GENERAL LAUGHTER AT ERROL'S EXPENSE.

ERROL

Yes.

DIRECTOR

All right loves, that's enough chit-chat. If we could resume our rehearsal. Errol if you wouldn't mind reading in the part of Jasper.

ERROL TAKES A SCRIPT FROM THE DIRECTOR.

ERROL

Certainly ...

(to Lois)

Just watch this old girl.

DIRECTOR

Jasper is a bit of a cad, but all indications are that he has a promising future.

LOIS

Well, you should be able to handle that.

DIRECTOR NOTICES A RING ON ERROL'S FINGER.

DIRECTOR

I say, that's a flashy ring old bean.

ERROL

You like it? It's a diamond, twelve carat.

DIRECTOR

Oh, acting must pay jolly well out in the Antipodes.

ERROL

It does actually.

DIRECTOR

Half your luck. Right then, from the top.

EMILY PICKS UP HER SCRIPT AND TAKES UP POSITION BY THE PHONE.

EMILY

But Sylvia darling, Jasper is such a bounder. Why only last week he swore that he would never leave my side and yet now, when I feel I desperately need him he is nowhere to be seen. But darling I was terrified. I came into the library to see if Foo Foo wanted a cup of tea and there he was lying dead on the floor with a pencil stuck right through his heart! What? Oh ... Faber and Castell ... HB. Hmm ....? Only the Colonel's black lace garter-belt. Personally I suspect the Indian house-boy because he's never learned to read and write. Ssssh ... I must hang up someone is coming...

ERROL

(reading badly)

Hello Emily, are you there?

DIRECTOR

Stop, stop!! Errol it says you enter prompt side.

ERROL

Yes?

DIRECTOR

Well you didn't.

ERROL

Didn't I?

DIRECTOR

No, you came in O.P.

ERROL

Of course, how silly of me.

DIRECTOR

Don't you have P. and O.P. in the colonies?

ERROL

As a matter of fact no, we usually just say left or right.

DIRECTOR

Very well, carry on.

EMILY

.... Oh ssssh .. I must hang up, someone is coming.

ERROL

Hello Emily, are you there?

EMILY

Oh Jasper it's you, thank goodness. Any news?

ERROL

Not much, although the colonel's new MG sports car has disappeared and the Indian house-boy has hung himself from the giant elm tree.

EMILY

Oh good - I thought there might have been something wrong.

ERROL

Emily darling, there will never be anything wrong so long as we have each other.

THEY EMBRACE.

EMILY

Oh Jasper, hold me.

KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

EMILY

Oh, there is somebody at the door.

ERROL

Come in.

DOC AND IRVING ENTER. THEY CLEARLY DO NOT BELONG IN THIS SETTING. THEY ARE TALENT SCOUTS FOR WARNER BROTHERS AND ARE DRESSED IN VERY LOUD SUITS.

DOC

Okay kids, don't worry about us, just carry on with what you're doing.

IRVING CARRIES A CAMERA AND TAKES FLASH PHOTOS OF ERROL.

EMILY

Darling, do you think they might be implicated in poor Foo Foo's tragic departure?

DOC

What do you reckon Irving?

ERROL

(distracted)

Umm .... I doubt it ... They just seem like American tourists to me.

IRVING

Yeah, he seems to have real class.

EMILY

I say, who let you in here? Did you murder my Foo Foo?

IRVING

Okay darling, that's enough of the mushy stuff!

EMILY IS LOST, SHE CAN'T FIND THIS DIALOGUE IN HER SCRIPT.

EMILY

Sorry?

IRVING

I said that's enough of the mushy stuff.

EMILY

Mushy stuff?

SHE LOOKS QUESTIONINGLY AROUND.

ERROL

Yes I say, what is all this?

DOC HANDS HIM A CONTRACT.

DOC

Sign here, here and here.

ERROL

Why?

DOC

It's a contract with Warner Brothers Pictures, 150 bucks a week, a new set of clothes and a one-way ticket to the States.

IRVING

See you in Hollywood!

SCENE 2 - A SHIPBOARD BALLROOM - 1933

A PIANO IS PLAYING AND A GIRL SINGING.

THE DIALOGUE AND SOME OF THE SONG OVERLAP.

SINGER

He came, he saw, he conquered  
He left me in a whirl  
Said I was his favourite girl  
He told me that he loved me  
He'd never felt that way before  
Ooo ... Ooo ...

ERROL ENTERS VERY SUAVELY.

SINGER

But now it seems another  
Has stolen him away  
What more can I say  
He's left me broken-hearted  
Just walked out and closed the door.

STEWARD

Another drink sir?

ERROL

Yes thanks boy, a whisky - double.

STEWARD

Enjoying the voyage sir?

ERROL

Immensely old sport. Just wish I could take control at the helm.

SINGER

The nights are so lonely  
No more can I sleep  
I've taken to drinking six bottles a week.  
I drown all my sorrows  
In whisky and rye

Now all I want to do is simply die  
Oh my ...

LOIS ENTERS.

LOIS

I thought I'd find you here.

ERROL

I needed something to settle my stomach.

LOIS

Have your sea legs let you down?

ERROL

Oh no - probably just something I ate. I must remember to stop eating, it interferes with more important matters.

LOIS

Really?

ERROL

Yes.

LOIS

Guess what, here's one little fish who's not going to take the bait.

ERROL

Well, I'd better cast my rod somewhere else then hadn't I?

LOIS

Don't tell me, the singer.

ERROL

Oh no, she was on last night's menu.

LOIS

Well what's on tonight's? Marinated stewardess that has been lightly covered in a thin layer of little white lies, then rolled between two sheets and quickly stuffed?

ERROL

I told you, I'm not hungry.

LOIS

Or is the man of action going to emerge once more from his cocoon and save the ship from a watery collision with an iceberg?

ERROL

Perhaps I might just throw the iceberg overboard!

LOIS

Oooo ... you're so handsome when you're angry!

LILI DAMITA, A FRENCH ACTRESS, ENTERS DRAMATICALLY ACCOMPANIED BY A FANFARE OF THE 'MARSELLAIS'.

LILI

La mere et le pere .... comment allez vous au jour d'hui ... Paris ... Sorbonne ...  
Versailles ...

(hums)

Frere Jacques ...

ERROL

I say, there's a tasty little morsel.

LOIS

Has your appetite returned?

ERROL

I could eat ten courses of that little dish.

LOIS

Careful, I wouldn't want you to throw up.

LILI

Garcon, un table for deux.

STEWARD

Certainly madame.

LILI

Oh mais non. I am not married - yet. I am but a mademoiselle.

STEWARD

My apologies madame.

LILI

Sacre dieu!

STEWARD

I mean mademoiselle.

LILI

You are excused.

(notices Errol and drags Steward back)

But before you go, who is that beautiful creature over there?

STEWARD

That's Mr Errol Flynn, he's going to Hollywood to become a star.

LILI

That makes deux of us.

ERROL

(to Lois)

Would you excuse our handsome hero? He has discovered true love on an ocean voyage and intends gliding smoothly into port.

LOIS

The forecast is for stormy weather.

ERROL

(to Lili)

Excuse me. May I have the pleasure of this dance?

LILI

Certainment. And after the dance perhaps we could make beautiful music together, no?

ERROL

I'd be a cad to turn down an offer like that ... er ...

LILI

Mademoiselle, I am not married - yet. Damita. Lili Damita.

ERROL

I'm very pleased to meet you.

LILI

Hmmm, you soon will be.

ERROL

Well, let's dance.

THEY DANCE.

REPEAT A VERSE OF THE SONG.



LILI

You poor boy, you must be very lonesome out here in the middle of the Atlantic with no one to talk to.

ERROL

Oh, I get by.

THEY DANCE SOME MORE, BEFORE THE MUSIC BECOMES THE WEDDING MARCH.

THEY STAND AND KISS BEFORE LILI EXITS.

### SCENE 3 - HOLLYWOOD - 1935-1938

DOC AND IRVING ENTER, ADDRESSING THE AUDIENCE LIKE CIRCUS RINGMASTERS, THEY SHARE THE FOLLOWING LINES BETWEEN THEM.

DOC/IRVING

Ladies and gentlemen and members of the American motion picture industry. Presenting for your enjoyment the star of today, tomorrow and the twenty-first century. The most handsome piece of male machinery yet to walk the globe. A man with an outstanding pedigree from one of Ireland's most respected aristocratic families. Standing six feet two inches tall and weighing in at one hundred and sixty two pounds, Warner Brothers Motion Picture Academy is proud to present Mr Errol Flynn, L.L.B. M.A. and O.B.E.!!

DOC AND IRVING RECITE THEN SING 'THIS GUY'.

DOC

Now let me tell you about this guy.

IRVING

No, let me tell you about this guy.

DOC

He is smooth, he is cool, he can look you in the eye.

IRVING

He is smooth, he is cool, he can look you in the eye.

DOC

He can punch ...

IRVING

He can pounce ...

## DOC/IRVING

He can fight with every ounce.

(verse 2)

There is no doubt about it  
 He's the best we'll shout about it  
 And in true romance he can't be beat  
 Shoo bee doo, Shoo bee dee, Shoo bee die.  
 So move aside you Latin lovers  
 Flynn is throwing back the covers  
 This boy's really turning on the heat.

(chorus)

For he's just the one for us  
 When the going's getting tough  
 Yes his name is Errol Flynn  
 And there is no stopping him  
 For he is just the one for us.

(verse 3)

Already he's out-driven  
 His young rival David Niven  
 Fairbanks, Gable, Rathbone,  
 All the crop.  
 Shoo bee doo, Shoo bee dee, Shoo bee die.  
 And this boy is taking over  
 He is Warner's handsome rover  
 And he's going without slowing  
 To the top.

REPEAT CHORUS.

AS THE SONG FINISHES A PIRATE SWINGS IN AND CHALLENGES ERROL.

## PIRATE

Captain Blood, you have tried my patience once too often, this time you die! En garde ...!

ERROL AND THE PIRATE HAVE A SWORD FIGHT, PIANO ACCOMPANIES WITH DRAMATIC FIGHT MUSIC.

AFTER NUMEROUS NEAR MISSES, SHOUTS OF 'TAKE THAT', JUMPS FROM TABLES ETC. ERROL EVENTUALLY WINS.

A GIRL RUSHES IN.

GIRL

Oh Captain Blood, you have saved me from a fate worse than death. I am yours forever.

BEFORE THEY CAN CONSUMATE THEIR NEW-FOUND LOVE, ERROL IS CHALLENGED BY A KNIGHT - THE SAME ACTOR AS THE PIRATE.

KNIGHT

Ah ha, we meet at last Robin Hood. I regret to say your thieving ways are about to come to an end! En garde ...!

THEY HAVE A SWORD FIGHT, FOLLOWING MUCH THE SAME PATTERN AS BEFORE, BUT AT A SUITABLE CLIMACTIC POINT ERROL HAS A SHOUTED CONVERSATION WITH LOIS.

ERROL

Pretty exciting stuff eh?

LOIS

Yes splendid, just what we want.

ERROL

Fill five books with stories like this. Take that you blackguard ....!! Did you like the theatre story?

LOIS

Quite good yes. Look keep going, I don't want to interrupt.

THE KNIGHT IS KILLED.

THE SAME GIRL RUSHES IN.

GIRL

Oh Robin Hood, you have saved me from a fate worse than death. I am yours forever.

BEFORE THEY CAN CONSUMATE THEIR NEW-FOUND LOVE, THE SAME ACTOR APPEARS AS A SULTAN, TAUNTING ERROL.

SULTAN

You dirty stinking pig-eating men of the Light Brigade! What are you going to do now eh ...!

ERROL

Charge .....!!

ERROL RUSHES HIM WITH HIS SWORD.

ANOTHER FIGHT ENSUES, BRIEFER THAN THE OTHERS. THE VILLAIN (SAME ACTOR) DIES, BUT THIS TIME LILI DAMITA RUSHES IN.

LILI

Fleeeeeen!!! You are an adulterous bastard! I hate you!

SHE ATTACKS HIM.

ERROL

Lili, that's enough!

LILI AND ERROL CIRCLE EACH OTHER.

LILI

You have ignored me, you have been unfaithful to me! Ahhhh!

THEY GRAPPLE. LILI QUICKLY GETS THE UPPER HAND AND STARTS CHOKING HIM.

LILI

You have not supported me. You have run off with other women, you love your ship more than me. You are a vagabond and a scoundrel and a liar and a cheat, and I want a divorce!

ERROL IS DOWN AND OUT. LILI DANCES VICTORIOUSLY OVER HIM AND SINGS THE 'DIVORCE' SONG, WHICH HAS A LATIN RHYTHM.

LILI

(sings)

I'll have your money, your house and your car  
And I will take all the booze from your bar.  
So you can crawl away on all fours,  
For I insist on us getting a divorce. Ol'´é!

IRVING RUSHES IN TO PICK UP ERROL.

IRVING

Come on Errol do your stuff. The folks out there just can't get enough.

ERROL

Phew! Pretty tiring stuff this. I'll just have a quick nip and then I'll be with you.

SCENE 4 - SET OF 'DAWN PATROL' HOLLYWOOD 1938

A CONTINUATION OF THE FILM SEQUENCES, THIS IS AN IMAGINARY SCENE FROM 'DAWN PATROL' A FILM ABOUT WWI FIGHTER PILOTS.

TO EMPHASISE THE CARICATURES THE CHARACTERS ARE FROM BIGGLES.

COMMANDER

All right you men pay attention will you. Now look, Jerry is making things pretty nasty for us just quietly, and unless we can penetrate their lines, things are going to get pretty sticky for the chaps on the front. Now the war office is rather keen to find out what the German support strength is, and you men hold the key. Roughly the situation is this. Jerry is dug in here, here, and here ...

(indicates on a map)

.... and our armoured division is ... here. Now the problem is how to establish what lies back here.

BIGGLES

Can I make a suggestion Wing Commander?

COMMANDER

Certainly Biggles, go ahead.

BIGGLES

Well why don't Ginger and I take the Sopwith Camel and fly out at dawn so that we cross enemy lines just as they're tucking in to brekkie?

COMMANDER

I say what a splendid idea. What do you think Ginger?

ERROL

Well if Biggles is game, so am I.

COMMANDER

Very well then, you may head out on you Dawn Patrol.

WARSAW CONCERTO TYPE MUSIC.

THE SAME GIRL RUSHES IN.

GIRL

Gosh chaps, you're being dashed plucky.

ERROL

No worries darling. Golly Biggles and I have been in tougher scrapes than this. Did I tell you about the time we ran out of petrol over the Bay of Bengal ..?

BIGGLES

I say step on it Ginger or Jerry will have finished his smelly old sausage and sauerkraut.

ERROL

Coming old cock ...

ERROL GOES TO FOLLOW BIGGLES, BUT IS STOPPED BY A COP.

COP

(yank accent)

Just one minute. Are you Errol Flynn?

ERROL

Yes that's right officer, what can I do for you? An autograph for your mother in law?

COP

Would you come with us please sir?

ERROL

Not now old sport, I've got a war to win.

COP

You haven't even enlisted.

ERROL

Oh well, some of us must stay, and a far greater thing that we do ...

COP

(vicious)

Move it!

LOIS

I say officer, what's the charge?

ERROL

Don't worry about it sunshine, Uncle Jack Warner will give the sergeant a nice big present and all our troubles will be over.

COP

Are you insinuating something buddy?

ERROL

I know better than to do that old sport ...  
(to Lois)

The one thing you shouldn't do with these chaps is to call a spade a spade .... I say that'll do old cock, you're hurting.

COP

I just want to hear you squeal for a change Mr Hero.

ERROL

Look call the studio, the number is Beverly 3965.

COP

Our complaint's not with any studio.

LOIS

Who is it with then?

COP

It's with punks who fight wars on the back lots of Hollywood while our boys are turning the Pacific red with their blood.

ERROL

(to Lois)  
Someone, somewhere, forgot to pay the protection money.

COP

Errol Leslie Thomson Flynn, you are hereby charged in the State of California with the statutory rape of a juvenile, to wit, Miss Betty Hanson.

ERROL

Betty Hanson! You don't mean that frowsy little blonde?

COP

And Miss Peggy Satterlee, also a juvenile.

ERROL

Oh my God!

#### SCENE 5 - COURTROOM / NIGHTCLUB - 1942

BETTY IS IN THE WITNESS BOX. SHE WEARS BOBBY-SOX, HAS HER HAIR IN PIG-TAILS AND CHEWS GUM.

JERRY GEISLER IS ERROL'S DEFENCE COUNCIL.

NORA THE COURT REPORTER TAKES NOTES.

GEISLER

Now then Betty, could you tell the court exactly what happened.

BETTY

Well, he kissed me.

GEISLER

Who kissed you?

BETTY

Mr Flynn.

GEISLER

And what did you do?

BETTY

I went to the stateroom and went to bed.

GEISLER

The stateroom on Flynn's boat?

BETTY

Yes.

GEISLER

Then what happened?

BETTY

In about ten minutes there was a knock at the door. At the same time Mr Flynn walked in clad in pyjamas. He asked if he could talk to me. I said it was not very nice for a gentleman to be in a lady's bedroom, especially if she was in bed.

GEISLER

What did he say?

BETTY

He said, 'If you let me get into bed with you, I won't bother you. I just want to talk to you.'

THE COURT SCENE FREEZES.

ON ANOTHER SIDE OF THE STAGE A COMEDIAN DOES HIS NIGHTCLUB ACT.



(ALTERNATIVELY A SLEEPING JUDGE FROM THE COURT CASE WHIPS OFF HIS WIG AND BECOMES THE COMEDIAN).

COMEDIAN

So then it's Errol Flynn's turn. Well, Errol extracts his weapon so to speak, and puts it into action - and for the first time in her life Lisa is satisfied. So Errol says, 'Is that enough?' And she replies ...

(with his tongue in his cheek)

'Yes thank you!' Ha ha ....!! And you know Errol Flynn has a new job as speech-writer for the British Prime Minister. Why only last week Mr Churchill was reported as saying Errol's favourite line - 'It will be long, it will be hard, but there will be no withdrawal!' Ha ha!!

THE COMEDIAN FREEZES.

GEISLER

Then what happened?

BETTY

He ... he was intimate with me.

ERROL GIVES A WINK TO NORA.

COMEDIAN

And you know Errol really is a great athlete - he's making a big name for himself in three-legged races - he runs them on his own! Ha ha ....!!

GEISLER

What did he do on the other occasion, when he came into the den, as you call it?

BETTY

He told me he was going to take me upstairs and lie me down.

GEISLER

And what did you do?

BETTY

We went upstairs.

GEISLER

Then what did you do?

BETTY

We went into a little bedroom off the big bedroom where there were two twin beds. He sat me down on the bed and told me he was going to put me to bed. I said I didn't want to go to bed, that I wanted to go downstairs. Then he said, 'You don't think I'm going to let you go downstairs do you?' And then he went into the big room and I heard a click, and I don't know if he locked the door or not.

LOIS

Mr Flynn, I think we should delete this entire chapter.

ERROL

For God's sake why? It's good stuff.

LOIS

It's hardly suitable for boys.

ERROL

Be damned, it'll make men out of them.

LOIS

I think that'll happen soon enough.

ERROL

Listen every boy grows into a man some time.

LOIS

Perhaps, but every man is not necessarily a rapist.

ERROL

Careful darling, or I'm likely to think that joke is in bad taste.

COMEDIAN

You know the other day I was on the Warner Brother's lot and I overheard Errol talking to one of his buddies. 'Where've you been?' the buddy asked. 'Oh' said Errol 'I've been spending most of my time at a playground on the other side of town where there's this most beautiful little girl.' 'What age?' asked the buddy. 'She's seven' replied Errol, 'but she's got the body of a five year-old!'

GEISLER

And then what happened?

BETTY

He started to undress me. I thought he was just going to undress me like he said.

GEISLER

What did you have on?

BETTY

I had on slacks, a blouse, a brassiere and teddies. He took off everything but my shoes and socks. Then he took off his clothes.

ERROL

She's a slut.

LOIS

She's a young impressionable girl!

ERROL

She's a slut! With two tits, a mouth and a fanny!

LOIS

Do you want to put that in the book as well?!

ERROL

Best damned adventure any boy could have!

LOIS

I think it's disgusting.

ERROL

I couldn't give a fuck what you think. You're a writer, not my conscience.

LOIS

And a woman at that!

ERROL

That's right - two tits, a mouth and a fanny, and don't forget it! Listen I'm getting something together for the boys, to give them something to think about. After all this crocodile shooting and fuzzy-wuzzy story-time stuff is a splendid diversion, but eventually one has to get down to the old nitty-gritty.

GEISLER

Then what happened?

BETTY

Then we had an act of intercourse.

ERROL

You enjoyed it too you little slag!

LOIS

That is irrelevant!

GEISLER

Had you been playing up to Flynn?

BETTY

Yes.

GEISLER

But you didn't mean to play up to him all the way?

BETTY

No, I didn't.

GEISLER

You thought you'd played up to him far enough when you let him remove your clothes?

BETTY

Yes.

GEISLER

You say Flynn removed your slacks? Didn't you want him to take them off?

BETTY

I didn't have no objections.

COMEDIAN

Then of course there was the little girl who ran home and said 'Mommy, mommy, I've just been raped by an idiot!' And her mother said 'How do you know he was an idiot?' And the girl replied 'Because I had to show him how to do it!'

NORA

Would the defendant please take the stand?

ERROL

For you darling, anything.

NORA

Mr Flynn, please take the bible in your right hand and repeat after me .... the Bible, Mr Flynn, not my hand.

ERROL

I say, your hand means more to me than any old Bible. What are you doing after the trial sweetheart?

NORA

I Errol Leslie Thomson Flynn do hereby solemnly swear.

ERROL

That I will tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me God I'll have your ass on the grass before this week is over!

NORA

My father's a policeman.

ERROL

Some of my best friends are policemen.

THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS GET QUICKER UNTIL THE SITUATION IS QUITE CONFUSING. BY THE END ALL 3 CHARACTERS ARE SHOUTING.

GEISLER

Mr Flynn, are you aware of the rape laws in the state of California?

ERROL

I am now sir.

GEISLER

Did you know Betty Hanson?

LOIS

Why do you hate women?

ERROL

I don't ... I love 'em ... but ...

GEISLER

Do you deny all her evidence?

ERROL

No.

LOIS

But what?

ERROL

(still smooth)

Thank God they don't run the country.

GEISLER

Why did you call her a frowsy blonde?

Did I? ERROL

Do you still say she's a slut? LOIS

Yes. ERROL

Did you touch her? GEISLER

(pause)  
Yes. ERROL

Is a slut worse than a woman? LOIS

Yes. ERROL

Why? GEISLER

I don't know why. ERROL

Why? LOIS

Why what? ERROL

Why did you touch her? GEISLER

She looked older. ERROL

Did she tell you to stop? LOIS

Yes. ERROL

Did she tell you to stop? GEISLER

No. ERROL

Why did you say you didn't? GEISLER

Why didn't you? LOIS

Why did you? GEISLER

Why didn't you? LOIS

(shouting)  
Because I had to!! ERROL

SILENCE.

### SCENE 6 - TV SHOW 'THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS'

WALTER, THE COMPERE, IS THE SAME ACTOR AS THE COMEDIAN.

WALTER  
And now the next guest on 'Thank Your Lucky Stars' the show where the celebrities are the contestants and you the audience are the jury, we have that dashing young hero, Errol Flynn! Welcome Errol.

ERROL  
How are you Walter, and hello to all the viewers.

WALTER  
Errol, I believe you're going to perform your first ever song and dance routine?

ERROL  
That's right Walter, I hope it goes well. After all, you never know, my future might depend on it.

WALTER

What are you going to sing for us Errol?

ERROL

It's a song that I think is jolly fitting for a country that's at war - it's called 'I'm in Good Hands Now.'

WALTER

Well now viewers, you be the jury. What is your verdict going to be of Errol Flynn on 'Thank Your Lucky Stars'!!

ERROL SINGS 'GOOD HANDS NOW'.

ERROL

I'll put it on the line  
I think you're doing fine  
So I won't play around  
And make a row.  
'Cos now I know it's true  
That if I leave it up to you  
I'll be in good good hands right now.

(verse 2)

You've put me on parade  
I hope I make the grade  
I want you all to know  
Right here and now.  
That I'm your only man  
Your one and only fan  
And I'm in good, good hands right now.

CHORUS

Yes he's in good hands now  
Yes he's in good hands now  
We want to sing out loud and clear  
'Cos when you're in good hands  
There certainly is no fear  
Yes he's in good hands now  
We want to sing and shout and cheer  
'Cos when you're in good hands  
You're feeling good right in here.

THE CHORUS MEMBERS THEN BECOME THE THREE MEMBERS OF THE JURY.



WALTER

And Errol Flynn's in good hands now viewers, he's in your hands, and I hope your hands are as good as those that are running the country, because I think we'd all agree that the good old U.S.A. is in pretty good hands right now too. And now jury, have you reached your verdict? Debbie-Ann Slankowski of Milwaukee South, wow that's quite a mouthful - what is your verdict?

DEBBIE

(holds up a card)

Not guilty. I think they asked for it.

WALTER

David D. Davidson of Kansas City?

DAVID

I think those goddamn little bitches should be tied up and ....

WALTER

Just your vote thanks David.

DAVID

(holds up card)

Not guilty.

WALTER

Well that's two out of three, looks like you got off Errol. But finally Jerry Gransberg of Manhattan, tell me .... say, what's that badge you've got there Jerry?

JERRY

(really dumb)

The badge is for A.B.C.D.E.F.

WALTER

Oh really, you're supporting the alphabet huh?

JERRY

Nuh! It stands for the American Boys Club for the Defence of Errol Flynn!

WALTER

Well, no need to ask how you voted then.

JERRY

Just for the record, I voted 'not guilty' too.

WALTER

Well done Errol, that's a clean sweep.

JERRY

Okay boys, let's show 'em.

THE CHORUS DOES A ROUTINE LIKE A CHEER SQUAD.

CHORUS

Errol Errol you're our star  
 You're the best there is by far!  
 Shove it in and pull it out  
 Who cares if the bitches shout! When the going's getting tough  
 You're the one to show your stuff! So don't let no-one spoil your day  
 Errol Errol you're okay!!

THEY RUN OFF CHEERING, LEAVING ERROL AND LOIS.

SCENE 7 - AMBIGUOUS - JUST ERROL & LOIS

LOIS

Happy?

ERROL

Naturally, it's a load off my mind.

LOIS

Proud?

ERROL

Proud? Of what?

LOIS

Of your fan club - of your notoriety - of your success.

ERROL

I'm pleased that twelve honest citizens had faith in my integrity - but the fan club is a trifle worrying. Drink?

LOIS

Not for me, and I wouldn't have thought you really needed another one either.

ERROL

Why not for God's sake?

LOIS

I thought that would have been obvious.

ERROL

Listen darling, what else is there for me to do? I'm currently between engagements...

(pause)

You know I really think I could've been an actor.

LOIS

Oh, what are you now?

ERROL

Hmm? I'm not an actor's asshole. I am a walking coat-hanger and props holder. I prance around like some over-dressed show-pony in a ring. Round and round I go - same movements every time, just a different head-dress.

LOIS

But you're more than that.

ERROL

Sure, I've got the fastest cock in the west. Ask anyone.

LOIS

But you've done things, you've lived. You've ...

ERROL

I've kicked black men's backsides. I've been fifteen rounds of the bar at every pub from Sydney to Cincinatti. I've done' everything expected of a good boy.

LOIS

But there's more. You've got more. You are more. More than any cliché, more than any gossip column, more than any full colour photograph, more than any flimsy film star.

ERROL

More rows, more hoaxes, more sex, more dope, more kicks ....

(indicates the bar)

More drink?

LOIS

You are so frustrating! How can you sit there drinking yourself into oblivion and stuffing your body with every drug known to man?!

ERROL

(softly)  
Sweet oblivion ....

(pause - then back to his old self)  
I've had a pretty tough time of it you know old girl. But changes are in the wind. I have a new wife.

LOIS

Oh, that was sudden. Who's the lucky girl?

ERROL

Err ... Nora, the girl in the court. Sweet lass. Got married the other week. Very quiet affair, we're not even going to live together.

LOIS

Unusual.

ERROL

Shouldn't develop any marital frictions that way, in contrast I hope, to my unfortunate liaison with that bloody French whore.

LOIS

Any new films?

ERROL

Got to do a couple just to pay my debts. But only quality scripts and quality performances from now on for the old Flynny-boy.

SCOTTY JUMPS ON STAGE ARMED WITH A SWORD (SAME ACTOR AS BEFORE).

SCOTTY

Are ye the Master of Ballantrae?

ERROL

Aye, what of it?

SCOTTY

The time has come to meet your doom you filthy Sassenach. En garde ...!

THEY FIGHT, NOT AS LONG AS BEFORE AND LESS SPECTACULARLY. IN FACT ERROL DOESN'T DO MUCH AT ALL, SCOTTY PROVIDES ALL THE ACTION UNTIL HE IS KILLED.

THE SAME GIRL RUSHES IN.

GIRL

Oh Master of Ballantrae, you have saved me from a fate worse than death. I am yours forever ...

THEY EMBRACE.

ERROL

(puffing)

You are a .... puff ... beautiful woman ... puff ... Mary McGregor ...

PIERRE APPEARS TO TAUNT HIM.

PIERRE

Capitain Fabian, why don't you lay down your sword. Your position is 'opeless. The castle is surrounded, you 'ave no 'ope of escape.

ERROL

Don't tempt me Pierre, or I will sign my name on your scowling yellow cheek.

PIERRE

Ho ho, big words from one who 'as such a little 'eart. En garde ...!

THEY FIGHT, BUT AFTER A COUPLE OF WIMPY PARRIES, ERROL HANDS OVER HIS SWORD TO HIS DOUBLE WHO CONTINUES THE FIGHT.

ERROL HAS A DRINK AND WATCHES WHILE THE SWORDSMEN FIGHT THEIR WAY OFFSTAGE.

### SCENE 8 - HARRY'S PIANO BAR - LATE 1950'S

THE BAR-ROOM FROM ACT I SCENE I. WE ARE NOW BACK TO THE PRESENT WITHIN THE TIME SPAN OF THE PLAY.

ERROL

Well, there it is. Enough intrigue, adventure, excitement and romance to keep any boy happy.

LOIS

Look I don't really think .... well ... most of your stories are simply not suitable.

ERROL

Oh we're back to that again are we?!

HE MOVES AWAY FROM LOIS.

LOIS

Look I admire your honesty but we can't ...

MAVIS ENTERS ON LOIS'S SIDE OF THE STAGE.

SHE SPOTS ERROL AND RECOGNISES HIM IMMEDIATELY.

MAVIS

Oooo ... that's Errol Flynn!

(to Lois)

Excuse me, isn't that Errol Flynn?

LOIS

That's right, yes.

MAVIS

I'd better be careful eh? He might try and molest me.

LOIS

I don't think Mr Flynn is likely ....

MAVIS

Yoo hoo ... Mr Flynn!! Hello ...!

ERROL

(very cool)

Hi ...

(to Lois)

Well what do you want, what is ...

MAVIS

I was just saying to the lady here ...

LOIS

Excuse me, Mr Flynn and I are discussing a business matter. Would you be so kind as to leave us alone.

MAVIS

You must be kidding!! I think he likes me!

LOIS

Don't bother the poor man.

MAVIS

Is it true what they say about you Mr Flynn ...? Errol!

LOIS

Go away.

MAVIS

My boyfriend said you had a ... you know!!... that was so long that you'd actually killed women with it, because it penetrated so far!!! Gor ... I reckon I'd die if you even touched me!

ERROL

Cute.

LOIS

Mr Flynn is a very busy man, please don't annoy him.

MAVIS

I dream about you sometimes Errol.

LOIS

I'm sure your vulgar nightmares are of no interest to Mr Flynn.

MAVIS

I've heard too that you're always getting into trouble for pinching girl's bottoms! Hate you to pinch mine!

SHE PUSHES HER BUM OUT AT ERROL.

ERROL

Darling, if I give you my autograph, will you go away?

MAVIS FEELS SILLY NOW THAT HE HAS ACTUALLY SPOKEN TO HER.

MAVIS

Oh yes please, if you don't mind.

ERROL

Do you have a pen?

MAVIS

Just a minute.

SHE RUMMAGES IN HER HANDBAG & ERROL SUDDENLY GOOSES HER.

MAVIS

Ow!!

ERROL

Ha ha ...!!

LOIS

You never give up do you?

ERROL

Any publicity is good publicity.

MAVIS

He assaulted me!!

TWO LOUITS, BARRY AND LARRY, APPEAR AS MAVIS EXITS.

BARRY

Heeeey ... look at the big man!

LARRY

Still chasing little girls Errol?

LOIS

Look it was just a joke. Mr Flynn was just playing a game.

BARRY

Okay sweetheart I got eyes in my head, I saw what happened.

LARRY

Hey Flynn, don't look as big in real life as you do on the screen.

BARRY

Don't look as tough either.

ERROL IGNORES THEM - HE HAS PLAYED THIS GAME MANY TIMES BEFORE. HE SIPS COOLLY FROM HIS DRINK.

LARRY

Look a lot older without your make-up on too.

BARRY

In fact the old Flynny-boy is definitely looking rather weathered.

LARRY

Under the weather, don't you mean Harry?

LOIS

I think Mr Flynn would prefer it if you left him alone.



BARRY

Piss off darling.

LARRY

Got a woman for a body-guard now Robin Hood? Or are you just holding on to Maid Marion's apron strings!

LOIS

Would you please leave.

BARRY

You gonna make me?

LOIS

I am simply making a request. I am not in a position to try and force you.

LARRY

Perhaps Robin Hood would like to try and force us to leave. What do you say Little John?

BARRY

(grabbing a chair)

I'd say no-one is going to force me to leave. I'd say the only force that's going to be used around here is forced entry into Maid Marion .... ha, ha ...!!

LARRY

Ha, ha .... beauty Barry.

ERROL

All right boys, that's enough isn't it?

LARRY

Hark, the masked raider speaks!

ERROL

Quite frankly I find your discussion to be in very bad taste.

BARRY

Come on Captain Blood, you can do better than that!

ERROL

I'm not Captain Blood! I am an actor of uncertain ability who is rapidly approaching middle-age.

LARRY

No you're not pal - you're Robin Hood, the original bushranger. You're Captain Blood and Captain Fabian and the greatest fighter, swordsman and womanizer in the world ...

BARRY

Next to Larry and me!

LARRY

Yeah ... and we'd like to make that point known ... just for the record.

ERROL

Tomorrow perhaps boys, when my head is a bit clearer.

BARRY

(threateningly)

I'm telling you Robin Hood, you can't cross this bridge.

ERROL

Fair enough, I'll go around the other way then.

LARRY

(moves behind him)

You can't cross this bridge either Robin Hood.

ERROL

Oh God .... here we go again ...

HE STARTS TO ROLL UP HIS SLEEVES IN PREPARATION FOR A FIGHT.

ERROL

Now listen boys I'd like to warn you that I was a professional boxer for some years.

BARRY

You don't scare me.

ERROL

All right, one at a time ...

(pause)

Come one ...!!

BARRY AND LARRY LOOK AT EACH OTHER.

ERROL

(shouts)

Come on! Come on!!

LARRY

Yeah, that's more like it.

BARRY

That's what we wanted to see.

LARRY & BARRY

(together, very fast)

Errol, Errol you're our star

You're the best there is by far!

Shove it in and pull it out

Who cares if the bitches shout!

Heeeey!!

BARRY

Come on Larry.

LARRY

Yeah, wait till we tell the fellas about this.

THEY EXIT.

ERROL

(imploring the heavens)

Come on Robin Hood old pal! Let me go! I've done my time!

(to Lois)

You know, when I die I'm sure the embalmers will try and pick a fight with me.

LOIS IS SUBDUED. SHE FEELS ATTACHED TO ERROL - PERHAPS SORRY FOR HIM, BUT ALSO A FEELING OF REAL AFFECTION.

LOIS

Errol, I'm sorry I've ...

ERROL

But ... let's not get bogged down with maudlin self-pity. After all, we do have a job in front of us.

LOIS

I think I've got enough.

ERROL

Rubbish, you've been screwing them all up.

LOIS

I've made a mistake.

ERROL

One more good story, that's all it needs.

LOIS

But why ...?

ERROL

How about a jolly good fishing story. I've got a lovely story about fishing, just the sort of thing you're looking for. I think you should call it 'Destiny Monte Carlo'.

LOIS

'Destiny Monte Carlo'.

ERROL

Yes .... come on Boswell, take up your pen, the good doctor is about to speak.

LOIS RELUCTANTLY MAKES A FEW JOTTINGS IN HER NOTEBOOK.

ERROL

You see, over the past few years I've done quite a lot of fishing and a lot of swimming and skin-diving, and sailing too. Fact is I suppose, I've spent as much time on the sea as I have on land. But I remember this one particular incident. I was on the 'Zaca' - that's my schooner - and we called briefly at Monte Carlo. Anyway, I'd been fishing for a while and had a few bites, nothing to write home about ....

LOIS

What were you trying to catch?

ERROL

Anything that would take the bait old sport. As I said, I had a couple of bites and then I hooked this beauty. A real stunner - name of Patrice Wymore.

LOIS STOPS WRITING.

LOIS

Don't.

ERROL'S MOOD STARTS TO CHANGE.

ERROL

Lovely girl, so I married her then and there. Third time lucky, so I thought. So there we were in Monte Carlo on my wedding night. We went ashore and no sooner had I felt solid ground than this cunt came and handed me another fucking summons for rape! On my wedding night! And I'd never even heard of the fucking bitch that I was supposed to have had intimate relations with ...

(pause)

You're not writing this down.

LOIS

No.

ERROL

What about our book?

LOIS

I don't want to write it.

ERROL

But it's going to make us rich.

LOIS

You can sell your soul again ... but I no longer want to be the agent.

ERROL

Listen, you've been very nice, very tolerant. Why don't you make the most of it. Everybody else has had their cut.

LOIS

I don't want to be like a wild dog picking over your indecent bones. Let them die with you.

ERROL

No ... that can never happen. Let them feed off my carcass, that way I'll live forever.

HEDDA HOPPER, THE HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP COLUMNIST, APPEARS.

HEDDA

Hello gossip fans, it's Hedda Hopper here again with 'Hedda Hopper's Hollywood'. Firstly sad news from Italy. Errol Flynn's latest film 'William Tell' has fallen into financial difficulty and does not look like being finished. Poor Errol had put all his money into the production and it now looks like he will have to declare himself bankrupt - which won't help the poor boy's drinking problem.

ERROL LAUGHS.

HEDDA

Rumour also has it that Errol's third wife, Patrice Wymore, is expecting a child, although the Flynns are now sadly living apart. Errol evidently prefers the company of a sixteen year old gas station attendant from Little Rock Arkansas.

HEDDA'S LIGHT FADES.

ERROL

Ah Woodsie, Woodsie, Woodsie ... you've made it. From Little Rock to Errol's cock.  
The last in a long line of receptacles for the famous fucking phallus.

LOIS

I must go Errol. There's nothing for me here.

ERROL

No stay ... I'll tell you another fifty anecdotes.

LOIS

I've heard enough, and I don't want to see you cry on my shoulder - it'll spoil the picture.

ERROL

Oh I'm not going to cry. I've got no regrets ....  
That's all a man can ask for  
When all is said and done  
To live it like the heroes  
He read when he was young.  
To act out all his daydreams  
Bring life to all his toys  
A mother's blue-eyed golden son  
A boy amongst the boys.

LOIS

Goodbye.

ERROL

No hang on darling, don't go.

LOIS

Errol I can't stay.

ERROL

I've let you down.

LOIS

No regrets.

ERROL

But ... there's ... there's ...

LOIS

Always somebody else.

SCENE 10 - THE 1959 ACADEMY AWARDS

CECIL ENTERS, FORMALLY DRESSED.

CECIL

Ladies and gentlemen, there you have it. The five nominations for the 1959 Academy Award for best actor. I guess I don't really need to emphasise just how important these awards are, but I will anyway, ha ha! I think I can say without fear of contradiction, that an Oscar is the most prestigious award available to actors anywhere in the world. Among the winners are, collectively, most of the greatest names in the motion picture industry. From Katherine Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart, way back to Theda Bara and Lionel Barrymore. Well the question on everybody's lips is 'Who is going to win this year?' And here to present this years award, last years winner of the Best Actress award Miss Elizabeth Taylor, together for the first time with that veteran of romance, Mr Errol Flynn ...!

LIZ ENTERS TO HUGE APPLAUSE.

ERROL STAGGERS ONSTAGE DRUNK, FACING UPSTAGE INSTEAD OF THE AUDIENCE.

LIZ

Thank you Cecil. Gosh I'm so nervous, this is worse than being nominated ...

LIZ LOOKS AROUND WAITING FOR ERROL TO BEGIN THEIR REHEARSED ROUTINE. HE DOESN'T RESPOND, SO SHE IMPROVISES.

LIZ

Oh Errol, there you are. I didn't think you were going to make it. Now what was that story you were going to tell me?

ERROL STARES BLANKLY AT A CUE CARD THEN BEGINS TO READ IT.

ERROL

Ummm ... I was ... talking to my old pal Bob Hope ...

HE SWAYS AND LOOKS AROUND, UNSURE OF WHERE HE IS.

LIZ

Bob Hope? Where did you see Bob?

ERROL

Ummm ... on my way way into the theatre tonight ...

LIZ

Yes ... and what did Bob have to say?

ERROL

He said if I see Bing to tell him to keep his hat on, because no-one gets nominated with ears like that.

LIZ

(false laughter)

By the way Errol, did you hear about the part Dean Martin has in his latest film?

ERROL DOESN'T REPLY, LIZ SOLDIERS ON.

LIZ

No? Oh well, it's a very emotional role. In his big scene he has to refuse to take a drink! Ha ha ...!

ERROL

I should have been nominated.

LIZ GRIMACES. THIS IS NOT REHEARSED.

LIZ

I know that sweetheart but you weren't okay. Now let's open the envelope and see who ...

ERROL

Of course I would agree with you that most of my films weren't worth a pinch of cocky shit.

LIZ

Errol darling, this programme is going live to the entire nation.

ERROL

Let me finish.

LIZ

Okay sweetheart, you go right ahead.



ERROL

But nevertheless, I did turn in a couple of bloody good performances. And it would have been nice you know, to have received some sort of recognition. Of course, if they had given me something, it wouldn't have been a Golden Oscar. Oh no ... they would have given me a Silver Prick or a Bronze Turd or an Embossed Lawsuit ... something suitable you know.

(pause)

You know I'm fifty years old. Fifty fucking years old. You'd think that someone who had reached that age would deserve a bit of respect wouldn't you? I mean once you'd got to fifty you wouldn't expect to be treated like some pubescent wanker with acne and a croaky voice. You'd expect a bit of dignity, right?

(shouts)

I'm talking to you!

LIZ

Yeah sure darling, anything you say.

ERROL

Don't talk to me like that! You see there you go, the old routine, treating me like some handsome half-wit. Well I'm not.

LIZ

Yeah? You could have fooled me!

SHE STORMS OFF.

ERROL

You're right. How can you treat a fifty year old man with dignity when he hasn't got any himself? My God, here I am looking my next half century fair in the eye and I still wander around like a drunken cowboy. Hah, you know what most men of fifty are doing? They're sitting at home looking forward to their retirement and worrying about whether their tomatoes are going to get frostbite or their lettuces eaten by slugs. What do I do? I've got to work my fat arse off to try and pay my debts and I worry like hell about whether I've got the pox again or not, 'cos as sure as hell if I get it gain, the poor little bastard is going to crawl away and die on me ...

(pause)

And a normal fifty year old is busy baby sitting his granddaughters and buying them presents for their birthdays. Goddamn it, if I had granddaughters, I'd be heading straight to jail. As they say, I might be too old for them, but they sure as hell can't be too young for me ....

(pause)

So you see, there's not an awful lot of dignity in me. Not an awful lot. I didn't want to become a freak ... I don't really know why I did. Course, I'm glad I didn't become and insurance salesman or a teacher or a ... a ... I don't know ... those sorts of

things. But then I didn't ... you know. It was nice being a schoolboy hero for a while, but I didn't want to get stuck with it. I wanted to go further ... I want to go further ... I'm only fifty years old. Got to be another thirty years left in the old body yet, even if I haven't got too much of a liver left and only one of my kidneys ... bit short of breath ...

(pause)

So maybe over the next thirty years I might be able to age with dignity, instead of being kept in this state of suspended animation. After all, I've lived. Bloody oath I've lived! I've tested life to the limits. Why before you stands the only man to have crossed the Atlantic four times in his dressing gown!

(pause)

There I go again. Bloody ridiculous isn't it? Bloody ridiculous! I can't help myself, even no, I can't help myself. And just to prove my point old sport, I'll have another drink ....! By Jesus! I've just realised something. I've been standing next to the most beautiful woman in the world for at least five minutes, and I haven't fucked her yet. Ha! That's got to be some sort of a record doesn't it?! Sure as hell some bastard'll put it in his comedy routine before the end of the week ....

(pause)

God, I hate you bastards ....

DURING THE LAST SECTION OF ERROL'S SPEECH THE STAGELIGHTS DIM LEAVING HIM IN A SPOT.

AT THE SAME TIME THE REST OF THE CAST EMERGE SLOWLY ONTO THE DIMLY LIT STAGE AND SIMPLY WATCH ERROL'S FINAL WORDS.

THE EFFECT SHOULD BE OF THE SHADOWS OF THE PAST WATCHING AS ERROL HIMSELF FADES INTO BLACKNESS AFTER HIS LAST BITTER CURSE.

### END OF THE PLAY

Performance rights must be secured before production. For contact information, please see the *Errol Flynn's Great Big Adventure Book for Boys* information page (click on your browser's "Back" button, or visit [www.singlelane.com/proplay/flynn.html](http://www.singlelane.com/proplay/flynn.html))